The Chesterville Record.

VOL. XXX, NO. 36. CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1924. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Incorporated 1855

CAPITAL - $4,000,000

RESERVE - $5,000,000

OVER 120 BRANCHES IN CANADA

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Our service in 1855 was up-to-date or even ahead of the requirements of those days. In this year, 1924, we offer the public all modern banking facilities afforded by a courteous and efficient staff in our many branches throughout Canada.

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Visiting Brethren Welcome.

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ROOF GARDEN
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TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 20TH
BEN HOKEA'S ORCHESTRA OF TORONTO
UNDER HIS PERSONAL DIRECTION
Dancing 10 cents per dance
Three tickets 25c
DANCING EACH TUESDAY & FRIDAY

WEDNESDAY, MAY TWENTY-FIRST
The
PALM GARDEN, IROQUOIS
Will Re-Open For The Season
Ben Hokea's Toronto Orchestra
Ten cents per dance. Three tickets 25c
DANCING EACH WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY
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We have the agency for the Famous Toronto Windmills, Silos and Farm Machinery

One Only 4-Burner Oil Stove at a Reduced Price
Repairs and Wicks for all makes of Oil Stoves

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If you need roofing, now is the best time to get it.
Our Repair Department always open.
Arthur Peake - Chesterville.

ENTRANCE EXAM. RESULTS

Chesterville

Ball, Murray;
Bogart, Kathleen,
Brown, Jean;
Campderros, Addie;
Carr, Claude;
Clement, Daniel;
Clement, Francis;
Colquhoun, Una;
Cross, Donald;
Durant, Beatrice;
Durant, Hildred;
Durant, Muriel;
Durant; Ralph;
Egerton, Ruby;
Fyke, Arnot;
Fyke, Eva;
Forward, Edwin;
Gordon, Marion;
Gray, Pearl;
Harper, Bruce;
Henderson, Mabel;
Johnston, Wilson;
Lawson, Olive;
Lynch, Ronald; Hon.
MacLean, Jessie;
McAvoy, Jack; Hon.
McMillan, Margaret;
Merkley, Margaret;
Merkley, Vera;
Robinson, Helen; Hon.
Shay, Bernice;
Smith, Ola;
Taylor, Grant;
Weegar, Orlean;
Wood, Lola;

Morewood

Casselman, Earle;
Elliot, Bella;
Forrester, George;
Gordon, Donald;
Irven, Gordon;
Loughridge, Chas.;
Marcellus, Morton; Hon.
McConnell, Leslie;
McLeod, Linden;
McLeod, Milas;
Shaver, Helen;
Smirle, Cyril; Hon.
Whittaker, Florence.

Winchester

Mina, Alexander;
Allison, Ralph;
Annable, Kenneth;
Armstrong, Evelyn; Hon.
Barclay, Grace
Barclay, Margaret; Hon.
Barclay, Robert;
Bolton, Alton;
Brown, Ida;
Carkner, Margaret;
Casselman, Eva;
Cinnamon, Hilda;
Cinnamon, Myrtle;
Coons, Walter;
Derby, Oliver;
Empey, Jennie;
Ennis, Hilda;
Farmiloe, Dorothy;
Gibson, Gordon;
Gibson, Stanley;
Gordon, Paul;
Hargrave, Madge;
Hitsman, Arthur;
Holmes, Annie;
Holmes, Dora;
Holmes, Lula;
Holmes, Robert;
Jackson, Beverly;
Jackson, Ella;
Jackson, Hazel;
Jennings, Willie;
Lannin, Harold;
Lewis, Helen;
MacLean, Hector;
McIntosh, Duane;
Melvin, Ruth;
Merkley, Chesley;
Pollock, Orland;
Porteous, Mary;
Rae, Murray;
Rennie, Winnie;
Robinson, Muriel;
Robinson, Robert;
Sinclair, Walter;
Strader, Annie;
Strader, Herman;
Summers, Dorothy;
Summers, Sparkling;
Waddell, Mabel; Hon.
Weary, Charles;
Weary, Cyril
Wylie, Randall;
Edgerton, Eleanor;

South Mountain

Boyd, Hilliard; Hon.
Fawcett, Delbert;
Gilmer, Helen;
Gilmer, Lorne;
Hinton, Muriel,
Kennedy, Violet;
Keys, Isabella;
Laushway, Donald;
Lennox, Roy;
McMahon, Hugh;
Monteith, Gordon;
Simms, Harold;
Thompson, John;
Thompson, Willie;
Thorpe, John;

Iroquois

Banford, Arthur;
Barclay. Arnold;
Beach, Anna; Hon.
Brouse, Mack;
Caloren, Marion;
Casselman, Agnes;
Crobar, Bruce;
English, Francis;
Ennis, Audrey;
Foster, Eileen;
Gibbons, Vincent;
Have, Helen;
Hutt, Marjorie;
Keck, Leonard;
Kennedy, Mary;
Mealing, George;
Millar, James;
Murphy, Hazel;
O'Flaherty, Wilda;
Shaver, Clarence;
Smith, Harry;
Smith, Ralph;
Thompson, Donald;
Thompson, Margaret;
Tousaw, Norma;
Wallace, Ruth;
Woods, Earl;

Dixon's Corners

Anderson, Ross;
Bell, Mae;
Brinston, Orval;
Casselman, Gladys;
Coleman, Eardly;
Coons, Dora;
Gallagher, Earl;
Harkness, Harold;
Johnston, Jean;
Johnston, Beatrice;
Locke, Clair;
McIntosh, Margaret;
Moore, Grant;
Morrell, Audrey;
Payne, Hazel;
Pitt, Clifford;
Snail, Jean;
Steele, Linda;
Steinburg, Gladys;
Thompson, Dorothy;
Waddell, Allen;
Wylie, Claude.

Morrisburg

Barkley, Bessie;
Barkley, Marjorie;
Bowman, Foster;
Burritt, Nola;
Cassel, Harold;
Casselman, Atha
Casselman, Ryerson;
Casselman, Irene;
Casselman, Eileen;
Clark, Gilbert;
Crawley, Max;
Dafoe, Clare;
Duvall, Hylda;
Farlinger, Alice;
Fisher, Audrey;
Fisher, Basil;
Froats, Ralph;
Gallinger, Reginald;
Hart, Beatrice;
Hartley, Mona;
Janack, Homer;
Lapierre, Earle;
McMartin, Jack;
Munro, Marguerite;
O'Malley, Rose;
Priest, Marguerite;
Reid, Flossie; Hon.
Robertson, Thomas; Hon.
Rohrig, Henry;
Rozon, Pauline; Hon.
Swerdfeger, Ernest;
Stitt, Kenneth;
Stitt, Rosie;
Stoddart, Russell;
VanAllen, Doris;
VanAllen, Laura;
Vipond, Helen;
Weegar, Clinton;
Weston, Ruth;

Williamsburg

Algire, Grant;
Algire, Maxine;
Barkley, Florence;
Barkley, Florence;
Barkley, George;
Barkley, Harold;
Barkley, Wilda;
Beckstead, Denzil;
Bogart, Arnold;
Buchan, Minnie;
Colquhoun, Wilson;
Forward, Hazezl;
Hanson, Verna;
Loucks, Wilbert;
MacKenzie, Beulah; Hon.
Marcellus, Hilda;
Marselis, Margaret;
McIntosh, Kathleen;
McMillan, Ethel;
McPherson, Hugh;
Merkley, Ida;
Robertson, Bruce;
Smith, Muriel;
Weegar, Hilda;
Whitteker, Mary;

The winner of the Forrester Medal is Mabel Waddell of the Winchester Public School, who also wins the McDonald Medal.

The Campbell Medal goes to Golda Cummings of the North Mountain Consolidated School.

Finch

Beckstead, Llillian;
Beehler, Annie;
Blair, Winnifred;
Brunet, Vivian;
Cameron, Colin;
Casselman, Donald; Hon.
Charlebois, Alice;
Droppo, Cassie;
Dutt, Carl;
Empey, Harold;
Foley, Will;
Forsyth, Helen; Hon.
Grant, Ernest;
Hebert, Hector;
Helmer, Orval;
Kennedy, Heath;
Legge, Reta;
Levert, Jeanne;
Lussier, Lawrence;
MacLean, Malcolm;
MacLean, Willie;
MacMillan, Ellery;
McIntosh, Bruce;
McIntosh, Jennie;
McLaughlin, Margaret B.
McLeod, Gordon;
McMillan, Carl;
Meldrum, Golda;
Moran, Margaret;
Nephew, Huena;
O'Connell, Hubert;
Overton, Jack;
Overton, Wilma; Hon.
Preston, Sadie;
Racine, Ovide;
Rombough, Cameron;
Stark, Alex;
Sullivan, Dorothy;
Vance, Clair D.
Waldroff, Carl;
Waldroff, Willie;
Wereley, Lida;
Winter, Ada;
Winter, Lawrence.

Too Emphatic

"Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?"

"Yes, darling, and the nicest."



Brownies make good pictures

That's one-half the story. The other half is that they make these good pictures easily. From our complete stock your youngster can select just the Brownie he wants.

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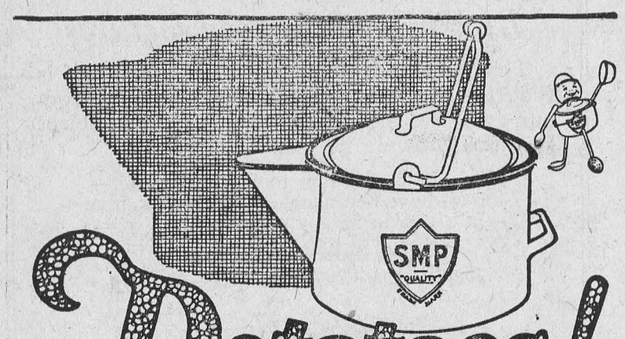
Box Brownies—$2.05 up
Folding Autographic Brownies—$9.30 up

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Druggist & Optometrist

PULL TOGETHER

Sir Harry Lauder's Advice to Boys

Sir Harry Lauder, in his "wireless" address, began in humorous fashion, remarking that no doubt the boys would be thinking that he was going to sing and joke that night. Gramophone directors would be seeking for his blood if he did, so he would content himself with speaking of the Boy Scout Movement. The Boy Scout was a little man, a good boy. Good boys made good men. Good men were much respected. It was good to be respected. The Boy Scout was the man of the future. He believed he was speaking only to Scottish Boy Scouts. He wished to impress upon the Scottish Scout the importance of being o Scot. To be a Scot was to have some responsibility. To be Scottish meant that great things were expected of one. The Scottosh Boy Scout was expected at all times to walk up to the top of his height. One of the things preventing our progress today was that many men and boys were not willing to walk up to the top of their height and to do their best and to walk up to their full height. The world has been dashed and slashed and bashed about because men and nations thought they could do as he liked. Law and order must prevail. He had heard boys say, "Oh, I am fed up." Well, the fed-up boy was not the boy to be of much use in the world. They must put their heart and soul into what they were doing—whether scouting, working, or playing. Beware of the fellow, hesaid, who was always telling them he was fed up. Fed-ups sometimes became bankrupt. Fed-upness was a plague to-day. Let the Boy Scout resolve to stamp it out. The true Scout never forgot that he was out not on his own merely but for the honour of his company. On the football field he was poor player who played his own game. It was team work that counted. They must hold together and pull together to make the world happier and better. He asked them to believe in their country. They heard crookers talk as if every country was better than ourselves. "Don't you believe it." said Sir Harry; "Great Britain is the best country in the world, especially that portion called Scotland. Scotland is the best and bonniest country under the sun, and I want everyone of you to be proud of it and stand by it through thick and thin." The men of today look to the youth of Scotland, the Boys Scouts especially, to keep the faith of the old country living. They were all proud of the noble contribution the Boy Scouts put into the winning of the war; they had now to help to win alasting peace. Some people looked on the Boy Scout movement from the military point of view. Well there was this to be said about it. Every father and mother who desired their son to do well in the world would rather have him under the protection of the military sergeant. The Boy Scout movement was worthy of the support of every worthy citizen. He wished the movement every success.—Glasgow Herald.



Potatoes!

The average-sized Canadian family's potato bill is $25.00 a year. That warrants the use of a special pot. Here it is. The SMP Potato Pot. The ideal thing. Fill with water through the spout without removing cover. Note how the handle locks the cover on. You can drain off water leaving potatoes mealy and dry without spilling potatoes or scalding hands. Selling at low prices in hardware and general stores. Note the trade mark on the pot. Be sure you get

Cleans Easier
SMP Enameled Ware has a very hard, smooth surface, like your best china, and is as easy to clean. Requires no steel wool or special cleansers. Always clean, sweet, free from taint and odors. The enameled ware de luxe.

SMP Enameled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

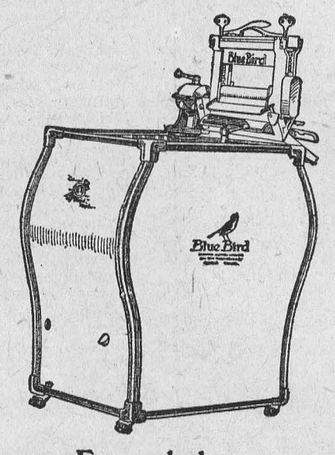
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The Greatest
Labor Saving
Money Saving
Time Saving
Appliance Ever Produced For the Home



BlueBird



For sale by
CHESTERVILLE HYDRO SHOP

USE DECOY AUTO TIRE IN STAGING HOLDUP

Using as a decoy an auto tire which had been placed in the middle of the highway at a lonely spot about six miles south of Georgetown on Sunday evening, two highway men held up and assaulted J. Mills, of Milton, when he alighted from his machine to pick up the tire. Mr. Mills, accompanied by a friend, noticed the tire, pulled up a few yards distant from it and was in the act of stooping when he was struck on the head with a blunt instrument wielded by a large man who had been hiding behind a tree. The latter was joined by a confederate, who was about to jump into Mills' car when he noticed an approaching automobile. Both thugs thereupon made for the bush.

WOLF CHASES FAWN INTO SQUIRREL LAKE

Pembroke Observer—Paddling in two canoes from the lower to the upper end of Squirrel Lake, on Tuesday afternoon, a local party had the unique experience of witnessing a wolf chasing a fawn across the lake. The wolf, a large animal, and its intended prey, had apparently taken to the water on the south side of the lake. When first seen they were about midway across to the north side.

The party comprised Mr. H.J. Fraser, of town, and Mr. Joseph Tapp, of Ottawa, in one canoe with the load of provisions, and Mr. M. Chartrand, Mrs. Chartrand, Mrs. Fraser and her son, Reggie, in the second canoe. Directly the pursuer and his prey were recognized Mr. Fraser and his companion set their canoe to head the wolf off from the almost exhausted fawn, which was making a brave struggle to escape.

When the wolf caught the man smell and saw the rapidly approaching canoe it relinquished the chase, and turing around headed back to the south shore from which it had come. In the meantime Mr. Chartrand had directed his canoe towards shore with the idea of heading the animal, which showed remarkable swimming powers, back again to the lake. The wolf, however, proved the winner, reaching the shore with his pursuers so close behind that when he shook the water from his shaggy coat drops of water sprinkled the occupants of the canoe.

Meantime the fawn, which was about the size of a small calf, had reached safety on the north shore, and how strenuously it had struggled for life was evidenced by its gait as it staggered ashore. Mr. Chartrand's great regret was that he had left his gun in his camp, otherwise he might have secured the pelt of the wolf.

HER WEDDING DAY, AND FATHER DOWN THE WELL!

Silas Atkinson was an industrious as he was vindictive and crabbed. His only daughter Martha, who lived with him in their brush home in the hills, was falling a victim to his tyranny; she bade fair to go overworked and starved to the grave as her mother had gone.

Martha found favor in the eyes of big Ben Thomas, a neighboring lad who was seldom too busy to come over for a visit; but old Silas soon stopped such nonsense.

"Now lookee here, Ben," he said. "I need Marthy's help, and I'm a-going to have it. If you come and hire out to me you kin see her, pervidin' you'll promise never to say a word of love or anything to keep her off her work. I'll shoot you if you play false! Will you come?"

Ben agreed and became a member of the household. Martha gained new spirit and new color, though her toil was not lightened.

"Guess he's given up marryin' and takin' her away," muttered old Silas, chuckling grimly. "Why she's worth twicet as much as she was, worth a whole man's wages and don't cost a cent! I got Ben cheap too. Those two lovin' fools makes a good bargain for me!"

One June morning the two men were digging a well; Ben was working the hoist at the top, and Silas was at the bottom, digging.

Finally Ben pulled the bucket out of the hole. "Old man," he called down the well, "I've quit! Marthy and me have some important business to look after downtown. You ain't hardly safe to be trusted out just now, so I'll keep this rope up here. Now don't yell too hard; it's bad for the throat. Good-by!"

The angriest man in all the history of the hills stayed down in the well that afternoon, for no relief came in answering to his shouting.

At sunset Ben's smiling face appeared at the opening. Old man, we've just been married. I toted fair, and I havn't said a word to her about love while I was workin' for you, but I quit work this mornin', you know. It was all arranged before I come. You've stole her youth and her money all these years, but now she's goin' free and safe. You'll sign a release of your daughter and a promise to be good before you ever get out of that hole. Will you sign now?"

Old Silas would not sign! Never, never, never!

Ben yawned. 'Well," he said, "I'm goin' back to the house for the night, where Marthy has our weddin' supper. Say, but it's grand! I'll come out here in the mornin' and see if you're reasonable."

He came in the morning and again at night and once more on the second morning, but Silas was still firm.

On the second night, however, the man capitulated. "I was an old fool," he said. "I robbed and was killin' her with overwork. I'll pay her up honest, though I reckon you ought to leave me here in this hole forever for what I done in the past. But say, Ben, I'd sure like to taste Marthy's weddin' cake! Do I get out?"

He got out; and the Grandpa Atkinson of later years couldn't have been finer if he had been born with a halo!

Keep Your Brakes In Condition

As a result of recent amendments to the Motor Vehicles Act, the onus of proof is on motorist to prove that his brakes were in perfect working condition, every time an accident occurs. The police have the right to stop every car, inspect the brakes and order the driver to have them repaired immediately.

LASALLE'S GARAGE
Chesterville

Batteries Reduced
U.S.L. "Frontier" Batteries

Ford and Chevrolet
Wood case $17.00 Rubber Case $22.00
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Standard size $24.00 Oversize $25.00
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Dodge and Maxwell
Standard size $30.00 Oversize $33.00
U.S.L. BATTERIES

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LaSalle Bros' Garage
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Pumps made after the Babcock pattern, for deep or shallow wells, in either iron or wood. These pumps are neatly made and painted and sell at very reasonable prices from $10·00 up.

Stanchions

Wooden swing stanchions for tying up cows, at a low price.

WOOD TURNINC—Columns, Verandah Posts, etc, and rip-saw ng done to order.

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Western Grain and Corn a Specialty

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This institution provides skilled nursing and are at very moderate rates to those able to pay, and without charge to indigent person from the three United Counties, other than the Municipal Grants.

It is kept uy by:

Fees from paying patients.

2. Grants from the Government and Municipalities.
3. Donations and Subscriptions from Churches Corporations, Societies and Individuals, the last being the largest source of revenue.

You are asked to assist in this work

The nucleus of endowment fund has be e established by a legacy recently received and parties remembering the Hospital in their wills may stipulate that bequests made by hem shall go to this fund.

If you would like a copy of the last Annua Report, drop a card to the Secretary, who wi be pleased to send you one.

I. T. KIRKPATRICK, President. F. D. McLENNAN Sec'y-Treas

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GEORGE F. SMITH, Principal.
Cornwall, Ont.

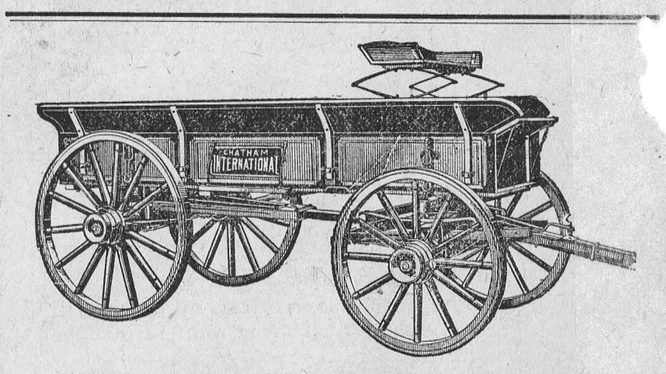
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"King of All"
Looks Good - - - Is Good

The builders of the Chatham International wagons have always worked on the principle that a wagon must have service built into it before the user can get service out of it.

The fine reputation possessed by the Chatham International has been built up. Not by cheap prices, or unreliable promises, but by constantly striving to put into the wagon a dollar's worth of value for every dollar asked.

For sale by
H. G. McCAMBRIDGE
McCormick-Deering Dealer
Main St. South Phone 8. **Chesterville**

THE PROFESSOR GOES BACK

By Nina Moore Jamieson.

"We often hear of the 'little red school house,' but what about the little log school house?" said the professor, reminiscently, from the depths of the shabby arm chair. He ran his strong arm through the plume of silver that shone through his fine ruddy countenance.. "I'm getting to be an old fellow, but I can remember one—low, squat, four-square, built on the corner of a farm, with not a yard of play ground. There were six windows in it, each having twelve panes of glass, each pane 8 x 10. The wooden hinges of the door squawked disagreeably every time it was opened or shut. The teacher's desk stood high on four spindley legs, just like the legs of a calf a day old.

"A big stove—the Black Giant—stood in the middle of the floor, and the wood was piled behind to dry, or at any rate to get the snow melted off! The pipes ran up through the ceiling, and through the roof. There was no chimney. The pupils' desks were all ranged round the four-square of the room, an arrangement which brought the pupils' backs towards the teacher. One could easily understand Goldsmith's lines:

" 'Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned!'

"Many a time I looked over my shoulder and whispered to my chum, 'He's coming! I was a little fellow, and I slid toward the desk as closely as I could, for the backs that were farthest out got most of the four-foot blue beech gad that he weilded with a strong arm and an impartial generosity!

"This log building was used on Sunday for Church services, and weil do I remember one occasion when the minister, a tall lanky man of the Abraham Lincoln build was droning away. The service was about half over when in strolled Tom Farley in a new suit of ill-fitting clothes. Tom did not often come to church, but when he did, he belived in being very friendly. He looked round the congregation who returned the stare with a smile. Then he said emphatically, 'it's a mortal hot day, boys!' Alas for the decorum of the church! All of us youngsters and many of the older ones more than smiled.

The minister renewed his discourse but we were treated to another interruption. The shade of the buiding was very comforting to Peter Kink's sheep, among which was a Merino ram that was a very noted fighter, but quite chummy with some of the boys. The ram's name was Dick, and Dick, seeing the door open, knew no reason why he might not walk in and look up some of his friends. The minister, round-eyed at this intrusion, paused and said, 'Will some of the brethren put that animal out?' Robert Hoath, who was the leading man and Methodist of the district, approached Dick and admonished him to retire. Dick lowered his head and started for Robert, who wisely beat a hasty retreat. Dick was monarch of all he surveyed, and announced the fact with a challenging bleat.

"Then Davie Farley attempted to put him out, but when Dick lowered his head and started for Davie, there was another man in a hurry to get behind a desk. Needless to say, we youngsters were enjoying ourselves hugely. My father gave me a nudge, and said, 'See what you can do!' I got up, and Dick turned towards me, expecting a fight. I was barefooted and nimbly skipped past him, and got out.

" 'Ba-a-a-aa, Dick!' I said.

" 'Ba-a-a-aa!' he retorted, and out he came to attend to me.

" I jumped on his back and away we jogged down the road. I did not go back to the church, but I believe the minister was unable to finish his discourse from the text, 'Unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!'

"Then there was Sunday School in the same old building. I remember one time, probably in early August, for the mice were hungry—which didn't happen during the term, for then they had plenty of crumbs from our lunches—several of them ready for anything eatable. One tried to climb up the spindly leg of the teacher's desk. Of course all eyes were fixed upon it. One young man took a roll of paper in his hand struck at the mouse and knocked him down. He fell towards a strange young lady— a Miss Black who was visiting in the neighborhood.

"She screamed of course. All women scream when they see a mouse. She opened her mouth wide, as the occasion demanded, and, to the horror of all who saw her, her false teeth fell out! She grabbed at them but they escaped her and rolled over on the floor. She jumped frantically for them, covered them with her handkerchief, and fled! We youngsters were aghast! False teeth in those days were a great novelty. Miss Black brought her visit to a hasty conclusion, and left the neighborhood the next day.

"Another time in the same old log school, a snake, it is true—came into the room by way of a gap under the lower log, which was a few inches above the floor. This time there was genuine alarm. We climbed to the top of our desks. The snake was seemingly as much alarmed as we were, and did nothing to escape. The teacher—a man—came forward timidly, and bashed its head with a heavy ruler. We thought him very brave.

The professor sat a moment in silence, and then with a chuckle began again:

"One hot sultry day in school, when I was eight or nine years old, my chum, Dicky Staples, and I were absorbed in watching a big yellow spider make its way across the top of our desk. Our faces were drawn intently close to it, and the opportunity was suddenly too much for my Irish love of mischief. With a swift fillip of my finger I squashed the spider, and splashed the juice right into Dicky's eye! He yelled in involuntary response. The master inquired, and the story was told. Bill Smith,' he said severely to me, 'you are the plague of the school! Come out here!'

"I should have told you that the teacher rode to school on horse back, being a lame man. For serious offences he used to apply the surcingle of the saddle of the culdrit. I got it with the strap end of the surcingle, that time, and got a good dose. It sent me to my seat sobbing. I put my head down on the desk and soon found out that if I drew my head slowly down the smooth, slightly sticky surface, a sound like the rumbling of distant thunder obligingly followed.

"I amused myself with a few experiments, never thinking that anything would result from my mild efforts. 'What's that?" the teacher asked, puzzled. "It is surely not thunder—and yet—the day is so warm we may indeed have a storm.'

"He came over to the window and viewed the West solictously, hoping the storm would come, for there was a regulation to the effect that if the teacher saw a storm approaching, and the time was near four o'clock, he might let the pupils go. As he stood there telling us about lightning and thunder. I remember he said that if we were able to count five from the time we saw the flash until we heard the thunder, we were safe, as the storm would be about a mile distant.

"I drew my head down the desk again, and a surprisingly genuine growl of thunder sounded with disconcerting nearness. 'Children,' said the teacher in some alarm, 'get ready to go home. That storm is coming up very fast! You will have to hurry if you are to get home ahead of it.' All got ready and again my head came down the desk. I was enjoying the fun—but I did not enjoy it long! He was standing by my desk, and he caught me in the act. 'You young rascal, Bill Smith!' he shouted, 'I might have known you were up to something! Come here!'

"Reluctantly I accepted his invitation, and I surely got a good thrashing that time—with the buckle end of the strap. I knew I deserved it, but I have always felt that I should not have been punished for the spider episode. No boy could have resisted that."

Once again the Professor fell silent, and the changing nature of his thought showed in the change of his expression.

"This is something quite different," he said abruptly, after a few moments. "A strange boy, Bill Simpson, came to our school.. We did not know where he came from—but he was a bad boy. Attractive enough—oh, yes. Better dressed than any the rest of us. I do not think I ever heard a boy swear as he could. I am sure he could go it for five minutes without a hitch or a repeat. Alas for weak human nature! Boys and girls were both adept in imitating him, and so we were quite as expert as Billy. I do not think that we knew we were doing anything very wrong. My brother a few years older than I, heard me, and said he would tell father. Then my sin stood forth in all its wrongfulness. My brother told my mother instead. Next morning before going to school I went to her room to say good-bye to her. She did not speak, but beckoned me to her. She took my hands in hers and prayed that the Lord would keep her little boy from the wrong of the world. I went out from her room sobbing bitterly. I call on that mother who departed this life more than thirty years ago, to witness that never again did I hurt her by any such conduct. Mothers can afford to be patient with their erring boys, who are maybe not as bad as their conduct would indicate. I remember night school being held in the school house. It was held for one subject only—writing. The master was one James Fallis. It was amusing to watch the students who varied in age from 18 to 40. They labored hard, and all the characters they made with their pens, they also made with their tongues. It was great seeing them dotting their i's or crossing their t's. On the i the tongue would thrust forward with a vigorous stab; it took a sidewipe for the t. One night after the lesson the men sat around wanting to smoke. There was only one pipe in the crowd, but the men would notbe denied. The owner of the pipe loaded up and got it along well, and the men supplied themselves with straws.

"Jim drew the smoke from the pipe into his mouth. The men thrust the straws into his mouth and sucked vigorously ....and got a smoke! Economy was reduced to a science in those days! And the dances! No two-steps. no foxtrots—they were nearly all square dances. Miss McLeod's Reel, Money Musk, Patanalli, and hoe-downs which make one think of the old song—

'Whack! Huroo! Tare-an-ages!
Whelt the floor Your trotters shake!
Oh, isn't it the truth I'm tellin' you
—Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!'

"Andy Ramsay was a good step dancer. One night he danced the double shuffle and finished off by tapping the floor vigorously with his cowhide boots. Probably the floor was well worn at that spot anyway, but Andy went right through! The music was unique. Usually some skilful chap lilted. I think I see him and hear him. He shut his eyes, turned his face towards the ceiling, and off he went in this style—

'Tra-le-la, diddle-la; tra-le-diddle-um,' with endless reputations and variations. He had no tune, but he had rhythm, and that was all he needed. Some person introduced the schottische. and we danced it to the tune "Oh Willie, we have missed you.' All danced and all sang. It was good enough for anybody!"

HAIRPINS AND BOBBED HAIR

What is to become of the hairpin industry if the bobbing of hair is continued by modern women? Despite predictions that the shearing of feminine locks would soon pass as a fad, it is continuing, and would even seem to be on the increase. And with the bobbing of the hair, goes a large percentage of the hairpins. The woman who needed eight or ten before uses only one or two. Some perhaps will use none at all who formerly used half a dozen or more. So the hairpin makers are in despair. The barbers have knocked the industry galley-west. Then, to cap the climax, a German hairpin made an appearance in the American market of a type to appeal particularly to those with bobbed hair. It has a peculiar quality, which American manufacturers are trying to acquire. The bureau of standards, it is reported, has been looking into the matter, and has rendered some assistance by finding a way of tinting wire to the exact hue that is now popular. But competitions in hairpins will not be of any particular moment if the market disappears. That is why the American manufacturers of these once indispensable articles of feminine equipment are thinking of transforming their industry to some other lines.—Washington Star.

SHARK PRODUCTS

At a meeting of the American Leather Chemists' Association, a rather interesting paper was delivered on the products that are obtained from marine animals. The paper dealt particularly with the products that are gained from sharks. It was said that, in tropical waters sharks that vary in size from two to twenty feet are caught, the average size being ten feet. The most common method used for catching is by the use of gill nets. These are 300 yards long and 12 feet deep, and are suspended in the water by buoys and anchors. The small fish are allowed to pass through the net, while the large fish are retained. On pulling in the net a blow is delivered by one of the men between the eyes of the shark. It is then hooked in the mouth and hauled on board. A good boat load is 40 sharks, although 100 can be handled. Skinning is done by cutting down the back and working the skins over sides and belly, any adhering flesh being subsequently removed. The skin is now salted down, ready to be sent to the tannery. The liver can now be used for oil recovery, and it contains approximately 50 per cent. of oil, which for some purposes might replace cod or menhaden oil. The bulk of the flesh is used as manure or poultry food.

GOOD WILL AMONG MEN

Lindsay Post—The other day in Kansas City says the Emporia Gazette, the Knights of Columbus formally offered to the convention committee of the Shriners a Masonic organization, the use of their new club house during the Shriners' national convention. The new club house has 85 rooms, with shower baths, gymnasium and a swimming pool, and the whole plant was at the disposal of the visitors during the convention.

If Christ were to come to Kansas City, where would he find good will among men? Would he go to those who are preaching race hatred, religious prejudice and bigotry, or to those, who despite their grave differences of creed, turn in neighborly kindness and good fellowship to their friends with this offer of substantial help?

And you, kind sir; here is an acid test of your soul. Do you get a thrill when you read some oft-exploded and discredited "oath" either of Masons or of Knigths of Columbus; or does your heart swell in pride for your humanity when you read some little item that shows how Christ, preaching good will among men, did not die upon the cross in vain?

CHILD BITTEN BY RAT

Mrs. Walter Thornton, living in Avondale, a suburb of Belleville, heard her baby scream just after breakfast Friday, and hurrying to the bed where it lay, was horrified to find that a rat had bitten the child on the hand, almost severing a finger.

SEE !
LOOK IN !

No, don't only look in, walk in and see what modest prices I am offering my new shipment of HORSE BLANKETS at.
I also have a full line of
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BRUSHES, SURCINGLES
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Men's & Boys' Work Mitts of extra quality & assortment. Repairing guaranteed, neatly and promptly done at reasonable rates.

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Recipes

Tested and approved

(The Record during coming weeks will publish recipes in this space, that have been approved by members of the Women's Institute)

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Make a corn starch pudding with 1 quart milk 3 tablespoons cornstarch and 3 tablespoons sugar, salt to taste, when done take out half, and to that remaining in kettle add a beaten egg, 4 tablespoons grated chocolate dissolved in a little hot water. Add 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour in mould alternately the dark and white. Serve with cream.

RICE CUSTARD

Add 1 quart milk to ½cup rice, salt to taste, steam or boil until quite soft. Beat yolks 4 eggs with 4 tablespoons white sugar, add just before taking off the rice from the stove, stir well, but do not let boil, add vanilla. Beat whites and put on top and brown in oven. Put the rice in the dish in which you are going to serve it.

Cut this out and paste it in a suitable book with those to follow and eventually you will have a valuable cook-book.

REAL ESTATE

Have you a village or farm property for sale ?

If so, list it with me. Remember, there is no charge unless a sale is made.

FOR SALE

Dwelling on double lot with good hen house, situated on Hummel St. Chesterville. Price $1300.

Lot for sale Corner Main and Howard St., size 60x100. Cheap for Cash.

Farm for sale, West ¼ Lot 24, Con. 2, Township of Winchester owned by Thomas J. Curran. Possession 1st. March 1924. Only $2000 Cash, required balance at low rate of interest. For Further particulars apply to C. W. Casselman.

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C. W. CASSELMAN - - AGENT

Chesterville.

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SOCIAL AT BERWICK

A Lawn Social in aid of the Methodist church will be held on the day July 17th, preceeded by a baseball match at 6.30 between, Berwick school grounds, Berwick, and Finch. Admission, including refreshments, 35c and 25c.

DANCE AT CRYSLER

A dance will be held in the Music Hall, Crysler on Tuesday July 15th when the Strollers Orchestra of Cornwall, will supply the music.

DANCE AT DRIVING PARK

A dance will be held at the Driving Park Pavilion on Saturday night with Gunn's Orchestra in attendance.

SOCIAL AT DUNBAR

Under the auspices of Dunbar Presbyterian church a strawberry and Ice Cream Social will be held on Tuesday July 15th. Dunbar band in attendance. Admission 35c and 25c.

LAWN SOCIAL

A lawn social under the auspices of the ladies of Trinity Methodist Church will be held on the church lawn on Saturday, July 19th. Look

SMALL SUNDAY FIRE

The fire alarm on Sunday morning shortly after eleven o'clock caused considerable excitement in town for a short time but fortunately there was only very slight damage followed. The coal oil stove in A. W. Tyo's back kitchen flared up and set fire to a lining of felt paper on the wall. Employees from the condensery quickly responded and extinguished the flames with chemicals.

CRYSLER
St. John's Church
Rector Rev. W. S. Weary
Phone 138 Winchester

There will be no services for the next two Sunday's July 13th & 20th. Service Sunday July 27th. 2.30 p. m.
A Welcome Extended To All.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH
CHESTERVILLE
Rev. Roy M. Pounder, Pastor.
Sunday July 13th, 1924.
Public Worship—11.00 a. m.
"Kindness, Love, and Sympathy."
Public Worship—7.30
"Sins of Impulse and Sins of Calculation."

CHESTERVILLE
Holy Trinity Church
Rector Rev. W. S. Weary.
Phone 138 Winchester.

There will be no services for the next two Sundays July 13th & 20th. Sunday July 27th. Evening Prayer 7.30 p. m.
A welcome extended to all.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

Time Table

GOING WEST

No. 35—Daily, except Sunday ..9.55 a.m
Local, Daily ExceptSunday ..6.25 p.m
No. 23—Daily, except Saturday 11.29p.m.
Stops for passengers from Montreal.

GOING EAST

No. 24—Daily, Except Sunday..5.14 a.m
Stops for passengers to Montreal.
Local Daily. Except Sunday..8.30 a.m.
No. 36—Daily, Except Sunday..5.38 p.m
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MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Miss Jane Tallmire is the guest of Mrs. Allan Moran.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Merkley spent over Sunday at the former's parental home.

Whitteker, the Optometrist, will be at Chesterville July 15th, at Finch July 17th.

Miss Gladys Robinson left Monday night for Edmonton to visit her sister Mrs. Lloyd Johnston.

William Brown and Allison Graham are spending the week at the St. Lawrence Boys' Camp, Brockville.

Mr. J. Winston McMartin left last week to take the summer course at Toronto University.

The Presbyterian social on the Driving Park Tuesday evening proved an attraction for a large crowd, and was an unqualified success.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Merkley and son Murray motored from Montreal to spend the week end at the former's parental home here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Beattie of Winchester spent the latter part of the week at their old home here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Fulton motored to Granby, Que., and spent the week end with the latter's sister Mrs. W. Lee of that place.

Mrs. N. E. Christie of Komsack, Sask., who has been visiting her cousin Mrs. Philip Merkley is now renewing acquaintnces in Avonmore and Cornwall.

Chesterville citizens are very sorry this week to hear of the illness of Mr. Edgar Harper, who sustained a paralytic stroke on Sunday and is in a quite serious condition.

Mr. and Mrs.. W. S. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. McGuire and little daughter Beatrice of Syracuse N. Y., were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Harper.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Craig Kennedy of Lawrence, Kansas, spent Sunday with the former's sister Mrs. C. D. Nadeau. When enroute to Boston to attend the Elks Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Doney and son Blake and Mrs. C. Fyke, motored over from Potsdam, N. Y., and spent the week end with Mrs. Doey's brother, Mr. Mahlon Fyke and friends in town.

Miss Edna McGee and Douglas with Mrs. (Dr.) Hutt and children are spending a vacation with Miss Marjorie McGee at Lansdowne where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Two popular young people of Chesterville were quietly married yesterday when Miss Gertrude Shaver became the bride of Mr. Jay Bailey, Rev. A. J. Sinclair officiating. Congratulations.

Large congregations turned out last Sunday to both morning and evening services in Trinity Methodist church to hear the new pastor Rev. Roy M. Pounder, who occupied the pulpit on both occasions, and whose sermons were much appreciated.

Operator R. R. Tardiff is relieving Mr. A. O. Robertson of the station staff while the latter is having his annual holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson are this week the guests of the former's parents at Carleton place.

Miss Edith MacGregor who has been visiting in New York and Priceton has returned home accompanied by her brother Dr. J. A. MacGregor of The Skin and Cancer Hospital of New York City, who will spend his holidays withhis parents Mr. and D. MacGregor, Morewood.

News was received Monday from Calgary of the death of Miss Azulra Maria Merkley formerly of this place.. She passed peacefully away on June 30th at tne age of 78 years. The funeral took place from her brother's residence on June 27th. Miss Merkley spent the greater part of her life in Chesterville where she made a host of friends who missed her very much when she moved to Calgary a few years ago with her brother William Merkley with whom she had always made her home.

Those attending the Orange celebration in Winchester on July 12th, may be interested to know that a sale of basketry made by the blind is to be held by the Women's Institute of that town on MissG ardiner's lawn on Main St., just west of Mr. Sweet's store, the entire proceeds of which will be sent to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind in Toronto. There will be clothes baskets, work baskets, flower baskets, cake baskets, sandwich trays, and many other baskets. Help this good work by the purchase of one basket.

A WISE PRECAUTION

Little Mildred came to her mother the other day with this query: "Mamma, don't people ever get punished for telling the truth?"

"No, my dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because," explained Mildred , "I just took the last two cream puffs in the pantry and I thought I'd better tell you."

Too Steady!

First Merchant—The Smith boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?

Second Merchant—Well, if he was any steadier he'd be motionless.

for further notice next week.

SCREEN DOORS

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