





# Wolfville's Ambitions



Wolfville wants more population, more industry, more capital, more trade, more prosperity.

And the unfailing formula for accomplishing these ambitions is to make Wolfville attractive---then keep it so. There is plenty of room in our town for citizens of the right sort. They will come, if Wolfville broadcasts an inviting message beyond the borders of this community.

For years, country populations have gone cityward. But the peak has been reached. The tide has turned. City folks are flocking out to the small and medium-sized towns---where they find more joy in living.

Wolfville can reap its share of this vast number of home seekers. But ambitions have got to be backed up by performance. We must stimulate pride and Patriotism within the community. We must make certain we can provide all essentials that make for moral and physical well-being of all who would come among us.

Good government, thriving Industries, good schools and churches, pure water, clean streets, better roads, opportunities for the rising generation, a progressive community spirit and true co-operation---all make for a splendid inducement to folks looking for a real home town.

Let each one do his part toward making Wolfville a better place to live in then---spread the good word to every corner of the globe.

The following progressive firms and individuals heartily endorse this sentiment:

- J. H. BALTZER  
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Mill Work
- F. C. BISHOP  
Men's Furnishings
- H. E. BLAKENEY  
Stationery, Novelties, Tobaccos
- A. W. BLEAKNEY  
Hardware
- CALDWELL-YERXA LTD.  
Groceries
- H. E. CALKIN  
Druggist
- DON. CAMPBELL  
Bakery
- ISADORE COHEN  
Clothing, Boots and Shoes
- DAVIDSON BROS.  
Printers and Stationers
- M. R. ELLIOTT, M.D.

- A. E. REGAN  
Tailor
- DR. J. T. ROACH  
N. EVANS  
Orpheum Theatre
- S. FRANK  
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes
- EDSON GRAHAM  
Photographer
- J. E. HALES & CO. LTD.  
Dry Goods, Men's Furnishings
- J. D. HARRIS  
Groceries and Meats
- R. E. HARRIS & SONS  
Coal, Feed, Fertilizer
- J. A. M. HEMMEON, M.D.  
Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat
- F. G. HERBIN  
Watch Maker and Jeweler
- G. D. JEFFERSON  
Boots and Shoes

- J. C. MITCHELL  
Electrical Goods
- WM. H. McMILLAN  
Tailor
- J. M. NEWCOMBE  
Confectionery and Ice Cream
- G. C. NOWLAN  
Barrister and Solicitor
- C. H. PORTER  
Dry Goods, Men's Furnishings
- O. D. PORTER  
Auctioneer, Real Estate, Insurance
- PORTER BROS.  
Groceries and Electrical Goods
- W. O. PULSIFER  
Groceries and Crockery Ware
- A. V. RAND  
Druggist
- B. K. SAXTON  
Milliner

- L. W. SLEEP  
Hardware
- WATERBURY CO. LTD.  
Men's Furnishings, Boots & Shoes
- H. M. WATSON  
Confectionery and Ice Cream
- E. J. WESTCOTT  
Automobile Supplies
- A. M. WHEATON  
Coal and Kindling
- WILLIAMS & CO.  
Jeweller, Engraver, Optician
- WOLFVILLE FRUIT CO. LTD.  
Groceries and Fruits
- WOODMAN & CO.  
Furniture
- A. M. YOUNG  
Bakery and Restaurant













# The Hantsport Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HANTSPORT AND VICINITY

## HANTSPORT HAPPENINGS

The Rev. Dr. Howard Outerbridge, who with Mrs. Outerbridge have been guests of Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Outerbridge, left on Tuesday for Toronto where they will visit at the home of Mrs. Outerbridge's father, Dr. Baker, before returning to Japan to resume their duties as missionaries.

Mrs. (Capt.) Dahlman and two children are occupying Mrs. Regina Marston's house.

The W.M.S. of the Presbyterian church was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. McFarlane. After the transaction of business a social hour was spent over the tea cups. The afternoon proved altogether enjoyable.

Miss Jean Beckwith, of Lawrenceville, is in town writing her examinations. She is stopping at the home of Mrs. (Dr.) Dickie.

Rev. Dr. Sidey returned to P.E.I. on Tuesday, after spending a short holiday with his family.

Mrs. E. Card, of Burlington, was the week-end guest of her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Sidey.

Mrs. M. Sharp, of Winnipeg, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Laura Rice, "The Cedars".

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ross and Mrs. Grant and Mr. G. Gladwin, of Halifax, and Mr. D. Holmes, of Cambridge, Mass., spent Sunday with Mrs. B. Davison.

Mrs. Kilcup, Halifax, was the week-end guest of Mrs. C. E. Dunbar.

Capt. and Mrs. A. Lawrence are guests of their daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Sutherland, Pictou.

Miss Bessie North returned to Hantsport last week, after spending the winter months in Florida.

Mr. S. J. Fisher and Mrs. Michael Davison, of Ottawa, are guests of Mrs. J. M. Fisher, "The Maples".

Mr. Fred Churchill, of Los Angeles, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. J. W. Churchill, "The Cedars".

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Francis have for their guests Mr. and Mrs. J. Sumner Francis, of Lethbridge, Alberta, making the trip in their car. Mr. Francis, who has not visited the home of his nativity for about twenty years, is being warmly welcomed by a host of friends.

Miss Carrie Allen, who has been spending several weeks vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Allen, returned on Tuesday to Framingham, Mass., to resume her duties as student nurse at the Framingham hospital.

The many friends of Mr. N. B. Kilcup are pleased to learn that he is convalescing, following his recent serious illness.

Capt. and Mrs. A. McDonald, who have been on a motor trip to Antigonish, Moncton and Halifax, returned home on Sunday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pelton, of Halifax, who returned to Hantsport with them and was their guest for the week-end.

Mr. E. Rathburn, of Melrose, Mass., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. J. Yeaton.

Miss Annie Beazley had for her guest for the week-end Miss Freda Woodworth, of Lower Gasperaux.

Mr. R. G. Burns, who has been conducting a plumbing business in Hantsport for the past year, will sail for Portsmouth, England, on July 7th.

Messrs. Ledley Kewley and Kenneth Beckwith visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Beckwith, Lawrenceville, on Sunday.

Customs Officer W. Comstock and Mrs. Comstock are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and party, of Truro, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Murray en route to the Annapolis Valley on a motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. St. C. Jones have for their guest Miss Jones, of Halifax.

The siren whistle purchased by the town to be used as fire alarm, in place of the bell, arrived last week. Although not installed it has been tested and judging from the noise will prove most satisfactory.

Mrs. A. Harvey, Mrs. G. Frizzle and Miss Evelyn McKinley, delegates from Helping Hand Rebekah Lodge, I.O.O.F., No. 40, attended the annual district meeting held at Windsor recently.

Miss Ella Marsters, of Halifax, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Loran Taylor, is visiting relatives in Summerville.

The local Woman's Institute held their monthly business meeting at the home of Mr. A. Newcombe on Friday afternoon. The meeting opened by all reciting in unison the Institute creed. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. After the usual transaction of business the president, Mrs. B. Davison,

the delegate to the Provincial Institute Convention held at Truro recently, tendered a very excellent report. Meeting closed with the Institute Ode.

On Tuesday, June 16th, at 7.30 p.m., the Rural Cemetery of Avon met in St. Andrew's Anglican church, which has been renovated and redecorated by the congregation, under the enthusiastic leadership of Rev. A. G. Cribb, rector of the parish. The speaker at the service was the new Coadjutor Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Right Reverend John Hackett, D.D. His Grace, the Archbishop of Nova Scotia was also present and assisted in the service. This was a most important event in the history of the church. It is an outward sign of the new life that Mr. Cribb has brought to the Hantsport Anglican church.

The consummation of the union of the Hantsport Methodist and Presbyterian churches came into effect on Wednesday, June 10, the first services being held on Sunday in the Methodist church in the morning, when the Rev. Dr. Dickie, pastor of the Presbyterian church, was the speaker, delivering a most eloquent and stirring address. Rev. W. A. Outerbridge, assisted by his son Rev. Dr. H. Outerbridge, missionary to Japan, home on furlough, was in charge of the service in the Presbyterian church in the evening. Mr. Outerbridge's address was exceptionally inspiring. He stated some of the benefits derived from union, one of the most important being concerning missions. Special music was rendered by a united choir. Mr. H. Rolph sang very effectively at the morning service. "God Will Take Care of You".

### TOWN COUNCIL MEETING

The regular monthly business meeting of the Town Council was held on Friday evening, June 5th. The following accounts were passed for payment:

K. McNeely	\$18.75
A. & W. McKinlay	50.16
Can. Gen. Electric Co.	7.60
J. H. Newcombe	82.50

Communications and agreement were read from the Nova Scotia Trust Co. re investment of Sinking Fund. It was moved by Coun. Churchill, seconded by Coun. Beazley, that the Sinking Fund on hand be invested with the Nova Scotia Trust Co. per agreement.

A communication from the Children's Aid Society was read, asking that delegates be appointed to meet with committee consisting of delegates from Annapolis, Kings and West Hants, to confer on the advisability of segregating the inmates of the County Homes with the following groups, using the present county facilities.—1st, respectable aged; 2nd, adult feeble minded; 3rd, feeble minded children; with the view of different treatment by the public of these districts, of their destitute wards. It was moved by Coun. Churchill, seconded by Coun. Beazley, that delegates be appointed as requested, selection to be left with the Mayor.

An application was read from F. H. Caldwell and sons for water for pasture, where pump house is situated. This request was granted on condition that same must be shut off when any shortage occurs.

Mr. M. Sanford, superintendent of streets and water, was present and asked for two weeks vacation. The request was granted by motion of Coun. Currie, seconded by Coun. Churchill.

Moved by Coun. Beazley that Coun. Currie be a committee of one to have signs painted for Mt. Denson corner and Five Points directing automobiles to the town and also specifying speed limit.

### DIARY OF MARGARET D. MICHENER

Dec. 4th, 1850. Here I am at my lonely dwelling for a few minutes writing. Father and I went to Windsor Tuesday afternoon. I called at Dr. Harding's to pass an examination to get a license for teaching school. Mr. Murdoch gave me the license. In the evening we attended a lecture at the Temperance Hall. We stopped at Mr. McHaffey's all night, then after doing some shopping we returned home. Olivia has been spending the day with Mary. Ann is there also.

9th. I came down this afternoon as Mr. West is at work here. John Michener has been in; he reminds me much of dear Simeon. The "Hantsport" arrived Sunday night. Michael Davidson came up to father's on Friday to tell me Capt. Curry had got back. Oh, how it surprised me for I thought he would never return. I had to drop my work, for it came to me so forcibly that he had returned alone. I could not eat and did not sleep much that night. On Saturday

## GIRL GARBED AS A LUMBERJACK REMOVED FROM CAMP IN NORTH



The photographs above show a young Ontario girl who for a considerable time wielded axe and "peavey" in a Northern Ontario camp with all the prowess of a sure-enough lumberjack. She shall be nameless as she has now been removed through the good offices of the Children's Aid Society to a different social station. In Ontario, happily, such cases are rare, says J. J. Kelso, Provincial Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children, though intervention occasionally becomes necessary. This girl, when found by the authorities was keeping house for an uncle in an out-of-the-way spot in the Temiskaming woods. She frequently was engaged in rough lumbering operations. She has been removed to an urban centre where she has an opportunity to educate herself and enjoy the refinements of civilization.

John came down with me to see Curry. I knew not how to meet him, but knew I must; so after a while I went in. He told me the sad tale, and we believe the medicine was the cause of Simeon's death. He said they would have had a pleasant time had they not been ill. Everybody liked Simeon and the people where they boarded were very kind. Every respect was shown at his burial; the seamen followed to his grave and all the vessels had their flags at half mast in token of his death. I am glad to know all the particulars from one who was with him to the last. Maria should be thankful and happy.

11th. This day is snowy. I stayed all night with Abigail and today at Mary's. Mr. West is here at work, doing some carpentering.

13th. John Michener came up to mother's and spent the afternoon and evening. Joe and Olivia were there also and many others calling in. Ann went down to Mrs. E. Holmes to watch, as her child is very ill.

14th. Saturday night I went to stay the night; about half past eleven the child died in my arms. It was the first time I had ever seen one die; it sank away so gently I hardly knew it was gone. I thought how sweet to die and at rest from the turmoil of this world. Dear little babe, it looked more beautiful in death than when living, for it was a great sufferer. Mrs. Hicks and Jane Lynch sat with me. Mrs. Hicks is a widow for three years. She has six children. I feel a nearness to widows.

15th. Sunday. Rev. McKee preached both morning and afternoon.

16th. This has been a lovely day. I arose early and took a walk. Father and James killed pigs this morning. In the afternoon we went to the funeral. Rev. Vaughan preached from the text, "Remember how short my time is", etc.

16th and 17th. Have been stormy and cold.

18th: Mother and I went up to Lydia's. The last time I was there dear

Simeon was with me. John and Ann went to Mt. Denson to a missionary meeting.

19th. A very cold day. Ann went to Mrs. Reid's with Mary Churchill. I called to see Maria.

20th. I thought I would go down home but a big snow storm came so I could not go. I went over to Mrs. Whitman Holmes' who is falling fast. She has no expectation of seeing another winter. She is calmly awaiting the end.

21st. This is a fine day. John and Ann went to Olivia's. W. Irish came in and spent the evening with us.

### KEATING'S KILLS

BUGS FLIES MOSQUITOES AND FLIES

BURN IT TO KILL MOSQUITOES AND FLIES

### Limber Up

Your stiff muscles by rubbing well with Minard's. Leading athletes use it. Splendid for sprains and bruises.

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

"Hello Daddy - don't forget my Wrigleys"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night.

Give the youngsters this wholesome long-lasting sweet for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work is done. It's a great little treasure.

### WRIGLEY'S

WHOLELY OF FRUIT

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

## BOBBY'S ESSAY

King Solomon wuz a man who lived so many years in the country that he was the whole push. He wuz a oful wise guy and one day 2 wimmen came 2 him each holdin' the legs ov a baibe and nerely pulin' the kid in 2 and each clam'ing it, and King Sol wasn't feeling juss rite and sed "why cudden't the brat been twins and stop't this mixup" and then he cald for his so'ed 2 split't this innacent littel kid so each of the wimmen cud have 1-2 when the reel ma ov the baibe but's in and sez "stopp solomon sta thi hand and let the ole hagg hav the kid for if I can't have a hole kid I dont want anny" and King Solomon told her 2 take the baiby and go home and wash its face for he wuz hep it wuz hers and he tole the other daim 2 go chais herself. King Solomon wuz father of the masens and bilt Solomon's temple. He had 700 wives and more than 300 laidy frens and that is why

there is so many masens in the wurld. Pa says that King Solomon wuz a warm member and i think he wuz hot stuff myself.

Someone, just for a joke, asked in a local store for sweet potato seeds. The clerk hunted all through the seeds but could not find sweet potato seeds, and finally appealed to the boss.

The latter explained that he was being kidded and cautioned him about not letting smart Alecks put anything over on him.

A few days later a lady entered the store and asked for some bird seed.

"Aw, go on," grinned the clerk, "you can't kid me. Birds are hatched from eggs."

When has a man four hands?  
When he doubles his fists.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

### STRAWBERRY BOXES for 1925

The old four-fifths quart strawberry box that we made for some years past has been discarded.

For the coming berry season we are making the new size quart and pint berry boxes.

And as usual we have to offer Berry Crates, Fruit Baskets, Box Shooks, and Barrel Stock. Send for prices and place your orders early.

**HANTSPORT FRUIT BASKET CO. LTD.**  
Hantsport, Nova Scotia.

### Boston & Yarmouth Steamship Co. LIMITED

Freight and Passenger Service  
Four Trips Weekly—Fare \$9.00

**S. S. North Land and S. S. Prince George**

Leave Yarmouth Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 6.30 P. M. (Atlantic Time)

Return leave Boston Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 2 P. M. day-light saving time

For Staterooms and Other Information apply to J. E. KINNEY, Supt., Yarmouth, N. S.

## The Welcome Sign

Nobody asked you, sir," said the coy maiden. And in matters of buying, as well as in affairs of the heart, most people like to be "asked". Often, indeed, they insist on a proper invitation.

He is a wise merchant who keeps the welcome sign constantly before the community in the form of ADVERTISEMENTS in the home paper. There everybody sees it—for ADVERTISING is "the light of directed attention".

Speak up. Light up. Hundreds of good customers are listening for your message and watching for your welcome sign in "The Acadian".

### "An Advertisement is An Invitation"

Issued by Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association  
Head Office: Toronto, Canada

in the regular term, putting his question as Excellence could be in the extension of his with almost universal Government had any it would be more

Abva. are Workers.

people...ables. Often...box which...e, hoping to

l vaults eliminate...ve peace of mind...r house or office...Box.

Bank...a...ms Branch...a, Manager 75

PLANCE



Remembered

Chase...Williams

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL—Sykes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

# Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

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(Continued from last issue)

It was at that moment a thought suddenly leapt in Angus's mind, and he said:

"Bant! Bant your name? Might I ask what is your Christian name?"

They both stared at him because of the unexpectedness, and also the unintelligibility of the enquiry. But Greer laughed.

"Christian name is good!" he commented.

Bantling paid no heed to the enquiry, just sucking the ends of his moustache aware that he was having little effect on MacPherson. Then he said:

"Our word is as good as yours, old-timer. We found the ore deposit before you—see?"

"You've found it!"

"We will find it when you lead us to it. Now, don't fret. This is the fortune of war. We'll stake her. You can say what you like after, but our word is as good as yours." Bantling paused and then said: "We have your squeaky-voiced partner trussed up, and he can stay trussed, and coyotes can have him if you don't lead us to the place."

Angus peered at his eyes as that speech was delivered, then looked at Greer.

"He's bluffing, ain't he?" he asked Greer.

Greer only puckered his eyes, inscrutable.

"Piccolo wouldn't tell you, then?"

Angus enquired, addressing Bantling again. "So you trussed him up and came to find me."

"I'm the enquirer," answered Bantling, "not you."

"So!" said Angus. "Well, if you've left Piccolo trussed up the coyotes may get the courage to eat him, or the bobcats might see he was unable to defend himself and pass by on the other side as their usage is with men. Then your goose with the golden eggs is done for. Ah well. But perhaps Movie Bill is looking after him to the place."

Bantling's eyes blinked rapidly.

"Movie Bill?" he asked. "What about him?"

At that Angus shut up like a clam. He sat very still, staring at the ground. What he wondered, was he to believe? He had a terrible dread that perhaps Piccolo was no longer a living man, that they had caught his partner, held him up, tried to get the information they wanted from him—killed him. So ended his dark fear. It was a dread that possessed him so strongly that he said, to test, to seek evidence:

"You went the wrong way about this. I certainly drew that map you have, but only to help Piccolo give an impression of this country, and because I'm accustomed to drawing maps. It is of no service without Piccolo. If you wanted to be the bold bad bandits like what you read about in the Sunday editions you should have held me as the hostage, or ransom as they say, and said to Piccolo: 'Blab it out, Pic! Show us the place where you got these bonny specimens or we'll blow out the brains of your auld friend.'"

He spread out his palms in a frail-looking gesture before him.

The two frowned, then looked one to the other. Angus felt sure then that his guess that they had done away with Piccolo was correct. Dimly to his ears sounded the tom-tomming of the creek, although truly it roared on loud enough. A great weariness filled him again. He felt less enraged than broken. It seemed a bitter and callous world.

And then a high shrill voice pierced the minor-key brawl of the creek:

"Put up your hands! Both of you! Smart!"

Angus's heart clutched. He looked up, and there was Piccolo, a meagre little man on a rock, like a caricature of the central figure in pictures called "The Last Stand", rifle tensely in his hands, finger on trigger.

Greer wheeled, raising his arms high in air. The crazy Bantling turned with his gun up to fire. And fire he did, but only with the involuntary jerk of his hand as he fell. Pic had fired first.

The detonations in that compressed place at the gorge of Give-Out creek were deafening in their ears, two thuds of sound that made the ear-drums, for a moment or two after, register nothing; and then the roar of the creek came back by degrees. There was no smoke, just a waft of acid odour.

Bantling lay on his face. Greer, hands still in air, quivered perceptibly. But for that matter so did Angus, swallowing with difficulty, not as young as he had been; and so did Piccolo.

"By your leave, sir," said Angus, and stretching out his slightly shaking hand he annexed Greer's rifle.

Piccolo was no movie hero. He was certainly trembling like one of the aspens by the creek side as he came close to them.

"For Heaven's sake," said Greer, "slip your finger off that trigger. I ain't heeled now. She might go off."

Piccolo gave a shrill little laugh.

"Sure, she might!" he said. "Now what's the game? See if he has an automatic in his pocket, Scotty, or any other shooting iron—or a knife, or anything."

His voice quavered high, very tremulous, and with a note of almost crazy exultation.

Angus felt Greer carefully, and was satisfied that the rifle he had annexed was his only lethal weapon.

"Well? What's the game?" asked Piccolo. "What were you hazing my friend Mr. MacPherson for?"

Greer said not a word.

"He wanted me to tell him where the location is where you found your specimens. He has some of them. I don't know how he got them," Angus explained.

Piccolo looked ashamed. In the stress of the moment he confessed.

"I guess I dropped them at the hotel veranda at Colvill," said he. "Movie Bill had picked them up by the time I went back for them."

"So!" said Angus, but in a very absent way.

He bent forward and felt Bantling's heart. He opened one of the fallen man's

eyes, and then rose. He was again trembling.

"He's dead!" he said.

Give-Out creek roared on with a note unchanged, but to Angus it seemed that its note had changed. Piccolo stood very white, looking down at the body.

"I suppose," said he, "we should go through his pockets for more evidence—the way the Kokanee policeman went through that man Grafters' pockets."

The voice of Greer astonished them both.

"Is Grafters dead? Did he get it?" he asked, sepulchral, almost unaware.

"Oh, you know Grafters! Well that was an act of God," said Angus. "He was overtaken by a snowslide. Him and Hawke."

Greer just stood staring.

"I don't like doing this," Piccolo's chirping voice rose up, as he searched Bantling's pockets. "No, he has no letters. Look—chewing gum!" His lip quivered. There were queer sensitive streaks in Piccolo. "What does a dead man want with chewing gum? The sugar coated kind too!" His voice quavered tensely.

"Here you!" roared Angus. "Keep a grip on yourself." He was master of the situation. "You," and he glared at Greer, "get that little shovel and pick there and dig. Dig good, or I'll show you how. Step lively; shake a leg. Bend to it. Dig and get your partner to his bed."

The blaze in MacPherson's eyes made Greer work hard. Piccolo looked like one on the verge of breakdown. In that thin voice of his he said:

"He should have a board or something over him. He should not have grabbed the rifle. I had to shoot."

"Sure you had to! Sure you had to!" cried out Angus, in a tone like a Nova Scotia skipper in a fog. "We'll get a bit stick up to him. I'll carve his name to please you. I'm a grand hand at the whittling. What was his name again?"

"Bantling. Mark Bantling," said Greer, digging hard, for Angus stood four-square and grim, rifle in hand, above the hole he dug.

"Twelve letters. Huh! Here, you Piccolo, cut out your false sentiment. You acted like a man in the circumstances. He was a sure-thing tough—a sure-thing tough. Brace yourself. I can't carve twelve letters on a stick; the initials will have to do. And take back what you pumped into my head about Movie Bill!"

He was going to add: "It was this man Bantling who wrote the letter!" but Greer, climbing out of the hole to drag his fallen partner into it, in some emotion of chagrin over having lost presence and desirous just to contradict the hints about that man who had won, snapped:

"Oh, Movie Bill is on to it all right!"

Angus's voice sounded old and petulant as he cried out at that:

"Confound you! Confound you both! I'll believe Movie Bill is crooked when I have proof. I have no proof now."

"That's all right," soothed Greer, "he told me himself. He told Bantling over the phone that he was on to it."

"Over the phone?" shrilled Angus, almost as shrill as Piccolo. And then: "There, there! No more, either of you. Leave calumny to the sewing circles when the towns are built. No more about that man Movie Bill. I keep an open mind!"

Piccolo, calmed down, but annoyed then by Angus classing him and Greer together, gave a little laugh, a slight sneer. He muttered: "You'll find out about—"

"What's that?" asked Angus.

"Nothing," said Piccolo. "You'll see."

"That's what I say: I'll see!"

And never a word of appreciation to Piccolo for the splendid way, like a hero in a movie, in which he had come to the rescue! After all that he had done for him too! Made a camp for him when he gave out; brought him water; rescued him from two bad men! Did Angus think it was nothing to him that he had been forced to shoot one of them? Even to shoot up a man like that was an ordeal. No sympathy with him when he was using afterwards. Classed him with Greer! Oh, a snappy, crockety, cranky old man!

Piccolo was "peevish" indeed.

down, crossed the creek jumping from one boulder to another, and—" he stopped, "you know the rest. Trussed up nothing!" he snorted.

Angus gave a grunt and turned to Greer.

"You maybe ain't as tough as you talk," said he. "I always believe in giving a man the benefit of the doubt. When did you invent that lie? How did your partner know to say what he did?"

"Well, we knew you were out with him. When we met you, you sang out: 'Is that you, Piccolo?' so Bant worked his line of talk on that."

"Very clever," said Angus. "More clever than I thought. He did the way some of these fake character readers do. They get their clients to tell them, without realizing they are doing so; and then they tell it back. Very clever of him. Is that you, Piccolo?" and so he knew I was alone, expecting Pic. Well, you did not keep a good look-out for him, considering you knew I was expecting him."

"I sure did. But not to the south side of the creek, right behind my back."

"What made you come down here?"

"We saw the smoke of your fire."

"Who's the 'we'? How many of you are there?"

Greer did not answer at once. Then—"Just the two," said he.

Angus looked at him thoughtfully. He found his face shifty.

To be continued.

## THE FEMININE TOUCH

"Well, how do you like that new mare of yours?"

"Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles."

## Here and There

Canada spent \$49,066,179 last year for pensions and re-establishment of Veterans of the Great War, according to a report recently issued from Ottawa by the department in charge of this work.

Without a dissentient voice over 4,000 cattle owners in 200 districts have voted to make Prince Edward Island a disease-free area under the Department of Agriculture arrangement which calls for a two-thirds vote of all cattle owners.

Two thousand young buffalo from the Wainwright herd will make a 700-mile trek northward this summer to the buffalo reserve on the Slave River where they will be turned loose to mingle with the wood bison which roam that area.

"In all parts of Canada and the United States," according to Robt. G. Hodgson, editor of the Fur Trade Journal of Canada, "Muskrat farms are being established, mostly on a large scale and they are rapidly turning what was once marshland of little value into the most productive part of the farm," Mr. Hodgson adds.

The record established recently at Acme when 114 horses worked in one field at one time seeding the crop of Mrs. C. W. King, has been broken at Gadsby, Alberta. When the neighbors of J. B. Ball who recently suffered a broken arm, put in his 100-acre crop, 39 outfits were at work on one day and 175 horses. The crop was put in in a single day.

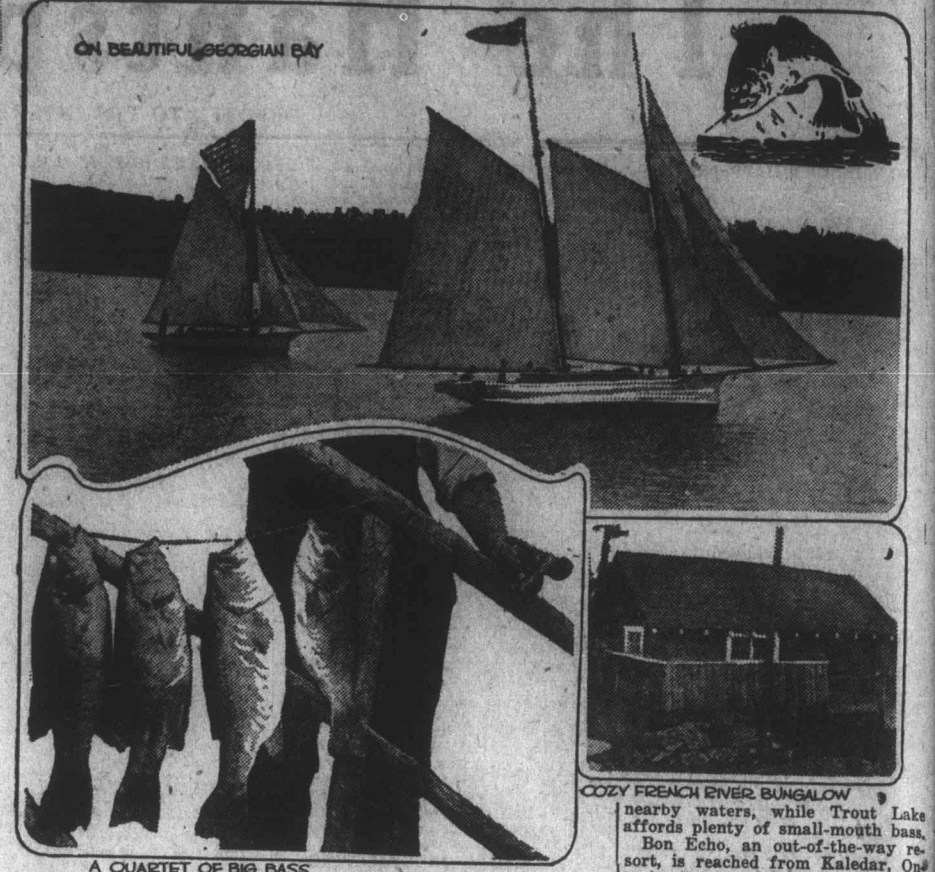
H. E. Morriss, whose horse Manna made a run away victory in the English Derby, will visit Canada in the fall en route to China from which country he hails. He will sail on the Canadian Pacific S.S. Minnedosa from Southampton on October 8, stay a short time in the Dominion, and sail from Vancouver for China on the S.S. Empress of Australia, October 25.

Rebuilt in nine months after the fire that destroyed it last October, the Chateau Lake Louise hotel opened for the current season on Sunday, May 31 as the Trans-Canada train arrived from its cross-continent run. The hotel was rebuilt under exceptionally difficult conditions in temperatures as low as fifty degrees below zero during which a wooden wall heated by stoves had to be erected about the construction works.

Following the opening visit by Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary to the Wembley Exhibition, the Duke and Duchess of York also went over the grounds. Their Majesties were especially delighted with Treasure Island, the Paradise of children, and travelled over the miniature Canadian Pacific train that runs around the Island, passing en route the replica of Banff Station and the reproduction of the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

Canada will be well represented at the New Zealand and South Seas International Exhibition to be held at Dunedin between November, 1925 and April, 1926. Both the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway have announced their intention to send well-appointed exhibits to the Exposition. It is probable that the provincial governments and many Canadian manufacturers will follow suit.

## Ontario's Many Summer Resorts Afford Varied Pleasures



A QUARTET OF BIG BASS

COZY FRENCH RIVER BUNGALOW

Every summer tens of thousands of visitors seek rest and recreation, health and happiness in the fascinating hinterland of Ontario, where woods and waters abound on every hand, each with its especial charm.

A fascinating retreat for fishermen in this part of Ontario, is the French River district. Since the erection of a comfortable, commodious bungalow camp which opened in 1923, visitors have flocked there in numbers that have taxed its capacity. Fighting bass, grown strong in the swift waters of the river, and huge muskellunge are caught in large numbers. Other species are plentiful too.

Most of the Ontario places are easily reached from Toronto. The Muskoka and Kawartha chains of lakes are the annual haven of many visiting families who occupy cottages, camps and hotels of varying degrees of comfort and luxury. All enjoy the dry, pine-scented air that is a sure remedy for hay fever. Mixed fishing is insured here and in

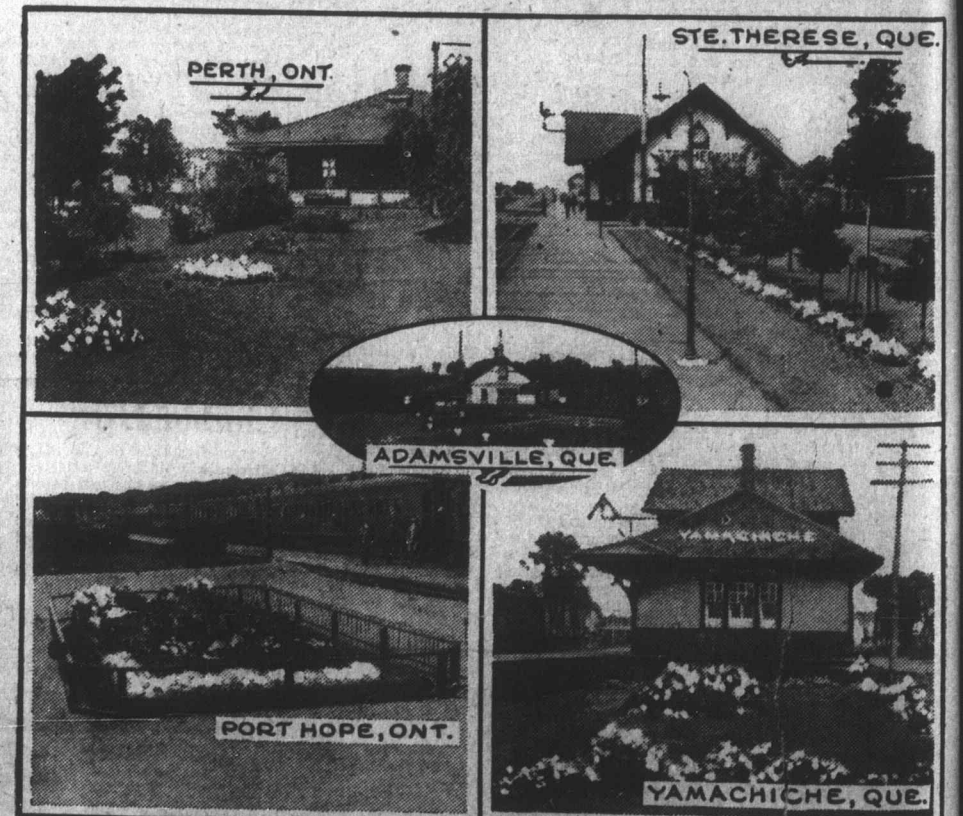
men; others delight in sailing and paddling canoes. The summers are all too brief to satisfy these lovers of Ontario's out-of-doors.

Camps hidden miles deep, away from the railway lines, yield exceptionally good fishing and wholesome food. Such a one is Billy Burke's log camp on Trout Lake, reached by an 8-mile launch ride from Paget station. Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, hidden away from civilization, is about 8 miles from Pakeyville, and transportation is via the Key Valley Railway, owned by a Milwaukee lumber concern, which operates a railway bus, mounted on railway car trucks, and fitted with a Ford motor for power. At the sawmill town, this mode of locomotion is exchanged for a motor launch that carries guests to Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, an attractive structure devoted to dining and social affairs. In addition to the Lodge, there are a number of cottages built about an eighth of a mile apart, on both sides of the long, narrow lake, thus insuring privacy. Mixed fishing is insured here and in

nearby waters, while Trout Lake affords plenty of small-mouth bass. Bon Echo, an out-of-the-way resort, is reached from Kaledar, Ontario, by automobile which passes along hillside carpeted with blue flowers and seeming to emanate a blue haze. The Inn is located on a spit of land that separates the Masanaw Lakes, two lovely sheets of water. They are of great depth and from them rises a sheer rock to over 200 feet, possessed of a three-fold echo. It bears on one face a bas-relief of Walt Whitman, to whom the rock is dedicated. Bass fishing is good. There are two fine beaches; one of deep water that delights divers, and the other has a vast, silver sandy floor with shallow water, and makes a safe, ideal beach for women and children.

Port au Baril on Georgian Bay, is unique in that its capacious rustic hotel is located on an island. Fishing, bathing and boating are its chief attractions. Georgian Bay with its thousands of islands and indented shore-line, is a paradise of beauty and sport, and is sought by many visitors from the States with summer homes on the islands. Those who prefer the mainland, will find a string of summer resorts dotting the shore-line for 100 miles.

## BEAUTIFYING A RAILROAD SYSTEM



Strangers, travelling upon the railways in Canada find pleasure in passing through a country that is new and fresh and possessing a wild, primitive grandeur practically unattained. But in no small degree this pleasure is heightened and contributed to by a wonderful transformation wrought artificially by the lavish use of trees and flowers which have been planted and cultivated under the supervision of expert horticulturists employed for the purpose by the railway company.

The most striking example of what can be effected by this means is to be seen along the Canadian Pacific tracks through the Prairie Provinces, according to an article on the subject in the April "Landscape Architecture" by E. L. Chicanos.

"Along the more than three thousand miles of main line," writes Mr. Chicanos, "there were naturally a good many men, station agents and who, with the limited means at their command and to the best of their ability, cultivated little pieces of ground about the scenes of their activities. The planting of a little garden at a station, especially in certain bleak, treeless areas, was a conspicuous feature and added some little beauty to the surroundings. This gave to a higher official of the company, about thirty-five years ago, the idea of expanding the work of beautifying the grounds by selecting and encouraging agents and others in work of this kind. This took concrete form in the distribution to station-agents throughout the system of free packets of flower seeds. Inevitably, of course, some men did not bother about them but sufficient did to produce a very marked effect and make noticeably attractive those stations where the seed had been properly used and cared for."

"The impression was so striking that the Operating Department of the company proceeded to have principal stations and division points along the system. The result of this again was so impressive that a special study was made of the whole question, and subsequently it was decided to engage in the work thoroughly and systematically and to add an expert horticulturalist to the staff."

"The work since that time (1908) has grown tremendously, each year seeing a number of new gardens laid out about the company's stations until today the Canadian Pacific Railway has the largest number of gardens of any railway company in the world."

"Now along the steel system from coast to coast lies a series of fair gardens and spots of green sward and often the cool and refreshing air rubbing about the station constitutes the one cheerful feature of entry into a town otherwise drab and unattractive."

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