

Mrs. Frank Shaver
Mrs. Alex Shaver
Memorial Hosea Caloran

The St. Lawrence News

AND DUNDAS COUNTY ADVERTISER

VOLUME 35. NO. 13

IROQUOIS, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1922.

\$1.50 PER YEAR

THE MOLSONS BANK

(Incorporated 1855)

A SAFE Place For VALUABLES

Safety and Privacy regarding your Personal Affairs is afforded by the **SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES** of this bank. Rental \$3 per year and up.

Savings Bank Department

Interest allowed at highest current rates

OFFICE HOURS

10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Saturdays 9:30 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon

C. H. JOY, Manager
IROQUOIS

J. C. ROSS, Manager
BRINSTON

"Quality First"

"STARR" RECORDS

Over 200 Sacred Records just received and on sale at 65 cents each. **Why pay more?**

These Hymns have been composed by some of the world's best Authors and Artists, as follows:

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL, NINETY AND NINE,
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THE THE HOMELAND
OPEN THE GATES OF THE TEMPLE THE PATMA
GOD BE WITH YOU 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN
THE CRUCIFIX, and dozens of others.

Our Starr Phonograph will play them for you and thus enable you to hear them properly reproduced
Come to and hear them

SEELY BROS.

'Phone 26

IROQUOIS : : ONTARIO

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED

Our stock is now in and we have a complete line of goods.

Red Clover, Alsike Clover, Sweet Clover, and Alfalfa, also choice Timothy Seed. Call and inspect it. The quality and prices are both right.

Just unloaded another car of Redpath's Sugar, we are offering for a short time for cash.

100 lbs. Redpath's Granulated \$7.25

100 lbs. Dominion Granulated \$7.10

With the steady increase in the raw sugar market we consider this a good buy and do not hesitate to advise our customers to buy now.

We also have a number of lines at special prices for Saturday and Monday.

Call and be convinced that we can save you money.

Stone & Fisher

IROQUOIS

ONTARIO

Your Pocket



used as a bank has many disadvantages.

Money carried in it is easy to spend on trifles or may be lost or stolen.

Weekly deposits in our Savings Bank will accumulate rapidly.
Small or large accounts are welcome.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Capital Paid up \$15,000,000

Reserve Fund \$15,000,000

Iroquois Branch: J. F. Gillespie, Manager

"WARNING"

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned will not authorize payment on accounts for labor or material purchased for the Highway Department of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, by persons not authorized in writing by the Superintendent.

Overseers, patrolmen, etc., are requested to get in touch with this office before undertaking any further work, so as to not leave yourselves personally responsible for debts contracted in the name of the United Counties.

Storekeepers, dealers, etc., are warned against selling material supposedly for the use of the County Highway Department to persons who have not written authority from the undersigned to purchase same.

Signed

J. G. CAMERON,

County Road Superintendent
County Buildings, Cornwall, Ont., March 27th, 1922.

W. H. Casselman Has Disagreement With Premier Drury Over Bill

Toronto, March 24.—So long and interesting a discussion broke forth in the Legislature, Thursday afternoon, March 23rd over what seemed like a mild disagreement or misunderstanding between Premier Drury and one of the Government supporters, W. H. Casselman, from Dundas, that the debate on the budget did not get started until after five o'clock when Charles McCrea, of St. Catharines, continued his criticism of the Government's financial policy.

In regard to a Bill Mr. Casselman proposed to introduce, making the Government grant to power transmission lines carrying hydro-electric energy to the farmers, also apply where the current is supplied by a private corporation. He claimed the Hydro was not in a position to complete in most sections of eastern Ontario with the private companies, and that unless the grant applied to private companies it would be of no use in that section of the Province. He claimed the Premier had promised the Government would get behind his Bill, but was now failing to come to its support.

Premier Drury replied that he had not promised to come to the support of the Bill, that he had told Mr. Casselman that he was in sympathy of the Bill, but had not satisfied himself that it would not result in Government grants going to swell the profits of private concerns. The Bill will be printed and come before the House but the Speaker has intimated that it will be ruled out of order when it does come, not being a Government measure.

Mr. Casselman said he had had several conversations with Premier Drury, and had explained that a private company operating in his part of the Province was in a position to offer electric service at a very much lower rate than that offered by the Hydro Commission and on a five-year contract, which bound both sides instead of a twenty-year hydro contract, which bound the farmer, but not the commission. He therefore had prepared a Bill which would provide that the same fifty per cent bonus on the construction of transmission lines, given where the Hydro-Electric Commission supplied the power, should also be given where a private company supplied the power. He blamed the Premier for not coming to his assistance, and make it a Government Bill, and asked the Premier what he was going to do about it, and whether he was prepared to introduce a Government Bill along that line, for only by such methods could any grants in transmission lines help the farmers of Eastern Ontario. He argued that the farmers of that section of the Province had been neglected in regard to Government assistance in getting electric services.

PRESENTATION

The friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Redmond and daughter, Miss D. Redmond, of Brinston, gathered at their home, Friday night, March 24, for a social evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Redmond were presented with a set of Community plate knives and Forks and Miss Redmond was given a silver pudding dish.

Among those present were P. W. Payne, Rev. W. R. Johnston, Mrs. Orrin Strader and Mrs. Ross.

Mr. Redmond has been a merchant in Brinston for about 20 years.

Games were played and Mr. Joseph Loudon read the address which follows:—

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Redmond and Della. We your friends and neighbors having learned with regret that you had sold your property and intend moving from our midst, felt we could not let you go without assembling here and in some small way show the esteem and respect in which you were held during your sojourn among us. By your quiet and unassuming disposition you have won a place in our confidence that shall not weaken or grow cold, although you may be separated from us. In our community you have always been ready to assist in all enterprises and no duty has been too small or any burden too great when it has been placed upon you, and you have always given cheerfully of both time and means for the improvement and uplift of the social life of this community. In the church you have been faithful in attendance and no appeal has been made in vain to you for financial aid for the advancement of the "Kingdom of God." In our lives we have always found you to be upright in your dealings and painstaking in your efforts to meet the demands of the public. As a friend and neighbor you have always been ready and willing to lend a helping hand in time of need. You have not only been willing to share with us in our mutual joys but also in our sorrows, and now we sincerely regret that the time has come when we are to say "Good Bye." We ask you to accept this silverware not for its intrinsic value but as a symbol of the esteem and respect in which you are held by all of us. As you leave our neighbourhood to make your abode in another place we assure you that you carry with you the very best wishes of your many friends, may your future be a bright and prosperous one and if at any time any of you shall be permitted to return to our midst you will receive a hearty welcome from your friends. Signed on behalf of the community.

Entered Into Rest

It is with much regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Arlie P. Locke (nee) Marietta Pease of Dundela, late of Elmira, N. Y., who passed away on the morning of March 16th, of Labor Pneumonia, following the Flu. She was 27 years old.

She was united in marriage Jan. 20, 1913, to Arlie Locke. They started house keeping at Dixon Corners, afterward moving to the States, where Mr. Locke has a good position.

Mrs. Locke's mother died when she was an infant and she lived until her marriage, with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McIntosh of Dundela. The remains were brought to their home Tuesday evening, March 21, and the funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock in the Methodist church, the Rev. Mr. Cook taking charge. Interment in the family lot in Dundela cemetery.

Her husband and daughter Lillian (7 years old) survive her; also her father, H. A. Pease; one sister, Mrs. Chas. Norton, both of Cumberland, Wisconsin; her uncle, Harvey McIntosh of Dundela, all of whom have the sympathy and prayers of the entire community.

The floral offerings were large, which showed the esteem in which the deceased was held.

FOR SALE

1 ton spring Lorry, almost new, A bargain for quick buyer.

Apply to

Alva Serviss,

12-2 pd.

Iroquois

MRS. THOMAS BURNS

Mrs. Thomas Burns, aged 39 years, passed away at the Hapburn hospital in Ogdensburg, Wednesday morning, March 22, of Labour Pneumonia.

The news of her death caused general sorrow throughout the community. Mrs. Burns went from Canada to Ogdensburg and had resided there and in Canada practically all her life. She was born in Germany.

Besides her husband, who is mate on the steamer Howey J. Kendall of Hall fleet, she is survived by six small children, the oldest being 9 years old, Theresa, Catherine, Edward, John, Paul and Clarence; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Eichner of Iroquois; one brother, Charles Hagle of Govonlock, Sask., and a half brother John Eichner of Iroquois.

The funeral was held Friday morning at St. Mary's Cathedral at 9 o'clock. The body was placed in the vault in St. Mary's cemetery.

FARMER'S PLATFORM MORE PROGRESSIVE

Canadian Finance, of Winnipeg tells us that there are many reasons why a Farmer political party could not be permanently successful. The first is that when those who control governments use their power for the particular benefit of one class of the people, the rank and file outside of that class and the fair minded individuals within the class eventually combine and overthrow the autocracy. Even so. Was it not the rank and file outside of the manufacturing class together with the fair minded individuals within that class that combined to overthrow the capitalistic autocracy in the last election? The worm will always turn. But speaking of fairmindedness; is it not, by the swing of the pendulum, the farmers turn to dictate. Agriculture is Canada's basic industry and has the right to be considered. Only as the farmer prospers can Canada hope to be prosperous. Yet it is only as the farmer shall in the expected day of his power realize and guarantee the rights of others that he will exercise that power more worthily than others whose self interested rule he condemns. The farmer's platform is, on the whole, more ideal, more democratic, more calculated to benefit the people as a whole, and true to their party name, more progressive, than any other economic platform before the people. But let them be on their guard lest, tasting power, they turn autocrats. --Witness.

MOTOR SHOW

"The attention of the motoring public is drawn to the Motor Show being held in Cornwall, from April 1st to April 16th, by the Cornwall Motor Sales Company, distributors of Studebaker and Chevrolet automobiles, in their new garage.

A complete line of the various automobiles, consisting of Sedans, touring cars, and trucks will be on exhibition.

The show is being held in the Service section, of their new quarters, which has just been completed.

Incidentally every modern device for the giving of efficient service is being installed in this garage and a cordial invitation is extended to all to come and not only look over the cars, on exhibition, which are the very latest productions, but to inspect these new premises."

I. H. S. EXAMS

LATIN FORM II.

Lillian McInnis 84, Mary McFarlan 78, Chester Barclay 80, Stanley Pitt 71, I. Millar 70, L. Ellis 69, D. Merkle 69, P. Copeland 61, I. Johnston 61, F. Taylor 61, G. Gibbons 52, B. Gilson 58, D. Iveson 51, H. Beach 50, A. Bouck 46, A. Harkness 38, L. Behch 22, G. Hanson 21.

ANSWERS QUESTIONS ON INCOME TAX

Who must file Dominion Income Tax Returns? What is classed as Income? Do you have to pay tax on income from investments? What is the rate of taxation? What is Surtax? Can one deduct from the amount of income premiums paid on life insurance, depreciation of assets such as automobiles used for business purposes?

To answer all these questions in a simple, intelligible way a prominent Toronto financial house Canadian Debentures Corporation Limited--have had a tax specialist prepare a treatise covering almost every conceivable problem which will face firms, individuals or estates in compiling their returns. As a service to the public, this firm is arranging to supply a copy of this booklet free to anyone on request. This is probably the first time a booklet on the Dominion Income Tax has been compiled in a form so easily understood, so complete and so authoritative.

HIGH SCHOOL

Wednesday, April 5th

AT 8 P. M.

IROQUOIS

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

ILLUSTRATED

Lecture

—ON—

ROSES

and general Horticulture by
Mr. F. Ritchie of the Experimental Farm.

Admission Free

All Welcome

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rossler, his stepmother Lady Rossler and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's, she surprises Kempton Rossler (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) at the open safe. Gordon had stolen the gems and his step-brother is returning them.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"Mr. Rossler, surely even you must see that any attempted denial of your reason for being here, with those jewels in your hand, must necessarily be quite useless? I find you here, in an empty flat, before Mrs. Alden's empty safe, with her jewels in your possession! Surely you must realize that it is quite useless to attempt to offer any sort of explanation!"

"But, I tell you—"

"Please don't try to tell me anything! I couldn't believe it, in contradiction to the evidence of my own eyes, whatever it happened to be. You must see that!"

He made a quick gesture.

"I see it," he returned bitterly. "All the same, it isn't true, I mean, I wasn't stealing those jewels, I was putting them back."

He bit his lip even as he uttered the words. In a flash he realized that such an assertion, if believed, must lead to the implication of another—of two others—his stepbrother and Lady Rossler.

But it was not likely to be believed. He saw that in the look that flashed into the girl's eyes—a look before which he winced and set his teeth.

"Putting them back!" The coldness in her voice was more marked, her troubled face hardened. "That is a very absurd statement on the face of things, Mr. Rossler. I put them back this morning. One of Mrs. Alden's maids saw me do it. Both maids left before I did. I suppose you will tell me next that you found them—evidently—you found the duplicate key!"

For a moment her scorn got the better of her amazement and distress. Her words stung, and he stirred sharply beneath their lash. She went on inexorably.

"I understand now how it was I could not find the key! Mrs. Alden ran back to tell me that she had left it in the drawing-room. Her voice carries. Even though looking for a book she had offered to lend you, you must have heard her quite plainly. She left the key there. After you came out, when I went to look for it, it was gone."

"She came forward a little, still holding her hand against her breast."

"All that is evidence against you, Mr. Rossler. Indeed, every scrap of evidence will be—must be—dead against you. You admitted to Mrs. Alden in my presence a few minutes previously that you were in desperate need of money. You saw the jewels, heard her tell me to look them up and to take charge of both keys. You were in the drawing-room, the key within your sight. Need I say more?"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Good heavens!" Rossler turned suddenly away. The power of speech had momentarily deserted him. He felt helpless, hopeless, utterly dazed.

As she had said the evidence against him was damning. He clenched his hands until the nails bit into the flesh. Then, at a little exclamation from her he turned.

She was standing before the open safe. The pearl necklace still lay where he had placed it on its open case. The other case was empty.

Marcia turned and looked across at him.

"Mr. Rossler," she said calmly, "there were other jewels beside the pearl necklace. They are not there now."

The man smothered an exclamation. Involuntarily he slid his hand into

one of his pockets. He brought it away clenched over a cascade of glittering jewels. Marcia looked at them—at him. And then she laughed.

It was a laugh which escaped her almost without intention. She had no desire to be cruel, to mock him. But she was over-wrought already; this was the culminating point in a day of strange happenings.

She felt just a little hysterical; but as she saw him draw back, the look of dumb pain and bitter resentment in his eyes, she controlled herself swiftly, biting her lip.

In silence she held out her hand for the jewels. In silence he gave them to her. She glanced at them, replaced them in their case and then stood with head bowed and brows bent.

Rossler watched her for a moment. Then he took a step nearer to her.

"Miss Halstead," he asked, "what are you going to do?"

The girl did not answer for a moment. Her face was full of trouble. When she looked at him her soft eyes were distressed, infinitely pitiful.

"I don't quite know," she returned. "There are only two things possible for me to do—to wait here with you until Mrs. Alden returns and leave the matter in her hands or ring up the police."

She heard him catch his breath, saw the gray agony of his face and her lips twitched for a moment. Then—"Unless," she added slowly, "I lock those jewels up safely again, so that no one can possibly guess that they have been tampered with—and let you go!"

"Miss Halstead!"

There was a sharp ring of eager questioning, unbelief and hope in Rossler's voice. The strained look died for a minute out of his eyes. Involuntarily he stretched out his hands toward her; then he went across to her side.

"Miss Halstead, if you will do that, believe me, you will never regret it! I—great heaven, if you could only imagine, only guess what it would mean to me, to those who are dear to me, to my father, if—if this thing should become known!"

"I do know," the girl spoke quietly, steadily. "It would mean prison for you. In the face of such evidence nothing could save you. For those dear to you it would mean bitterness and shame. For your father—"

"For my father," Kempton interrupted grimly, not very steadily, "it would mean death!"

She looked up sharply, and as he met her eyes he made a gesture of his hands at once hopeless and appealing.

"He is old. He is not strong. And a shock such as this would kill him. I—the son he loves, honors, in whom lies all his pride—would not only be branded as a common thief condemned to a felon's punishment, accused through all the rest of my life because of this one thing, but I should be my father's murderer as well!"

Marcia drew in her breath quickly. The words he had uttered had struck a chord in her memory: "A shock such as this would kill him."

It took her back to her own plight, the cruel mockery of her own position. For a moment she forgot Kempton, remembered only herself and all she had learned concerning herself—and that must be, and which might have been, had not fate chosen to make a mock of her, even in her extremity. Her mind swung back over the last few hours—and then, quite suddenly, her lips parted, her eyes grew wide.

It was as though a voice had whispered in her ear, a voice, clear, mocking and challenging, too. She seemed to stiffen where she stood. Then she turned to face Rossler. Her eyes searched his, swept over him. A hot wave of color stung her cheeks and died, leaving her deathly pale. She began to speak, haltingly, jerkily, almost as if against her will. Something of desperation drove her.

"Mr. Rossler," she said, "I want you to listen to me for a minute very carefully. I have been ill. To-day I went to see a great specialist. He told me I might die at any moment, and that at most I have only six months to live."

He gave an exclamation of horrified pity, but she held up her hand.

"I have a mother—an invalid. She depends upon me. She needs more than I can give her. When I am gone she will have nothing. No—wait! To-day also I saw the head of a firm of solicitors. He told me that I had been left a fortune amounting to sixty thousand pounds a year on condition I married a man of good birth and position before or on my twenty-first birthday."

"My birthday is the day after to-morrow. My circle of male acquaintances is limited. Therefore it is impossible to fulfill the condition."

"I said it was impossible. I should have said so! There is just the chance that after all I may make a bargain even with a man of birth and breeding and position—to—"

She stopped, then went on jerkily, breathlessly:

"Mr. Rossler, what would you give me to do as I suggested—lock the safe, let you go and remain dumb forever concerning the fact that you were here to-night?"

"Give!" Rossler began, and then, as he met her almost fever-bright eyes, he stepped back sharply. "My God!" he whispered, "what do you mean?"

The girl flung out her hands, and let them fall. She spoke after a minute, breathlessly, defiantly, just a little shrilly.

"I mean," she said, "that I will do this—will keep silent, will let you go now, at once—if you will marry me within the next two days."

CHAPTER IX.

"Impossible!" The exclamation was wrenched from Rossler. There was amazement, almost scorn in his eyes.

Marcia met them steadily. There was a curious, flickering, thoughtful light in her own. Her hands hung rather limply on either side of her, her slender figure was drooped wearily. She did not speak, just waited; and after a minute the man went on, with a sort of smothered violence.

"Impossible! Great heavens, Miss Halstead! You—you can't realize what you are saying—what you are suggesting. Even if I were willing, even if I could bring myself to accede to such a request, there would be a thousand and one difficulties in the way."

He broke off. Marcia was smiling faintly, a small smile that had in it nothing of mirth, and yet was not mocking. The air of sudden excitement had left her; her voice was no longer shrill when she spoke.

"I don't agree with you. As far as I can see there should be no difficulties at all. There is a day in which to obtain a license, arrange the ceremony—"

He made a sharp movement of his hands, but she persisted gently and without haste.

"It could take place anywhere you choose, at any time. There would be no need for us even to meet again afterward except quite casually. I should ask nothing, expect nothing from you except your name—the right to call myself legally your wife."

"I would not even wish you to make our marriage public if you would rather not. There would be no need

for anyone to know except those legally interested in the arrangement, and, of course, my mother."

"Not," she added, "that there would be any need for you to feel ashamed of me. Even your father, I think, could scarcely object to me as a daughter-in-law, since my mother and his wife happen to be cousins."

She ignored his start, his stare of half-incredulous amazement. Her manner was almost listless; the man became suddenly aware of how unutterably tired she looked, and a frown gathered between his brows.

He was beginning to get a grip of himself, of the situation. And he was beginning, too, to realize that the girl was in deadly earnest. He drew a slow, deep breath and slipped his clenched hands into his pockets. His mouth was set and white, his eyes had begun to gleam a little. He was thinking rapidly, a little desperately.

She watched him for a moment; then went quietly on:

"But I am perfectly willing for you to decide whether or not the affair is made public. As I have just said, there is no reason why anyone, except those actually concerned, should know anything about it at present, if at all. It is immaterial to me."

"I shall probably go away—abroad—almost immediately afterward, with my mother. As far as any claim I might make upon you is concerned, you will be as free as you are now."

"Free!" He laughed harshly, and the sound made her wince for a moment. Beneath the burning resentment of his glance her own dropped; she made a little, half-nervous movement and a quick, bright flush stained her cheeks. For an instant she seemed to shrink from him; then she lifted her head and met his eyes again.

"You forget," she said, "that the gaze would be light, and that it cannot last long! You forget—" her voice caught for an instant and shook—"that at the utmost I have six months to live!"

(To be continued.)

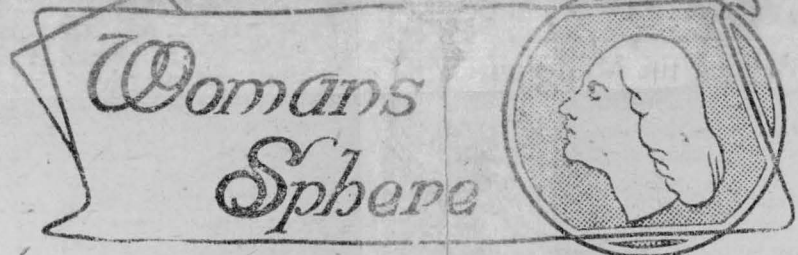
Dye Old Curtains, Sweater or Skirt in Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Oaks and Acorns.

You sturdy oak whose branches wide Bellow the storms and winds defy. So long ago, an acorn small Dormant 'neath a summer sky.

Minard's Liniment for the Flu.



Woman's Sphere

Mother's Return.

Do you remember how you went away And left the bairns at home? And how one day You sent a trumpet and a concertina For little Buntie and for Baby Lena?

And were you angry that they found delight In the new toys? And were not heard to say They wanted you; nor clamored for your coming; Nor grieved for you; but hugged the playthings tight And even took them up to bed at night.

But when you came! They heard your taxi humming! Down went the concertina! To the floor The trumpet fell unheeded, while once more The little loving arms were clining round you. You felt the shouts of welcoming surrounded you. They touched the hungry wistful soul of you. They satisfied and reached the whole of you. For now you knew That you were more to them than all the joys Of all the cherished sweetly-precious toys.

—Fay Inchfawn.

Choice Color Combinations.

When decorating a room the furniture and rugs should be used as a nucleus, as these are very seldom changed. Of course, if the furniture is old and scarred and is not to be refinished it would be best to use darker shades, otherwise all the defects of the furnishings would be shown up.

But it is not necessary to have any scratched and marred furniture when there are so many products on the market to-day which can be bought at a very nominal cost, especially designed to make chairs and tables look new and attractive.

A coat of stain with a couple of coats of varnish, after the old finish has been removed, will do wonders to any old article. Or a coat of enamel with a dainty design stenciled on a

SUCCESS

Lots of fertile eggs. Healthy chicks. Every bird kept in vigorous healthy, profitable condition by Nature's tonic.

PRATT'S POULTRY REGULATOR

Booklet "Practical Pointers" shows the way to profit and success. Write—

PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA LIMITED TORONTO

INVENTIONS

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet on request.

HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO. 21 BANK STREET OTTAWA, CANADA

FOR CONSTIPATION and SICK HEADACHE

Take Dr. Ross' Kidney and Liver Pills Price 25c.

Sold by all druggists or **ROSS MEDICINE COMPANY 78 Jarvis Street, Toronto**

tainable, it is far better to have plain wall tones.

Let Biddy Help Plan Your Menus.

Be it "company for tea" or "just the family," be it breakfast, supper, dinner, the housewife has a staunch and able ally beside her to help plan the menus. That is Mrs. Biddy.

Egg prices are tobogganing as usual at this time of year, and though they will not reach the lowest levels until spring, eggs are already far more economical than meat; also they are more digestible, and more easily prepared, and easier to keep fresh. So why not call in Mrs. Biddy to help on the bill of fare?

Breakfast—boiled, fried, poached, scrambled, coddled, shirred, omelet, a new way for every morning of the week, to say nothing of all the omelet variations. Beat them into pancakes, whip them into cereals just before serving, use them liberally in corn bread,—nothing makes corn muffins so delectable as plenty of eggs. It is the egg breakfast that sends the folks off to their various offices and schools with a whistle on their lips and keeps them up to par through a long morning.

For dinner—custards, blanc manges, tapioca cream puddings, any of them the finest kind of food for children, because they contain both milk and eggs. Nor can we leave desserts without a word for sponge cake, that wholesome and toothsome favorite of all boys—also of their fathers. Make it in the forenoon and serve it warm for dinner. Even three-year-olds can eat sponge cake, which makes it an ideal cake for the infant birthday parties.

What shall we have when they come in for supper. Again Biddy to the rescue. Creamed eggs, baked eggs, egg salad, cream soup and sauces with an egg whipped in at the last, just as they come off the fire—these are just a few of the simpler supper dishes. Any cook book gives a long list of the frillier ones, which make your

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificate being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a make-shift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. To be used whilst you work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down. Send your name and ten cents, coin or stamps, to-day, to PLAPAO CO., 765 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., for FREE trial Plapao and the information necessary.

Baby's Own Soap



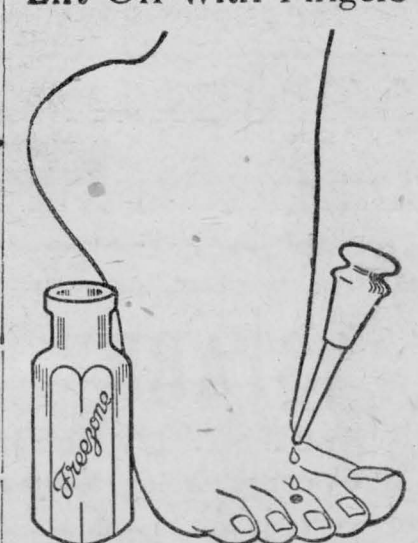
mouth water, even while you read the recipes.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

At the age of ten a boy thinks his father is the smartest man on earth, but at the age of twenty he imagines that he has forgotten more than the old man ever knew.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



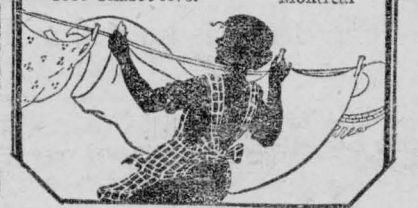
Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

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 calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Vaseline CAMPHOR ICE

Going from the warm, steamy kitchen to the cold, windy yard is sure to chap your face and hands. "Vaseline" Camphor Ice keeps them smooth and soft. It's invaluable for housekeepers.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Consolidated) 1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal



ORCHESTRA LEADERS Send for Dance Orchestration. **RE FIRST WITH A HEARST** **MOVING PICTURE PIANO PLAYERS and SINGERS** Send for Professional Copies

Join Our Popular Song Club

GET 3 NEW SONGS REAL SONGS HITS EACH MONTH

Subscription Rates: \$1.00 for 1 month, \$2.00 for 3 months, \$5.00 for 6 months.

Ask your dealer for these HEARST Song Hits

IT'S ALWAYS PA OR MA FOR TROT MANY YEARS WALTZ

WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR SMILE FOR TROT THAT ELUSIVE WALTZ

IRELAND (DEAR IRELAND) VERA LEE SECTION PEP ONE STEP

35 PER COPY 3 COPIES \$1.00 POST PAID PHONE WIRE OR WRITE

HEARST MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD.

THE BEST THING ON WHEELS

Imperial Mica Axle Grease prevents friction, heat and wear. Its use makes wheels turn easier and axles last longer. It also takes a load of strain off horses and harness. It goes twice as far and lasts twice as long as ordinary grease. Sold everywhere in various sizes from one pound tins to barrels.

—ON HARNESS

Imperial Eureka Harness Oil keeps your harness soft, pliable, strong and serviceable. It doubles the life of harness and reduces repair bills. Prevents cracking and breaking of stitches. Penetrates to every pore of leather, making it waterproof and sweatproof. It gives a rich black, lasting finish.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
Canadian Company Canadian Capital Canadian Workmen

Less Pot-washing

SMP Enameled Ware has the smooth surface and polish of fine crockery—without the breakage. And it is so very easy to clean—just like china, and therefore makes light work of pot washing.

Whenever you are buying kitchen utensils be sure they carry the **SMP** trade-mark.

Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside with a snowy white lining. Pearl Ware is a two-coated enameled steel, pearl grey outside and inside. You can't go wrong if you buy either.

Ask for **Pearl Ware or Diamond Ware**

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

Soils and Crops

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

Green Feed for Every Farm.

Perhaps no other plot on the farm will give such large returns for the amount of time and labor expended as a small area of feed grown for soiling purposes. Green feed is relished during the summer months by cattle, hogs, and poultry (if they are in inclosed yards), but without doubt proves the most profitable when fed to milch cows. Soiling crops are found to assist very materially in maintaining the milk flow during the hot summer months when pastures are short and dry.

Corn, oats, peas and vetches; oats, rape, and sunflowers in the order named, are all valuable for this work.

Corn is one of the best crops for this purpose, and gives a large yield of succulent feed, much relished by both cattle and hogs. Planted before June 10th, it should be ready for cutting about August 10-15, and has reached a height of from 5 to 8 feet, with an average yield of 18 tons per acre. "Longfellow" has been used with some degree of success over a period of years. Unless pastures are extremely bare, one-half acre with fair crop should be sufficient for ten or twelve cows.

Oats, peas and vetches mixed, oats five parts, peas four parts, vetches one part by weight, and sown at the rate of three to three and one-half bushels per acre, will give large amounts of excellent feed. This should be cut and fed while the oats are in the milk or soft dough stage. This will necessitate two or three seedings, if soiling crop is to be fed over any great length of time. Two seedings, or at the most three, ten days apart, should be sufficient, and one acre should supply plenty of feed for fifteen cows.

Oats sown thickly also provide good succulent feed, and should almost equal oats, peas and vetches in yield per acre.

Rape is generally used as a pasture crop. It is particularly desirable for hogs, and when used for such must be seeded in several plots with about ten days intervening between each seeding. If allowed to make good growth before stock is turned in on it, and then pastured, say, for an hour per day, plants will throw up new shoots, and continue to grow even after being partly eaten. Rape may be sown at the rate of three to six pounds per acre, in drills, or on the flat. It has been grown with fair success when seeded broadcast, but this plan is not recommended, as it is generally found necessary to hoe this crop in order to allow it to make its best growth. With successive seedings and careful handling, an acre should supply sufficient feed for at least fifteen cattle.

The Experimental Station at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, reports that sunflowers were used as a soiling crop during the latter part of the season of 1921, and were eaten with apparent relish by beef steers. They were refused by hogs, and eaten but sparingly by dairy cows. These sunflowers (Mammoth Russian) were sown on the flat in rows thirty inches apart, and gave a yield of about twenty tons per acre.

A seeding of oats, or oats, peas and vetches, for early cuttings, with corn for use as a soiling crop during the latter season is to be recommended. A small area of rape used as pasture during late autumn will be found very valuable.

Leaf Curl and Mosaic of the Cultivated Red Raspberry.

These two separate and distinct infectious diseases of the red raspberry

have been studied the past two years at the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, St. Catharines, Ontario. Previously these diseases have been considered as a single disease known as yellows. Although yellows has been recognized as the most serious disease of red raspberries, and occurs throughout the small fruit areas of North America, no serious study has been given to it previously. There was no clue to the cause and nature of the disease and no control measures were known. The separation of yellows into two distinct diseases was accomplished by a careful study of the symptoms and the development of marked diseased plants.

The two diseases may be recognized by the following symptoms: In leaf curl, the leaves are very dark green and the midrib and the main lateral veins arch downwards, causing a curling of the margin of the leaf. The tissue between the veins arches upward and results in a puckering along the veins. The laterals on the fruiting canes are short and stand upright. The fruit is small and seedy. In mosaic, the leaflets on the new sucker growth in the spring show large bright green blisters, with yellowish green tissue between. In summer and autumn the new leaves are finely speckled with yellow dots. Fruiting canes from diseased roots are dwarfed and the leaves reach only about half size. The fruit is of very poor quality. It lacks the flavor and is very often dry and seedy. The variety Cuthbert suffers severely from both leaf curl and mosaic. The variety Herbert seems to escape with only slight damage from both diseases, while the Marlboro is extremely susceptible to the mosaic.

A survey of the fruit growing district on the shore of Lake Ontario from the Niagara River to Toronto, showed in 1921 that leaf curl was present on the average to the extent of about five per cent. of the stand. Mosaic is more prevalent and destructive, and on the average twenty per cent. of the stand is diseased. The serious feature about this condition is that once a bush is affected by either of these diseases, all the growth coming from the roots, year after year, is diseased. Such roots are a direct loss to the grower because the fruit is largely worthless or of very poor quality. Also they serve as sources of infection for the nearby healthy bushes, and the amount of each disease becomes greater year after year.

Both diseases are transmitted to healthy bushes by the very small plant louse, *Aphis rubiphila*. They suck their food from the veins of the leaves and when they move from a diseased plant to feed on a healthy one they incidentally inoculate it by injecting the contagious principle. The cause of these diseases has not been determined but is probably in both cases a filterable virus or ultra microscopic organism.

A systematic and thorough eradication of all bushes and roots affected by leaf curl as early in the season as they can be recognized will control the disease. This early eradication removes from the plantation the sources of infection, the diseased canes, with the plant lice which have overwintered on them before they have begun to move away to healthy plants. Mosaic probably will be controlled by a similar eradication of the diseased bushes in July and August, thus removing the centres of infection on which aphid eggs will overwinter and from which they would spread the contagion in the spring. In both cases the bushes must be immediately removed, roots and all, to a distance from the plantation, to prevent the aphids leaving them and crawling to healthy bushes.

A good ration for breeding ducks consists of equal parts of bran, corn meal and green food to which is added about five per cent. grit or coarse sand and five per cent. beef scrap. This can be given three times a day as a moist crumbly mash.

The drinking dishes for ducks should be deep enough so they can dip their bills down deep and also wash their heads and eyes in the water.

Fifty Years Too Soon.

The scythe is rusting in the tree, The cradle in the shed; O would I were a boy again!— O Youth, where hast thou fled?

The hoary maple still uprears Its crown of glory there, Where oft I felt like crying out, "O farmer, grindstone spare!"

O kinks that gathered in my back, O aches that came apace, When scythe and cradle pressed upon That creaking grindstone's face!

But now what music greets my ears? The reaper's pleasant sound, And mower's song—its cheery song, Pours melody around.

The boy now rides where once I walked, Nor weary ere the noon— I wonder if I were not born Some fifty years too soon?

Thinkers, not tinkers, get the most from their machinery.

Reading makes better farmers— hence the need for more and larger rural libraries.

Horse Sense

I keep eight brood mares—purebred Belgians—and, after more than thirty years' experience, I find that as much stress should be placed on their feed as on the general care of those animals. One makes a mistake by pampering them either by feeding or stabling. I allow my animals free access to a large, dry yard with free access to warm box stalls. This insures proper exercise without overtaxing their strength. Feed should be largely given to sustain strength, and assist in building up the unborn colt. I give the mares plenty of bright, clean, shredded corn-stover, and once a day I feed each animal about ten pounds of alfalfa hay, being careful to shake it out well to get rid of the dust. Three times a day I give each mare a quart of ground corn and oats, and once a day I throw in a small handful of flaxseed-meal. Once a week I give each a generous feed of raw carrots, cut fine. The principal feed, however, is the shredded corn-stover. By this feeding I insure bone and muscle feed for both the mother and colt, and at the same time avoid constipation.

I avoid pampering the mares, as such treatment renders them more liable to be too weak to meet the ordeal of foaling and raising the foal. I can not lay too much emphasis on the free feeding of carrots. Carrots, in conjunction with the oilmeal, furnish the best of nourishment and absolutely preclude constipation, the bane of pregnant mares.

Hogs

Mineral mixtures for swine: A simple mixture that furnishes the main elements lacking in corn and small grains is composed of equal parts, by weight, of air-slaked lime, salt and bone-meal (or spent bone-black). The following mixture contains many of the time-honored substances used by so many successful swine growers:

Salt, common, flake form...	30.0 lbs.
Spent bone-black, or bone-meal, finely ground, or bone flour	25.0
Commercial kaint, or potassium chloride, or wood ashes	12.0
Sulphur, flowers of	10.0
Air-slaked lime, or limestone, finely ground	10.0
Glauber's salts or sodium sulphate	5.7
Epsom salts or magnesium sulphate	5.0
Copperas, or iron sulphate	2.0
Potassium iodide	0.3
Total	100 lbs.

All of these mixtures can be used. If mixed with the feed, use one pound a month per hog.

Solving the Mystery of Sight.

One of the problems of the human body which have long puzzled scientists is the exact means whereby "sights" are carried through the eyeball and the nerve to the sight-centre in the brain. In other words, how do we see?

The eye is a most remarkable camera. It is a roundish ball made of dense and strong fibrous tissue, opaque for five-sixths of its surface, but transparent in the one-sixth which bulges out in front.

There is a delicate curtain which hangs over the transparent "window," or pupil, in front, and forms the variously colored iris—the circle which surrounds the pupil. This curtain is a wonderful arrangement for adapting the eye to the intensity of light which falls on it, and it can almost close the opening in a strong light, or open it wide when the light is fainter. The "iris diaphragm" with which the photographer regulates the entrance of light into his camera is merely a poor imitation of it.

Moreover it contains pigment cells, which may be crowded when the light is strong or fewer in number when the eye wants as much light as possible. So we get the black eyes (eyes rich in pigment, to mitigate the light) of the southerner, the blue eyes (with little pigment) of the dweller in the darker northern lands, and intermediate shades.

Behind the circular window—the pupil—is the crystalline lens, which can be altered by fine muscles so as to focus itself for any distance. Other muscles and tendons are attached to the outside of the eyeball, and they automatically turn it in the direction we want.

But the most wonderful part of the eye is the "sensitive plate" at the back of the eyeball. A semi-transparent membrane, which we call the retina, lines three-fourths of the interior of the eyeball (which is filled with fluid) and it is particularly developed at one spot, the real seat of distinct vision. On this "yellow spot" in each eye the rays of light form an inverted image of the object at which we are looking.

It is generally suspected that color-vision is connected with one or more fine chemicals which may be lacking in "color-blind" people. However that may be, the nerve-layer closes up at the back of the eye and, as the optic nerve, conveys the images of things in some way to the conscious centre.

What precisely travels along the nerve we cannot say, but to imagine that an image or picture is conveyed is to imitate children who think that words travel along a telegraph wire.

The Tractor—Pleasure Vehicle.

Harve Gemmill is a hard-headed farmer. I would say "level-headed" instead of "hard-headed," perhaps, if Harve Gemmill were his real name.

I've been trying to get a line on the economic efficiency of the average farm tractor. "How much has the tractor added to your earnings?" "How do you know your tractor pays?" "At what work does your tractor yield highest returns?"

Those are some of the questions I have used as levers to pry out the facts. I put those questions to Harve. Knowing him to be a studious farmer, and a careful keeper of farm records, I expected to get from him considerable illumination on the subject. But I didn't.

"I don't know. What's more, I don't give a whoop," he said.

"But," I persisted, "you certainly believe that your tractor is making its way as a cash proposition, don't you?" "I don't know whether it is or not. I always managed to get on first rate with horses alone."

"Why do you keep a tractor then, if you are not sure it is making you money?"

"Nice August afternoon this, isn't it?" he smiled, cocking his feet up on the railing of the vine-shaded porch, and looking at his watch. "And it is nearly two o'clock. There are thirty acres in that field out there."

While I reflected upon the irrelevancy of Harve's change of subject, he was having a great time with his youngest son, a five-year-old, until the sturdy youngster ran away in delighted merriment.

"Finished plowing that thirty acres of oats stubble out there yesterday," he continued. "Professor Green, of the experiment station says that early plowing for wheat may mean three or four bushels extra an acre."

"What I am getting at is this. If I didn't have a tractor, I wouldn't be taking things easy up here in the shade this afternoon visiting with you. I'd be out there on a plow, 'bout a third done, likely, helping the horses fight flies and so on."

"Know what we're going to do tomorrow? The Mrs. and the two children and I are going to drive to Lake James for a week's outing. Neighbors over here will look after the stock. We'll do the same for them the following week."

"When I depended on horses for all my power, I was busy, it seemed, from one end of the year to the next. Never had time to go anywhere. Didn't have time to play with the youngsters."

"I don't know exactly how well the tractor has paid in money. I do know that it has paid big in fun. We work like the dickens when the ground is right and things can be rushed. With the tractor we have power enough to rush things right. Then we can ease up and live. The tractor means a real vacation, maybe two of them, every year for all of us. Not being on a strain so much, we really keep in better humor with each other. I have studied up more on farming and read more other good books in the last two years than in all the time before on this farm. I actually believe the children think more of me now, because I have more time for them."

"That may or may not be 'economic efficiency' as you call it, but you couldn't dig up enough figures in seventeen counties to convince me that my tractor out there isn't paying its way."

Mending a Rubber Boot.

A rubber boot that has had a hole punched in it by a stub is as good as spoiled; at least I always supposed so until recently. Any boy can mend a rubber boot if he will go at it in the right way. Procure at the drug-store an ounce or two of pure rubber gum. Cut this into small pieces and cork it tightly in a bottle with three times its bulk of benzine. For patches, use pieces cut from useless rubber boots. Wet the place to be mended with benzine, and scrape it well, repeating several times. Treat the other side of the patch in a similar manner. Then apply a good coating of the dissolved rubber to both boot and patch, and let them dry until they do not feel sticky. Next apply the rubber again to both, and press them together by the use of weights or clamps for several hours before using the boot. Numerous articles can be mended in this way at small cost.

When aluminum pans are burned, a clothpin makes a good scraper.

Smoke

OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

1/2 LB. TINS—and in p'kgs.

Parents as Educators

The Wind—By Alice Wingate Frary.

The wind's activities hold the small child's attention,—the clouds, the flying flag, windmills and pinwheels, clothes swaying on the line, the blowing of children's hair and the tails of the fowls, the swaying trees and grass, while the weathervane,

"Turning, pointing, ever showing
How the merry wind is blowing."
asks repeatedly, "Where? How?"

There are a number of verses easily memorized which will make the wind seem a friendly element; "The Weathervane" by Laura E. Richards, "I Saw You Toss the Kites on High" by Stevenson, and Christina Rossetti's

"Who hath seen the wind?
Neither you nor I,
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by."

As the child makes these verses his own, listens to stories such as "Jan" (in Mother Stories by Maud Lindsay) and "Aeolus and the Bag of Winds," and learns what the different winds bring, he is being awakened to a finer appreciation of a force that can be so gentle and yet so mighty.

Was there ever a child that did not ask, "Where does the wind come from?" It is part of the high office of parenthood to deepen the child's inherent sense of reverence before the elements, to prevent if possible its deterioration into empty wonder or morbid fear. It is well to cultivate the feeling of awe, teaching the careless child that the piling up of thunder clouds and the bowing of wind-swept trees are to be appreciated, by this

same appreciation leading the timid one out of his fear.

The wind signifies the spirit. No mother who desires a well-rounded development for her child will fail to recognize his need of inner strength, his misconceptions that need straightening. While the kingdom of heaven is the inheritance of child-like hearts, children have need of guidance, and they guide us too, when we are clear-sighted enough to respond, but our emphasis upon values which are unseen helps to raise our children's standards. Froebel's Mother Play of the Weathervane brings to the child its tale of the wind's work and play; to the mother it brings a reminder of the inner forces that must be strengthened, the inner light that may illumine puzzling situations. Two books which are helpful in this respect are "The Notebook of an Adopted Mother" by Eleanor Davis, and "The Spiritual Care of a Child" by Anna Robertson Lindsay, the latter with its vigorous reassurance of a truth all too easily ignored.

"Only God can bring up a child. Nothing will bridge the abyss of the actual and the ideal except faith, hope, love, work, and the immediate help of Divinity."

The Weathervane—Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play by Susan E. Blow.

The Wind—A Child's Garden of Verses by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Jan—Mother Stories by Maud Lindsay.

Aeolus, the Keeper of the Winds, Mythland, Vol. 1, by Helen Beckwith. Odysseus and the Bag of Winds—"In the Child's World" by Emily Powellson.

blood-thirsty chiefs, instead of looking for a white man to scalp, would climb the great mountains where even one false step would dash him into eternity.

Here Minnehaha lived with her father Pocono, one of the young chiefs of the Metes, and her mother. One day while Minnehaha was bringing wood into the wigwam her attention was drawn toward men whom she knew were not Indians. Pocono went over to them and much was his concern when he found that they had been sent by the Government to survey the land. Then more white men came. These white men killed the buffalo, which roamed the plains and which were one of the most important of the Indians' means of a living. Deputations were sent far off to Ottawa, but the Indian representatives had no influence. Then they began quietly to prepare for a struggle for their lands. The so-called rebellion began in 1885 under the chiefs Big Bear and Poundmaker. Louis Riel returned from that land, the United States, which was so mysterious to these Indians of the North country. He led his braves valiantly and well. Of the engagements, we only need speak of the one in which Pocono was killed, that at Frog Lake, where there was a terrible massacre. No more did Minnehaha make portages to the Rockies with her father, but she still has vivid memories of one of the noblest Indians who fought in the Rebellion.—Margaret Luke.

The pig is the most economical producer of flesh where suitable feeds are cheaply grown.

Live community clubs bring their members inspiration and encouragement.

Direct from TRAPPER to MANUFACTURER

J. SCHWARTZ & CO.					
MANUFACTURING FURRIERS					
266-268 King St. West Toronto, Ont.					
Muskrats					
Fine Ex. Large	Fine Ex. Large	Large	Med.	Small	Kits Damaged and Shot
Dark \$2.00	\$2.50	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$2.50-\$1.00
Beavers					
Dark.....	Ex. Large \$50.00	Large \$40.00	Medium \$30.00	Small \$15.00	Good Unprime \$25.00-\$15.00
Ordinary...	\$40.00	\$30.00	\$20.00	\$10.00	\$20.00-\$5.00

We will hold Shippers' Furs the necessary time for them to return remittance if not satisfied with our grading.

Ship by Express or Parcel Post. Quick Returns Guaranteed

Bank References—Dominion Bank, Toronto.

