THE WINCHESTER PRESS

VOL. XLVIII — THE WINCHESTER PRESS, THURSDAY, JULY 26th, 1934. — NO. 13

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—FEED—

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$1.99

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DIRTY OR WORN SPARK PLUGS WASTE AS MUCH AS 1 GAL. OF GASOLINE IN 10.

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You also have a chance to win a New Chevrolet, Ford or Plymouth Automobile — Absolutely Free — in A C's National Spark Plug Cleaning Campaign.

"Let Us Clean Your Spark Plugs"

Melvin's Garage,

ALBERT JOHNSTON, Service Manager.

Phone 113 - - Winchester

AUTO CRASHES INTO BUGGY

ACCIDENT OCCURS NEAR MOUNTAIN ON SUNDAY EVENING

What might have been a very serious accident occurred on the Hallville-Mountain road on Sunday evening last about nine o'clock, when a car driven by Mr. Gordon Lannin, of Winchester, crashed into the rear end of a buggy in which Mr. and Mrs. C. Wyatt and their two children were returning home after visiting some friends at Hallville.

Mr. Lannin was also travelling towards Mountain enroute to Winchester, and had passed the Consolidated School curve when he noticed a car approaching from the south. He drew over to the right side of the road in order to allow the vehicle to pass, failing to notice the buggy that was ahead of him. As the two cars cleared Mr. Lannin saw the horse-drawn vehicle directly in his path and swerved the car sharply to the left in an endeavour to avoid hitting it. He struck the left rear wheel of the buggy, smashing it completely and precipitating the occupants to the roadway.

Stopping immediately, Mr. Lannin returned to the scene in order to lend assistance. Mrs. Wyatt was found to be suffering from an injured leg while her husband had been cut about the head. The two children were uninjured.

Help was immediately available, as Meryl Taylor, of Mountain, driver of the north-bound car returned at once to the accident. The victims were taken to Mountain Station where Dr. G. C. Ferrier of South Mountain was summoned and rendered first aid, later allowing them to return to their home. Mr. Lannin was uninjured, although his automobile suffered to the extent of about $25.

It is alleged that the buggy was being driven without lights at the time of the accident and Mr. Lannin, temporarily blinded by the headlights of the Taylor car, failed to notice it, until it was too late to avoid a collision.

SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS

In the College of Education results published last week, the following students were granted interim certificates as specialists, valid as assistants in any High or Continuation School: Miss Evelyn B. M. Armstrong, specialist in English and History; Mr. Kenneth C. Annable, specialist in Mathematics and Physics. Both of the above are graduates of the Winchester High School and the Press extends congratulations.

STORM DISRUPTS HYDRO

The local Hydro employees worked industriously throughout the night, restoring service folowing the severe electrical storm which passed over the district late yesterday afternoon. Falling limbs played havoc with the wires generally and in two instances poles were snapped off at the base. However, little inconvenience was suffered by anyone and the damages soon repaired under the guiding hand of the local superintendent, Mr. T. O. VanBridger.

100 CLUB HOLD FINE PICNIC

The local 100 Club held a very successful picnic on Friday afternoon last, when about forty of its members, accompanied by their wives or lady friends, travelled by car to Farran's Point, on the St. Lawrence, and took part in a real outing.

The cars, laden with picnickers and food, left Winchester at 3.30 p. m. Upon their arrival at the chosen site of the festivities, games were at once organized for the enjoyment of all. Softball was a real feature and everyone entered heartily into the matches. Centurian Jim Gray was the only casualty in this encounter when an elusive fly struck a finger. In the horse-shoe pitching contests, however, Centurian John McCormick injured his knee, in an effort to throw two "ringers" in a row and had to be laid up temporarily for minor repairs. Otherwise the day was a real success.

The lunch, under the able direction of Centurian Harry Flora, was served by club members and was entered into with zest and enthusiasm, by the entire party.

After the bountiful repast, games and sports were again indulged in and a real outing brought to a successful termination.

CAMP MEETING WELL ATTENDED

The annual camp meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Church opened on Sunday last with large audiences in attendance. Rev. H. Robb French and his brother, Rev. William French, of Los Angeles, Cal., are the Evangelists in charge of the meetings, assisted by the Ministers of the Conference. Mesdames French are in charge of the singing for all meetings, assisted by local talent.

At the services on Monday and Tuesday, the Houghton Quartette were in charge of the musical portion of the service and were much appreciated. The services are meeting with a ready response on the part of the citizens and much spiritual benefit is being derived by those attending. The regular services are open to the public and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

PROCLAMATION

By authority of resolution of motion passed by Municipal Authorities and at the request of many citizens, I hereby proclaim

MONDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1934,
A CIVIC HOLIDAY

And ask all citizens to observe the same.

JAS. H. ROSS, Reeve.

ELECTRIC STORM HITS WINCHESTER

BARN IS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND DAMAGE DONE TO HYDRO LINES

Believed to have been struck by a sharp bolt of lightning during the height of yesterday's electrical storm, a small barn on the property of Mr. George Lannin was gutted by fire about 5.30 p.m. A valuable horse was also destroyed in the blaze as well as a quantity of new hay.

The fire was first noticed by Mrs. W. F. Workman who turned in the alarm by telephone, and in a very few minutes both engines were on the scene. Only one tank of chemical was required to hold the flames in check until the water engine took over the work with two streams of water, under Fire Chief T. O. Keyes and his assistants.

Handicapped by the dense smoke which rolled from the upper storey of the building, the firemen had a stubborn fight. A quantity of hay which had been stored in the barn a few days previous, was the biggest obstacle in the way of the firemen in getting to the root of the fire. It was not until both streams had been playing on the flames for some little time that the men were able to enter the building and combat the blaze at its source. The hay was eventually thrown outside and effectively handled from the ground. It was nearly 7.30 before the "all out" signal was given to the men on the pumper.

The damage is estimated at several hundred dollars. Mr. Harold Lannin, owner of the horse that was consumed in the blaze, had refused to consider an offer of $100 for the animal only a short time ago.

EXAM RESULTS IN AUGUST

Results of the recent matriculation examinations in Ontario are not likely to be known to the candidates until about the middle of August. There are 916 teachers busily at work examing the papers.

Notorious Gangster Slain By Police

John Dillinger, public enemy No. 1 of the United States, was killed by police officers on Sunday evening last as he walked briskly forth from a moving picture theatre in suburban Chicago. With bullets through the head and breast, fired from police revolvers at close range, Dillinger sank to the sidewalk and died in an effort to bring his own automatic into play.

It is alleged that the authorities were informed of Dillinger's plan to attend the theatre and long before the performance was over, had a cordon of officers surrounding the building. As the outlaw emerged, in the company of two women, the signal was given and guns spoke their deadly music. This time there was no escape and the most intensive and relentless man-hunt ever staged in the United States was brought to a close. Neither of his companions were injured.

LATE MRS. ALBERT DERBY

Mrs. Albert Derby, formerly Miss Olive Presley, wife of a well-known farmer at Maple Ridge, near here, died at her home on Sunday in her 63rd year. Mrs. Derby was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Presley, of Pendleton, Ont. She was married in 1893 and lived in Pendleton until 1923, when she moved with her family to Maple Ridge, three miles east of Winchester.

She was converted at the age of 20 in the Presbyterian Church at Pendleton during special services conducted by Rev. John Scobbie, and has since then been true to God. For eleven years she has been a faithful member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Winchester. She was highly respected by all who knew her.

The funeral service was conducted on Tuesday afternoon at her late residence by her pastor, Rev. D. W. Summers, assited by Rev. James A. Bain of Ottawa. Singing was in charge of the church choir. During the service a quartet from Houghton, N. Y., sang "I know Whom I Have Believed," and by request of the deceased, Mr. Eddie Wilson, of Ottawa sang: "Will The Circle Be Unbroken?"

After the service the cortege proceeded to Maple Ridge cemetery where interment was made in the family plot. At the grave side the Houghton Quartet sang "Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy."

She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, and eleven children, Mrs: Alex Presley, Curran, Ont.; Mrs. Wesley Presley and Mrs. Edward Wilson, Billings Bridge, Ottawa; Rae of Mountain, Mildred of Iroquois, Myrtle, Vera and Jessie at home; Sidney, of Arvida, Que.; Harvey of Maple Ridge, and Ralph of Bishop's Mills; two sisters, Mrs. William Brownell of Casselman, and Mr. Alfred Derby, of Navan, Ont.

The pall bearers were six nephews: Carman Johnston, Barton Derby, Jason Derby, Harold Brownell, Willie and Sid Robillard.

The floral tributes were as follows: Pillow—Family, School Section No. 2, Matilda.

Pillow—Family; School Section No. 2,

Wreaths—Edward and Burnett Derby and families; Wesleyan Methodist church of Ottawa.

Sprays—The Y. P. S. of Winchester Wesleyan Methodist Church; Mr. and Mrs. Ken Hutt.

Cut Flowers—Mrs. Jones; the Presley grandsons from Curran.

Friends from Pendleton, Casselman, Navan, Massena, N. Y., Ottawa, Westboro, Brockville, Iroquois, Mountain and Jersey City, N. J., attended the service.

COUNCIL HOLDS SPECIAL MEETING

PETITIONS REGARDING PLACING OF MIDWAY ON STREET ARE DEALT WITH

A special meeting of the Municipal Council was held in the Council Chambers on Monday evening with a full attendance, to discuss several important items of business.

The time limit for the payment of the first installment of taxes was extended from July 25th to August 7th, owing to an unavoidable delay in getting out the necessary tax slips.

Two petitions concerning the location of the midway during the Old Home Reunion were submitted to the council. The first, containing 12 names, offered objections to placing the rides and shows on Main Street East, extending from St. Lawrence Street intersection. The second petition, containing 22 names, represented those residents of that particular section who had no objection to locating the midway on the street at that point. The petitions were filed.

Several appeals against the levying of Poll Tax were heard but it was decided to leave them over until the next regular meeting of the council.

The council decided to erect a large stone sign, "Winchester," on the curve, one mile west of the village, in an effort to beautify the approach. Instructions were given to proceed with the work as soon as possible. It was also decided to erect iron railings along certain portions of the sidewalks on Main Street, north side, below the Anderson Block, where they are bordered by deep ditches.

THE POLITICAL AXE FALLS ON LOCAL ROAD SUPT.

Mr. J. S. Robinson, who has so conscientiously and efficiently filled the position of Road Superintendent for Highway No. 31 from Winchester Springs to the Carleton Boundary, along with the members of his gang, on Monday received their walking tickets, and told that their services will be no longer required. It is the game of politics some say, but the Press is inclined to consider it the result of a stinted vision of citizenship and mean display of political revenge. So far as Mr. Robinson, the Superintendent, is concerned, he expected the change, and was not surprised, but it comes pretty hard on his helpers, good faithful workers, men with families to support, men who minded their own business, and were not active in politics, to be thus thrown out of work to make place for favorites of the Liberal party. It is expected that many changes will be made in government officials, and many have already been made, and no one expected otherwise. But when it comes to working political vengeance on the poor laborer, who has no way to turn to look for work, it is a different matter and will not meet with the endorsement of many Liberals who know the local situation. We believe that a Mr. Wm. Colligan, of Morrisburg, has been appointed to superintend Highway No. 31 from Morrisburg to the Carleton boundary. It means that he will require a larger staff, and in all probability, they will all be Morrisburg men.

Timely Notes For Old Home Week

A WARNING TO PARENTS

Be careful to keep the children from wandering on the streets during Old Home Week. The little ones, innocent and unsuspecting of danger, may wander to the street, and as there will be many cars here, and on all streets, the danger to the child is so much the worse. It may be a little trying to mother, or sister, but it may save the little one from serious injury, if not death. Especially keep the little ones off the main highway.

LOCK YOUR HOMES

The warning to lock your home when you go out during Old Home Week is a timely one. The Ottawa papers tell of several places where orange parades were held, and homes were deserted to see the parade, professional thieves were there to ransack the house in quick order, and pick up anything that was valuable to them. If you leave your home either in day or night time, see that it is locked up against intrusion or visits from sneak thieves. There are always a certain number who make it their business to take advantage of such celebrations to steal what they can. Don't give them a chance to steal anything out of your home.

BE COURTEOUS TO VISITORS

Winchester Old Home Week Celebration is only a little over a week away, and during the days of the Celebration there will be many visitors here, many who were former residents are now almost forgotten by the present citizenry There will also be many who will be visitors because of relationships, or that they have friends here. To all visitors the Press would urge that the greatest courtesy be shown by every resident. If you see one who seems "kind of lost" as it were, show him or her all the friendliness you can, and make them feel that they are among friends. In fact we would urge that you go out of your way to show how hospitable and friendly the citizens of Winchester are. Iustruct your children to extend the same courtesy to all, and let no one go away from our Happy Reunion with a feeling that they had been neglected.

COMING EVENTS

Winchester Old Home Reunion, August 4th to 8th. The biggest event in the history of the Village.

BARN DANCE!

A Barn Dance will be held in the new Barn on the farm of Mrs. A. C. Stewart, 3 miles North East of Winchester, in the Melvin Settlement, on the evening of Monday, July 30th. Good Orchestra in attendance. Dancing starts at 9.00 p.m. Admission 25c each, 50c per Couple. Everybody Welcome!

CHANCELLOR SLAIN

Chancellor Dolfuss of Austria was slain by Austrian Nazis, disguised as Heimwehr, Facist troops loyal to the government, yesterday afternoon. Trapped in the chancellory, the leader of the Government was shot as he attempted to escape his enemies who had besieged the building. The Nazis were captured and imprisoned in a few hours' time.

BUILDS FINE MOTORBOAT

Mr. D. F. Blair, enterprising local business man, has built himself a fine 18-foot motor boat in his spare time. Made of seamless cedar, the craft is powered by a two-cylinder marine engine, capable of propelling it through the water at a very good rate of speed. The boat has seating capacity for five people and will be used as a pleasure craft for Mr. Blair and his family. The initial trial run was made on Monday last in the Rideau river at Osgoode.

The "Viola" as the boat was christened, after his small daughter, is of such construction that two people can lift it with ease, while Mr. Blair has constructed a four-wheeled trailer which will be used to onvey it from one place to another overland.

It is a splendid boat and should bring much pleasure to its owner during the summer months. Mr. Blair already plans to make a trip through the Rideau Lakes in the near future.

Former Resident Dead

LATE DR. JOHN D. HOLMES

Dr. John D. Holmes, M.A., L.L.B., late of the Ohio State Board of Charities, died on Sunday, July 2nd, at his home, Central Y. M. C. A., Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.

Born at Cass Bridge, Dundas County, 74 years ago, Mr. Holmes, as a young man, went to Colorado for his health. He was educated in Ohio, Chicago and New York Cities, and held positions in educational work in Toronto, also in Boys' and Young Men's Work, Charitable and Social Service organizations for many years in New York City and Columbus, Ohio.

A service, under Masonic auspices, was held at a Funeral Chapel in Columbus, and burial will be made at Maple Ridge Cemetery, Winchester, Ont.

The late Mr. Holmes was the last member of the family of James Holmes and Mary Forth, pioneers of Winchester township, who settled at Cass Bridge. Miss Margaret Holmes is a niece and the only surviving member of that branch of the Holmes family. Mrs. C. Moorehouse and Mr. J. G. Challies of Morrisburg, also Mrs. Robert Parker of Edgehill, are cousins. Dr. J. D. Flagg and Dr. C. E. Flagg, of Buffalo, attended the funeral at Columbus, Ohio.

ROBINSON—WILSON WEDDING

Holy Trinity Church, Metcalfe, was the scene of a charming wedding at high noon on Thursday last when Matilda Ruby, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wilson of Kenmore, was united in marriage to Thomas William Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Robinson of Winchester. Rev. C. H. Roach, rector of Holy Trinity, officiated at the ceremony in the presence of the immediate relatives as guests, and also a large number of friends and interested spectators.

The church was beautifully adorned for the occasion with ferns and mixed summer flowers, with a profusion of roses

The bride, who was unattended, entered the church on the arm of her father, the nuptial music being played by Miss Bessie Sparks of Vars, cousin of the bride. During the signing of the register, the congregation sang "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden." The ushers were Messrs. George and Ray Wilson, brothers of the bride.

Very winsome was the young bride in her gown of shell pink silk chiffon organdie over taffeta made on long lines with touches of blue, the material lending itself admirably to the simply cut design. A wide-brimmed hat of mohair in the same shade of pink with a touch of blue was worn, and she carried a a beautiful bouquet of Talisman roses and maidenhair fern.

Mrs. Wilson, mother of the bride, wore a handsome model of printed organza with white and black tones predominating, and a black hat.

Mrs. Robinson, mother of the bridegroom, wore an attractive ensemble of printed crepe with black redingote and shoulder knot of white, and a black hat.

Following the ceremony at the church, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

After the serving of luncheon, the happy couple left on an extended motor trip through the Maritimes to Halifax.

Upon their return they will take up residence in South Mountain.

The bride travelled in a smart costume of English wood in biege crepe, with accessories to match.

Out-of-two guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Robinson, of Winchester; Miss Shirley Roinson, South Mountain; Mrs. Stanley, Vancouver; Miss Nesbitt, Stamford, Conn.; Rev. W. H. H. Sparks, Toronto; Mr .and Mrs. Dan Wilson, Edwards, and Miss Evelyn Latimer, Russell.

Refresh Yourself!

Ice Cold Drinks of all kinds
Coca Cola, Orange Crush
Ginger Ale, Cream
Soda, etc.

"CANADA DRY" GINGER ALE
30 oz. Bottle
20c
Plus Deposit

Ice Cream Sodas and Sundaes

Ice Cream in Bricks, Bulk, Cones or Dishes delivered at any time.

HARRY L. FLORA

Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

Notice to Car Owners!

VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY

Send me your Tires and Tubes, I will do you a First Class Job. at a moderate price. I also do Electrical Work—starting motors, generators and battery repairing.

CLARENCE DEEKS

Phone No. 84

Piety Hill - - Winchester.

WELL-DRILLING

I am prepared to handle all kinds well-drilling at reasonable prices. 25 years experience in this line of work. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed.

Apply to Ivan Simzer,
Mountain, Ont.
Phone S. Mountain 611r31 3tfc.

Who'll Stop Me? FROM GIVING SUCH VALUES!

MEN'S SUMMER OVERALLS
79c

MEN'S RUNNING SHOES
Odds and Ends
59c

CHILDREN'S LEATHER SANDALS
69c

MEN'S FELT HATS
New Styles
$1.00

WOMEN'S GLOVES
19c

MEN'S WORK BOOTS
$1.88

REMEMBER THERE IS ONLY ONE
HY. BESSIN!

WINCHESTER - CHESTERVILLE



One of a fleet of LIFE SAVERS cars all equipped with FIRESTONE TIRES

M. B. Bates, Vice-President and General Manager of Life Savers Ltd., states "Our fleet of Life Savers Cars has to travel over all kinds of roads in all kinds of weather and schedules have to be maintained. Tire equipment must not only be dependable but economical as well. That is why I insisted that our fleet be equipped with Firestone High Speed Tires."

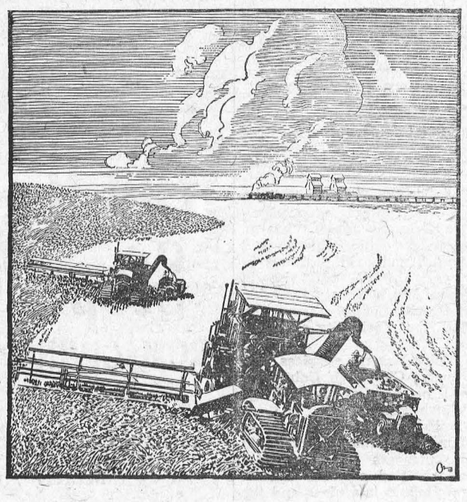


FOLLOW the example of fleet owners—men who *know* from actual experience and careful cost records that Firestone Tires give the most dependable and economical mileage.

Put Firestone Tires on your car today and get the benefit of Gum-Dipped Cords with 58% longer flexing life, 2 Extra Cord Plies under the tread and the deeper, wider, Safety Tread that gives 25% more Non-skid wear.

Replace worn tires now—see the nearest Firestone Dealer today.

Firestone High Speed TIRES



PROTECT YOUR FARM

Whether your farm be large or small, it is wise to protect it as far as you are able by keeping a Savings Account. Regular deposits soon grow at compound interest and your money is always ready, to meet an emergency or for necessary payments.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

WINCHESTER BRANCH - - W. A. ROWAT, Manager

Electricity!

USE MORE OF IT! LET IT SOLVE YOUR POWER PROBLEMS! IT IS MUCH CHEAPER!

NOW IS THE TIME TO INSTAL AN

"ELECTRIC" Hot Water Heater

FOR ALL PARTICULARS, APPLY TO

T. O. VANBRIDGER, Superintendent.

WINCHESTER HYDRO SYSTEM

THAT'S THE PLACE

"Just think, children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday School. Now, what should we all strive to save money for?"

"To go to Africa?" cried a chorus of cheery voices.

MISTAKES

"There are six mistakes of life that many of us make," said a famous English author recently. Then he gave the following list: "The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences, in order that important things may be accomplished. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do."

DUSTLESS DUSTER

To make a dustless dustcloth or to restore the dustless quality to the one you have washed, drop a few drops of lubricating oil, such as is used in motors, into one corner of the cloth and roll it up tightly, as you do when dampening clothes for ironing; and lay it away for a day. The oil will then distribute itself throughout the fabric of the dustcloth.

Such oily rags are in danger of self-combustion, and should be kept in a pail, a lard can or some tin container or a stone crock where there will not be a fire hazard. If left in a close closet or cupboard, the evaporation of the oil might start a fire. To preserve the quality of the cloth and prevent evaporation, it is well to keep a cover on the container. The dustmop is renewed in the same way, except that it cannot be rolled up and must be kept in a large container.

BACK HOME

Here is a poem that is very suitable for Old Home Week. How beautifully the verses express what so many feel:

* * *

Our kitchen back home was the friendliest place!
That ever a body could find!
Why, even the stove had a smile on its face,
And even the kettle looked kind.
The cookie jar stood in the handiest nook,
The floor was scrubbed white. I declare,
No kitchen had ever so friendly a look,
But that was when Mother was there.

Our door back home wore a vine on its head,
And, oh, how thoses roses did bloom,
They nodded a welcome to strangers, and said,
"Come in, folks, there's plenty of room!"
The pathway was worn by our rollicking feet;
The doorway had a beckoning air,
No house was so friendly—no roses so sweet—
But—that was when Mother was there.

Back home. Was there ever so friendly a place
As that one. It held us all fast
Bound close by the love in one welcoming face—
A love that belongs to the past.
The past? No, the present! That welcoming door
Stands open—and comforting care
Awaits us from one who has journeyed before
To make it a home for us—there!

Telephone 21, the Winchester Press, when you need any job of printing.

S. S. NO. 5, MATILDA REPORT

Entrance—Irish English, Orean English, Kathleen Fawcett, Dacie Larabee.

Jr. IV to Sr. IV—Keith St. Pierre 71.4, Dorothy Janack 60.8.

II to Jr. III—Muriel St. Pierre 87, Gordon Fawcett 77, Chester McMillen 69, Cecil Larabee 69.

I to II—Howad Janack 81, Arlie English 74.

Pr. to I—Stanley St. Pierre 87, Dorothy St. Pierre 77.

Failures in Entrance—Lloyd McMillen and *John English.

75 per cent.—Honour pass.

"*" perfect attendance.

Ralph Turner, Teacher.

WHAT IS SUNSHINE

A little gold amidst the grey—
That's sunshine;
A little brightness of the way—
That's sunshine;
A little spreading of blue—
A little heaven breaking through—
That's sunshine;

A little looking for the light—
That's sunshine;
A little patience through the night—
That's sunshine;
A little bowing of the will—
A little resting on the hill—
A little standing very still—
That's sunshine;

A little smiling through the tears—
That's sunshine;
A little faith behind the fears—
That's sunshine;
A little folding of the hand,
A little yielding of a demand,
A little glance to understand—
That's sunshine;

TRUE RICHES

By Fred Scott Shepard

If you hustle,
If you rustle,
If you plow and sow and dig,
Save each penny,
Few or many,
You may get a bank roll big.

But if slaving,
And if saving,
Centres only in yourself,
You are clearly
Paying dearly
For your hoarded bit of pelf.

If while living
You are giving
Unto others as you can,
Though your bank book
Have a lank look,
You will be the richer man.

There is treasure
That you measure
By the money stored away.
But the hoarded
Wealth is sordid
And as worthless as is clay.

Love's bestowing
Keeps on growing,
Though to men it seem not so,
E'er increasing
Without ceasing,
In its far outreaching flow.

INFANT'S DIARRHOEA Corrected!

Frequent movements are nearly always due to an irritation in the intestines set up by fermenting food which has not digested. Baby's Own Tablets gently and promptly aid nature in getting rid of this irritation. "At the first signs of peevishness or diarrhoea," writes Mrs. Alton A. Parcher, Glenalmond, Quebec, "I give Baby's Own Tablets and in a very short time baby would be well and smiling his thanks." They are a *safe* remedy for all simple baby ailments. 25c at all drug stores. 22c

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

CAN IT BE DONE? — By Ray Gross



Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Gross in care of this newspaper

WHAT TO DO

If your feelin' tired and blue,
And you don't know what to do—
Do nuthin'
If your appetite's not right,
And your waistband's getting tight—
Stop stuffin'
If your plans are all awry,
And you think you're going to cry—
Go fishin'.
If you can't see far ahead,
And you wish that you were dead—
Stop wishin'
If you know you talk too much,
And your neighbour's feelin's touch—
Stop talkin'.
If your nerves are all askew,
There is one good thing to do—
Go walkin'
If you want to win life's race,
With a smile upon your face—
Stop shirkin'
If you have a task to do,
And would like to get it through—
Keep workin'.

—Grenville Kleiser.

MORTGAGE SALE

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage bearing date the Third day of May, A.D., 1926, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction on the premises in the Village of South Mountain on Saturday, the 4th day of August, A. D. 1934, at the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon the following lands and premises:

In the Village of South Mountain in the County of Dundas, being a part of the East quarter of lot Number Seven in the Second Concession of the said Township containing one quarter of an care more or less, butted and bounded as follows:

Commencing Eight rods from the Western boundary line of the East quarter of said lot number Seven thence running South from the given travelled road to the Nation River parallel with the said Western boundary line thence Easterly Four rods along the Nation River thence North to the said given travelled road parallel with the said Western boundary line, thence Westerly four rods along the said given road to the place of beginning, said quarter of an acre more or less being that part of said East quarter of said lot number Seven upon which a Brick house is erected.

This is a very desirable property in the centre of the Village and suitable for business and residential purposes. All buildings sufficient and convenient.

TERMS—10 per cent. at the time of sale, the balance within thirty days, otherwise the standing conditions of the Supreme Court of Ontario apply. Subject to a reserved bid.

For further particulars apply to

T. K. ALLAN, Solicitor for the Mortgagee, Kemptville, Ontario.

Andrew Redmond, Auctioneer, South Mountain, Ontario.

Kemptville, Ont., June 27th, 1934.

9-12c

If you have an item or news send it to the Press. We are always glad to receive local news.

INVENTED "HOT DOGS"

Back in 1900, Harry M. Stevens put some hot weiners spread with mustard in slit buns and sold them at a nickel apiece in the baseball park of the New York Giants. Stevens could not make these sandwiches fast enough to meet the demand. Tad Dodgan, sports cartoonist, namel them "hot dogs" and the name has stuck ever since. Then and there was born that tid-bit which has since found its way around the world. Stevens became wealthy from his "hot dog" concessions established in all big league baseball parks and many race tracks and other sports events. He died in New York the other day at the age of 88.

First Voter—How long did the candidate speak, Bill?

Bill—About an hour and a half.

First Voter—And what was it all about?

Bill—He didn't say.

Mother—Did I see you kissing that young Allen last night?

Daughter—Well, mother dear, he told me he had just lost an uncle, and I felt so sorry for him.

Mother—If I know anything about that young man he won't have a relative left in a week's time.

"The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER"

By ALFRED BIGGS

Defy the future; don't fear it.

* * *

Wrongful gains never satisfy.

* * *

You can't live right if you don't think right.

* * *

Don't expect perfection without giving it.

* * *

Electricity hasn't done away with midnight oil.

* * *

Harshest critics generally can least stand criticism.

* * *

Good acts are remembered when good sermons are forgotten.

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and, when you have found it, continue to look at it rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.—Willitts.



DON'T let this opportunity go by. Order Kellogg's Corn Flakes from your grocer today. Special Values for a limited time only. The world's most popular ready-to-eat cereal. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.

OTTAWA EXHIBITION

ONE FULL WEEK

August 20th to 25th

MANY NEW FEATURES

CREATORE AND HIS BAND

return to Ottawa by popular acclaim

●

Follies Revue of 1934

Pretty girls who dance and sing the newest features. Superb costumes and scenic effects

●

New All-Feature Vaudeville

THRILLS *and* COMEDY
AERIAL FIREWORKS DISPLAYS

●

IMMENSE MIDWAY

NEW SHOWS—NEW AND THRILLING RIDES

TRACK *and* FIELD SPORTS EVENTS ● FREE EVENING HORSE SHOWS

Exhibits of live stock, poultry and pets. Dairy, Agriculture and Horticulture. Junior Agricultural competitions. Women's work. Boys' and Girls' work. Baby Show. Dog Show. School Exhibits. Merchants' and Manufacturers' displays. Pure Food Show. Automobile Show. Government displays including live fish, game birds and wild animals.

●

REDUCED FARES ON ALL RAILWAYS AND BUS LINES

General Admission 25c or 6 Coupon Tickets *for* $1

If bought before Opening Day

HORSE RACES

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

AUTO RACES

Friday and Saturday

These will be remarkable events

Prize Lists, Booklets and all information on request

BOWER HENRY, *President*

H. H. McELROY, *Manager-Secretary*

How Color Vogues Are Originated

British Colored Council Has Evolved Systems of Research

Where do the new colors come from—the lovely tints that one sees nowadays, which captivate, and add to the charm of both the young and the elderly asks an English fashion writer in a London paper?

Instance the wonderfully soft blues that one sees in the sheerest of silken dress fabrics and woollen suitings and can find also in table linens, and the accompanying tea or dinner service, in the crepe de Chine sheets and pillow cases of the luxuriously inclined, in motor cars and their fittings, and on the kitchen walls.

Even Parisiennes have succumbed to the London vogue of turquoise blue in spite of their affection for black, and black and white. There are pale golden yellows and glorious shades of red in tints and tones so far removed from their primary form as to be hardly recognizable.

TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH

This triumph of color in fashion and the home is a triumph for Britisn dyers and manufacturers. Only of recent years has it become possible to reproduce really beautiful colors in all types of dress materials in this country. Foreign domination in color no longer holds sway now that British colors just as beautiful can be produced by our own textile and other color using industries.

Much of the success of modern color schemes is due to a plan of standardization. The British Color Council with the desire to place color determination for the British Empire in British hands has evolved systems of color research which provide early information of the trend of fashion in this direction.

In this way a selection of the coming fashion colors can be made, and the sponsored colored card and correlated chart for the coming season is achieved. These cards and charts are sent out to members representing every kind of industry not only to all parts of Great Britain, but to all the parts of the world.

AID TO MANUFACTURERS

Manufacturers of every kind of production in which women are interested are thus enabled to create harmonious color schemes in silk, woollen and cotton fabrics, knitwear, hosiery, shoes and gloves, bags and other accessories. The modern color scheme extends to embroideries and fine needlework which is absorbing so much attention from the women of today.

Household linen, table ware and the kitchen have not been overlooked. A color chart, suitable for household appliances has been adopted by leading firms, and this chart applies to other firms interested in interior decoration. Linking up the industry by means of color is one of the chief explanations of the present day color harmony. It cannot fail to assist the eventual purchaser whether it be in choosing an ensemble for Gold Cup Day at Ascot or having the kitchen domain redecorated.

KIND TO OLDER WOMEN

The evolution of a fashion colour is interesting. This season the vogue for a soft turquoise blue under the name of Gainsborough duck egg, or majolica, has been a victory for the color fashion prophets.

Next autumn will see a new blue green as one of the season's color successes. This is a soft dark blue green very like a peacock green, which is particularly effective in supple cloth, and in taffeta for evening wear. There is also a new dark almond green. There is no apparent yellow in these shades, which makes them a distinct contrast to the yellow moss which were worn last autumn.

There will be a revival of mole, and the general trend of fashion colors for the autumn and coming winter will be dstinctly kind to the older woman. Purple, hitherto an accepted color in this direction will not be largely apparent this autumn, unless it be among the softer fuchsia shades.

JAPAN MAKING GREATER USE OF TYPEWRITER

In Japan there has been a radical change in the handling of correspondence by government offices and larger business houses. Previously letters were written by hand but a typewriter has been produced with Japanese characters and it is now being adopted in government offices and the more substantial business houses. The machine is more cumbersome than that used in Canada due to the greater number of characters required by the Japanese language. This increased use of the typewriter in Japan has brought about a great demand for carbon paper. The higher grades of carbon paper are supplied by Great Britain and Canada, while the cheaper grades come from Austria, the United States and Germany.

The Mean Thing

The honeymoon is over when he suggests that a permanent wave should be permanent.—Atlanta Constitution

Whipping Canada's Lakes and Streams

Twenty-five years ago the drift of American anglers to the Dominion was incidental and of small numerical account. Plenty of good fishing then available in the Republic, combined with meagre knowledge of Canadian resources, public laws and methods of transport, rendered a "trip to Canada" an exceptional undertaking. Canadian National Railways records of recent years present a contrast not only in the happy invasion of tens of thousands where hundreds came before, but in the wide familiarity with Canadian geography and the sporting resources that each section is peculiarly fitted to furnish. This, of course, is the consequence of more diffused education on the subject of angling, and a new appreciation of the fact that Canada, with its unoccupied spaces, its limitless wealth of forest and stream, richly endowed and as richly maintained, puts claims upon the fishing aspirant, which the older regions of the south cannot hope to rival.

In an effort to induce sportsmen to visit Canadian fishing localities the Canadian National Railways have published and given wide distribution, particularly in the United States, to a booklet describing the better fishing locations. Motion picture films, depicting fishing in different parts of Canada are also circulated widely, tending to create interest in Canada's angling possibilities.

Whether it be salmon or trout, bass or maskinonge, Rainbow or Steel head the angler can find it in Canada. The tourist bureau of the Canadian National Railways in Montreal stands ready at all times to assist the angler to get properly located and to place him with a competent and reliable guide or at a comfortable fishing lodge. Anglers form a goodly number of the vast army of tourists who visit Canada each year. They all contribute towards our general tourist income and every effort is made to encourage them.

TREES STRIPPED

The caterpillar plague that stripped trees in Sudbury district last year is returning, reports from Drury Township says. Acres of poplar trees near Worthington are as bare as during the winter. Birds are so puzzled by the lack of foliage they fly screaming about the trees, apparently unwilling to build on bare boughs.

Immigration Laws 60 Years Ago

Ontario Couple Who Have Just Celebrated Diamond Jubilee Tell of Trip Across Border

Sixty years ago, when Alfred Fred Watson and his bride of one year took a honeymoon trip from Meaford Ont. to Virgina, there was no call for a check-up with immigration laws or commuters' regulations in getting across the border at Niagara Falls.

It took three weeks to reach Virginia, however, and that was fairly good going, with their transportation facilities. They travelled by covered wagon, and team of horses. It was real adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson recently celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary and their stories of the trip were a revelation to some of the "youngsters" present. The happy young couple of 1875—now enjoying life on the shores of Georgian Bay—pitched their tent when they felt like it and cooked their meals as they went along. They were mostly "dirt" roads in those days but no automobiles to give them the dust. Even the bicycles were scarce—just the old-fashioned high-wheeled kind, if any. The Canadian couple spent some time in Virginia and returned as they went—without a mishap.

Mr. Watson was born in the township of Portland, near Kingston, Ont., in 1847. Now in his 88th year he is taking more interest in life than he ever did.

'Yes, I go up town every day," he remarked, "occasionally meet up with old friends from the country and talk over old times." There's still plenty of kick in life after a man passes his 80th birthday, he says.

Mrs. Watson was born near Meaford, in May 1851. She too has good health and continues her daily house work. They were married Feb. 18, 1873 in the Meaford Methodist Church.

About 1876 they took up farming in the township and later Mr. Watson engaged as a thresher for twenty years. They now are retired. They have one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Abercrombie.

STOP THAT ITCH
In One Minute
D. D. D. Prescription Speeds Relief

It is really surprising to see how Dr. D. D. Dennis' pure, cooling, liquid, antiseptic D.D.D. Prescription quickly stops itching tortures of eczema, pimples, mosquito or other insect bites, rashes and other skin afflictions. Forty years' world-wide success. Its gentle oils penetrate the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. No fuss—no muss. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Try D. D. D. Prescription today. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store, is guaranteed to prove it—or money back. D. D. D. is made by the owners of ITALIAN BALM.

Have You Heard?



Girl (who had broken the engagement)—Why do you want your letters returned? Are you afraid I'll take them to court?

Young Man (sighing)—No, but I paid to have those letters written by an expert, and I may use them again some day.

What you don't find in the newspapers is adequately reported to your wife by the hairdresser.

Old Darkie (to wastrel son)—I hearn tell that you is married. Is you?

Son (ingratiatingly)—I ain't sayin' I ain't.

Old Darkie (severely)—I ain't askin' you is you ain't. I ask you ain't you is.

When a wife loses her temper..... her husband catches it.

Touring Theatrical Manager (hopefully, after a week of disappointing houses)—Ah, this looks better. There is even a bright sunset to welcome us to town.

Porter—Sunset? That's the theater burning.

New Stenog—It's from my boy friend!

Boss (noticing that the paper enclosed in the envelope was absolutely blank)—Why, there's nothing written there.

New Stenog (sighing)—I know, we are not speaking right now.

Comparison

"What's the use of learning an ancient history date,
When I can have a modern one, at a quarter after eight?"

Girl—Now that we are engaged, dear, you'll give me a ring, won't you?

Boy Friend—Yes, certainly, darling. What's your number.

The Smithsonian Institute reveals that there is forty-five trillion dollars worth of gold in the ocean, but we don't suppose it will comfort a seasick man much to know he's rolling in wealth.

To become rich, conquer.....worry, envy and hate.

Mother—Did I see you kissing that young Allen last night?

Daughter—Well, mother dear, he told me he had just lost an uncle, and I felt so sorry for him.

Mother—If I know anything about that young man he won't have a relative left in a week's time.

Citizen—Wouldn't you like to travel and see the world?

Bohunkus—No, I believe in the brotherhood of man. It would be no satisfaction to me to make a personal inspection of the same old family troubles all over the map.

Doctor (coughing gravely and looking down at the man in bed)—I am sorry to tell you that there is no doubt you are suffering from small pox.

Patient (turning on his pillow and looking at his wife)—Julia, if any of my creditors call, tell them that at last I am in a position to give them something.

Every young man looks forward to the time he will be able to boss somebody.....and so does every young woman.

Man—Does your wife ever overdraw her bank account?

Neighbor—No, but I think she overdraws her account of her bank account to impress the neighbors.

Vacation Ethics

Rev. Charles G. Cole of Grace Methodist Church, New York, has compiled a code of ethics regarding the vacation period.

"No minister has aright to go away all summer without first giving some thought to whether the church staff and congregation will receive any vacation," he said.

"No employer has a right to take a vacation unless his employees receive a wage that will allow at least a modest vacation.

There is something wrong with a society which permits a favoured few to spend their winters in Florida and their summers in Europe, while multudes, equally deserving do not have enough to eat.

"No man has a right to spend money on a vacation if he is deeply in debt and doesn't know when he is going to pay his bills.

'No husband has a right to take a vacation unless he can provide one for his wife and family also.

The church has not done enough when it has sent a few mothers and children to the country, it must remove the conditions which make charity necessary.

'No church should be closed all the summer."



The Best Tobacco Money can Buy... and Poker Hands too!

It *pays to* "Roll Your Own" with

TURRET
FINE CUT
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

We Recommend *"CHANTECLER"* or *"VOGUE"* Cigarette Papers

STRETCH—IF YOU DESIRE POISE, HEALTH AND STYLE

Seventy-Year-Old Ex-Circus Rider Gives Young Women Key to Smartness by Posture

"You're an old woman — you can't do that!" somebody said to pint-sized Josie, known to the circus profession as one of the great bareback riders of all time, up and showed them. She went back to the circus after fifteen years of what she contemptuously calls "soft living" and did difficult back somersaults in the middle ring at Madison Square Garden, setting a comeback record that has yet to be equalled. Moreover, she's still settng records—and she looks younger than ever, though she must be seventy if she's a day.

When she had proved her point, and the desire to give her little adopted daughter a settled home had caused her to leave the ring, this time for good, she started giving riding lessons. From that, she went on to open a dancing class which has in turn developed into the most famous posture school in the country, patronized chiefly by rich debutantes and society women who know they must carry themselves well to look well.

The diminutive Mrs, Robinson's latest pioneer adventure is in a School of Fashion where she teaches correct posture to students who later will become fashion artists, stylists, buyers, style consultants and advisers.

Wearing Clothes Well

"They need to know about correct posture not only for themselves, but also for guidance in drawing fashion figures and in supervising the training of models whose movements must be rhythmical and effective," explained Ethel Traphagen, head of the school and originator of the idea.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Robinson, demonstrating her point by aiming an accurate and extremely graceful kick at the light fixture, "the thing that ruins many expensive and beautiful costumes worn by women today is the way the women carry themselves. They may have their hair just right. Their faces may be done in the latest modes as far as massage and make-up go, but the clothes become mere rags unless they are worn well. And it takes good posture to carry them off."

Comfortingly Mrs. Robinson says that it doesn't matter much whether you are thin or fat, provided you know how to stand and walk and sit.

"See this," she admonished, slipping off her rather tiny pumps and walking around the room on her heels. "Women begin to age first in the ankles and being to show it around the abdomen. Never was there a time when they needed posture more, for the modern fashions, especially for the beach, are most revealing.

"Never Be Tired."

"What I really teach, though, is how never to be tired. Anybody who studies with me learns how to wind up the body in the morning and keep it that way all day. I don't know the meaning of the word tired myself, and never did except for those 15 years when I 'went society.' Then I was tired all right—tired mainly of waiting around for maids to do this and that for me."

This time when she "married rich and lived on Long Island" she nearly "lost her body", Mrs. Robinson declares. That is, she did none of the exercises that had kept her supple all her life, and when she began to train again she could barely lift her leg as high as her waist. Now she can lift it as high as her head and higher, can bend and stretch any part of her body. Her flesh is as firm and supple as that of a 16-year-old girl. Her figure is perfect and she weighs between 98 and a 100 pounds, never more. That's just right for her "five feet and a suggestion," which according to her is her height.

"Oh, yes, I have plenty of years but I won't tell you how many," she parrred merrly, rocking agilely on her heels. "You're as young as you act, anyway, and so how can you say I'm really old?"

Certainly it is difficult to say about one whose blue gray eyes are so clear, whose face is so unlined and whose smile and mental outlook are so youthful.

"What matters in life is to stick to a thing and do a good job of it, whatever it is," she said firmly. "I came of a circus family. My father's people were mountebanks and we may have lacked some kinds of training but we certainly were taught that character and integrity counted above all else. Money? Bah, that was nothing."

Among the exercises that Mrs. Robinson gives to her talented students are a spine balancing stunt, a stretching regimen and the heel and toe walking. For these last two you must get way up on heel or toe. It's hard but she can do it and so, she says, can anybody who will practice.

Doubling Yourself in Half

For the spine balancing, sit on the floor and draw your knees up close to the body; then slowly stretch the legs upward with the toes pointing skyward. You'll find yourself tilting and finally falling backward, but by concentration you can double yourself in half, find balance and exentually complete this strenuous exercise successfully.

"I find," says Mrs. Robinson, "that the simplest of all beneficial stretching can be done with the aid of a pole. Stand flat against it, feet firmly on the floor, with the heels, calves and shoulders touching the pole. The arms reaching overhead to the top of the pole pull the entire body to a full length — flattening the stomach, raising the chest and actually stretching the spine so that round shoulders soon disappear. And it's so easy when done correctly."

* * *

If you're middle-aged, don't do any of these energetic "stunts" until you have consulted your doctor, and in any case, don't go at them too strenuously. Hearts are sometimes rather weak after years of what Mrs. Robinson calls "soft living."

Unimportant Things May Often Cloud One's Happiness

Family of Children May be Likened to Garden — Weigh Beauty Against Smaller Breaks

The lady has a garden. It is a very beautiful place to behold indeed.

When you view it with her, she shows you how each rose bush is pruned at the right place, at the right time. Roses differ. Some will bloom better with cutting back, while others are exactly the opposite. You hear all this when you talk to the lady.

She shows you the dry wall and the little rock-plants clinging in its crevices. She explains the difference between biennials and perennials and how she starts her annuals in sand boxes.

You look around at all the blooms and sigh and you wish that you could live in such a heaven. The bird bath has exactly the right amount of water. The pool is precise and clean. Not a dead leaf anywhere.

MINOR IRRITATIONS

A puppy wanders in. An elephant of a puppy, for he is a St. Bernard. Where he sets his foot, nothing ever grows again.

"Get out—" shrieks the lady. "Go home," she stamps. "He has already broken down two 'snaps."

He licks hands all around, then shoots over to the next yard where there are pigeons to chase.

"I can't keep a thing for the children, the dogs and the pigeons," she worries. "Oh, here comes that baby now. His mother ought to know better. He pulls things."

The baby, however does not arrive. He is rescued by his mother in time.

The lady speaks of the weather. It has been too dry and then too wet. The wind has broken some delphinium and some hollyhocks.

LACK OF "SOUL"

We look over the garden. Marauders and weather have made no dent that we can see. The thousands of blooms have closed like a wave over the vacancies left by their broken brothers.

It seems such a pity that the owner cannot enjoy what she has without noticing the little annoyances. She allows all the happiness of her beautiful garden to be destroyed by a few minor mishaps. Or in other words, there is no "sould or "spirit" here. It has become a thing of parts—technical and almost prosaic

A family of children may be likened to a garden. There will be daily disturbances and worries but a mother can, if she will be happy in the whole picture .She will weigh beauty against small breaks or even occasional ugliness and glory in it. Her sky will not be perpetually overcast by small clouds.

The happy "spirit" of the home is what lasts. Eventually the other things close over and are lost to view.

POULTRY RAISERS
Check **ROUP**
(Bronchial Flu)
With a Few Drops of 86
MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

Little, But Oh My!

Writes the Toronto Globe— Even in the canine world there was an ambition to mark in some suitable way Toronto's century of civic life, so it came about that all the best dogs in the neighborhood—the well-bred, public-spirited dogs, leaders of thought in their several circles—decided to forgather at the Exhibition Grounds and hold a show. They would help their masters to make this, in every respect, a red-letter year in Toronto's history. The masters, as usual, would donate handsome prizes. Hence the Dog Show.

Many noble animals of long lineage entered the lists. This was no time for holding aloof from the commoner herd. Breed and poise were evident in the numerous cages. Serene mastiffs, conscious of their class, gazed dreamily at the spectators Excitable terriers whose ethnological roots ran back to many lands across the sea yelped for attention. All aristocrats listed in the canine blue book were on hand. Representatives of the larger breeds sniffed contemptuously at the little fellows that any human might put in his pocket. These weren't dogs; they were toys, and could have no place among man's best friends.

And all the while these big bugs of the show ring were dwelling upon the all round victory that must come to one of them, a small bundle of fluff, a Pomeranian bearing the sounding title "Melbourne Supremacy," which came in from Richmond Hill for the occasion, proved that he was well named, and, in the language of the theatre, "stole the show" captured pride of place as the best dog on exhibition, and won an array of trophies that would be a credit to any kennel. "Melbourne Supremacy" weighs less than three pounds, and hasn't much to say for himself; but he showed his haughty neighbors that physical bulk and vocal ability do not mean everything at a dog show. But surely there is in his little head a proud thought that he was the best dog in a big show—and during Centennial year.

Before Breakfast

York, let me tell you, is the last city left in England which a man should enter on horseback or on foot. Unfortunately few people know this. When I came to the high, white, machiolated wall that circles this city I looked up at the great bastions that guard its angles, at the cross-slits for the bowmen, at the gate-houses on whose topmost turrets little stone men, outlined against the sky, huge bowlders against their stomachs and seem about to heave them down on you as you pass.

The walls offer you a three-mile walk, which I consider to be the best before-breakfast walk in England.

It was one of those hushed, sweet, washed-clean April mornings, the smell of grass in the air and the wind running round corners like a pup in search of his tail An old man was shaking a religious mat on the south steps of the minster, the sun was washing the east window, and the great church lay in unexpected early shadows . . . .

The minster bell chimed a half-hour. Smoke began to curl from the chimneys above the red roofs. York was awakening. Beyond the walls bicycles went by There were bells, bells, bells!! Did you ever hear of a medieval city without bells? (They even sell coal with a bell in York.)

So I went on to Monk Bar, where the stonemen have been holding their missiles for centuries, on to Walmgate Bar, which has a great barbican, or outwork, lying before it and a wireless aerial attached to it! Here lives a member of the police force in the most romantic house in York. Then Victor Bar, and Micklegate, which bears on heraldic shields the lions of England quartered with the lilies of France; and so round the bend to Tanner Moat and right ahead the classic view of York Minster lifting its towers above the city and the white wall twisting on and on.

What a walk, and whaat a city, for an April morning!—From "The Call of England" by H. V. Morton (New York: McBride).

Classified Advertising

FINE DARK MINK for quick sale. $11.00 each, either sex. Marmion Fur Farm, Chesley, Ontario.

"Blue" Spells

Reduce some women to the petulant shadow of their own smiling selves. Others take the Vegetable Compound when they feel the "blues" coming on. It steadies quivering nerves ::: helps to tone up the general health...gives them more pep ::: more charm.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Issue No. 29—'34

"THE WINCHESTER PRESS"

The Press has a guaranteed circulation of over 1000 in the district shown on the map below. It was established in 1887 and is today the Largest and Leading Newspaper in the County of Dundas.

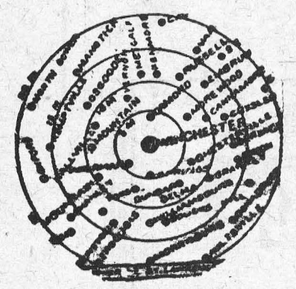
Dundas, for its size is the richest and most progressive County in Ontario. Winchester is the centre of the County and has about 1250 of a population.

The Press is published every Thursday. Subscription $1.50 in advance, foreign $2.00. Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

We invite inquiry and answer questions cheerfully. Write or Phone 21.

ADVERTISING RATES

All local display advts. 16c per inch each insertion, by yearly contract.



Small advts. such as For Sale, Wanted, Found, Lost, etc., not over one inch, 50c for first insertion and 25c for each subsequent insertion. IF NOT PAID FOR IN ADVANCE THE PRICE IS 60c and 30c.

In Memoriam Notices 50c and 25c for each verse. Card of Thanks 50c.

Transient Display Advts. 40c per inch single col. If for issues without changes 25c per inch. Any advt. inserted for less than six months at above rates.

Legal, Municipal and Government advertising 12c per line first insertion and 6c line for each following. 12 lines to inch.

THURSDAY, JULY 26th, 1934.

APPALLING WEEK-END TOLL

Forty residents of Ontario met violent deaths over the week-end. Such a statement should cause the average citizen to do some very serious thinking. Why should our daily papers be filled with tragedies every Monday-morning? A glance at the list of accidents tells its own story—carelessness!

Strange as it may seem, drownings accounted for the largest number of deaths, while motor accidents followed, a close second. The appalling part of such a toll is that by far the larger majority of such deaths are preventable if proper care is exercised.

Motorists should keep in mind that Sunday is a time when the traffic on our highways is particularly heavy. City and town dwellers grasp the opportunity to get into the country and enjoy the beauties of nature. Accidents go hand in hand with congested traffic and increased precautions are necessary on the part of those in charge of motor vehicles when traffic is heavy.

Excessive speed is one of the major causes of highway fatalities as despatches clearly indicate, and should be relentlessly stamped out by our traffic officers. The speed demon apparently fails to realize that he is not only endangering the lives of those in his own vehicle but the lives of others who are travelling the same highway. An ounce of precaution is said to be worth a pound of regret and such is indeed the case when in charge of an automobile.

Bathers are also well advised to exercise every care while swimming during the hot weather. Twelve persons in Ontario were drowned on Sunday last, and a day of recreation and enjoyment turned into one of sadness and regret for as many homes.

Such tragedies are unnecessary and every effort should be put forth to prevent them. It is all well and good to make Sunday a day for pleasure and outings, but the desire to fill the week-end with carefree enjoyment should not cause people to lose their common sense.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Fergus News-Record is waging war against those who make it a habit to "soak" tourists who visit Canada from the United States, and who are not well acquainted with prices that usually prevail here. It gives an incident of a Chicago friend, a Dr. Taylor, who, with his wife, came from Chicago to visit some of the Canadian towns and cities, and their itinerancy brought them east. If the story they tell is correct, they were certainly "soaked" at several stopping places. They drove a new model car and had the appearance of being wealthy Americans, but according to the doctor, for he was a practicing physician, he would need to be a millionaire to meet all the demands that some of his Canadian hospitality cost him. The Fergus News-Record is a reliable newspaper and its story is not new to those who have heard the complaints of United States' tourists. They say this is an age of speed, but it also seems to be an age of greed, and we fear the complaints of too many visitors who come over to enjoy our scenery and "hospitality," are only too well founded. Of course Canadians who visit the United States sometimes come home with the same complaint, and the "soaker" is found almost everywhere there is a victim. With road-houses so numerous, and so many places where tourists can find accommodation, the traveller should make his bargain for accommodation before he accepts it, and not allow himself to be overtaken by night before he seeks such accommodation. The protest of the Fergus paper is timely, and such cases as it cites should be investigated.

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Canadian High Commissioner at London, is again on his way to visit Canada. What a wreck he will find at Queen's Park, and how he will smile at the progress his advanced temperance legislation is making in this fair province. The Liquor Control Act in Ontario seems to have gotten out of control, and notwithstanding promises, this province is practically reverting back to the old bar-room system. And in a way, the temperance forces have blundered in keeping at their head, men who played politics while posing as Temperance advocates. A scrapping of the whole Temperance Organization in Ontario might be a good thing. The really sincere temperance reformers might then be able to build on a firmer foundation. Anyway, G. Howard is enjoying across-the-Atlantic trips at the country's expense, but his term will soon be ended, and politically, he will never again be a driving force in Ontario.

Great is sport, notwithstanding trade depression. You can always get a crowd to attend a big sport event, and hundreds find their way to such places who do not know where the next dollar is coming from. Perhaps it is better so, because worry but aggravates trouble, and there is nothing in this world that will make one forget worry quicker than a real good favorite sport event. Canada may not run to the extreme in this fashion, but Canadian athletes are ever in the front. Last week nearly 80 of the finest men and women athletes in the Dominion of Canada sailed from Montreal aboard the liner Duchess of York to represent Canada at the second British Empire games in London next month. In addition to the athletes themselves, there were more than a score of trainers, managers, coaches and others to complete the party.

The second year course at Normal School for public school teachers is to be abolished by the new Minister of Education at Toronto, and the reverting back to former conditions will not be unwelcome, particularly in rural sections.

"The best route for the proposed hunger march in Toronto," suggests the St. Thomas Times-Journal, "would be out through the rural districts, where farmers are eagerly waiting for willing hands to help them."

A Canadian Press despatch informs us that job-seekers and their insistent demands are beginning to annoy Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn. "This Government is not an employment agency," the Premier is said to have told an audience on Monday evening. All of which may be true, but Hon. M. F. Hepburn may find it exceedingly difficult to impress that fact upon the minds of some of the enthusiastic Liberal supporters who worked so industriously for his cause during the recent compaign.

Uneasy is the head that controls a provincial government position. The new Hepburn Government, adopting the Hitler plan, is cutting off political heads right and left. Of course it is all said to be in the name of public economy, but that is only an excuse. With our present party system the "ins" are bound to use their power to satisfy their political friends, and to do this the most convenient way is to fire some public official and fill his place with one of the party faithful.

The newspaper campaign against the motor truck road hog seems to be very general in Ontario, and recent accidents on the highways seem to justify it. One effective way to get even with the motor truck road hog is to take his number, and lay your complaint with the nearest magistrate. Of course you will need a witness in such a case, but not many people travel alone in cars these days.

Morrisburg has a tax rate of 45 mills this year, but Morrisburg is spending a lot of money in public improvements. It is a raise of 10 mills over last year.

OLD HOME WEEK

(Written by an old Winchester Boy)

The time is fast approaching now
And soon will come the day,
When all Winchester's fine "Old Boys,"
Will gather in array.

To North and South and East and West,
They all the call have heard;
And now, on every heart and tongue,
Reunion is the word.

Throughout the land, Winchester's sons
Have honour to her brought;
But through success, the good old town,
They never have forgot.

And so from many lands and climes,
Where'er they chance to roam;
They'll grasp this opportunity
To once more gather home.

And what a welcome 'waits them there,
And what a joy 'twill be;
To talk of all the by-gone days,
And friends of youth to see.

To grasp the hand of old time friends,
To visit boyhood scenes;
The places where they worked and played,
When they were in their 'teens.

To walk the old familiar streets,
Quite changed, but yet the same;
With solid homes and solid folks
Who "play square" in life's game.

The good old town will look its best,
Good cheer will fill the air;
And every home will welcome give
To all who visit there.

Each flying moment will be filled,
The time will go too fast;
And all too soon the Old Home Week
Will number with the past.

So don't forget this great event,
Nor miss a chance so rare;
For the good old folks of the good old town
Expect to see **you** there.

APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT

Dr. Claude A. McClenahan, a former assistant superintendent of the Ontario Hospital, Brockville, who has been identified with the staff of the London institution for some years, has now been appointed acting superintendent of that hospital in succession to Dr. F. S. Vroonman, who died recently following an operation.

HAPPY OLD AGE

A very pleasant day was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Beckstead of Mariatown, on Tuesday, July 10th, in honor of Mr. Beckstead's mother's 93rd birthday; her two sisters, Mrs. Donald Hanes, of Matilda, who is in her 84th year, and Mrs. Thomas Stewart, in her 90th year, and their sister-in-law, Mrs. Ezra Saddlemire, in her 81st year, also participating in this happy event. All are enjoying good health. They enjoyed having several of their friends call on them during the day.

SPEAKING IN PUBLIC

(Massena Observer)

Frank T. Shaver, member of Parliament for Stormont County, gave an excellent address to the Massena high school graduates and their friends last week.

The speaker advised the graduates to use perfect English at all times. He himself used flawless English and with his clear enunciation he held the full attention of the entire audience.

We might learn some very valuable lessons from our Canadian neighbours in regard to education.

WADDINGTON MAN DROWNS

Forest Dewon, 30, of Waddington, was drowned Sunday night at Leishman's Point, three miles west of Morrisburg, on the United States side, while attempting to save the lives of three young ladies who in the meantime had saved themselves.

Dewon was with a picnic party and noticed one of the girls floundering in the water. She was seen to grab two other girls and Dewon jumped in to try and save the lives of the young ladies who all seemed to be in difficulties in the water. He was drowned in six feet of water. The three girls found a footing on rocks nearby and suffered only from shock. Dewon was married.

HERE! HERE!

"What could be more sad," said the school mistress, "than a man without a country?"

"A country without a man," answered a pretty schoolgirl.

CONSTANT

A constant drop of water,
Wears away the hardest stone;
The constant gnawing Fido
Masticates the toughtest bone;
The constant wooing lover,
Carries off the blushing maid,
And the constant advertiser
Is the one who gets the trade.

OF COURSE IT PAYS

Read these verses and then have every member of your household read them. It don't pay to be selfish, or to live to yourself. When you are laid under the sod, only your selfishness will be remembered, and with contempt. Make your life worth while.

* * *

It pays to wear a smiling face,
And laugh your troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile,
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause,
By making it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave, in sorrow-darkened lives
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth;
To note, with all their waywardness
Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

"The Big Store"
OFFERING A LONG LIST OF MID-JULY BARGAINS!

SAMPLE
SILK DRESSES
In a Fine Quality of Angel Skin
Sizes 14 to 20, ONLY
$2.00 each

Sisman Scampers
"The Ideal Summer Shoe"
NEW LOW PRICES
Youths $1.40 pr.
Boys $1.50 pr.
Men's $1.80 pr.

SPECIAL
Women's Black Kid Pumps
Medium or High Heel
$2.75 pr.

MEN'S GRAINED LEATHER
Work Boots
Composition Sole—Rubber Heel
$2.25 pr.

Mid-July-Sale!
WOMEN'S
WHITE SHOES
White Canvas Pumps and Oxfords.
White Mesh Pumps and Oxfords.
Good Range of Sizes.
Regular Value to $1.85
$1.25

DECORATE FOR OLD HOME WEEK
Flags on Stick
5c to 30c
UNION JACKS, CANADIAN FLAGS
U. S. FLAGS and SILK FLAGS.

A REAL BUY!
36 Only Ladies' Hand Bags
TO BE CLEARED AT
20% DISCOUNT

FOR ECONOMY USE
Edison Mazda ELECTRIC LAMPS
FOR DECORATING

ALUMINUM WARE
Special Values In
PRESERVING KETTLES
TEA KETTLES
DOUBLE BOILERS
PERCOLATORS, STEAMERS
and TEA POTS

CHINA ROOM
500 Pieces of New China
Going at 25c each
The Greatest Value We Have Ever Offered.

KITCHEN WARE
5 Sizes WIRE STRAINERS
15c to 25c each
LARGE SIZE
Tin Wash Boilers
$1.20 each

WE CARRY THE LATEST STYLES
—of—
D & A CORSETS
and will be glad to show you what the Leaders of Fashion are wearing.

STACO
SWEAT PADS
With Pat. Stay-On Hooks
Special 48c each

WHITE METAL
Dinner Knives
$1.40 doz.

4 Prong Forks
TO MATCH
80c doz.

"BEATTY'S"
SQUARE TOP DOUBLE
Harpoon Hay Forks
$5.40
BEATTY'S LONDON HAY CAR
FOR WOOD TRACK
$12.00
PURE MANILLA
Horse Fork Rope
18c lb.
HAY LOADER ROPE
25c lb.

FOR PRESERVING!
IMPROVED GEM
FRUIT JARS
Small .....$1.25 doz.
Medium .....$1.40 doz.
Large .....$2.00 doz.

HEAVY RUBBER JAR RINGS
3 doz. for 25c
ZINC BANDS .....30c doz.
GLASS TOPS ..... 25c doz.
PARAWAX .....15c lb.
COMPLETE STOCK OF SPICES AT AT POPULAR PRICES

BE THRIFTY—USE
PLYMOUTH
(6 POINT)
BINDER TWINE

Sling Ropes
SET OF FOUR COMPLETE WITH RINGS
$4.10

SEE THE NEW
EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT
$1.00 each

EDDY'S MATCHES
3 boxes for 25c
QUAKER CORN FLAKES
3 boxes for 25c
P & G SOAP
10 bars for 32c
TOILET SOAPS
Palmolive .....5c bar.
Coleo .....5c bar.
Colgate Lilac .....5c bar.
Calay .....6c bar.
Lux .....7c bar.

MANNING'S WONDER WASH
2 for 25c
MACK'S NO-RUB 5c
SPRING CLOTHES PINS
6 doz. 25c
WASH BOARDS
Zinc .....35c Glass 50c
LAUNDRY STARCH
10c lb.
EASIFIRST SHORTENING
2 lbs. for 23c
OTTAWA VALLEY CREAMERY BUTTER 25c lb.
SPECIAL BLACK TEA
49c lb.

First Quality HAY FORK HANDLES
30c each

A. Sweet & Co.
WINCHESTER, ONT.
Hardware Phone 135 - - Office Phone No. 1

"Channell's" CATTLE SPRAY
Only, per gal.
$1.35

Flour & Feed!

Bread being the staff of life, why use any but the best ingredients in its manufacture. We carry all the finest brands of Household Flour. Excellent in quality and texture. A trial will convince you.

HUGH McMASTER, Phone 43, Winchester

Say! It's Great-

To be able to look forward to quitting work at 60, secure in the knowledge that every month there will be an Income Cheque from the Confederation Life Association.

The peace of mind afforded by Retirement Income Life Insurance is beyond my powers of description.

Can I not arrange your Insurance program so that it will give you the same peace of mind?

E. R. SUMMERS,
PHONE 618 r 2.



A WISE OLD OWL sat on an oak;
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Just take a tip from this wise old bird:

Smoke WHITE OWL CIGARS 5¢

THE LATE BLIGHT AND ROT DISEASE OF POTATOES

It has been demonstrated by experimental work conducted by the Division of Botany, Dominion Experimental Farms Branch that approximately one-third of the possible potato crop may be lost yearly because of late blight and rot in the field. It has been further demonstrated that fifty to almost one hundred per cent. of this loss can be prevented by thorough spraying and that the keeping quality of the sprayed potatoes is much improved.

This destructive disease appears in almost any potato field during late August or early September and is recognized by the appearance of dark water-soaked spots on the leaves. In wet weather a fine grey mildew covers these areas on the under surface of the leaf. In reality this growth is made up of many branches bearing countless numbers of spores, which are, in fact, the seeds or fruiting bodies of a parasitic mould which feeds inside of the leaf and in so doing kills the leaf in affected parts. This parasite is the late blight fungus and the affected area on the leaf is late blight. The spores, of course, spread the disease. On the tubers it appears as purplish to dark brown sunken areas liable to cause a destructive rot in storage.

Late blight may be controlled by spraying with Bordeaux mixture, making the applications at least five times for Irish Cobblers and six to eight times for Green Mountains, beginning when the plants are about six to eight inches high. The later applications are very important. The spray mixture generally recommended is composed of 4 pounds of blue stone (copper sulphate), 4 pounds of lime and 40 gallons of water. Lime may be of the hydrated form and should be of the best grade procurable. Stone lime is most satisfactory and should be thoroughly slaked. The most economical method is to prepare a stock solution of the blue stone and the lime in suitable containers. Casks of forty gallon capacity are a convenient size. In the first cask place about 30 gallons of water, and dissolve in it 80 pounds of blue stone by suspending the chemical overnight to save time in a sack just below the surface of the water. When the chemical is dissolved add sufficient water to make up to 40 gallons. In the second cask place 80 pounds of the best stone lime and slake it by adding water gradually. When the process is complete add sufficient water to make up to 40 gallons. These casks contain 2 pounds of blue stone and lime tain respectively, per gallon. The casks should be covered to prevent evaporation and exclude dirt and other substances which may interfere with proper application of the spray mixture. To prepare the mixture for spraying, first determine the capacity of the spray tank. Assuming this to be 80 gallons, pour into the tank 72 gallons of water and add 4 gallons of the thoroughly stirred blue stone solution (8 pounds of blue stone) and also 4 gallons of the well-stirred milk of lime (8 pounds of lime). The lime solution should be strained through cheese cloth or other suitable material or the strainer provided with the sprayer. The stock solutions of blue stone and lime should never be mixed before further dilutinv with water.

FARM FOR SALE

Farm consisting of 85 acres, more or less, situated in Concession 1, Lot 23, Township of Mountain. Will sell with crop or without.

George Hummel
12-14p Winchester Springs.

PAQUETTE'S PERMANENTS AY

—also—

Marcel, Finger Wave, Paper Curl Manicure, Herma Pack and Hair Dye, done at Jas. Crawford's Barber Shop, by Mr. Paquette, of Ottawa. Phone 18 or call at Barber Shop for Appointments.

TENDERS FOR CRUSHING STONE

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to 10.00 p.m. Saturday August 4th, 1934, to crush 1500 Cu. Yds. of Stone at Ormond. Stone crushed to pass through a 2-inch screen.

The work is to be done under the supervision, and to the satisfaction of the Road Superintendant, and according to the terms and conditions of the Unemployment Relief Scheme, and to commence at the call of the Superintendant.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. STEEN,
Clerk, Township of Winchester.
12-13c Morewood, Ontario.

NORTH MOUNTAIN

Miss Bertha Lockerbie of Ventnor, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joe Hyndman.

Mr. Philip Burd, of Crysler, is visiting friends in Hallville.

Mr. Bill Ellis was a caller in Hallville on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hyndman, accompanied by the Misses Rose and Beatrice Hyndman, spent Thursday in Merrickville, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dougall.

Mr. Wm. Brooks returned home on Sunday after spending the past two weeks with his daughter in Smiths Falls.

Dr. Noah Loucks and family, also Dr. Coleman Loucks, of Cleveland, returned home on Monday after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Loucks for the past two weeks.

Mr. Charles Christie spent a day in Ottawa recently.

CROWN BAKERY'S Milk Maid Bread!

ISN'T IT DELICIOUS ?

"The More You Eat, The More You Want."

WHY BAKE THESE WARM DAYS ?
IT'S ECONOMY TO BUY !

"Quality Pastry"
A GOOD ASSORTMENT TO CHOOSE FROM

COME IN OR PHONE 37 or 129.

C. R. ROBINSON, - - Winchester, Ont.

PLEASANT VALLEY

Mr. David Robinson of Hyndman's took dinner on Monday with Mr. Sam H. Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gilmer and Alton, of Groveton, were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David F. Gilmer.

A large crowd of friends and neighbors from this district attended the funeral of the late Earl Thorpe which was held at Hulbert on Monday last.

Mrs. Thos. Irving of Ventnor, and Mrs. Will Gilmer and Carl, of South Courtrite, U.S.A., spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Sam R. Hamilton.

The Y. P. S. held their social meeting on Monday evening at the home of the Misses Lilah and Velma Bell. The president, Mr. John Hunter, opened the meeting by the use of some old time songs. Games and a guessing contest were enjoyed by all. The winners of the guessing contest were, for the girls, Miss Bertha Morris, and for the boys, Mr. Donald Brown. Lunch was then served and the happy evening brought to a close.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Murdock were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Lennox.

The W. A. held their monthly meeting on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Mary Lennox.

Rev. Mr. Howe occupied the pulpit in the Valley church on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Albert Haggerty of Toyes Hill, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. David F. Gilmer. He also attended service in the afternoon to hear Rev. Mr. Howe.

Messrs. Walter and George Buchanan and Miss Dorothy Buchanan, of Williamsburg, and Mr. Buchanan, of Quebec, took tea on Sunday evenig with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hamilton.

Mr. Norman Smades took tea on Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam R. Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jeffrey of South Mountain, were callers on Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David F. Gilmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gilmer and Mr. Percy Gilmer were callers in the Valley on Sunday.

SILVER CITY

Mrs. Alfred Starkey and son, Lyal, of Ottawa, are visiting friends in this community this week.

The Women's Institute intend holding their next meeting at the home of Mrs. Cedrirk Coleman which will be in the form of a picnic on July 26th.

A number from this community took in the social at Hyndmans on Tuesday evening which was a decided success.

Mrs. M. Chalk, Ogdensburg, N. Y., has been making some calls in this vicinity while visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beggs, Heckston, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arlow Beggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beggs and family and Mr. Geo. Carson spent Sunday with Iroquois friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Stewart spent Wednesday with Mr. John Campbell.

Mrs. Wm. Dillabough has returned home after spending some time with Kemptville friends.

THE UNITED CHURCH

Rev. John McKay, at the morning service, taking for his text part of Acts 16: 13, made special reference to the ten days he spent with the boys in camp. In speaking of the wonders and beauties of Nature, he said we are not always able to hear what God has to say to us. There is too much static in our soul. He told of the Morning Watch being faithfully observed by the boys, of the family worship at breakfast, of the study of Jesus on the problems of life, in which every boy used his Bible, the Vesper service at sundown, and a good-night talk by one of the leaders in which a challenge was given to the boys to accept Christ as their leader.

He gave illustrations of how all this religious training took effect on the life of the boys, of how they showed the spirit of forgiveness and of honesty. Then he compared the Christian Church to the mighty St. Lawrence. It rises away back in the rocks and goes singing on its way bringing cheer and happiness to others. As the reservoirs give power, so does the Church. Inspiration and refreshment for the soul are also given by the Church.

My Juniper Tree was the evening subject.

MRS. A. P. WILSON HONOURED BY OSGOODE W. A.

The members of the Women's Association, and the "Onward" young ladies Bible Class of St. James United Church, Osgoode, met at the home of their President, Mrs.A P. Wilson, on Friday evening of last week to offer to her their best wishes on the eve of her departure for her new home in Cornwall. After an hour of social intercourse and music, the following address was read by the secretary and Mrs. Wilson was presented with a beautiful set of table linens.

Dear Mrs. Wilson:

As the time of your departure draws near, we cannot let the occasion pass without expressing our esteem and affection for you. In every department of our church, for many years, you have been an earnest and willing worker, also you have proved to be a friend and counseller to all.

With a deep sense of your many benefactions, those assembled here have requested me, in their name, to present to you, Mrs. Wilson, this gift, as a token of our mutual and increasing admiration for yourself, and of our gratitude in your labors in our behalf.

We ask you to accept this as freely as we offer it, for it is fitting that you who have daily worked with us should bear about you this monitor of passing time, ever making, as we sincerely hope, hours, days and many years of happiness and success for you and "Myrna."

Signed on behalf of the W. A., Mrs. T. Robinson, 1st Vice President; Mrs. A. Logan, 2nd Vice President; Mrs. W. McCallum, Secretary.

Mrs. Wilson was taken by surprise and out of a full heart thanked the ladies in a few well chosen words for their gift, and also the spirit of good-will which prompted it, and begged for their loyal support to their executive in the W. A. A dainty lunch was then served and all left for home after singing "For She's A Jolly Good Fellow."

DISTRICT NEWS

MELVINS

Mr. Harold Greer, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. S. A. Greer, and sister, Miss Winnifred, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bethune, of Braeside.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Christie and sons, Orval and Glenn, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Christie and baby, of Grantley, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDonald, of Ormond.

Mr. James O'Neil of Chesterville, spent Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scott.

Miss Ilean Gunn and brother, Raymond, spent Saturday with friends in Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Christie and daughter, Esther, and Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Keyes of Winchester spent Sunday with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Keyes, at Iroquois Point. They attended the summer school in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred York and daughter, Vera, and Miss Gladys Ward, of Brampton, spent Monday and Tuesday with their aunt, Mrs. S. A. Greer and Leonard.

Rev. Mr. McKay of Winchester was a caller in the settlement on Tuesday.

Miss Esther Christie is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harold Keyes, at Iroquois Point

Mrs. Wm. Stewart had an old time raising bee on Thursday.

Mrs. John Scott of Winchester spent Thursday at the home of her son, Mr. Richard Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson and son, Delbert, had dinner on Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Rodney of Ormond.

Mrs. Rorison of Carleton Place, and mother, Mrs. Albert Steinberg, of Morewood ,is spending this week at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Black and Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Black.

MOREWOOD

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Swerdfeger, of Gunenburg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Swerdfeger.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Nimmo and children and Mr. Wilburn Marcellus have returned home after having a two weeks' holiday in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Fetterly and daughter, Greta, Miss Evelyn Marcellus, and Mr. Keith McConnell are spending a week with Mr. Ray Fetterly and Mr. and Mrs. G. Countryman and other friends of South Porcupine.

Mr. Ralph Dillabough and Miss Freda Boyd, of Ottawa, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Dillabough.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Andrew and son, Earle, and daughter, Esther, of Westboro, called on Mr. and Mrs. James Andrew on Monday.

Mrs. James Andrew arrived home on Monday after spending a few days with her sons, Robert and Thos., of Ottawa.

Mrs. A B. Allison and daughter, Louva, Miss Alta and Blanche Loucks and Mrs. James Smith, of Chesterville, attended the W. M. S. rally at the Summer School, Iroquois, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Abner Dillabough and daughter, Sybil, are spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Allison, of Winchester Springs.

Misses B. Ryan and Byrne of Perth, are holiday guests of the former's brother, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Ryan.

Miss Ina McKenzie is visiting friends in Kingston.

Miss Eva Carlyle, Morrisburg, spent the week-end with her sister, Miss Beth Carlyle.

Masters Bobbie Appleby and Bobbie Boscoe of Gouverneur, N. Y., are spending two weeks with the former's grandfather, Mr. Wm. Bouck.

Mrs. Ward Bilow has left to spend a holiday in Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Thos. E. Coulthart, spent a few days in Ottawa and was the guest of Miss Annie Giles.

Miss Effie Mac Gregor, Nurse-in-training at Cornwall, visited Miss Ina McKenzie for a few days.

The W.M.S. of the Presbyterian church invites the ladies of their congregation and also the W. M. S. of St. Andrew's Church, Chesterville, to meet with them on Thursday, August 2nd, at 2 p.m. in the Presbyterian Hall.

The Hunter family held a Garden Party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Feeley, celebrating a birthday.

STRADER'S HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hogaboam and son, Arnold, Mrs. C. Hogaboam and Mr. L. Hogaboam called at Mr. Wilbert Strader's Monday evening.

Mrs. Howard Wylie, Miss Mildred Wylie and Mrs. Clifford Wylie called at Mr. Herb Hanson's on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Strader, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Strader, Lyall and Doris Strader, called at Mrs. I. N. Harper's at Toyes Hill on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Guy Strader and son, Donald, spent Wednesday with Mrs. Bert Johnston at Dixon's.

Mr. Bert Reddick spent Friday in Ottawa.

Mr. George Reddick of Spencerville, spent Saturday with his son, Mr. Bert Reddick.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Deeks of Farran's Point, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Casselman, Mr. Ryerson and Mary Casselman of Morrisburg, spent Sunday at Mr. J. F. Casselman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Helmer of Winchester, spent Sunday at Mr. James Hanson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Miller, of Morrisburg, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wylie and Pauline, of Toyes Hill, had tea Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herb Hanson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Strader and family spent Sunday at Iroquois.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Reddick spent Sunday evening at Mr. James Hanson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Hanson and baby, and Mrs. Blanche Hanson, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Foster at Morrisburg.

Mr. Bruce Strader spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Beckstead at Williamsburg.

When two glass dishes have stuck together through being packed one inside the other, pour cold water into the top one, and stand the bottom one in hot water, and in a few minutes they will come apart.

HYNDMAN'S

We are pleased to report this week that Mrs. Andrew Brown is feeling some better after her illness.

Mrs. Bob Percival, Mrs. Cummings, Mr. G. Percival of Pelton's Corners, called on Mr. and Mrs. Sam Grant Monday evening.

Some from here attended the funeral of the late Earl Thorpe at Hulbert church on Monday, July 16th.

Mr. Hugh Colbourne of Toronto, and Mr. James Colbourne of New York, called on Mr. and Mrs. Myron Beach on Wednesday.

Miss Marion Shaver, of Silver City, returned home recently after spending a few days with Miss Winona Francis.

Mr. David Robinson took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hamilton of Pleasant Valley on Wednesday.

Mrs. Thos. Canning called on her daughter, Mrs. Ray Grant, on Wednesday evening.

Miss Marion McCarley spent a few days last week with Mr. Sam Brown of Groveton.

Quite a few turned out on Monday evening, July 16th, to see Millar's Corners and Hyndman's play ball. The latter team was the winner that night, but in a return game on Thursday night last Millar's Coarners was the winner.

Mr. and Mrs. George Grant and Stanley of Groveton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Grant.

Masters Bobby and Dennis Beach returned home on Sunday after spending the past week with their aunt, Mrs. Lyman Hess, of Kemptville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Allan Kennedy of Ventnor, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brown, of Groveton, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willaby and daughter, Miss Myrtle, and grandchildren, little Miss Marguerite and Master Robert Day, all of Smiths Falls, and Mrs. Wm. Shortt of Thorold, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet McGrath of Smiths Falls were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Francis. Miss Helen Francis and friend, of Ottawa, were also guests.

Mr. and Mrs. George Francis and Betty and Mrs. Robt. Grant spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Grant of Ventnor.

Master Lloyd Cameron, of Mountain, is holidaying with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac McCarley.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCarley called on Mr. Robert Niel who is in the Smiths Falls hospital where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

CLOVERDALE

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Webster and daughter, Thelma, and Miss Ethel Cavell, of Ottawa, were Sunday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. T. Stobo.

Little Miss Edna Larocque is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Larocque.

Mrs. Floyd Riddell and little daughter, Thelma, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dignard.

Miss Pearl Docksteader went to Ottawa Tuesday to visit her sister, Miss Eva Docksteader.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dignard and family spent one day last week in Ottawa.

Mrs. T. Stobo and two daughters, Jean and Madalene, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker, of Mountain.

Mrs. Roy Docksteader and two children visited her brother, Mr. Lloyd Wilson, and sister, Miss Tena Wilson, in Winchester recently.

Miss Phyllis Briggs from the States visited her sister, Mrs. Ernie Durant last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fowler of Ormond, spent Tuesday evening with Mrs. W. Durant and Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Durant.

Mr. Roger Brisbois of Harcony, visited his sister, Mrs. Julia Lamoureux one evening last week.

MOUNTAIN

Mr. A. Hurd is holidaying at his home in Hillsburg, Ontario.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoy on Sunday were Mrs. G. McMillen and daughter, Mrs. G. Barrett and sons, Messrs. Dr. E. McMillen and Wm. McMillen of Maxville, and Miss Freda Beattie of Montreal.

Miss Violet VanAllen is attending Girls Camp at Broder Island.

Mrs. B. George of Kemptville, is this week the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. Weaver.

Master Gerald Foster is holidaying this week in North Gower with Arthur Barriger.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. VanAllen on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Joe McCordick and family of North Gower, Mr. and Mrs. A. Logan, Kemptville, Mr. and Mrs. E. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. M. Foster, spent Sunday the guests of Mr .and Mrs. M. R. Barriger at North Gower.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Utman and son, Harold, and Mr. Gerald Allen, of Ottawa, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. Beckstead.

Misses Alma and Stella Wylie, of Vancamp, spent Friday with Miss Mabel Marquette.

Mrs. P. Tyrrell of Toronto, is spending holidays with her mother, Mrs. J. McGillis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Irving, Mrs. Olmstead, Mrs. McGillis, Mrs. Tyrrell spent Tuesday in Ottawa.

Miss Rose Cross spent the week-end at her home at Maple Ridge.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Hoy spent a day in Cornwall recently.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. VanAllen were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Shaver, Vancamp.

Mrs. McGillis Mrs. Olmstead and Mrs. Tyrrell spent Monday with Mrs. Duncan Cameron.

Messrs J. Humphrey and Allen VanAllen spent the week-end camping on the Ottawa River, the guest of the former's brother, Mr. C. Humphrey, at Castleford, Ont.

Mr. C. VanAllen, Misses Gladys Barriger and Violet VanAllen attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Derby, of Winchester.

Miss Mary Mercill, of Ottawa, spent the week-end with Miss Evelyn Cheney.

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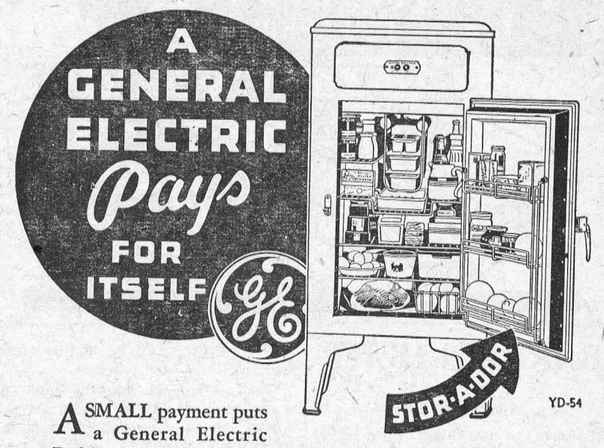

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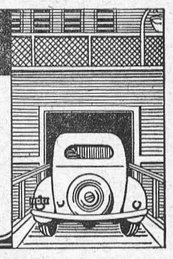

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BARGAIN HUNT

By AIRD GALLOWAY

If there was one thing in life Derry Marchant hated more than another, it was excitable, talkative women—and garrulous old women in particular. That type had always figured largely in his varied existence, from the maiden aunt back in Bally Newcome—who, in between cleaning the local mission hall and satisfying an intense evangelical irritation, had mothered him volubly to manhood— down through a long succession of complaining landladies to Mrs. Howson, the present ruler of his cramped lodgings.

But here he was, braving thousands of the herd as they queued up noisily for Wilberry's Summer Sale and clamoured their way into the farthest corner of every bargain-cluttered department in the mammoth stores.

That morning, as he had opened out his paper in the Tube, the double-page advertisement of Wilberry's Stores had attracted his attention, and their "Bargain Offer of Three Thousand Superb Suitcases — Quick-Selling Line!" had made him think. The thought remained with him all through the morning's work; and after a hasty lunch he took a bus to Wilberry's and elbowed his way through the crowds to the counter where the mountains of Superb Suitcases were fast disappearing at three-and-elevenpence-three-farthings each.

"Four bob for a fortune!" he told himself as he fought his way back to the street again. And in the office of Mr. J. Nutley Sparrow, a solicitor whose managing clerk he was, he proceeded to transfer £25,000 worth of negotiable bonds from the security of his employer's safe to the shining interior of his bargain case. Now that the deed was more or less completed, Derry Marchant knew no fear. He had planned long and carefully, and his employer's lamented absence from business on account of a summer chill was a very convenient circumstance that certainly increased his chances for a successful getaway. And, he wanted to know, who would ever suspect that a cheap-line case like that was the receptacle of a stolen fortune? Thousands of similar cases would be sported in London after the sale. A less clever man would never have dreamed of making simplicity an ally, he told himself with pride.

That night, in his bed-sitting room, he chuckled again as he laid fresh underwear on the top of the bonds and completed his packing by throwing in some collars and handkerchiefs and personal odds and ends. As he fastened the clasps and turned the key in the shining locks, there was an urgent knock on the door and he jumped to his feet, breathless a little, with his weak eyes blinking rapidly behind their thick lenses.

"Well?" he called out, and fisted his cold pipe nervously, just as Mrs. Howson poked her head round the opening and nodded a greeting.

"It's about y'r supper, Mr. Marchant," she announced.

"Oh, yes!" And he smiled confidently with a new patience.

"Well, it 'appens that I'm goin' out to the pictures to see 'Love and be 'Anged,' so will you boil the milk for the cocoa yourself? I may be late, seein' 'ow as Mrs. Binks, my widow friend, will be wantin' me to—"

"Quite, don't you worry, Mrs. Howson!" he interrupted. Heavens, how that woman rambled on and on...."As a matter of fact I may be late myself. I'm—"

"My, that's a fine-lookin' case," his landlady exclaimed and stared down at his feet. "'Olidays?" and she gave him a quizzical look.

"Well, er, yes—at the week-end—maybe. Got it at a bargain sale—just took the chance of it—"

"Oh, fancy," and she bent down to peer closely, "is that the same as was bein' adverted in the paper this mornin' by Wilberry's?"

"Yes!"

"My—and for three-eleven-three! My," and she shook her head appreciatively again. "They goes quickly, them bargain lines. Just as I was sayin' to Mr. 'Owson last week," she supplemented, dolefully. "'Erb, I says, them flannel vests and pants they're adverting at Barkedge's—what about a set? Not that 'e was exactly needin' a set, the others not 'avin shrunk too far yet, but I like to jump at a genwine bargain—just like that case of yours—but 'No' says 'e, an when 'e says 'No,' well—"

A groan escaped from her listener; Derry Marchant regarded his watch, hurriedly....."Why, I'll have to hurry" he said, and dived for his jacket, inwardly cursing wordy old women whose sense was as sparse as a hen's—silly, talkative old nuisances.....

With his shining new suitcase, he reached Victoria Station some forty minutes later. Confident, he sauntered leisurely towards the left-luggage office and waited until several travellers were gathered round the counter.

Then he went forward boldly and deposited it. A thrill of excitement disturbed his calm for a moment as he took the counterfoil from the attendant and tucked it into his pocket-book. He exulted when he drew away again with the knowledge that the porter had not even glanced at his face. Then, still behaving as casually as possible, he sauntered into the refreshment bar and drank to the success of his bid for moneyed leisure; he saw in the bottom of the tilted beer glass sparkling visions of a life of sun and freedom in some forgotten corner of Spain or some blue haven by the Mediterranean. The feeling was extremely good. At the end of the week, on the Friday evening, when the week-end excursion tickets were available, he would be able to leave England in the safety of numbers without even having to produce his passport.

And so Derry Marchant's tremendous essay in crime proceeded smoothly towards final success. On the Friday morning he was particularly cheerful as he made a pretence of working and attending to his employer's confidential business. Mr. Sparrow's continued absence made everything so absurdly simple, he kept assuring himself; he would be comfortably lost in some foreign remoteness before Mr. Sparrow discovered the loss from the safe. With that thought warming his rashness, he put through his usual call to Mr. Sparrow's Sevenoaks home and gave his daily report, voicing his zeal and loyalty and assuring the invalid that his early return to the office in good health would give his humble servant great happiness.

The evening came at last. In an unpretentious eating-house he treated himself to a substantial supper; then fully an hour before his train was due to leave from Victoria he made his way to the terminus. Steadily, quietly, no fussing, no fumbling.

At the withdrawal end of the cloak-room there was a great deal of bustling going on, with travellers elbowing and protesting and over-reaching each other to push their counterfoils across the counter into the fingers of the perspiring attendants. At last, with just a quivering of inward excitement, Marchant saw his fateful slip of paper being lifted, squinted at, and carried into the cluttered regions beyond.

There followed a moment of chilly misgiving as the porter delayed his return. Then, bright and new, its friendly brown winking back at him as it hove into sight under the lights, his case arrived, and was dumped savagely on to the zinc surface and pushed towards him.

With more haste than he intended, he grabbed at it and lifted it down to make a hurried examination. Yes, everything was intact; so, with his stooped shoulders pressed against the urgent crowd he moved backwards with relief beyond the fringe of people. He wanted, in his elation, to stop and pat the case. But instead, he hurried forward, his footsteps loud in his ears.

Suddenly he felt a fierce tugging at a sleeve; and he looked down at the flushed face of a small, elderly woman who was flourishing a stumpy umbrella in her free hand mouthing her horror....."I saw you, mister! I saw you! That's my case. Here—you can't do a thing like that. You...."

He tried to throw off her clutch. He wheeled round angrily as the woman's hat was knocked askew her brow and a wisp of grey hair floated in front of her eyes....."What d'you mean?" he bawled.

Frantic pulling at his arm again, and the woman's voice rising to a shriek of despair. "Hi, you can't—you can't! Hi, orficer—orficer!" she appealed frantically to a policeman who had lumbered into view. "This man, he's been an' taken my case from the luggage place there!"

"You're mad! I've just given my ticket for it," Marchant yelled to the roof, with all his loathing for the garrulous old woman rising to madness.

"I'm tellin' you it's mine. I'd know it wi' half an eye."

"Are you certain, ma'am," the policeman asked, then looked severely at Marchant, whose face had greyed perceptibly.

"Certain? Why, I like that! I'm as sure as I know I've to catch the fifty-five to Hazeldeep. Certain? Why, my sister, that married the station-master there, has took bad an' I'm goin' to-"

"Look here, officer," Marchant appealed, shivering with disgust. "She's made a mistake." He gave her a malevolent stare.

"Well, I like that! Did you ever—an' I bought that case myself. At Wilberry's. Bargain sale, it was. And I'll tell you what's in it an' all," she trebled. "There's a nightdress an' a pair o' slippers, red, an' my hot-water bottle, circulation bein' bad, an' a nice bit of 'addock for my sister—"

"Can you say what's in yours, sir?" the officer asked, and moved nearer Marchant.

"I—I—of course. But this—it's preposterous!"

"Seems to me, sir, best way o' deciding this is to open it up" and the policeman took the case.

Before the wrathful Marchant could protest the flustered woman had produced a bright new key and the lock-tongues snapped back viciously. The policeman lifted up the lid—and Marchant, panic in his impulse, shot out his hands to retrieve his possessions.

His underwear peeped in public; he made a savage grab, the case was tilted and a cascade of coloured bonds fluttered to the platform.....

"Hi, what's this?"

But Marchant was off, careering wildly towards the Wilton Road exit. A policeman's whistle shrilled, and Marchant ran the faster.

Terror quickened his stride as the hunt was taken up by others. Sick with a great fear, groaning his curses upon interfering, clucking old hens, he raced from the station and into the traffic. Here was black disaster he had not bargained for!—Tit-Bits (London).

"SALADA" TEA

Orange Pekoe Blend — Fresh from the Gardens

'Paddle-Wheel' Planes Seen For Future by Scientists

Berkely, Calif.—Airplanes having neither wings nor screw propellors were pictured recently to the American Association, Society of mechanical engineers, as the possible aerial craft of tomorrow, by F. K. Kirksten, professor of aeronautical engineering at the University of Washington.

This prospect, the aeronautical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was told, is supported by principles of air mechanics developed in Germany, France and the United States, and is of proven practical value.

Professor Kirksten outlined the essential feature of this new type aircraft as resembling nothing so much as the time-tested ferry boat propelled with paddle wheels. Air instead of water would constitute its ocean.

Dealing with the characteristics of cycloidal aircraft and their performance and stability in flight, Professor Kirksten reached the conclusion:

'Idling cycloidal propellors should be superior to fixed wings in standard gliders of airplane form. Cycloidal aircraft offer advantages for military duty in that there are no wings to obstruct the view or to interfere with machine guns. The cycloidal propellor has the important advantage of being noiseless.

"There seems to be no reason why this type cannot excell the airplane in any manoeuvre now performed."

Unless technical improvements of presnt day aircraft are simplified it will soon be necessary for a pilot to gain a doctor of philosophy degree in engineering before he will be able to fly a plane, E. T. Allen, test pilot of California, informed the aeronautical engineers.

The task of the pilot has increased greatly during the shift to the new analysis meteorology in which he is rapidly becoming adept, Allen said.

The pilot must be able to meet the requirements of extensive blind flying operations and operate a highly supercharged engine with rigid limitations upon manifold pressure, power and engine revolutions which involve a whole new field of engineering, Allen pointed out.

Storing Lemon Juice An Old Art Well Worth Reviving

Method of "Putting Away" Fruit Described in More Than Century Old Cookery Book

When lemons were plentiful our great grandmothers used to preserve them and oranges in various ways for use when they were scarce. Their juice may be kept indefinitely by boiling it down with sugar to half its bulk and then bottlings, but the fine flavor of the fresh fruit is lost.

In days gone by fresh lemon juice or some preparation of citric acid that preserved all its virtues for a long time was an absolute necessity for long sea voyages. Different methods were tried for this purpose, some of which are worth experimenting on today. In an old book dated 1807 the following is found:

To keep lemon juice buy the fruit when cheap, keep it in a cool place two or three days. If too unripe to squeeze readily, roll each lemon under your hand to make them part with the juice more easily. Squeeze the juice into a china basin, then strain it at once through some muslin which will not permit the least pulp to pass. Have ready some perfectly dry, very small bottles, fill them at once with the juice so near the top as only to admit ½ or 1 teaspoonful of sweet oil into each (according to the size of the bottles. Cork the bottles and set them upright in a cool place.

Ready For Use.

The reason you must have small bottles is because, when once opened the lemon juice must be used the same day. When you want to use it, open the bottle, wind some clean cotton round a skewer and dipping it in the oil will be attracted, and when all is removed the juice will be as fine as when first bottled. Care must be taken to squeeze only sound fruit.

With a little trouble the entire lemon may be preserved for the longest cruise in air-tight casks as follows: Take some fine sand make it very dry. Let it get cold, put a quantity of it into the bottom of a dry cask or other clean vessel; then take the lemons and put a layer of them in, stalk downwards, so that they do not touch each other, and strew in more sand, as much as will cover them two inches deep. Then set the vessel in a cold place, and the fruit will be in high preservation at the end of several months. Oranges may be preserved in the same manner.

Bottled Without Sugar.

Fruit juice may be bottled in fruit bottling jars without sugar. Squeeze the juice and strain through muslin into glass bottling jars or fireproof bottles, put in the cork or cover lightly, put into cold water, bring it gradually to boiling, let it boil for fifteen minutes; press the corks in tightly, lift out the bottles and keep them in a cool, dark place till required.

The great point in preserving lemon juice is not to let it stand at all, because if it does a fermentation begins which very materially alters the acidity of the juice's anti-scorbutic qualities.

Wealth From Canada's Mines

Ottawa.—Total dividends and bonuses paid by the Canadian mining companies during 1933 are estimated by the Department or Mines to amount to $30,000,000, compared with $26,-500,000 in 1932. These totals are exclusive of dividends paid by petroleum companies, and are also exclusive of stock dividends. Metal mining companies contributed 91 per cent. of the total dividend disbursement in 1933. Gold dividends made up 67 per cent. of the 1933 total paid by all mines, and 74 per cent. of that paid by metal mines. The aggregate total of dividends paid in 1933 was approximately 13.6 per cent. of the value of the mineral output for the year. It is estimated that total dividend payments by Canadian mines in 1934 will probably exceed $50,000,000.

Gold mines naturally play a large part in the production of new wealth from Canada's mining industry. The biggest dividend-producer in 1933 was Lake Shore Gold Mines, Limited, which distributed $6,000,000. Hollinger Consolidated was second with $4,-182,000, and Noranda third with $3,-359,700. Teck-Hughes paid $2,384,300; International Nickel $1,933,900 (all on the preferred stock issue); Dome, $1,-716,000; Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, $1,480,000 (including stock dividends); McIntyre, $1,-197,000; Wright-Hargreaves $962,500; and Falconbridge, $799,900. Official data as to total dividends paid are incomplete, as several companies do not publish financial statements

HEAT WAVE IN CHINA

China's severest June heat wave in sixty years is sweeping the Yangtse River valley. Temperatures in Shanghai are well over 100, causing numerous deaths from heat stroke.

A prolonged drought in the same area is destroying crops, adding to the suffering.

Dignity, Elegance Return to Dress

NOTED BACHELOR SEES WANE OF THE CARELESS MODE

PARIS—Says the most fastidious of Paris bachelors, M. Andre de Fouquieres: "Parisians definitely are abandoning that devil-may-care attitude in dressing, and are returning to the dignity, grace and elegance of other days."

Andre's brother, Becq de Fouquieres, is the "Chief of the Protocol" and regulates the deportment of presidents, ambassadors, ministers and even kings on occasions bringing them here. Andre sets the style for unofficial folk when it comes to fashion and social custom.

"Formal evening attire," continues the perfect bachelor, "is the sole attire which is correct for a big dinner, a soiree, or a gala ball. and it steadily is resuming its vogue here. To be well-dressed is an expression of optimism, and also a courageous manner of combatting the crisis. To be well-dressed gives confidence to oneself and to others; it cheers and beautifies the atmosphere and clarifies the sky. We must defend Paris against the bad taste and pretentious ugliness of the hooligans who go about hatless, either to save money, or to avoid saluting women whom they encounter. We must protect Paris against such vulgar ensembles as gray trousers, a green vest, a red muffler, a brown coat, a black and orange checker suit."

The dinner jacket, he concludes, "is a masterpiece of vulgarity and ugliness when worn at a fashionable soiree." Tails and a high hat only, harmonize with the beauty of feminine finery for evening.

Urges Nudism For Children

Vast Aid in Education Hillsdale Professor Contends

Iowa City, Ia.—Nudism has an educational value for the young and growing child, Dr. David M. Trout, professor of psychology at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich., asserted in a prepared address delivered before the Iowa conference on child development.

Children should have the opportunity to see persons nude until they learn fully the anatomical differences," Dr. Trout said.

He further declared that it is unwise to require a child to say prayers or to force any concept of God upon him.

He pointed out that children under six years of age were unable to conceive of God as a reality, and that if ideas were forced upon them they were most likely to become confused.

"If a child asks his mother, 'What becomes of us when we die?' the answer should be, 'We are just dead mother should explain that it is 'just like when you are asleep.'"

Dr. Trout advised parents to encourage the "lies" told by small children.

"Before the fifth year," he said, "the child is unable to imagine time or distance accurately, and for that reason the tales he tells are not lies but the products of an awkward imagination. Parents should treat this story telling as a game, and help the child play it."

SEASON'S BEACH SUITS KIND TO PLUMP FIGURE

The large woman outfitted in a bathing costume styled for her slimmer sister has long been an object of ridicule. Designers of beach wear for 1934 have come to her rescue, however. Not only do the new styles minimize her size, but they are good-looking, as well.

The trend is to wide shoulder straps and armholes cut to detract attention from the plump shoulder, also pleats on the side to decrease the width of

South Sea Designs In Home Decoration

"Savage" Trends in Fabrics Especially Noticeable in London

The tendency to "go native" in matters of interior decoration makes itself felt in the latest furnishing fabrics which, throwing to the four winds of Heavens the ribbons and roses of the traditional designs, have gone to the South Seas for inspiration, writes Mrs. Gordon Stables in a London daily newspaper.

Visions of Samoa and of Stevenson, of jungle growths and camp fires are conjured up by the new materials in which we are expected to cover our chesterfield and enwrap our divan.

Exotic Flowers.

The flora of Java cluster their spikey, exotic leaves upon a heavy cloth with a background so shaded as to suggest the sun rays endeavoring to assert themselves through a dense undergrowth. To those who have gone no further afield than Kew Gardens, it is the hottest greenhouse of all that leaps to the mind at the sight of it!

Samoa has contributed the theme of a very arresting stuff, whose surface shows a cunning medley of conventionalized waves and some species of plant of the edible kind that in the neighborhood of the Pacific supports life without effort. In these strenuous days a cheerful object for contemplation.

For those who have adopted the cult of the negroid carvings there is the appropriate hanging to be found in a cloth that is directly inspired by the Tappo fabrics of the African, a mass of fine geometrical designs in brown on a fabric in the natural color of the flax.

Cobra Curves.

Something more sinister has gone to the planning of a material which simulates the sinuous movements of the cobra, its broad curves shading their colors gradually into one another so as to give a curious sense of vitality, such as is generally wanting in striped patterings. This applies likewise to another stripey motif that is derived from birch-bark, and really gives the effect of something that has life in it.

Another feature of the South Seas is conveyed by a fabric that is based on the swirl and whirl of a maelstrom.

The Loved Dream

Bert Cooksley in New York Times.

Sweet was my home in the far away,
Under a tent of heaven's blue,
But sweeter by far was the restless play
Of gold in the hair and the smile of you.

Dear was my youth in the long ago,
Filled with the fields and the idle stream,
But dearer by far were the lips I know
In every waking and sleeping dream.

Sweet were the songs in that lovely past,
Delicate, laughing, or sad and lone,
But none has clung to me quite so fast
As the little song that was all your own.

Years have passed, but ever I turn,
When the hearth is low and the winds walk by,
To the one for whom my heart must yearn
As a tired child for a lullaby.

And ever I hear my heart repeat
The embers will burst again in flame,
And I shall find her little street
And call once more her brief sweet name!

CONSULT DOCTOR IF NECK GLANDS ARE ENLARGED

A lady who had been suffering from glandular trouble for some years came in to see me, writes a doctor. Her general health was good, but there were two glands in her neck which were about the size and consistency of a golf ball. She had already had a gland removed and the others treated with ultraviolet rays.

Now this was one of those painful cases which we meet from time to time where little can be done either to arrest the trouble or to remove it. I advised radium therapy for this lady, as I had seen a similar case where radium had stopped the spread of the disease in other glands

All glandular enlargements are not of such serious character. But medical advice should be taken when glands in the neck or elsewhere begin to enlarge. Of course, if there is any source of infection, such as a decayed tooth or a discharging ear, an enlarged gland is an obvious result.

it is the foolish man who pulls down his character in an effort to build up his reputation.



A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

I am a fair-minded guy, I reckon, in spite of what people sometimes say about speed-cops. But there is one thing that gets my goat sure and plenty.

What do you suppose we put up signs fore and aft of the country schools for? Ornament—or something?

Know that stretch of highway beyond Johnson's farm, t'other side of Jonesville? A couple of miles of straight-a-way with a little school house on the north side? Well, sir, week last Wednesday I happened along 'bout the middle of the afternoon, when I see a commotion up by the school. I was not long getting there, and, believe me, there was trouble. Group o' little kiddies sobbing; teacher trying to calm them; a couple of ladies sitting on the side of the ditch, holding one another, and crying, too; and on its side in the ditch a light sedan with one of its wheels half a dozen yards away.

The story? Didn't take long to get that. Car comes bowling along—driver gossiping with passenger—too busy to see the school sign—bunch of kids came jumping out of the playground—driver scared of hitting them—loses her head—car wobbles over into the ditch—kiddies scramble for safety—nearly get run down and go into hysterics from sheer fright.

Sure, not much damage done, barring a broken-off carwheel, and a whole lot of jangled nerves but—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MAJOR TRAGEDY.

Why won't people understand that kids haven't got the sense of grown-ups? Why can't people give 'em a chance and slow down by the road-side schools?

Well—I'll be seeing you.

Dies Suddenly

Kingston, Ont.—The death of Mrs. Owan F. Doran, 21, of Windsor, N.S. who died recently at a hotel here, was due to natural causes, Coroner J. E. Kane announced.

Mrs. Doran, was on her wedding trip with her 24-year-old husband.

Shortly after the young couple arrived here, Mrs. Doran was taken seriously ill. Two doctors attended her but she died in a few minutes.

FALSE TEETH
DR. WERNET'S POWDER

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Issue No. 29—'34

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Victoria Lodge L. O. B. A. meets on Second Wednesday of each month.
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New term from September 4th.

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THE POET'S CORNER

JUST TO-DAY

Here is a verse that should be pasted on your mirror or somewhere where you will be sure to see it every morning and as you prepare for bed.

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more,

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed,
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend,
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence where I should defend.
Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark and to my conscience say:
Because of some good act to beast or man,
The world is better that I lived to-day.

Then there is another verse along the same line, and is well worth preserving in your scrap-book:

DO IT TO-DAY!

Wear to-day a cheerful face in everything you do,
The sunshine that you radiate will shine right back at you.
Speak to-day a word of hope to some one in distress,
When you lift another's load you make your burden less.
Do to-day a kindly deed and do it with a smile,
These daily acts, these deeds of love, make your own life worth while.

WHERE EVERYBODY'S HAPPY

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry.
On the banks of the River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy
Blossoms sweetly all the while;
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.
In the Valley of Contentment,
In the province of I Will,
You will find this lovely city
At the foot of No-Fret Hill;
Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there,
And to each a vine is clinging,
Called the Frequent Earnest Prayer.
Everybody there is happy
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile.

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From Chicago—No. 22, daily, flag stop for Montreal and beyond. Due 5.00 a.m.—To Montreal.
From Perth—No. 30 stops daily except Sunday. Due 8.15 a.m.—To Montreal.
From Toronto—No. 36 stops daily except Sunday. Due 5.25 p.m.—To Montreal.
Effective Sunday, April 29th, 1934.

The Dollar Bride



by Mary Imlay Taylor

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Eighteenth Installment

THE STORY SO FAR

Nancy Gordon trades herself in marriage with Dr. Richard Morgan for fifteen thousand dollars—to save her family from the disgrace of her brother Roddy's theft of that amount for a woman. Nancy loves penniless young Page Roemer, and Richard is loved by Helena Haddon, a sophisticated young married woman. Kingdon Haddon, Helena's husband, sees the elopers, but holds his counsel. After the ceremony, Nancy returns to her parents' home, and continues to see Page, who urges her to divorce her husband. Mr. Gordon, to release his daughter from what he considers her shameful marriage, sells his house to his friend Major Lomax, who rents it to the original owner. Helena is jealous of Richard's interest in Nancy, although she knows nothing of the marriage, and tries to make trouble. Once Page comes to Nancy's home and makes love to her. Nancy is frantic—she loves Page but refuses to go back on her bargain with Richard by divorcing him.

Now go on with the story.

"Nancy Virginia," he said solemnly, "we love you and we know it isn't true. But there's a story about you; to fight it, to put it down, we've got to know the whole truth. Will you trust an old man? Will you tell me?"

Nancy seemed to grow limp. "What is the story, major?" she asked.

He told her. "I'm an old man, child, forgive me—Angie wouldn't repeat it. I had to. You've got to tell me the truth so I can put it down."

She opened her lips with an effort. "I can't!" she said in a smothered voice.

The old man stood staring in grave surprise.

"I can't say anything," she said brokenly, "I—a woman can't save herself—I can't tell you, major—I can't!"

"Then Morgan must!" said the major.

"Oh, no, no! Not that—never that!" she wailed, clinging to his arm, "promise me—never that!"

She had only one horrible thought: Richard had cast her out and left her to this! She would not appeal to him again.

Major Lomax drew her hand through his arm; he said nothing more. He led her, against her will, up to his own house and opened the door.

"Angie!" he shouted, "Angie—Nancy is here to see you—keep her all night. I'll phone to her mother."

But before his telephone message reached the Gordons something had happened there which wiped out its significance. Mr. Gordon was away; he had gone to Richmond on business for the bank, and would scarcely be back for two days. Nancy had been absent since luncheon time. Only Mrs. Gordon and Amanda were at home. Mrs. Gordon was busy.

She was startled by Amanda's voice at the door.

"Mis' Gordon!" she called excitedly, "Mis' Gordon, heah come Mist' Roddy, yes m'm, sho's yo'se born—Mist' Roddy hisse'f!"

With a little cry of rapture, Mrs. Gordon ran to the door.

"Roddy!"

He stared at her, his arms hanging limp, and when she embraced him he lurched away from her.

"Where—whersh father?" he asked thickly.

"He's in Richmond, dear," she caught at his arm, looking up into his face. "Why, Roddy, you're ill, your eyes are all bloodshot—take off your hat, dear!"

He laughed foolishly, starting away from her again and catching at the door-post for support.

"Whatsh th' mattersh with my hat?" he demanded, taking it off and smiling at it idiotically, "nice old peach of a hat—" he spun it around on one finger, giggling suddenly. Then he began to sing loudly.

"Where did you get that hatsh?"

"Where did you get that hatsh?"

"Roddy!" his mother gave a little cry of horror; she seized his arm and shook him. "Look at me, Roddy, don't you know me? It's mother!"

Roddy looked at her, his eyes still vacant and watery. Then he laughed wildly, keeping his feet with a lurch, and chucked her under the chin.

"'Th' owl ish a baker's daughter!" he gurgled, reeled, lost his balance and sat down suddenly and heavily on the floor.

Mrs. Gordon uttered a sharp cry of horror and dismay, and ran to the kitchen door.

"Mandy!" she cried, "Mandy—come quick. I—I think Mr. Roddy's gone crazy."

Amanda came, puling down her sleeves. Roddy was still sitting on the floor, his feet spread out in front of him, and he was ogling them and laughing foolishly. His face was sickly and pale, and the long lock of his hair hung down between his glassy eyes.

"Hello, Mandy!" he said, still thickly, "hello! Where didsh you get two heads? Haven't any business to have two heads, mus'n get drunk—they'll arres' you! Man in th' car had two heads, didn't know where he'd got 'em either—must have been drunk—thass awf'l!"

But poor Mrs. Gordon was wringing her hands. "He's crazy!" she sobbed, "Mandy, he's crazy—they've worked my boy to death in New York."

Amanda said nothing; she seized Roddy suddenly by the arm and propelled him toward the lounge.

"Yo'-all lie down," she said soothingly, "yo' lie righ' down, honey,



"I can't say anything," she said brokenly—"I can't tell you major."

Mandy'll git yo' a cup of coffee, yessuh, yo' lie down."

Roddy yielded to her propelling touch partly because he could not keep his feet. He dropped violently upon the lounge, rolled over and lay face downward.

His mother caught hold of Amanda with shaking hands.

"Don't trust to the telephone," she sobbed, "I can't talk over it now myself—you run to Dr. Morgan, Mandy, run! Tell him what's happened. Tell him my poor boy's lost his mind. Bring him, don't let him wait—it'll be his office-hours—it doesn't matter—bring him quick—quick!"

Amanda, running across the gardens with her apron over her head, gave way once to laughter, and once she knuckled tears from her eyes.

"Fo' de Lawd, his mother ain't gwinter believe it—if de doctah tells her!"

Then she saw Mammy Polk sweeping the back porch and slowed to a walk.

"I ain't gwinter let on ter dat ole imp ob Satan!" she mumbled to herself, "she's too big fish nigger anyways—I reckon my folks' a heap bettah den hern. Mis' Polk," she said aloud, with dignity, "where's de doctah at?"

Richard had just dismissed a patient and was standing by his desk, looking tall and thin in his white office coat. He thought it was Mammy Polk and did not look up until Amanda coughed. For an instant he did not recognize her, and, when he did, his face hardened in spite of himself.

"What is it, Amanda?"

She courtesied, folding her hands into her apron. "Mis' Gordon sen' me fo' yo'-all, suh. She sez Mist' Roddy done gone plumb crazy, yessuh, an' she wants yo' ter come quick."

Richard frowned. "Crazy? Rod Gordon? What do you mean, Amanda?"

Amanda edged closer, pleating her apron demurely; then she looked up sideways and gave him a wink—as one man of the world to another.

"He ain't crazy, no suh, he's jes' drunk, but his ma's takin' on an' his pa ain't home—I reckon it's jes' as well anyways, Mist' Gordon ain't gwinter stand no foolin', no suh!"

Roddy drunk! Richard could not remember that the boy had ever had the failing of drink. A thief and a drunkard. Unconsciously the shock of it penetrated even the iron of his reserve.

"You go ahead, Amanda. I'll follow," he said, as they left the house together.

Mrs. Gordon had been on her knees beside him, but she stumbled to her feet as Morgan entered.

Richard took her shaking hands in both his. "Don't be frightened," he said gently.

"Ain't frightened," said Roddy thickly, "dry—thass it, dry as dust—an she's got water—water——" he began to sing, rocking to and fro.

Mrs. Gordon tore her hand out of Richard's and covered her face sobbing, "My boy's crazy," she said in a whisper, "I can't bear it—I can't!"

Richard drew her gently out into the hall.

"He's not crazy, Mrs. Gordon," he said kindly, "someone has given him some kind of strong drink—and it's gone to his head, that's all."

She gazed at him horrified, incredulous. "My boy never drank!"

"I know it—that's why it's affected him so badly. He'll get over it. Don't worry." Richard was sorry for her.

She turned very white. "His father!" she gasped in a frightened whisper.

"Mrs. Gordon, I'm going to take him home. My car's outside my own door, I'll get it. Nobody need know, not even your husband. He'll be all right tomorrow."

Without another word, Richard went out. But when he drove his car around to the Gordon's back door, Roddy, whose condition seemed to get worse all the time, had to be coaxed into it. Richard and Amanda managed it.

Richard drove the car straight into his garage. By that time Roddy had sagged over and gone to sleep. Richard called to his man.

"Sam! Here—you go up and tell Mammy Polk she can visit her cousin tonight. Send her packing. Then you come back here and help me get this boy into the house and into bed."

Sam went, and, half an hour later, Roddy Gordon was asleep in the room next to Richard's. He slept heavily at first, but toward midnight, he became violently ill and Richard fought a hard battle with a touch of delirium in it.

"Must have been soaking himself and got some wood alcohol, too," Richard thought, sitting up.

At two o'clock in the morning, Roddy was really very ill; it took all Richard's time and skill to turn the tide in his favor.

* * *

It was five o'clock now and broad day. Richard went downstairs and made some strong coffee. When he went back to his patient, Roddy was awake and terribly sober. He choked down the hot coffee and wanted to kill himself.

"How did I get here?" he asked blankly.

Richard told him, feeling his pulse. "You're better. Keep quiet, old man. No one knows but your mother."

"My mother?" Roddy groaned turning his face to the wall.

Richard quieted him. He was using almost all his power as a doctor and an older man to keep him quiet when old Sam called him from the stairs.

"Somebody down heah, Mist' Richard!"

In the hall stood Nancy. She was bareheaded and she still wore the frock in which she had gone to the Lomaxes.

"Richard, where's Roddy? I must see my brother!"

Then, as he hesitated, she broke out angrily.

"He hasn't diphtheria! Mama told me—I must see him, I've got a right to see him—where is he?"

Richard turned to the stairs. "He's up here—he's sober. You may see him."

That was all; he did not even look at her as he led the way upstairs.

At the door of Roddy's room Richard stepped back for Nancy to enter. The girl stood still an instant, her hand pressed against her breast.

"Don't let Roddy frighten you," Richard managed stiffly, his voice sounding harsh. "He's been under the influence of too much liquor. He's come out of it with a headache and the blue devils. Don't let it frighten you."



"You are better. Keep quiet, old man, no one knows but your mother."

Nancy's head went up; she thought he felt that they heaped their troubles on him—she and her brother.

Richard opened the door and she went in. She heard him close it behind her and she seemed to hear, too, his footsteps going downstairs. They sounded heavy, final, like the footsteps of a man who had too much to do to bear other people's burdens! Then her eyes cleared of the mist in them and she saw Roddy, half dressed, sitting on the edge of his bed, reaching for one of his boots.

"I don't want to make a mess here for Richard—he's been pretty white to me," he said bitterly, "I'm going out to kill myself."

Nancy went over and sat down on the edge of the bed beside him.

"Rod," she said under her breath, with something like a gasp, "have you—been doing it again?"

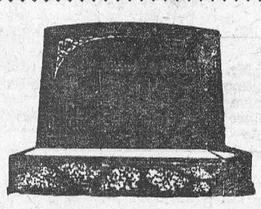
He turned and looked at her, utterly uncomprehending.

"What the deuce do you mean, Nance?"

Continued Next Week

NOT LEGAL

Municial Councils should be interested in this information egarding the printing of Voters' Lists and Auditors' Reports, which appeard in the Amherstburg Echo, a prominnt Western Ontario weekly: "To test the propriety, if not the legality ,of municipalities having their auditors' reports, financial statements and voters' lists typewitten or mimeographed instead of printed, an exchange consulted the chief election officer of the province and was informed that they should not be typewritten, and ordered them printed." This ruling should be heeded by all municipal councils.



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GEORGE ARLISS
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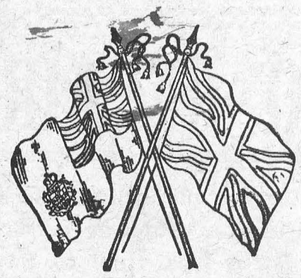
Old Home Week!



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Our Column

A good many people like to be shocked by hearing of the misdeeds of other people.

Arthur school board received over 500 applications for a vacancy on the school staff.

The depression is terrible. A lot of children are trying to get along without what their parents never had.

"A new source of revenue," says a contemporary "simply means tapping the same old tax-payers in a new place?

The nice thing about instalment plans, giggles a local deb., is that a young couple can feather their nest with a little down.

Loosen up your legs—get the kinks out of your back and plan to celebrate in royal fashion at the Old Home Reunion.

The St. Mary's Journal-Argus remarks that if you go to sleep in church, you are not qualified to criticize the sermon.

"It is an old adage that charity should begin at home. This is equally true of justice and fairness."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

Lumber camps in Ontario of the J. R. Booth Company will be in operation next winter and will give employment to several hundred men.

The lawn mower has not been much in use in this section this summer. We hope the snow shovel will be as little used during the next winter.

The season of family reunions is in full swing. A gathering of the various branches of a family once a year is an excellent way of doing honor to the pioneers who settled this country and worked to make possible the living conlitions and luxuries which we now enjoy.

TAKES CHARGE OF SHOP

Mr. W. Frith, of Ottawa, has been appopointed to take charge of Gerald Helmer's barber shop for the next couple of weeks, while Mr. Helmer is convalescing from a broken ankle.

BOWLERS GO TO BROCKVILLE

The local lawn bowlers are sending four of their crack rinks to Brockville tomorrow evening to engage the members of that club in a scheduled St. Lawrence League match. As the Brockville club is one of the strongest aggregations in the league, keen interest is aroused among the local bowlers over the engagement and a real set of matches should ensue.

PAYS TOO MUCH FOR EGGS—COURT ACTION FOLLOWS

An interesting court action will take place Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Town Hall before Magistrate McCormick, when Hy. Bessin, local merchant, will appear on a charge of infraction of the egg laws. It is alleged that Mr. Bessin paid more for the eggs in trade than the grading report of his official candler warranted.

SPECIAL COUNCIL MEETING

The municipal council of the township of Mountain held a special meeting last week for the purpose of appointing a tax collector. The meeting was held at the home of the township clerk, Edward Bush, of Hallville, and the applications were presented to the members of the council board for consideration. The appointment was given to Wm. E. Marshall of South Mountain. He will be successor to Gordon Robinson of Mountain Station, who for the past years has held the position. The regular meeting of the council will be held at Inkerman the first Monday in August.

THOMAS ALFRED HOPE

Thomas Alfred Hope passed away at his home on Williams road, Chilliwack, B. C., on Thursday last, after an illness which had affected his health for several months, though he was confined to bed only two weeks previous to his death. Deceased was in his 83rd year, and was a native of Iroquois, Ontario. For nearly twenty years he was a resident of Vancamp.

In 1889 he married Mary Annie Rose, and early in the century they settled at Briercrest, Saskatchewan, moving in 1910 to LaFleche. Later they lived in Moose Jaw, Wilmar, B. C., and Edmonton, before coming to Chilliwack in 1927.

Mr. Hope was for many years a member and an active supporter of the work of the Methodist church.

He leaves his wife and two daughters, Gladys Geraldine of Chilliwack, and Mrs. Harold Huston (Ella) in Edmonton. Three children predeceased him, two in infancy and one son, Donald McKenzie Hope, who was wounded at Arras in 1918 and died in December of that year.

IROQUOIS DIVIDES POINTS WITH LOCAL BOWLERS

The Winchester Bowling Club played hosts to the Iroquois Club on Friday evening last when four rinks from that Club visited the local greens in a scheduled St. Lawrence League encounter.

It was a real battle for points on all greens, and play was decidedly even from start to finish. At the close of play, points were found to be divided, each Club having won two matches. The rinks and scores were as follows:

Iroquois—Gilder, skip; Hislop, Vittone, Tafford—22.

Winchester—Coons, skip; Leslie, K. Helmer, B. F. Smith—15.

Iroquois—Anderson, skip; Davidson, Ellis, Dear—15.

Winchester—J. O. Stewart, skip; Sherwood, Miller, Watson—22.

Iroquois—Fisher, skip; Young, Fitzsimmons, Haley—20.

Winchester—Helmer, skip; VanBridger, Agnew, Hutt—12.

Iroquois—Mills, skip; Keeler, Merkley, Mustard—14.

Winchester—Johnston, skip; Crowder, Casselman, Dukelow—15.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NEWS

Service will be held in St. Matthias' Church next Sunday evening at 7.30 p.m.

Service will be held in St. Peter's Church, South Mountain, next Sunday afternoon at 2.30 p.m.

The Iroquois Post says: "We regret to report Mark Summers, District Manager of the Fuller Brush Co., has been in the Ottawa Civic Hospital for the past four weeks and that his condition is very little improved.

The picnic season is now on. Be sure to clean up any refuse before you leave the spot and not spoil the pleasure of others who are picnic bound. Those who are particular in their homes are sure to leave the picnic grounds in good shape. They stop to think of the man who owns the property and also of the beauties of nature.

Mrs. Harry Baldwin, Mrs. F. F. Davidson, Mrs. O. Wallace, Mrs. J. W. Ault and Mrs. G. E. Earle spent yesterday at Point Iroquois attending the W. M. S. Executive picnic meeting and also the afternoon session of the Summer School which was conducted by the W. M. S. being presided over by the Presbyterial President, Mrs. A. B. Allison, of Morewood.

Owing to the absence of Rev. R. W. Armstrong, of Merrickville United Church on Sunday, his afternoon service at Burritt's Rapids and evening service at Merrickville were taken by a team of Oxford Groupers from Winchester. These were assisted in the afternoon by some from Ottawa who gave their messages in song—a duet and a solo. In the evening, Rev. R. E. Newman and Mrs. Newman, of Belleville, were present and assisted as well as Mrs. Simkins of Toronto.

Mr. Sherwood Jackson suffered an unfortunate accident on Saturday last while at work on the Ridge road. He was engaged in lowering the box on a stone truck, failing to notice that the crank, by which means the box is lifted, was still in position. As he lifted the dog from the teeth of the cog-wheel, the crank spun around with great force, striking him on the right arm. An examination proved that the forearm had been badly fractured.

Medical assistance was immediately summoned and the fracture reduced. At the present time he is resting comfortably at his home here.

APPOINTED TAX COLLECTOR

At a special meeting of the Winchester Township Council held in Chesterville yesterday, Mr. F. Earle Helmer, of Maple Ridge was appointed tax collector for the township.

USING STREAMLINED BUS

The Colonial Coach Lines are now using one of the latest models of streamlined busses on the Ottawa-Morrisburg route. The bus is equipped with reading lamps, reclining seats and is luxuriously upholstered in leather.

SEED DEALER FINED

A Seed dealer of Matilda Township appeared before Magistrate McCormick at Winchester on Monday, July 16th, for an infraction of the Seed Act. He pleaded guilty and was fined $5.00 and costs. H. O. Hessel of Morrisburg appeared for the Department of Agriculture.

REPORT OF S. S. NO. 7 MOUNTAIN SCHOOL REPORT

Passed Entrance—Lyall Levere.
Jr. IV to Sr. IV—Ruth Shaver and Alma Bellinger, hon.; Percy Richardson, (C.P.)
Jr. III to Sr. III—Annie Hanes, James Levere.
Sr. I to Jr. II—Doris Shaver, hon.
Sr. Pr. to Jr. I—Linda Alexander hon.
Mary J. Durant, Teacher.

CITIZENS FEEL SHOCK

Several citizens are thankful that the bolt of lightning, which resulted in a fire on Queen street yesterday, came no closer than it did. Mrs. George Reveller received quite a noticeable shock, while her daughter, Mrs. Harry McKercher, of Toronto, was numbed on the left side by the flash. Mrs. W. F. Workman, who was sitting in a chair on the porch, was precipitated to the floor. Several other residents of the district reported that they also had experienced slight shocks as the bolt struck. In any case, all were agreed that their experience with lightning was sufficiently broad to last them a life time.

ACCIDENTALLY FRACTURES ANKLE

Mr. Gerald Helmer had the misfortune to break his ankle on Sunday last while paying a visit to the camp of Spark Dukelow and his orchestra at Beckett's Landing. During the afternoon Gerald and one of the orchestra boys got into a friendly tussle on the grass. During the encounter the two fell heavily. In some manner Helmer's foot got tangled up with the result that the hone was fractured.

Although causing him considerable pain, it was not thought to be serious at first, and it was not until he had returned home that medical aid was summoned.

The limb was immediately placed in a cast and the victim ordered to remain off the foot for some time. Aside from its inconvenience, Gerald's chief worry at present is the Old Home Reunion and all those perfectly good street dances.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Fred Fawcett wishes to thank the numerous friends and neighbours who have given him such valuable assistance since the destruction of his barns by fire. 14p

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our only son, Harry Berry, who died on July 26, 1933.
He was only a little white rosebud,
A sweet little flower from birth;
God took him home to Heaven,
Befoe he was soiled on earth.
13p Father, Mother and Grandfather.

Mr. R. D. Albrant of Edmonton, Altta., will be in town for Old Home Week.

* * *

Mr. Wilburn Kirk visited Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Johnstone a few days last week.

* * *

Miss Francis Lee, of Ottawa, is the guest of Miss Olwen Davies at Iroquois Point.

* * *

Dr. Gordon Glascott, of Toronto, spent last week, a guest at the home of Mr. B. F. Smith.

* * *

Mrs. G. H. Brown and daughter, Edith, of Milwaukee, Wis., are guests of Mrs. A. F. Utman.

* * *

Miss Jeanne Gerard, of Detroit, is at present the house guest of her cousin, Miss Helen McVey.

* * *

Miss M. E. Lamont, R. N., of Monkland, spent the week-end a guest at the home of Mrs. Faye Scott.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Walter S. Flora, of Ottawa, spent the week-end as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Flora.

* * *

Mrs. Faye Scott is spending a few days the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. N. VanAllen, of Morrisburg.

* * *

Mr. Ralph Ault, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town, the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ault.

* * *

Miss Freda Robinson, Reg. N., of Ottawa, is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chester R. Robinson.

* * *

Mr .and Mrs. W. J. Stewart and family left this morning for a weeks' visit with friends in Toronto, St. Catherines and Grey County.

* * *

Donald Beckstead, of Williamsburg, is a patient in the General Hospital, Brockville, where he has undergone an operation for appendicitis.

* * *

Mr. James Irving, of Moose Jaw, Sask., arrived in town on Tuesday and will remain the guest of relatives and friends until after the Old Home Reunion.

* * *

Messrs. Fred and Ronnie Cass, accompanied by their sister, Patti, left yesterday by motor for Belleville where they will spend the week, guests of their aunt, Miss Mabel Cass.

* * *

Mrs. S. A. Greer and Miss Eva, of London, Ont., and the former's sister, Mrs. (Rev.) J. I. Asher and daughter, Leila, of St. Paul. Minn., will be at the home fo Mrs. Howard Fetterly, Clarence St., for Old Home Week.

* * *

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Johnstone on Sunday were, Mr. and Mrs. James Johnstone and son, Victor, of Cass Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Steele, of Toyes Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Scott, Jean and Glenn, of South Mountain.

* * *

Rev. G. O. Davies, of St. Matthias' Church, Winchester, Rural Dean of Stormont, was present at the induction service for Rev. C. C. Phillips, newly appointed rector of Holy Trinity Church, North Gower, held in that place on Friday evening last.

* * *

Mrs. Clara Robinson, of Maxville, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nina Robinson, Reg. N., of New York City, also her sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Fraser, of Morewood, were Sunday guests of their cousin, Mr. J. H. Cummings, of Ormond.

* * *

Mr. Wm. J. Anderson, of Sheerness, Alta., with his wife, and daughter, Mary, motored here recently to visit the former's uncle, Mr. Wm. Anderson, of the Boyne, and many other relatives in this district. Last week they called upon their cousin, Mr. D. Beattie,

* * *

OPENS STUDIO HERE

Mr. T Thomas, photographer, of Ottawa, has opened a studio in Winchester, located in the Oddfellows' Hall, and is in a position to do all types of portraits. This should be welcomed by the citizens as it is some years since a photographer was in business here. Mr. Thomas specializes in Child Portraiture and group pictures.

MORRISBURG TRUCK HELD

Floyd Miller, driver of a lumber-laden truck bearing Ontario license plates, is being held by the police at Ogdensburg because the vehicle, being engaged in commercial use, failed to carry New York State markers. The lumber from a company at Morrisburg was being delivered to the farm of Mrs. Clinton Kring at Black Lake and the truck crossed the St. Lawrence at Waddington.

NEW ROAD SUPERINTENDENT

Wilfred T. Colligan, of Morrisburg, took over the position on Tuesday morning of road superintendent on the county patrol from Charles W. Werely, also of Morrisburg, who had held the position for several years. An entirely new gang also accompanies Mr. Colligan on the county patrol for this district. Mr. Colligan is a native of Morrisburg and a member of the Morrisburg municipal council. He will be in charge of the road patrol from the Carleton boundary north of Winchester to the St. Lawrence River on Highway No. 31.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Albert Derby and family wish to thank all friends and neighbours for their many kind acts and words of sympathy and consolation, during the illness and death of wife and mother.

HOUSE FOR SALE

Must be sold by October 15th or left to Rent. Best of terms. Inquire of owner or at Press Office.
13tfc E. J. ERRATT,
Ottawa St., Winchester.

LOST OR STRAYED

Little whit dog, clipped, black eye—answering to name "Spot." Child's pet. Reward Please notify Mrs. E. Garvin,
61 Metcalfe Road, Ottawa.

HURRAH!

Winchester OLD HOME REUNION

August 4 to 8, 1934

Some Featured Attractions!

Monday, August 6th

Commencing at 10 O'Clock in the Forenoon there will be
"A MONSTER CALITHUMPIAN PARADE"

Gorgeously Decorated Floats, Automobiles, Bicycles, Teams of Oxen and Mules, Clowns, Comedians, etc., accompanied by the 38th Cameron Highlanders' Pipe Band, of Ottawa, and a detachment of men in pre-war uniforms, and the local Citizens' Band.

Prizes of $3.00 and $2.00 will be given for the best decorated vehicle, and $2.00 and $1.00 for the best decorated Bicycle.

At the Fair Grounds

Commencinng at 1.30 P. M.
OPENING GAMES OF SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT
PROGRAM OF ATHLETIC SPORTS
Boys' Senior Events—100 Yds. Dash, High Jump, Broad Jump, 440 Yds. Race, Mile Race.
Boys' Junior Events—100 Yds. Dash, High Jump, Broad Jump, 220 Yds. Race
Old Boys' Events—Standing Broad Jump, 75 Yds. Dash, Shot Put.
Valuable Prizes to be awarded.

Ladies' Softball Game

COMMERCE GRADS. OTTAWA, VS. CHESTERVILLE CO-EDS
Garden Party at Public School Grounds at 4 P. M.

At Winchester Skating Rink

Commencing at 7.30 P. M.
BOX LACROSSE MATCH—CORNWALL ISLAND INDIANS VS. CORNWALL CANADIENS
Two of Canada's Best Lacrosse Teams

Tuesday, August 7th

Commencing at 1.30 P. M.

Horse Races At Fair Grounds

2.14 CLASS—PURSE $100. 2.22 CLASS—PURSE $100.
GREEN RACE—PURSE $100.
Continuing Games of Softball Tournament. Horse Shoe Pitching Contest
GRAND CONCERT IN LANNIN'S HALL IN EVENING

Wednesday, August 8th

In the forenoon Bowling and Tennis Championship Finals

At the Fair Grounds

Commencing at 1.15 P. M.
SOFTBALL SEMI-FINALS AND FINALS. HORSE SHOE PITCHING FINALS

A REAL BASEBALL GAME

Massena Macabees vs. Crains, of Ottawa
DON'T MISS THIS

In the Evening

GRAND DRAWING FOR PRIZES AT 10.00 P. M.
NIGHT SHIRT PARADE AT 10.30 P. M.

Street Dancing will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. For complete program of the five days, write the Secretary, Walter Moffatt, Winchester, Ontario.

Special Band Concerts August 4th, 5th & 8th by Salvation Army Band, of Ottawa, and the Winchester Citizens' Band.

Members of the Chesterville Band are rehearsing with the local band and will assist them on the days of the Reunion. This is a friendly gesture on the part of our neighbouring town and is deeply appreciated, not only by the local band, but by the Old Home Association.

MAMMOTH MIDWAY. STREET DANCING

Come And Join In The Fun!

"WINCHESTER OLD HOME ASSOCIATION"
JAS. H. ROSS, Chairman. WALTER MOFFATT, Secretary.