

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XLIIII

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1920.

NO. 17

HARDWARE

Pumps, Pipe and Fitting of all kinds.
Axes, Saws, Chain and Lumbering Tools.
Shovels, Forks, Handles.
Electric Supplies, Batteries Etc.
Builders and Heavy Hardware.
Oils, Putty, Paint and Glass of all sizes.

T. McOUAT & SON,

Founders & Machinists,

Lachute Mills.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

Wholesale and Retail
Phone 55

We have always on hand Beef, Pork, Bacon and Ham, Fresh Sausages, and all kinds of vegetables. Also Fruits and a choice line of canned goods.

A. RAYMOND

Foundry Street, Lachute

FOR SALE.—Gasoline Motor Boat. Apply to Mrs. Holland, Ivan Bower.

WANTED.—1,000 hens 10,000 bags, at once, highest prices paid. Telephone 78 or bring them to L. Klein.

FOR SALE.—Five passenger Touring Car, newly painted, new tires, self starter and is first-class running order. Apply to Geo. Deacon.

FOR SALE.—A handsome modern Peterborough canoe, 3 paddles, 1 double paddle, 2 cane back rests and oicloth matting. Apply to J. Palliser, Lachute Mills.

WANTED.—Two Teachers for Summer term, beginning July 1st. Apply to L. G. Whinfield, Calumet.

LOST.—About the last of sleighing time, between St. Andrews and Lachute, part of a carved, mahogany table foot. Finder please leave same at Watchman Office and be rewarded.

UNION SETS.—Yellow dutch sets 20cts. per pound post paid. Shallots 15cent per pound post paid. Remit by Postal Note or Money Order to R. S. McArthur, Dalesville, Que.

Cheap Sale!

Owing to our store being sold and we have to vacate the premises, we are offering our entire stock for sale, comprising all kinds of Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, Gent's Furnishings, at a reduction from 30 to 35 p.c. Also Ladies' Winter Coats reduced to 50 p.c. Come and avail yourself of this great offer.

JOSEPH KLEIN.
Next to Molsons Bank.

Buggy Harness For Sale Cheap.

The undersigned has a few sets of harness, all hand made and of good quality, that he will sell at a Reasonable Price. Also cloth and leather collars, yellow sweat pads, bridles, halters, double breaching, pole straps, martingales, hame straps, snaps. Repairing promptly attended to and at reasonable rates. The old stand, opposite old Post Office, Wm. Creswell, Clyde Street.

Spring coats for Ladies, are all in now. Hurry up for yours.

W. BANFORD & SON.

NOTICE.—We are in the market for Hides, Bags, and Calf Skins L. Klein.

LOST.—A rear lamp and license number 7424. Lost between Dunany and Lachute on the afternoon of May 24th. Finder please leave information at the Watchman Office.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS

Miss A. Moore is spending a few weeks in Montreal visiting friends.

Mr. Henry Sutton spent the early part of this week in Huntingdon.

Miss Olive Le Dane, of Montreal, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wornell this week.

Come and hear Miss Himman in the Baptist Church at 8 p.m., on Thursday, June 10th.

Mr. & Mrs. Lamb and children, of Buckingham, were guests of Mrs. Geo. Christie on Sunday last.

Mrs. Bryant and children, of Montreal, are now occupying their summer home on the North River.

Mrs. Wilfrid Descheneau has leased the Alexander property at the corner of Bethany and Main Street.

Miss Launton, of Balston, U.S.A., and Miss Maud Painter, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Painter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Parris returned on Monday from a two weeks vacation at their summer home Fraser's Lake.

Mrs. C. Calder left this week to spend the summer months in Vancouver, Edmonton, Grand Prairie and other points.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church will hold their Annual Sale of Work and Tea on Tuesday, June 8th, in the Church Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. White, of Hawkesbury, Mr. and Mrs. Grier and daughter, of Vankleek, were guests of Mrs. Ben Fraser for the week-end.

Announcement

Mr. & Mrs. Robt. Doig, of St. Canute, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter Muriel, to Mr. Albt. Leishman, of Upper Lachute, marriage to take place shortly.

CARD OF THANKS.—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKimmie and family wish to thank their many kind friends for loving sympathy in the loss of their daughter.

CARD OF THANKS.—Mr. W. J. Hume of Marvelville, wishes to thank his many friends for kindness and sympathy shown him in his late bereavement.

The Girl's Mission Circle will hold their monthly meeting in the Methodist Church Class Room on Monday, June 7th, at 7:30 p.m.

Mr. & Mrs. Bishop and son Elmer spent a few days this week at Pierrepont, N.Y., being accompanied by Mrs. A. Coates & daughter, of Brockville, who have been their guests for the past month.

Mr. Geo. Hardie, of Brownsburg, has secured the exclusive agency for the celebrated Dayton Airless Tires. The best on the market. No more trouble with blow outs. Phone to Brownsburg for particulars.

Church of England services in the parish of Lachute on Sunday June 6th, will be held (D.V.) as follows.—St. Simeon's Church 11 a.m., (Holy Communion) and 7 p.m., Brownsburg 3 p.m., (Holy Communion).

During the deluge of rain in the storm of Monday afternoon the fire brigade were called to a blaze in the West End, but it only turned out to be a chimney fire and in spite of rubber suits the firemen were pretty well drenched.

Several car loads of Masons, who had intended taking part in the Church Parade on Sunday, lost their way en route and landed in Lachute about 8 o'clock instead of 2, while others were detained through motor troubles and break downs, but such are the pleasures (?) of automobiling of which there are few but have their share.

The many friends of Mr. David Hoffman, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, will be sorry to hear that he has been transferred from Lachute, but pleased to know that he has obtained promotion in the bank. Mr. Hoffman left on Tuesday evening for Chandler, Que. We wish him every success in his new appointment.

A Missionary meeting will be held in the Baptist Church on Thursday, June 10th, at 8 p.m.

Miss Himman, Missionary from India, will speak a cordial invitation which is extended to men and women of the town to come and hear a most interesting address. Special music will be rendered. A splendid meeting is expected, and an offering will be taken up.

The Honorable Arthur Meighen, Colonel H. J. Mackie, M.P. for North Renfrew, Dr. Blake, M.P. for Winnipeg, Geo. Allan, M.P. for Winnipeg, Thos. Tweedie, M.P. for Calgary, Robt. Craise, M.P. for Dauphin, J. A. Mackay of St. Andrews East, P. Chabot, Lachute, C. M. Gardiner, Montreal, were guests of Mr. J. T. Ayers at his Lake home in the Laurentians, near Lachute, over the week-end.

Church Notes

Service in Lachute Methodist Church next Sunday morning at 10:30 a.m., Preacher Rev. E. S. Morrison. There will be no service in the Methodist Church at night. The congregation is asked to join in a Union Service in the Presbyterian Church at 7 p.m.

There will be no service in the Brownsburg Methodist Church next Sunday, at 3 p.m. The congregation is asked to worship in a Union Service in the Presbyterian Church at 7:30 p.m.

Masonic Annual Church Parade.

The Annual Church Parade of Argenteuil Lodge, No. 67, took place on Sunday last, May 30th, when about 350 Masons were present. The Grand Lodge attended in a body with delegations from most every lodge in Montreal, as well as delegates from Ottawa, Buckingham, Arundel, Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and Valleyfield.

The members gathered by train and motors, and on their arrival were served with luncheon at the Victoria Hall, afterwards adjourning to the Lodge Room, where they robed themselves in regalia and marched from their hall up to the East End and then down to the Church.

A most inspiring address was then given by Canon Slatford, who took for his text Rev. J. v. 12, "Him that overcometh will I make a Pillar in the Temple of my God." He led out by saying that Masonry was an Architectural Religion in which its membership were engaged in Character Building. There was no difference in the individual or the aggregate, the truth and principle was identical and each one might be a pillar in the Great Temple that was being built of human lives.

The speaker said there were Two Ideas in the Pillar, the first of which was "Incorporation." You can build some things that have little connection and don't become a part of the life, but a pillar is built in and incorporated with the building and if removed the whole structure is weakened, and so it is with the individual. There are some men who never belong, they live and die and may never be missed, because they are only loose stones lying around, of no particular value but to fill in, while others it may be said they have entered so largely into the life of the institution that in a sense they have become one of the pillars, because of what they have given to it rather than taken from it. We must strive to become pillars. Every man who lives up to the ideals of Masonry is identified with all that's truly good and noble.

My Second idea of the Pillar is that of Permanence. The Pillar is almost the last to fall. Go into the ruins of Rome, or over to the battle-scarred ruins of Arras, and you will see the noble edifices shattered and torn, but the pillars yet standing. Death does not destroy. Do you think the pillar of Shakespeare, of Mendelssohn or of Wellington is destroyed! No! their memories and influence still lives and is revered.

The war is often spoken of as taking away so many of our young manhood, but the sacrifices made have built pillars into the Empire. You can't rob the nation of the Empire's contributions these men have made.

There are Three Pillars in Masonry and they are Wisdom, Strength and Beauty. Wisdom to contrive, Strength to support and Beauty to adorn. You can't contrive unless you have wisdom, and you must have wisdom more than knowledge. There was never a time in our history when wisdom was needed more than now. Wisdom is constructive. There is too much packing with isms and ologies. We want more than that. Solomon was the first Grand Master and he was called the Wisdom of God and at the end of His life he said he was a fool.

Strength is something more than physical or material. I have seen the delicate mother who could endure physical pain that would have made us cry like babes. They have a hidden spiritual strength and this showed uppermost when in the great war, men of stature and physique would weaken where those not so robust would carry on.

Then there's Beauty—not the beauty of feature or the body, but the beauty of the soul. I once knew an old applewoman in London, who was unattractive of feature, but by her kindly acts and ministrations had helped many a damned life on to a higher plane. Her beauty of soul manifested itself in great and good deeds. Are you my brethren going to be loose stones, unattached, or will you strive to be pillars so that men will rise up and call us blessed, God's new name, the name of Brother.

ST. ANDREWS

Mrs. Norman MacGregor is spending a couple of weeks in New York.

Mr. B. Howell, Miss Howell and friend spent the week-end at their cottage here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charnan, of Montreal, spent the week-end with Mrs. G. Geoffrey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Raphael, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Widmen Nelles, of Montreal.

Mr. Hill and Miss Caffey, of Montreal, are the guests of the Misses Hibbard this week.

Mr. R. Bradford, of Chute-au-Blondeau, spent a couple of days last week in St. Andrews.

Major Shorey entertained by his father and mother also his brother and Col. Evans over the week-end.

The Misses Mildred and Gertrude McCombe returned to Montreal, after spending a few days at their cottage last week.

Mrs. James and Miss Ruth Vincent, of St. Laurent, spent the week-end with their cousins Mr. and Mrs. A. C. MacDonell.

Among the guests at Abenar last week were Mr. A. J. Rankin, of Edmonton, Mr. and Mrs. John Rankin, of Montreal, Mr. Jas. Rankin, of Royal Air Force, Dr. A. C. Rankin, O. M. G. Dean of Medicine, of Alberta.

Ladies' Costumes



We have now in stock all our New Suits for Ladies in various shades.

We advise that customers make selection early of these lovely costumes. Sizes soon run out. So do shades.

LADIES' COATS

The Spring Coats are very neat and chic. We have a nice line of them.



W. BANFORD & SON
LACHUTE.

The Staff of Life is Bread!

The Bread to buy is Hamilton's!

BECAUSE IT IS GOOD BREAD, made from the Best of Flour. Just try it.

PHONE No. 80 and our delivery van will be on hand to supply your wants.

Choice lines of confectionery, and all fruits in season. Buns, Rolls, Cakes, Etc. made to order. Wedding Cakes our Specialty.

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80.

Baker & Confectioner.

None can better serve or give better values than can be secured in our store.

PHONE NO. 2

Will bring your orders along, be they large or small, and they will receive the same care and attention as if you were here to make the selection.

You are always assured of the very best in all lines, and our stock is always kept as complete and up-to-date as it is possible for a Country Store to be.

Its money saved by trading with

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET.

LACHUTE.



THE WRISTLET WITH THE DISAPPEARING EYE

PERHAPS you have never seen just how easily the Waltham can be changed from a wrist watch to an ordinary watch, and worn in a variety of pleasing ways. Then you must come in and see this exquisite model to-day. Ask to see the little eye at the bottom of the case and how it folds back out of sight when the wristlet is not desired. This is the watch that made the wearing of wrist watches a mark of good taste. Let us show you the full range of dainty Waltham models.

The Waltham

E. Jousse, Lachute.

7, 15 and 17 jewel movements in solid gold or gold-filled cases at \$15 and up.

Watchmaker, Jeweller all Optical.
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

Soils and Crops

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

When Weighing Hogs.

I often read and hear of people who complain of the large shrinkage of hogs on comparatively short hauls. I believe that this trouble may usually be traced to the scale itself or to the method of weighing.

We will take it for granted that the scale itself is weighing correctly. Then one or both of these two things may happen: First, the team, in its uneasiness, may pull, making it necessary for the driver to keep a stiff hold on the lines. Such a circumstance will easily lighten the load from 20 to 50 pounds. Second, the team may back decidedly against the neck yoke, which will add from 10 to 50 pounds to the weight. There is just one thing to do to avoid these possibilities, which are really probabilities, and that is to unhook the tugs when weighing and make the team stand perfectly slack. Test your scales occasionally by driving a load from scale to scale and weighing with the horses unhitched. Scales should not vary over five pounds.

When taking your hogs to market, see that the scales are balanced before weighing. Rain will add from 10 to 50 pounds of weight, according to the dryness of the platform and the fall of rain. Then, in wet weather, mud will gather and be left on the scale, also adding to the weight. So it is always safe to ask for a new balance.

See that the scale does not bind anywhere—that no frozen mud, coal, or stone has become wedged between the platform and planks, a condition which will also lighten your weight.

The question is often raised as to what constitutes correct weight, or where the nose of the beam should come to rest—at the top of the trip loop or pin, or at the centre of trip loop or pin. If it comes to rest at the top, you are accepting light weight, especially on a sluggish scale. The centre of the trip loop indicates the proper weight.

In some scales you will find the sensibility very sluggish. By this is meant that the poise or weight indicator may be shoved ahead or back 20 to 30 pounds while the beam is travelling from one trip loop to the other. It is difficult to get within five or ten pounds correct weight on such a scale, and it should be adjusted.

Hundreds of people are of the impression that a scale is correct if it balances. This is not necessarily true. A scale may balance perfectly and yet not weigh correctly within 800 pounds on a ton. This is because scales, however great, are built along mechanical lines, and there are a number of parts to get out of adjustment. A repair man should go over a heavily used scale at least once a year.

Then, again, there is the man who knows his scale is all right because he frequently tests it with a 50-pound iron weight. That scale may also be wrong, for two reasons: A 50-pound weight is not test enough. One is that the error in a scale may not show up until heavily loaded—at least a ton should be put on the scale, more if possible. Then put on 1,000 pounds of iron weights and notice the error in the 1,000 pounds of weights.

Let us stop a moment and figure what some of these errors might total: A 40-pound scale error plus 5 pounds wrong balance, plus 15 pounds bind on platform, plus 40 pounds team error equals 100 pounds error. When pork is 15 cents a pound these errors would cost the seller \$15. Surely, such a consideration justifies the farmer in looking over the scales which he uses.

The Tractor in the Orchard.

While the development of the farm tractor during the past five years has been little short of marvelous, only a small percentage of the farmers and orchardists have seen fit to substitute the tractor for the horse. In the past they have had four very good reasons for not making the substitution.

First. The old type of tractor could not turn in a short enough space and as a result many trees were injured at the ends of the rows.

Second. The old type of machine

was entirely too tall and many lower limbs were injured.

Third. Many orchardists did not believe that the tractor was reliable.

Fourth. The lack of mechanical knowledge on the part of the average owner caused a great deal of trouble.

But recently these objections have to a great extent been overcome. We now have tractors that can turn in a diameter of less than twelve feet, and that are built so low that all possible danger of injuring the trees has been done away with. Also better methods of construction have made the tractor practically as certain of doing its work throughout the year as the horse.

At present the tractor has two great points in its favor.

First. The tractor is speedier than the horse.

Second. The tractor is more economical than the horse.

The tractor is speedier than the horse because it can travel along at the rate of two and one-half to three miles an hour, and do it consistently in spite of hot weather and other adverse conditions which naturally tend to slow up the horse. The question of speed is of great importance to the orchardist because orchard operations are of such a nature that they need to be done as quickly as possible. Delays are both dangerous and costly in the orchard.

In the second place the tractor is more economical than the horse. Aside from the interest on the investment, depreciation, and storage, it costs practically nothing to keep the tractor while not in operation. On the other hand it costs nearly as much to keep the horse when idle as when at work. This is of great importance to the orchardist as the season during which the tractor or horse is needed in the orchard is much shorter than on the general farm. A few idle horses will eat up the profits in a short time.

A series of experiments recently carried on showed that the tractor could do the same amount of work that a horse could do with one-half less labor, and nearly one-half less labor is an item that can not be very easily overlooked in these days of scarce labor and high wages.

Value of Manure Spreader.

If I were to advise one about buying implements for a dairy farm, the first in the list would be a manure spreader.

The main crop a dairy farm should produce is hay, and the manure spreader is the hay-maker than cannot be beaten. Two years ago we seeded a piece of clover and timothy. The seeding came along very good until the drought struck it, and by the last of August it didn't look good enough to leave for a hay crop, but we needed the hay badly and decided to give it a top-dressing with the spreader.

At this time we hadn't much manure but used all we had, which covered about an acre and a half. The next spring we went on with the spreader, covering the whole field lightly. And say, if anything can perform a miracle, manure can. Just before cutting time I went over the field to see what kind of a crop we had. I was surprised to be able to track that manure spreader as easily as a dog would a rabbit on a fresh snow.

Wherever the spreader threw its "streak of gold" there stood clover up to my waist and where the manure did not cover, nothing but ragweed and sheep sorrel were growing. At the ends where the machine would lap, the clover was so rank that it lodged in such a shape that the mower would not cut all of it.

This top-dressing was put on in the early spring, in the forenoons of each day before the sun cut the frost and let the spreader down into the meadow.

Another advantage of putting the manure on the grass crop is, that not a bit is wasted. It is all washed to the roots of the plant and not down the dead furrows and larger creek. It makes a better and larger crop of hay and stores valuable plant food for the succeeding corn crop.

not prove they are egg eaters. But when they deliberately break eggs they are profit wasters that must be eliminated.

A man who is satisfied to know nothing must be satisfied to drudge.

A raw potato will remove mud stains like magic. Brush off the surplus dust, then apply the potato. Don't be afraid to rub, and take a clean cloth as one gets soiled. Leave until dry and then brush off.

Oakes should not be left to cool in the tins in which they were baked, neither should they be placed flat on a solid surface to cool. Take them out of the tins and put on a sieve, or tilt them up so that the steam can escape.

No crop produces a more satisfactory roughage for sheep than oats and field pea hay. A sufficient area can be plowed in the spring and seeded with a mixture of equal parts of oats and field peas. They should be mixed together and drilled in at the rate of three bushels per acre. Seeding can be done early in the spring.

Table of Concrete Mixtures.

A 1:2:3 Mixture for:

Feeding floors and barnyard pavements.

One-course floors and walks,

Roofs,

Fence posts,

Water troughs and tanks.

A 1:2:4 Mixture for:

Beams and columns.

Engine foundations,

Watertight basement walls,

Reinforced concrete floors,

Work subject to vibration.

A 1:2½:4 Mixture for:

Building walls above foundation,

Silo walls,

Base of two-course walks and floors,

Backing of concrete block and similar concrete products.

A 1:3:5 Mixture for:

Basement walls where watertightness is not essential, and foundations below ground.

Mass concrete footings, etc.

Mortar Mixtures:

1:1½ Mixture for:

Wearing course of two-course floors.

1:2 Mixture for:

Scratch coat of exterior plaster,

Facing blocks.

Wearing course of two-course

walks, feeding floors and barnyard pavements.

1:2½ Mixture for:

Finish coat of exterior plaster.

The first figure in each formula stands for cement, the second for sand, the third for gravel or stone. Thus, a 1:2:3 mixture means one sack, or one cubic foot of cement, two cubic feet of clean, well-graded sand that will just pass a one-fourth-inch mesh screen, and three cubic feet of clean, well-graded pebbles or crushed stone ranging in size from one-fourth to one and one-half inches.

Typewriters on Farms.

The use of typewriters on farms is coming to be quite common. In this neighborhood I estimate that ten per cent. of the farmers have typewriters in their homes. So far as writing letters, and the appearance of the correspondence in general are concerned, a typewriter is well worth while.

But there is another reason for the typewriter. I remember the first one that was in our house. I was about ten years old at the time, and going to a country school, of course. I liked to write some of my letters on the machine. The typewriter was useful in learning to spell, and spelling is a very badly neglected subject. One can not write a word on a typewriter and have it misspelled; it stares at the writer too plainly.

The formation and general construction of every kind of letter come to the user of the typewriter. Many social letters are written on the type-

Bee-Keeping as an Avocation

Busy people, women as well as men, should always have an avocation as well as a vocation. In other words, cultivate a hobby. Hobbies are commercial assets to people who know how to use them, and to everybody they are health assets.

We are all familiar with the advice to forget business when you leave the day's work, and think no more about it till the next day, but to most people such advice is about as useful as being told to be "careful" so as not to take cold. "How do you do it?" in reply quite crushes the advice-giver.

One way to stop thinking of business is to have a second interest to turn to. Business holds our attention usually because it means bread and butter, with or without jam, according to circumstances, but the second interest should claim our attention because we really like the subject. Too many people do not have any definite likes and dislikes, but to have them adds a good deal of vividness to life. If there is no guiding choice, select the opposite of the regular employment, and the thing that supplies the most wanted conditions. For the person whose regular occupation keeps them out of doors all day, often in noisy cars and streets, select some second interest that can be developed at home in quiet and rest; for those whose work means confinement in a building, make some outdoor occupation the second interest; and remember that we are always stronger when we rely upon ourselves for our pleasure as well as for our business.

A second interest that may be made a source of profit as well as pleasure, is to keep one or two hives of bees. There is an unreasoning fear among many people of bees, that the creature itself does not warrant. If they are not handled with some consideration they will sting, and like all living things they must be understood, and it must be fully realized that we simply guide their natural instincts to our own ends, and do not attempt to force them to our point of view. When we realize this, and supply their needs, they are excellent neighbors, even in a city, and will repay the care they get many times over.

They can be kept anywhere there is room to set a hive; many are kept on roofs of buildings in large cities; sometimes in attics, with runways to an open window; in the smallest of yards surrounded with neighbors. When they are treated kindly and quietly, they molest no one, but if they are worried or neglected they may defend themselves.

The best way to begin, but possibly not the cheapest, is to buy a full colony of bees, in a new, modern hive,

and two or three extracting supers with full sheets of foundation. Have the hive set, just where it is intended to stand, and partly open the entrance. Have something in the entrance that they must crawl over, or through for the first day, so they will pause and locate their new position; after that they never get lost.

If a hive is secured in the early spring, when the fruit trees are beginning to bloom, and it is not known whether they have much food in the hive or not, it is well to give them a pound cube of sugar which will insure food till the honey flow comes.

When the honey flow does come they will need one or two supers with shallow extracting frames, set on top of the hive, and it is one of the surprising things to see how quickly they will draw out the wax foundation into their wonderful six-sided cells, and fill them with the thin, greenish nectar, which is honey in the making.

No one knows exactly what goes on inside those mysterious hives, though the bees have been kept for their honey and wax, as far back as history gives us any records. It certainly is not honey as we know it, when the bees bring it into the hive, but a thin, greenish liquid, with a rather unpleasant flavor. The bees often spread it out in shallow cells when it is first brought in, and stand over it and fan it with their wings, apparently to evaporate it, and make it the right consistency. They seem to rather enjoy moving it about in the hive from one cell to another, possibly manipulating it in some way we do not understand, and it is certainly allowed to thicken, and change color, before the bees are satisfied that it is ready to cap with wax. Bee-keepers speak of this series of operations as "ripening the honey," which seems to express the idea well.

Some little skill on the part of the bee-keeper is sometimes needed to induce the bees to enter the small section boxes that comb honey is made in, and it is well not to attempt it the first season bees are kept, but the shallow extracting frames, holding about three pounds of honey each, are just as desirable for the home comb-honey supply. If it is wished to sell some of the honey in the comb, or to make up boxes of it for gifts, it may be cut from the frames, and drained over night, so that the cells that are cut will become quite dry, then the pieces of capped honey wrapped in paraffin paper, and packed into attractive boxes.

It may be cut into small squares, and drained separately, and packed in candy boxes, when it becomes the purest form of bon-bon obtainable.

The Welfare of the Home

What's Wrong With Baby?

By Ida M. Alexander, M.D.

This is the question asked by many mothers regarding their babies of less than a year old. Most of these mothers take it for granted that the baby's food was the cause of the trouble. Instead it was nearly always one or two things: either the baby was not given enough water or the mother herself was sick and the baby was sick for that reason. When I say "sick," remember I do not mean sick-a-bed, I mean, she was not 100 per cent. healthy.

When you do not give your plants enough water the leaves begin to turn brown and get dry and the plant grows very slowly. A water-starved baby is like a water-starved plant; its skin gets dry and it grows slowly and gains in weight little, if any. Your geranium needs more water than your cactus. The cactus has very little of what we may call "skin" exposed to the air; the geranium leaves have a great deal of "skin" exposed, and so the plant dries out more quickly. An eighteen-pound baby considering his weight, has a great deal of skin exposed to the air, so he needs water often every day.

Let me tell this story: The Professor's year-old daughter was very cross and restless one night and they had done everything they could think of for her, to no avail. The father in desperation at last cried out angrily: "What do you want, anyway?" To his amazement, the child spoke her first word and that word was "Water!" in baby pronunciation, but they understood and gave her what she asked for. She drank, cuddled down and slept soundly. But never did she forget the magic word that had brought relief for her thirst!

Baby's first year can be hard indeed when people forget he needs water, and he cannot ask for it. I am sure after this you will give the baby water often, two and three times a day at least, not forgetting that he may get thirsty at night, too.

Lack of water in the baby's system makes him nervous and irritable. The

nervous system of a child demands much water and is super-sensitive when it is not furnished. Lack of water is the commonest cause of baby's refusing to eat solid food when he becomes old enough to do so. If you doubt this, eat only chewing food for one day and drink nothing but milk. Never again would you "forget to give the baby water" after you had once experienced that gnawing uneasiness, that burning sensation, that dryness that makes it impossible at last to chew food at all.

The health of the baby depends greatly on the health of the mother before his birth. Sometimes when she does not feel well, a mother blames her condition and never blames the real cause, overwork. A few weeks ago in talking to an audience on Health, I picked out of the audience for illustration, a little seven-year-old girl. She was thin and pale, and weighed about thirty pounds. She was no taller than a five-year-old. Of course she was nervous and shy. She tired easily and should have had many rests during the day and a rest before each meal. Of course you know her school work could not be even passable. What was wrong? The mother worked too hard before this baby came. All of her life, she will pay the penalty for those nine months of overwork when the mother could not protect her unborn child because she had to cook and wash for the children she already had.

Many mothers tell me: "My baby was perfectly healthy when she was born" and then go on to prove that she was not, for they tell me the food did not agree with her, she was cross for a long time, and she cried so much and she was so restless. She did not gain in weight as she should have done. All these signs, O mothers, are the signs of the child that was carried by an overworked mother. It takes long years of after-care to make up to the child for the strength that should have been given through the mother during those first nine months and during the nursing period.

sons they hand in to their teacher will show more care if written with a typewriter.—E. R.

If your chickens are hatched early they get their growth and prepare to start laying in the fall. Late-hatched pullets do not make such good layers, as they are not matured before cold weather comes on.

Curiosities of the Calendar.

January always begins on the same day of the week as October, and the same is true of April and July, September and December. Again, February, March, and November also begin on the same day of the week. This, however, is only true in normal years of 365 days. A century can never begin on Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday. Furthermore, the ordinary year ends on the same day of the week as that on which it begins.

Enjoyment is nine points of possession.

The frontiersman needs courage; what else than a frontiersman is he who goes fearlessly onward into the future?



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PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

The Watchman AND Ottawa Valley Advocate

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1920.

The Watchman will be published every Friday.

Subscription \$1.50 in advance to point in Canada, and \$2.00 in the United States.

J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.
See a line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, amusements, etc., 25 cents minimum; over three lines 50 cents.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 25c.

Legal Advertising,—\$1.40 per inch.

En Passant.

WHEN A SEASON IS LATE and things seem more backward than usual, a few days of favourable conditions will send them leaping forward, and all the leeway is made up. This is a backward season for fishing and fish—I should say fishing stories, but I am hopeful for an early change. Hitherto we have heard no remarkable yarns about phenomenal "takes." Fishermen are unusually silent, in fact quite dull. I cannot trace one reliable report of where a catch has more than doubled itself after leaving the water, and I am at a loss to account for it. Last year, about this time, the season was so well advanced that a four inch trout would have grown at least nine and a half inches overnight, and a "string" of fifteen developed into fifty one with ridiculous ease. Even the anglers themselves are different. They have a distant air and almost convey the impression that they have something heavier than sinkers on their mind. They steal away silently to fish, as if they were going boot-logging, and we don't see them coming back with the angler's joy shining on their faces. If we meet them by accident, and skillfully angle around the subject of fishing, to give them an opportunity of expanding, they just smile, and in a half-hearted, general sort of way, look past you with a far away expression, and remark that "fishing is good for the nerves." They neither show their "string" nor vouchsafe and approximate estimate of the big fellows that got away from them. What is the cause of it all? Wherefore this unusual thudness? In casting about, trying to discover the reason of the obvious lack of enthusiasm now shown by the devotees of the gentle art who were formerly eager to relate their adventures, I begin to wonder if there is not something more serious than the lateness of the season at the bottom of the flatness in the anecdotal fish exchange, the paucity of angling interest, and the dearth of either real or "recounted" catches.

CAN IT BE that the High Cost of Living microbe has got loose among the fishing brotherhood? Angling is the one pursuit which I would imagine to be exempt from the ravages of the profiteer, the one avenue of mental luxury left open when all the fields of enjoyment are occupied by ambushes of tax-gatherers. There is no tax on worms! They cannot be levied upon either as accessories or merchandise, and I have not heard of any fresh tax, except the impost on Sporting Goods, which could possibly depress the real disciples of Isaak Walton. They may continue to whip the limpid stream and give rein to their piscatorial flights of fancy, free from any tax except that upon their own powers of imagination, and they need not feel constrained to help to reduce the national debt by buying high-priced Sporting Goods. Isaak Walton relates that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons (as yet untaxed) and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, (the forerunners of automobiles) and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other "follies" that go to complete a country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" It is the same with fishing. As a rule the more primitive the appliances the heavier the string. Telescopic rods, patent landing nets, reels, and spinners, make no special appeal to the wily trout. A bare legged kiddie, with a rod cut out of a bush, and fixed up with a line adapted to the occasion from a piece of grocer's twine, has been known to wheedle ten speckled beauties from their aquatic fastnesses,

while two grown men, with handsome outfits, tried in vain to land a single one. It does not follow that the kiddie would take his catch home himself; he might be induced to trade, in which case the "ultimate owners" would observe a discreet silence.

I WISH EVERY ANGLER, expert and amateur, would read "The Compleat Angler" by Isaak Walton. Its study would remove from his mind any seeds of gloom implanted therein by the High Cost of Living, Taxation, or the failure of The League of Nations.

To the amateur especially, it would open up a path to the fuller enjoyment of life and a better knowledge of his fellowmen, that is, if he were competent to follow the path.

"Doubt not, therefore," saith old Isaak, "but that Angling is an Art, and an Art worth your learning. The question is rather whether you be capable of learning it, for Angling is somewhat like poetry,—men are to be born so: I mean with an inclination to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring and inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself."....."and if yet remains unresolved whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action,—concerning which two opinions I should forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and fast myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless art of angling."

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL in the Angler's breast, and it is sure to materialize eventually.

There are days when the fish won't bite: its either too calm, or else its too rough. Its either too warm, or not warm enough. The wind's the wrong way, or the moon's not right. Its either too cloudy, or the sun's too bright: Its either too wet, or else too dry, or for some other reason, you can't tell why,—there are days when the fish won't bite. There are days when the fish won't bite: you may try every bait, you may try every lure, you may do what you will, and wait and wait, from morning till noon, and from noon till night, but you won't get a nibble though you try all your might: you may grumble and swear, but the fish don't care,—there are days when the fish won't bite. But there are days when the fish will bite; when its not too calm, and its not too rough: when its not too warm, but just warm enough: and the big old fellows, Oh joy! how they fight; your rod's bent double as you keep your line tight: how they leap, how they run, gee whizz, but its fun, on the days when the fish WILL bite.

LINKSMAN.

SEIGNIORY CONCERT.

On Monday evening, May 24th, a concert was given at the Seignior School-house, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to purchasing an organ. This organ will be used for School purposes and services which are held there every Sunday. The weather did not look very favorable but a large number turned out and the School-house was filled as it never was filled before. Quite a number of Montreal and Lachute people were present. The programme commenced at 8.30 Mr. Forsyth in the chair called on Mr. Godfrey to make the opening speech. He with his usual tact spoke very suitably for the occasion. Then the concert started, as regards the concert it may be said that everyone who took part made a name for themselves. It was one of the most enjoyable of programmes ever witnessed, at the end of the programme everyone arose and sang the National Anthem. Then came the part which one and all seemed to enjoy. Refreshments were served consisting of sandwiches, cake and lemonade in abundance. It may be said of the evening that every one looked happier when going out than when coming in. Credit is due to the school teacher, Miss Watson, the ladies who helped her to carry through the evening and the ones who took part. Everything went well could not have went better and on Empire day the Seignior School house rang with mirth as it never rang before.

ST. COLUMBIN.

Mr N. Grimes spent Tuesday in St. Jerome.

Mr A. Hall, of Dalesville, spent the Sunday here.

Mrs. E. Elliott is spending a few days in town visiting friends.

Mr. J. Hogan, of St. Canute spent the week-end here visiting friends.

Miss Gertrude Tracy, of Montreal, spent the week-end visiting friends.

Misses M. and N. Brophy, of Montreal pent the latter part of the week here.

Mrs. Key and family returned to Montreal, after spending the week-end here.

Mrs. Carroll was the guest of Mrs. Grimes on Sunday last also Mr. P. Mason.

Mr. J. Carroll left for Lachute last week to continue his trade as Blacksmith with his brother.

Messrs. Wm. and E. Grimes, of St. Canute, and their sister Miss Matel Grimes of Montreal, spent the week-end the guests of their mother.

Among those who spent the week-end here are Miss M. Phelan, Miss K. Funniceon, T'alkon, Mr. Orork and sister, Mr. Devannah and his sister.

Mrs. J. Skelly and Miss M. Wells have returned from Montreal, after attending the funeral of their nephew Mr. C. Shableton which took place on Friday May 14th.

CUSHING

Under the auspices of the Ladies' Association of St. Mungo's Church Chatham, the young people gave a social in the Stone Hall, Cushing, on May 29th. The singing of the National Anthem brought the concert to a close. For what followed the gentlemen who lives at the Hall he alone is responsible. It came as a surprise and was no part of the original programme.



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YOU want cheap power for light machinery, in farm buildings or workshop, and a minimum waste of power. The "F" Power and Light Plant delivers all of its 1½ horse power direct to the machine you want to run. It saves "50% power loss" of driving machinery by electric motors, because it does the same amount of work, belted direct to the machinery, as a 3-horse-power engine generating current to drive the same machines by individual motors.

Utilizing the spare power of the "F" plant does not interfere with its efficiency as a lighting unit. Come in and see the "F" plant at work, or send a post card asking for catalogue which contains complete information.

J. A. POLLOCK,
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DALESVILLE

Miss Edythe Dixon spent the week-end in Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Turney visited Mrs. E. Turney recently.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Steele and son Wesley visited Mrs. D. Dixon Sunday.

Mr. Russell Kennedy, of Montreal, spent the week-end here.

Miss Margaret Walker visited friend at Lachute Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bigelow visited Mrs. Townsend of Ogdensburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mason, of Mabel, visited Mrs. Kennedy last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno Tomalty, of Brownsburg, visited Mrs. A. Morrow Sunday.

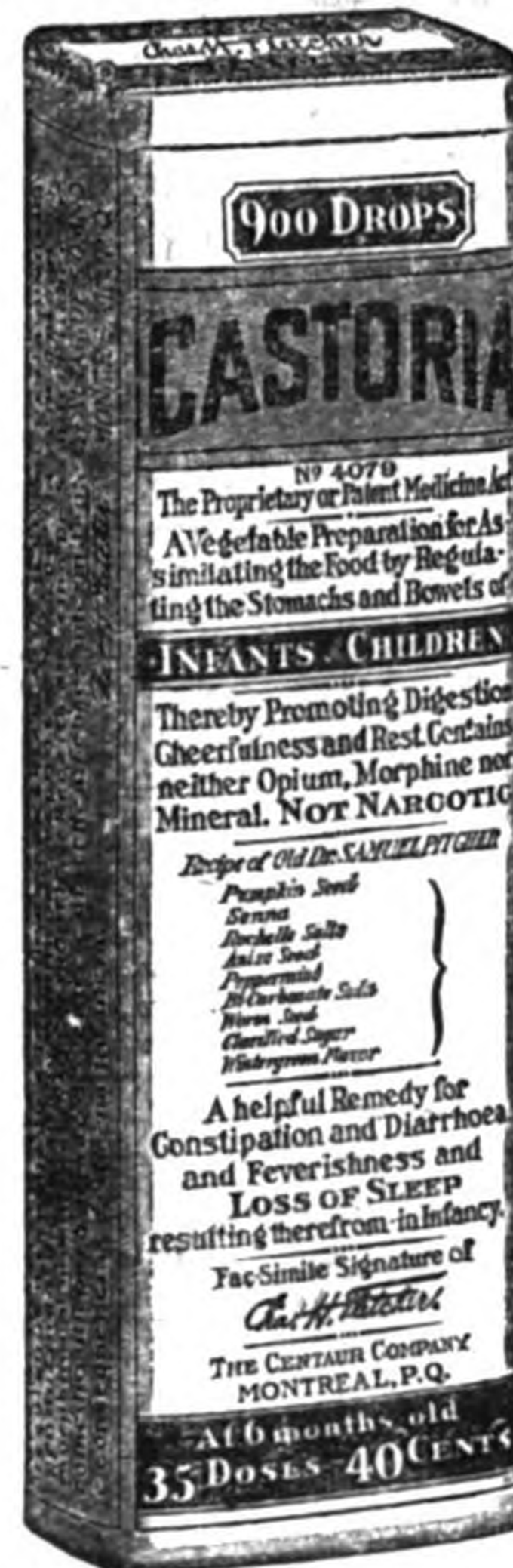
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Silverson visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Heatlie, of Ogdensburg Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Murdoch and family of Mabel, visited Mrs. Wm. Morrow Friday last.

Master Robt MacArthur spent the past week with his aunt Mrs. A. McArthur in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McArthur and daughter Jeanette also Mrs. T. Davis mortored to Montreal Sunday.

Mr. Garnet Lyster returned home Sunday night, after having spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. A. Dixon of Brownsburg.



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of
Chas. H. Fletcher
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For Over
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Your inspection is most cordially invited, with no obligation to purchase.

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Brownsburg, P. Goyette, Prop.

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An outside paint must be not alone waterproof but weather-proof. Making a paint weatherproof is the difficult part. If it is not weatherproof it will not long stay waterproof.

To be weatherproof, the paint film must be so elastic that it will expand or contract with the weather's changes—and do it without cracking.

Lowe Brothers High Standard Liquid Paint is specially made to meet these conditions. That is why it stands so many years of weather's wear and tear.

The picture above is taken from a

photograph showing a two-coat film of High Standard Paint held in the hand. The film was over two months old when photographed; yet it was as flexible as a handkerchief.

If you have been having paint troubles, or want to prevent them, tell us about your painting needs. The expert advice given so gladly, will cost you nothing. It may save you much.

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Paints

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Joseph Beauregard, Justice Beauregard wife duly authorized of Ignace Dupuis. Et Julianne Beauregard wife duly authorized of Mizael Rivest.

L. U. CHAUSSE,
Notary.

Was Surprise Of Life, States Montreal Man.

Was Sick Man For Two Years, But Tanlac Soon Routed His Troubles.

"It gave me the surprise of my life, when after being a sick man for two years, I was almost suddenly changed into a well man, as the result of taking Tanlac," said Wilfrid Meloche, an employee of the Dominion Car and Foundry Ltd., to the Tanlac representative who called to see him at his home, 131 Palm Avenue, Montreal.

"Chronic indigestion was my trouble. After every meal my food would repeat and often I couldn't retain it. I got so that I was almost afraid to eat at all because of the disagreeable after effects. I had no appetite to speak of and constantly had a bad sour taste in my mouth. I had terrible headaches that got me here in the forehead and temples and so pained me that I lost whole nights of sleep. Any little extra exertion caused me shortness of breath and my heart to thump like mad. I also had such rheumatic pains in my left elbow that at times I was unable to move my arm. I can assure you I was in a very bad state.

It was what I read in the papers about other folk getting help from Tanlac that led me to try it. The first thing it did was to sharpen my appetite so that I was keen on my food. I began to eat as I hadn't done for a couple of years past and what is more my food agreed with me. I lost that bad sour taste in my mouth and also all signs of headache. The rheumatism has entirely disappeared and I sleep so well now that I am in danger of over-sleeping myself. This medicine has simply made a new man of me and I'm glad of the chance to be able to tell others because I'm confident it will do the same for them."

Tanlac is now sold in Lachute by

G. J. CHARLAND,

in St. Scholastique by

LOUIS GRATTON

and in Calumet by

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under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative.

DOC. ALLERTON JR. 51714.

Bred only to the Blood that has produced the Good Ones. Doc. Allerton Jr. 51714.

One of the great family of Allerton (Grattan)

DOC. ALLERTON JR.

Doc. Allerton 42167. Record 2 25 1/4. Half-brother to Baron May 4 22 1/4. Mulcaton 2 24 and Ben Russell 2 24 1/4.

Allerton 5128. Record 2 09 1/4. Sire of Locania 2 02 Stroller 2 06 1/4. Allerton 2 05 1/4 Nancy Royce 2 06 1/4 etc.

Helenita. Mam of Baron May 4 22 1/4. Mulcaton 2 24 Ben Russell 2 24 1/4 e.c.

Grattan 15480. Record 2 15. Sire of Gratt 202 1/4. Baron Grattan 203 1/4.

Dorio B. 2 05 1/4 Grattan Royal 2 06 1/4 etc. Mona. Dam of Grattan Royal 2 06 1/4 and Grattan a sire.

Alice Grattan. Sister to Grattan Royal 2 06 1/4 and Grattan a sire.

Doc. Allerton Jr. is a handsome brown stallion stands 15 3 hands high and weighs over 1200 pounds, bred at Brooklyn, Iowa. Individually he is a horse of grand finish, and plenty of substance, with a fine disposition, deep strong shoulders, stout back, very strong lions and stifles, strong bone with grand feet and legs. His blood lines are the best as will be seen by his pedigree. He is a prize winner in the show ring. That he begets speed and grand road qualities there is no doubt as he not only inherits but possesses these qualities in a marked degree.

Even common mares bred to a horse of this class cannot fail to produce foals that will find a ready market as carriage horses or roadsters, as well as general purpose horses.

TERMS: \$10 00 to insure.

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TERMS: \$8 00 to insure. All mares disposed of before foaling will be charged whether they prove in foal or not. All accidents at risk of owners. Both these stallions will make the Season of 1920 at the home of the owners.

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Sealed air-tight packets
to preserve its native
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When Dreams Came True

By BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

CHAPTER III.

Somehow the wistfulness of her eyes had been swallowed up in a dazzling lustre. There were roses in her cheeks, wrought by the night winds sweeping the cliffs. The newness and growing charm of the house had suggested a daintier dress than her plain blue linen and to-night she wore a corn colored gown with a deep lace fichu collar. She really did not know how lovely she looked, and in her heart life sang.

In a little the house would be completed and Jean's service to Captain David ended. What would happen then? Why of course she would make friends with Captain David's Theodocia. She would come up to the house on the cliffs. Suddenly she turned from the Dutch-blue room and ran breathlessly down the stairs.

No, not that. It would all be changed. It would no longer be her dream worked out in reality. It would belong to Captain David's Theodocia and she, Jean, would feel strangely, watching the new mistress move about her dream house. Suddenly a strange terror surged through her and she stumbled blindly into the kitchen, the enchanting little kitchen with its sunshine and white enamel fixtures and glistening cupboards.

"Jean! Jean! It is time we started for home," Captain David was calling, and blindly, dully, her heart throbbing with its bitterness, Jean went slowly out to the wide porch. Captain David turned off the lights and together they walked along the beach, Jean silent, dimly conscious of the thunderous roar of the breakers against the cliffs and of another tumult breaking against her heart.

Sunshine, gloriously exhilarating, submerged Captain David's house on the first day of April. The tide, beating against the cliff below, dashed the bright surf high over the boulders.

Jean MacAllister ran hurriedly along the beach, her black hair shining with glossiness and awave in the breeze. She had left Milly with the children and run away for one last look at the house of her dreams. Last evening she had gone over the house with Captain David. Into every nook and corner they had crannied, the perfectness of the whole thrilling Jean into a strange sense of tenderness.

Captain David had said that he hoped his girl—the dearest girl in all the world—would come to him there to-day—this first day of the sunshine April. And it had come over Jean suddenly, that if she wanted to dream alone once more in the home she had helped to make, it must come this morning. It seemed out of place to wear the linen morning dress in the bride's house and so she had slipped on her corn-colored dress, covering it with a long, brown cloak. On the threshold she doffed the cloak and pushed open the new, heavy door with its dull brass knocker.

Very softly she stepped into the wide living room where romance breathed from wonderful, old mahogany furniture. She caught the gleam of richly-bound books in cases that had been empty the night before and of two new water colors on the wall, and she wondered dully how they had come there. Sunshine flooded the sweeping window and she turned for one last, glorious look-out over the Bay.

The window draperies of old blue stirred, and Captain David, boyishly eager, was smiling at her. In confusion, she stepped back. She thought, of course, he would be at the ship yard this morning. Why was he here? Was he waiting for the girl—the dearest girl in all the world—to come? "Jean! You came! I was hoping you would come this morning, when all this world is so full of love and sunshine. I was waiting."

"You were waiting for her," she responded dully, a stabbing pain in her heart. It had been there, lo, these many weeks but not till now had she admitted its presence.

"I was waiting for the dearest girl in all the world," he answered huskily.

The luminous light of love was radiating Captain David's blue eyes as he spoke of the girl, but he was looking down into Jean's face and his arms were stretched out to her. "Jean, darling! Haven't I told you in a thousand ways and all the time that we were building the dream house together, that it was for you

I was making the home nest? That you were 'the dearest girl in all the world'?"

A sob caught in her throat and Jean MacAllister averted dizzily in the blinding sunshine. Captain David caught her and held her close.

She had been blind. Why had she never dreamed that in following her lightest suggestions he had been making her dreams come true.

"Sweetheart, I could never have won your love down in that house of care and interruptions. I had to drag you off here so that I sometimes might have you to myself. If you had known the service I asked was indeed for your dear self, you never would have given it. For others' sakes, you would have turned away."

"But Joe and the children—I cannot leave them. Who will take care of them?" she cried.

"They are all provided for," Captain David laughed softly, pressing his lips close to a rosy ear. "Joe and I have arranged that. My cousin, Theodocia Spence, a widow, kind hearted and motherly, but unromantic, is coming to-day. She will fit into the routine of the old house. No, you shall not go back. This very day you shall be made a bride in your dream house!"

He stooped and kissed again and again the flushed cheeks. Jean's unbelieving eyes drank in the depth of love shining in the man's face. Then pressed her lips against the cheek so close to hers.

"Dearest, all these months I've been fooling you! Do you know what day it is? This very first day of April!" Captain David laughed merrily.

And Jean laughed softly, gladly, tenderly, and turning to "the girl's house" she flung her hands out to it in a rapture of acceptance, crying, "What a beautiful, beautiful joke!"

(The End.)

Language He Understood.

The sergeant was instructing some recruits in the mysteries of marching movements. After explaining and illustrating his remarks several times he approached one recruit, looked at him silently for a moment, then demanded his name.

"Fitzgerald, sorr," was the answer.

"Did you ever drive a donkey, Fitzgerald?" was his next inquiry.

"Yes, sorr," was the man's reply.

"What did you say when you wanted him to stop?"

"Whoa!"

The sergeant turned away and immediately put his squad in motion again. The men advanced a dozen yards or so, when he rasped out:

"Squad, halt! Whoa, Fitzgerald!"

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Last But Not Least.

He had uttered revolutionary statements by the yard, but no one interfered. In fact, the other members of the club hoped he would go on; he was amusing them.

But they were all watching their chance to take a rise out of him, and at last one saw an opportunity.

"Look at your monarchs!" he shrieked. "What use are they? How many kings will be left in ten years' time?"

"Five," interrupted one watchful listener.

"Five!" scoffed the "anti-everything" man, "which?"

"King of Hearts, King of Spades, King of Diamonds, King of Clubs, and King George," replied the loyal clubman promptly.

Table salt applied with a wet cloth will remove egg stains from silver. Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.



Woman's Interests

Our Beautiful Hands.

Hands were meant to be beautiful. The hand that rocks the cradle might rule the world more easily were it always a beautiful hand, beauty, in this case being a matter of inclination and application.

Hands subjected to the hardest kind of work will respond wonderfully to a little regular care. The outlay for the few articles needed for this care is small compared to the comfort and good looks which result from their use. These articles are:

Manicure scissors, flexible steel nail file, orange wood stick, emery board, nail brush, bowl for soap water, good buffer, small package of absorbent cotton, peroxide, liquid or dry nail polish, a small bottle of oil or warm fresh lard.

Olive oil, which is the best oil to use, is almost prohibitive in price. Warm lard or vaseline does very nicely, or any sweet oil. There is no substitute which really can take the place of olive oil. It nourishes the cuticle at the base of the nail, keeps the nail itself soft and pliable and prevents hangnails.

A substantial buffer with a removable clamp is a good investment. This clamp allows the chamois to be replaced when soiled. The wrong side of an old kid glove is a good buffer.

The nail brush should be moderately stiff. It is fun to rest and manicure the nails at the same time. Brains as well as fingers can relax.

Cutting the nails tends to make them thicker. They should be shaped with the file, following the curve of the finger tip. Sharply pointed nails do not look well.

Rough edges left by the file may be taken off with the emery board. After filing, the fingers should be held in the warm soapy water until the cuticle is soft and pliable. The flat ends of the orange-wood stick should be used to loosen the cuticle. First dip the stick in the oil then gently run it under the skin, lifting it just a tiny bit. When the skin is loosened, push it back very gently, bringing the half moon at the base of the nail into full view. Any rough edges should be trimmed off with the scissors.

Fruit stains, dye stains and ink stains cannot be perfectly removed by simple soap and water. Peroxide does the work. A half lemon kept on the kitchen sink will work wonders with ordinary hand stains. Peroxide on a bit of cotton wrapped around the end of the orange-wood stick will remove stains under the nails. It may take several applications before the stains disappear, but this method is preferable to using the pointed end of the file which bruises the tender skin and causes hangnails.

Polishing comes next. A drop of the polishing fluid or a bit of the powder should be placed on each nail then the buffer applied gently and lightly. Polish the entire nail.

After the polishing process comes a bath in the soapy water to remove every particle of powder. Then the hand should be carefully dried and the polishing completed with a perfectly dry buffer or chamois.

The buffer must be carefully used. Too much friction will heat the nails and injure them. Too much polishing makes them brittle. A high polish is not in good taste. Lacking a buffer, the palm of the hand makes a very good substitute. Rub the nails of one hand over the palm of the other. A little talcum powder shaken into the hand gives a more lasting polish.

A thorough manicure once in two weeks and a little care every day will keep the hands in good condition. Pushing back the cuticle with the towel when drying the hands helps to keep it from growing onto the nail. Should the cuticle be inclined to become hard and dry, cold cream, vaseline or oil rubbed into the base of the nails at night will keep them soft and pliable.

It pays to wear gloves while doing some kinds of work. Rubber gloves are expensive and old kid gloves too tight. White canvas gloves are comfortable and easily washed.

It is a good plan when working in the garden to help matters by drawing the nails over a cake of soap. When you wash your hands in warm water, the soap washes out, leaving the nails clean and unstained.

There are a number of good lotions on the market for freckles and chapping, some of which agree with one skin and some with another. Equal parts of glycerine and rose water make a lotion which is economical and generally effective. Cold cream is always good. Plain warm vaseline, gently rubbed into the skin may relieve a bad case of chaps when nothing else will. This is especially good for children's hands. It should be applied before going to bed, after the hands have been washed with warm water and soap. What the skin does not absorb should be wiped off with a soft cloth.

One principal cause of hand-chapping is hurried drying. If a woman can remember and can take the time to dry her hands perfectly, she will have no trouble with chapped skin. The last rub should be with a perfectly dry corner of the towel used until the hands are as dry as dry paper. Then they cannot chap.

An early start in teaching children to care for their hands will bring its own reward and in after years they will be so thankful to mother for this training. Shapely fingers depend much on the care they receive in early years.

Half an hour every two weeks is only a little time in the interest of beauty and surely every woman is entitled to spend this much time on her hands. Beautiful, comfortable hands are worth much to every woman.

Louise's Diary.

Downstairs there were sounds of cheerful good times—Jimmy's triumphant whoop as he got his five in a row in gobang in spite of Betty's watchfulness, father's voice reading bits aloud to mother, the alternate snatches of music and chatter that were always to be heard when Doreen sat down to play before she had emptied her day's budget of news. But Louise, up in her room, sat at her desk, her soft lips shut in a hard line and wrote in her diary:

"Nobody understands me. Mother thinks I care for nothing except good times. Mother is a dear, of course, but she has forgotten how a girl feels, and anyway things have changed since she was a girl. Doreen is so absorbed in her war work that she hasn't a thought for anyone else, and Jimmy is growing rude. He humiliated me dreadfully when Joe Potter brought his college chum over the other evening. As for Betty, she stuck like a leech; anybody'd have thought Mr. Jordan was calling on her! When I complained to mother, she said, 'Louise, dear, do you realize what it means to have and to keep the love of a younger brother and sister?' I don't see what that has to do with it. They're all downstairs this minute, and nobody misses me. It's a selfish world—"

Then she heard a shrill call from Jimmy, and her pen jumped and blotted the page. She went impatiently to the head of the stairs; there was no sidetracking Jimmy when he started out for anything.

"Come on down, Lou; we're going to pop corn."

Louise frowned. She did not want to pop corn—that was all the consideration people had. But she would have to go sooner or later, so it might as well be at once and get it over. She started down.

No one ever knew exactly what happened. There was a swift, terrifying moment when Louise felt herself falling, and then she knew no more until she found herself on her mother's bed with the doctor examining her ankle.

It was the beginning of a strange new life that lasted weeks—weeks of pain, but weeks of constant loving surprises. All the people Louise had ever known sent her notes and flowers and things to eat, and as for the home

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people and mother—words could not describe their care and thoughtfulness. The seventh week Louise finally was able to limp across to her desk and her neglected diary. As she read the last record, a hot color burned her cheeks. What a different world she was living in now! Selfish? Mother and Doreen and Jimmy and Betty? She pulled that page out and tore it into little bits; then she turned to the day's date.

"The world is full of the kindest people, but mine are the very, very dearest of all," she wrote.

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Bees That Could.

When Bobby arrived at his grandfather's farm he found his grandmother mixing some of her wonderful biscuits. "Grandfather," Bobby said, "don't you think honey would taste good on those biscuits?"

He had heard about the beehives on the farm, and he was eager to taste the fresh honey.

Grandfather stroked his beard. "Getting honey in broad daylight is a risky business, young man," he said, "but I'll see what I can do."

Bobby wanted to go with him to the hives, but grandfather thought it would be better for him to keep away. The little boy was willing to run the risk of being stung, but he took his stand obediently at the window and watched the old gentleman go across the road to the place where the beehives stood.

As warily as a thief grandfather crept toward the hive, where a few bees were still flying about. Bobby held his breath as he watched him reach in and take out a box of honey.

Bobby leaned out of the window. "The biscuits are nearly ready!" he cried. But to his surprise grandfather carried the precious box to the doorway of a shed, set it inside and left the door open a crack before he turned away.

"We shall have to do without honey for supper," he said. "There are still bees in the box. We can't make them come out. All we can do is just to leave an opening and let them go home when they feel like it. But cheer up, Bob, you may have honey on your johnnycake for breakfast!"

So that night Bobby ate raspberry jam on his biscuits and looked forward to the next morning.

Meanwhile the bees that saw the box of honey carried away from the hive had buzzed the sad news to every other bee on the place, and they all began to buzz their anger as only bees can. Grandfather, grandmother and Bobby were safe indoors, and as no one happened to pass by no one was stung. But the more they buzzed about the wrong the angrier the bees became. They swarmed about the hive and about the shed, and scolded and scolded and scolded.

The next morning Bobby felt lazy. "Grandmother, won't you please lace my shoes for me?" he asked.

"Tut! tut!" said grandfather, coming in from the yard. "Can't lace your shoes?"

"But my fingers are clumsy, grandfather," Bobby explained.

"Tut! tut!" grandfather said again. "A swarm of bees mustn't do better than a great husky boy! They don't say, 'I can't'; they say, 'I can.' And, what's more, they do!"

Bobby looked puzzled. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Lace your shoes and I'll show you," grandfather replied.

Bobby's fingers were no longer clumsy. A few moments later he was following his grandfather out to the shed where he had left the box of honey. The box was still there.

"Shall we take it in to grandmother?" Bobby asked.

The old gentleman shook his head. "She wouldn't have any use for that box. Lift it, Bob."

Bobby obeyed. "Why, what makes it so light?" he cried. "What's happened?"

Grandfather laughed. "About a thousand bees said, 'I can'; that's what's happened, boy. I carried off their honey last night, and now they've taken it back to the hive—all but the comb and the box. I hadn't kept bees long enough to be up to all their tricks."

"No honey for breakfast!" Bobby said slowly. "But it was smart of them, I declare it was!"

Just then grandmother came to the door with the breakfast bell in her hand.

"Hot cakes and maple syrup!" she called.

Bobby set off on a run. "The bees can't get that, anyway!" he said.

Goldfeather.

"And so you see, my children, you must be unselfish and not always try to gobble up the best food at meal-time."

Young at Seventy-Eight.

The electrical instrument which made the late Sir James Grant, consulting physician to the General Hospital, Ottawa, look fifty at the age of eighty-six, was shown to an interviewer recently by the inventor, Mr. T. C. Hodgkinson, of Hammersmith.

Mr. Hodgkinson is seventy-three, but might pass for anything between forty-eight and fifty-two. His face is ruddy, his eyes are bright, and his tread is firm. He has not a trace of baldness and moves with the ease of a man of twenty-five. He did three years' munition work, putting in ten to twelve hours a day.

The electro-neurotome, as the machine is called, is three to four inches in length and two and a half inches wide and high. It has a controlling switch to regulate the current and is worked by a dry battery. Applied to

As Gloria ended her lecture on conduct a setting hen said, "Quit, quit, quit!" and old Muffeep, the rooster, said, "T-a-l-k, t-a-l-k!" in a guttural voice. The young pullets looked wise but said nothing.

Gloria sighed. She loved all the fowls in the barnyard, but none of them so dearly as she had loved Goldfeather, the little hen that was no longer there. Goldfeather was jet-black, with one yellow feather in her dark shiny collar. One day when Gloria was away from home, her father, not knowing that Goldfeather was any different from an ordinary fowl, had sold her along with some other hens. Ever since then Gloria had grieved for her pet. She never lost a chance to hold Goldfeather up as an example to the rest of the barnyard.

"Well, I'm going to make a new playhouse to-morrow," she told the fowls, "and when I'm settled I'll give you a party. Now, shoo, all of you!"

Bright and early next morning, both Gloria and Goldfeather were busy setting up housekeeping, though neither knew about the other.

For Goldfeather was not dead, as Gloria had feared. After she was taken away to the market, a farmer from the other side of the town had bought her, and for six months she had been living in a new barnyard. At first she was homesick, but she was of a cheerful disposition and soon became content.

That bright spring morning while Gloria was moving into her new playhouse under the old crooked apple tree, Goldfeather was hunting for a good place to make her nest. She did not like the nests in the henhouse; they seemed too common. The dogs might trouble her if she made a nest under a bush; and several hens were already laying in the barn. Goldfeather wandered round a long time, peering into corners and talking to herself.

Finally she found a good place; at the far end of the barnyard stood a wagonload of hay. What could be better?

Goldfeather flew up to the top of the load and stood twisting her neck this way and that until she saw a fine place for a nest. Then she marched over to the middle of the hay and settled herself in the warm little hollow that looked as if it had been made for her.

"Crr-ra!" said Goldfeather contentedly.

Later on a man came walking across the lot with two horses. There was a clicking of buckles and a rattling of chains, and the wagon began to move. Goldfeather was a little frightened. She craned her neck and said, "Cut-cut?" inquiringly; but as the wagon rolled on and nothing hurt or harmed her, she settled down peacefully.

Gloria was getting ready to give the promised party when the loaded wagon came moving along the lane. "That's the hay that father sent for," she said to the fowls, which were crowding round her. "It's not grain, so you needn't run after it. Here—coo chick, coo chick!" She dipped into her apron and flung the golden corn in every direction.

"I wish Goldfeather could share the feast," said Gloria aloud.

At that instant there was a loud squawk in the top of the hay, and a little black hen flew wildly to the ground, flopping and cackling as she came. Gloria dropped her apron and spilled all the feast.

"It's my Goldfeather!" she said. "And just as I was wishing for her, too!"

The man in the wagon drove on, never dreaming that he had lost a passenger, and Goldfeather stopped cackling and began to pick up grains of corn with the rest. As for Gloria, she could do nothing but look at her favorite and laugh.

That day at dinner Gloria's father had a funny tale to tell about finding an egg in the load of hay that he had bought for his cows. "The driver was puzzled to know how it got there," he said.

Gloria looked up with her eyes shining. "Well!" she cried. Then she clasped her hand over her mouth. It was Goldfeather's secret, and she must not tell it.

POLAND, HARDEST STRICKEN BY WAR

OUTSHINES ALL LANDS IN OPTIMISM.

People of New Republic Burn With Patriotic Zeal Despite Hunger and Disease.

The most striking thing about Poland is its optimism. Next is its marvellous national consciousness. Its people are so intensely patriotic, almost hysterical about it. They seem so full of life and animation, which, coupled with their pride in their new republic, helps to blind them to the dangers that surround them. The people move about with a brisk step and have a purposeful air about them that denotes a certain confidence in the future.

All this is so refreshing to see after the rest of Europe. Everywhere else in the countries of the late war one gets the impression that everybody is tired. "Fed up" is a good English expression to describe their feelings.

Everybody seems fed up, not with food but with troubles. They go about their business, if they have any, with a tired, listless air and seem utterly lacking in what Americans call pep. It isn't any wonder, of course, after all their hardships, and privation of the last five years.

But Poland went through all this, too. In fact, she got a worse deal than any other country, first trampled by one army and then by another, and finally left for dead. Unlike Belgium, which received relief from the outside world almost through the war, Poland was surrounded by enemies and shut off. Her first aid came after the armistice. It came from England, and the United States and France. It was food, clothing, medicines and personnel from those countries to help in the task of organization and distribution. It continues, but it is a mere drop in the ocean of misery.

Here in Warsaw, the capital and the most interesting city of Poland, death stalks on every side, so much so that it reminds one of Vienna, easily the most distressful capital in the world to-day. Warsaw is a city of contrasts.

Beggars, the dreaded typhus and funerals are the things you see most in this city, whose population has been swelled to 1,000,000 by the influx of refugees from all parts of Russia. These things are emphasized by contrast with the luxurious hotels and the petit palaces, the latter the homes of the old native aristocracy of Poland.

Pathetic Scenes in Streets.

Barefooted beggars chase after you in the snow covered Novo Swiat, one of the main thoroughfares, and almost drop to their knees in pitiful supplication. They are of all ages and both sexes, but the majority are women and children. Unlike the professional women beggars to be found in other countries these do not have to pinch the scrawny limbs of their child in arms to make it cry; it seems to be crying all the time, and not manufactured crying, either. Although the beggars are to be found in every street of the city, the majority are outside the leading hotels and restaurants. The railway stations and churches are also popular with them.

Typhus is everywhere. There are 10,000 cases of typhus in the city right now. Official figures show that 50,000 died of typhus in Poland this winter.

The largest concentration of typhus victims hereabout is at Pevonsky Camp, on the fringe of the capital, where refugees from east and west are washed through Poland on their way to their former homes. This camp was visited recently by Mme. Paderewski, wife of the former Premier, who seems immune. The victims call her little mother, and think she bears a charm which protects her from the disease. At the largest hospital here, which can take in 1,500 patients, there was such lack of fuel that the surgeon, formerly one of the best in the Russian army, was forced to break up the few remaining chairs for fire, in order to boil water to sterilize his operating instruments.

A Dream Come True.

The Polish Diet, or Parliament, is a dream come true to most Poles, but it still lacks experience. The Poles have watched this legislative body during its year of life with a sort of tolerant, passive interest. The average Pole is so glad to have his own law-making body after thinking about it for generations that his good sense tells him not to expect too much from it.

To the financial experts who have come here from the United States and other countries of Europe to look over this new republic with a view to advancing credit, the Pole shows his country's resources, his timber lands, oil, iron and salt mines, textile and farming industries. He wants these things developed. As Paderewski said just before he quit his office as Premier for a rest in Switzerland, "All we want is money and raw materials and we will do the rest."

Paderewski, incidentally, worked hard for Poland. He didn't know much about running a government. He was an artist and a musician. He was the best known Pole in the world and one who inspired confidence in his own people. He gave up his career in America, which meant leaving a life of comparative ease and luxury for the somewhat thankless task of

trying to round into shape a new republic surrounded by jealous neighbors and former enemies.

When he went to Paris to plead the cause of Poland before the peace conference he had to talk to men who didn't believe the Poles were competent to govern themselves, who thought the Poles were divided and always would be victims of their own intrigue and petty jealousies. Only the Poles themselves understood the sacrifices made for them by Paderewski, and they give him the largest share of the credit for whatever prestige they have with the European Powers. Only time will tell how lasting this prestige will be.

The visitor to Poland to-day notices the quiet, confident complacency of the people in their belief that somehow it will be all right for Poland. He sees lacking among the leaders of the Government, the Cabinet Ministers and heads of departments, a certain power of direction and command, an absence of force in deciding a question, things which are not conducive to a powerful Government. But he is told that this is due to lack of experience and to years of rule by others. The Pole, he is reminded, didn't have a chance to develop under Russian rule. The big men were not given a voice in the administrative affairs.

"Give us time," said a Cabinet Minister, "and the energetic resourcefulness characteristic of the Poles will assert itself. We now have a country as large in territory as Germany and a population of 35,000,000. It's a big job for beginners to tackle, but give us time."

Poland is easily one of the important new Powers of Europe, and, like others, she is in the melting pot of European politics, the probable outcome of which is another story.

The United States Stands Alone.

The treaty has been defeated. Of course, its defeat was inevitable months ago, in the inability of the Senate to find any conceivable formulae for which two-thirds of its members would vote, says "The Living Church" (Milwaukee). American institutions have sustained the most serious strain since the Civil War. That the President and Senate could not, or would not, work together, is bad enough, and would in itself have strained our Government; but that the Senate cannot find any form of words that is satisfactory to two-thirds of its members means the complete collapse of American statesmanship at the most critical time in the history of the world. Neither can we see that any party, group or individual that has been connected with the affair from the beginning comes out with credit, though undoubtedly there are varying degrees of culpability. The crowning insult to England in the last of the reservations only adds one more to the series of insults to each of our former allies that have been features of the long-drawn-out transaction. We finally emerge from the long uncertainty, the friend and ally, apparently, of nobody but that section of Ireland that openly supported Germany during the war and assaulted our boys who landed on Irish soil after the enemy had sunk the Lusitania; while Mr. De Valera goes home with the statement that he has accomplished his full purpose in coming to America. So there is one part of the world that is satisfied with what we have done.

What comes next nobody can guess. We must either drift indefinitely, or ask Great Britain and France to try to get for us such of the advantages of the Versailles Treaty as they care to assign to us, or we must ask Germany very kindly to state the conditions upon which she is willing to make peace with us, or—worst of all—adopt the pending resolution demanding that we get every advantage accorded to us in the ill-fated treaty while we assume none of its responsibilities or obligations. As for the League of Nations, if it lasts long enough, we shall undoubtedly apply some time for membership, taking our place modestly at the foot of the nations of the world where we might have been their leader.

This is the day of America's shame before the world and at the bar of history. It is not the function of the Living Church to attempt to divide the blame; but we do ask the world to believe that there are still Americans left who wish them God-speed in their effort to reconstruct the world on an equitable basis and to provide an international substitute for world-wide war.

Spread of Specie.

One of the problems that confronts the naturalist is that of accounting for the distribution of identical forms of life through widely separated localities. Investigation frequently shows that this has been accomplished in many ways that appear quite simple when once discovered, although one would hardly have thought of them.

Some interesting facts gleaned concerning the dispersion of fresh-water mollusks account for their appearance in remote and isolated ponds. Water fowl play an important part in this work. Ducks have been known to carry mussels attached to their feet a hundred miles or more. Bi-valve mollusks not infrequently cling to the toes of wading birds, and are thus transported for considerable distances.

Approximately 1,000,000 acres of free lands in the western Canadian provinces were taken up by returned soldiers last year.

Vision of Worship in Heaven

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. . . . And all the angels stood round about the throne. . . . and worshipped God.—Rev. 7, 9-11.

This wonderful vision of worship in heaven had brought untold comfort to thousands of people. It reveals, as far as human language can reveal, the joy of our future homelands centred in the World's Redeemer who lived and suffered on earth that Heaven might be opened to those who live in Him and love Him. It is true that some robust Christians are not attracted by the idea of Heaven as a place of worship only. They want to work and serve. But be it remembered that St. John does not declare that all there is to do in Heaven is included in this vision. It is only a part of the joyous life there and is meant not only to give a glimpse of the glory awaiting us but to inspire us in our work and worship here on earth. God long ago said to Moses: "See that thou make all things after the pattern shown to thee in the mount" (Exodus 25:40). We may well believe, therefore, that St. John's vision was given to him, and through him to us, that we might, in some measure at least, fashion our worship on earth after this heavenly example. We may be perfectly sure that Heaven will afford for each of us all that we possibly can desire of occupation as well as of restful contemplation. There will be no lack of interest there. But all we do there will have as its inspiration the dear Christ who made the eternal joy possible.

We note, then, that the Lamb, Christ Jesus, was the centre of the heavenly worship. So should it be with us on earth. But is it so? Is not much of our church worship too largely centred in ourselves as we pray for this blessing or that, and in our misery seek for pardon and grace? Do we not intrude ourselves too much and so lose sight of the very idea of praise and glory as centred in Him Who is our Saviour and Friend?

And as in public, so in private worship, Christ should be all in all. We must not obtrude ourselves or make our wants or even our sins the first thought. Like the disciples on the mount of transfiguration, we should see Jesus only and ourselves, but ourselves second—Jesus first.

All Nations and Kindreds.

Notice again the multitude of worshippers in St. John's vision "of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues." They came from all ages and all places. It is a suggestion of the result of the gospel being proclaimed to all the nations of the earth. It brings us face to face with the great truth that God is no respecter of persons; that He who made all men in His own image has no favorites; that the Christ who died for all men has everywhere and in all centuries those who love Him and believe in Him. And how does this heavenly company touch our church worship? Is there the happy union of young and old, of rich and poor, of learned and unlearned, all joining in the praises

of the Redeemer? Are strangers cordially welcomed, and are they asked to unite their voices with ours as we sing and pray? Can they feel at home not only because some one bids them welcome, but because they know that the church is "a house of prayer for all people?"

I wonder if we, in our church worship, sing praises to God as heartily as we should. When I read the great words of the heavenly anthem, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and might be unto our God forever and ever," and then think of some of our hymns and anthems commonly used in church on Sunday, I am a little ashamed. How full of self and how poor in adoration they are! Some great hymns, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "The God of Abraham Praise," "Lord, With Glorious Heart I'd Praise Thee," we sing indeed, but others are so human and so weak! In every service, I think, the "Old Hundred" as it is called—"Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow"—should be sung, and it might well begin the worship.

Join in Song of Redeemed.

Perhaps we would be more ready to praise God in public worship if in our private devotions we were more used to praising God. Alas! We are generally so hurried or so sleepy when we pray that we just repeat a few words and "leave God to understand the rest!" God wants our praise not as demanding glory for Himself, but for our own sakes; for he who cannot enter into the vision of God's power and wisdom and love must find it hard to resist temptation and doubt and fear. When God would strengthen Job He brought before him the wonders of the divine creation, and in the glory of the vision the knowledge of His love was born. Let us praise God more than we commonly do. It is good for us and it is sharing with the angels and just men made perfect the eternal "song of the redeemed."

To many of us the last part of this vision especially appeals, as we see the saints in white with Heaven's King in the midst of them, and read how they came out of great tribulation and how God loves them and tenderly removes their burdens and wipes away their tears. It is the story of life and its results. For no man can live as he should without suffering and tears, and these do not make earth dreary, but rather do they make the character and love of men big and strong. Following Christ means sharing His griefs even as He shared ours. It means admission into that company of men who have sensed the meaning of life and found it beautiful because of its contests and high ideals worth fighting for. Should not our worship on earth have something of this spirit of exaltation? For we meet together to worship Him who is with us. We meet to sing of Him who died for us. And life in His presence grows so wonderfully sweet that we grow to understand and love it. Tribulations, struggles, fears—they are here hidden in all our hearts—but Jesus sees them. And He comes so near as we hear His voice, "My peace I give unto you."—Rev. F. W. Tomkins.

Burglary Doesn't Pay.

When the man in the street reads that "the thieves got away with jewels valued at \$25,000," he often thinks that crime is probably worth the risk, for one good burglary like that would satisfy a reasonable man for some time.

Now if there is one thing certain in this hard world it is this: "Crime doesn't pay."

It's only the big and spectacular burglaries that get reported. The average criminal is like the average man in the street. He earns little, and he runs a greater risk than if he were honest.

Here are a few figures by an English prison chaplain, who gained the confidence of many hundreds of prisoners.

Out of 483 burglars the average gain from their burglary was \$64.66, and it mustn't be forgotten that for this paltry sum every single one was serving a sentence!

One man, who had the reputation of being particularly daring and expert, averaged less than \$7.00 a week from his crimes!

It mustn't be forgotten that jewels valued at \$500 by the owner won't fetch more than \$100 or \$150 for the

burglar, unless he's exceptionally lucky in disposing of his stolen goods. There is more profiteering among "fences" than among any other class.

Out of 443 pickpockets the average amount for which they had been sentenced was \$22.93, and yet most of them confessed they would gladly give up the game for a certain \$8.00 a week!

The average earnings of criminals, despite the dazzling hauls they are supposed to make, do not average \$5 a week year in and year out.

And take the case of criminals who have made big hauls.

Ned Lyons, the bank burglar who got away with over half a million in his career, died in a charity hospital in New York; Goudie, who robbed the Liverpool Bank of \$850,000, died in prison; Johnnie Irving, who with some companions robbed a Northampton bank of \$700,000, was shot by a fellow burglar, who died in prison.

It can be taken as a certainty that the average man can earn more by honest work, even of the humblest nature, nowadays, than he can hope to by crime.

The man who can bottle up his temper is a corker.

Sweetness of the Morning Air

Everyone recognizes the sweetness and freshness of the early morning air and knows that these attractive properties disappear as the day advances. But so far as analysis goes the composition of early morning air is not different from that of air at any other time.

During the passing of night to day and of day to night several physical changes occur. There is a fall in temperature at sunset and a rise again at dawn, and consequently moisture is alternately being thrown out and being taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations also. The formation of dew has probably therefore far more profound effects than merely the moistening of objects with water. Dew is vitalizing, not entirely because it is water but

because it possesses an invigorating action due partly at any rate to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen, and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide of hydrogen and some ozone are developed. It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality that marks the early morning air has its origin in this way. The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations is true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing dew cannot form upon the grass under a tree, whereas as a rule both rain and light can reach it.

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Alabastine	Saws,
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We have a large assortment of nice fresh Groceries always in hand.

Huyler's and Willards Chocolates.
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Great and permanent growth in any institution is impossible except on the basis of genuine service to the Public. For 87 years we have aimed to give a sound and comprehensive service—yet withal a friendly and sympathetic one—to our customers. Our present strong position is a measure of our success—but more largely a measure of our usefulness. Why not let us serve you too?

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Paid-up Capital \$ 9,700,000
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Leave your order now and you will be sure to get it in time.

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Fresh Stock of Lowney's and Page and Shaw's Chocolates and Bonbons always on hand.

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Consider my actually low prices. Consider the scarcity of good Tweeds and Serges. Consider the probable and approaching increase of prices and

BUY NOW

IT IS A MATTER OF ECONOMY! I keep as usual a complete line of Gent's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, and ready-to-wear Suits and Overcoats.

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Good Resolutions.

At the commencement of the year many people made Good Resolutions, one of which was to do their Shopping at OUR STORE.

What about YOU?

Never Overlook a Bargain. Everything we sell comes under that heading.

**The Best in Quality
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We have everything in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Rubbers, Men's Ready-Made Clothing, and all Ladies' Dress Serges at moderate prices. Also a choice line of Groceries. Telephone orders delivered promptly. Yours for Service. Phone 39.

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Nails, Building paper all kinds, Ready-roofing, Shingles, Axes, Saws, Bolts, Wire fencing, all kinds hay wire. Overalls and Smocks, Heavy Boots. All best quality and lowest prices.

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Capital paid up and Surplus: \$3,000,000.00
Total Assets \$31,690,000.00

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.
Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

Offices Lachute, Brownsburg and St. Philippe

Lachute Branch, J. R. McOUAT, Manager

Brownsburg Branch, J. W. Lepine, Manager.

St. Philippe, Sub-agency of Brownsburg,

Albani Lamarche, Sub-agent.

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We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments Headstones, Posts, Fences etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

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VOL. XLIII

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1920.

NO. 18

HARDWARE

Pumps, Pipe and Fitting of all kinds.
Axes, Saws, Chain and Lumbering Tools.
Shovels, Forks, Handles.
Electric Supplies, Batteries Etc.
Builders and Heavy Hardware.
Oils, Putty, Paint and Glass of all sizes.

T. McOUAT & SON,

Founders & Machinists,

Lachute Mills.

FOR SALE.—A fresh calved cow Apply to P. O. Box 37, St. Andrews.

LOST.—A fine pendant chain on Main St., near Post Office, about two weeks ago. Finder please leave same at Watchman Office, and receive reward.

WANTED.—By an educated competent woman, position as housekeeper or Mother's help. For further information apply E. W. Watchman Office, Lachute.

WANTED.—A steady and trustworthy girl to work in a store in Brownsburg. Permanent position and good pay. Apply at once to A. Habib, Brownsburg.

WANTED.—In Brownsburg or vicinity Gentleman requires room, board. State Terms. Apply to M., P. O. Box 600, Lachute.

Boy's Suits at modest prices considering. W. BANFORD & SON.

NOTICE.—All persons interested in the Lachute Rifle Association, will kindly meet in the hall over Creswell's store on Tuesday, June 15th, at 8.30 p.m., as Headquarters is anxious that this Association be not disbanded.

S. R. SMITH, President.

Men's suits we have large stock of. Come and get one while the prices are low. W. BANFORD & SON.

FOR SALE.—Gasoline Motor Boat. Apply to Mrs. Holland, Ivan Bower.

WANTED.—1,000 hens 10,000 bags, at once, highest prices paid. Telephone 78 or bring them to L. Klein.

Those lovely wash gingham! and only 40th, per yard. W. Banford & Son.

FOR SALE.—Five passenger Touring Car, newly painted, new tires, self starter and is first-class running order. Apply to Geo. Deacon.

Light and dark coloured Violes, in great variety of patterns, these make cool and pretty dresses for summer. W. BANFORD & SON.

FOR SALE.—A handsome modern Peterborough canoe, 3 paddles, 1 double paddle, 2 cane back rests and oilcloth matting. Apply to J. Palliser, Lachute Mills.

WANTED.—Two Teachers for Summer term, beginning July 1st. Apply to L. G. Whinfield, Calumet.

LOST.—About the last of sleighing time, between Cote-du-Midi and Lachute, part of a carved, mahogany table foot. Finder please leave same at Watchman Office and be rewarded.

Buggy Harness

For Sale Cheap.

The undersigned has a few sets of harness, all hand made and of good quality, that he will sell at a Reasonable Price. Also cloth and leather collars, yellow sweat pads, bridles, halters, double breasting, pole straps, martingales, hame straps, snaps. Repairing promptly attended to and at reasonable rates. The old stand, opposite old Post Office, Wm. Creswell, Clyde Street.

Spring coats for Ladies, are all in now. Hurry up for yours. W. BANFORD & SON.

NOTICE.—We are in the market for Hides, Bags, and Calf Skins L. Klein.

LOST.—A rear lamp and license number 7424. Lost between Dunany and Lachute on the afternoon of May 24th. Finder please leave information at the Watchman Office.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. W. J. Boyd spent last week visiting in Montreal.

Miss Irene Riddell, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town.

Mrs. J. B. McFarlane is spending this week visiting in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hay were in Montreal the early part of this week.

Mr. Percy Funchion spent a few days at Port Covington, N.Y., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Deacon spent a few days this week at Stanbridge East.

Mrs. Hendry returned on Monday from a pleasant visit to Glen Sutton.

Mrs. Jas. Duncan, of Montreal, was in town this week visiting Mrs. Foreman.

Miss Beatrice McLean, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. Duncan McPhail this week.

Miss C. Hooker, of Montreal, spent the week-end at her home in Lachute Road.

Mr. Arthur Sheppard spent the week-end at "Hillcrest" the guest of Mr. Percy Funchion.

Mrs. Percy Funchion and children are visiting friends in Point Claire and Montreal at present.

Messrs. John Walker and Leslie Turner were week-end guests of the latter's aunt Mrs. Jno. Cunningham.

Mrs. Jno. McGillivray spent the week-end with her daughter, Mrs. Percy Nicholls of Cushing.

Mr. John Hope, Jr., returned on Monday from a visit to Arundel the guest of Mrs. C. J. Staniforth.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hay spent this week in Port Coulongue the guest of Hon. and Mrs. Geo. Bryson.

Mrs. Bremner and Miss Marjory Bremner, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Jno. Drew this week.

Mrs. Garretsee and daughter Anna left last week for Hawkesbury where they will in future make their home.

Mr. R. Cruise, M.P., of Dauphin, and Miss Alma Forward, of Ottawa, were week-end guests of Mrs. Jno. Cruise.

Mr. Actison, of the Bank of Nova Scotia Staff of Chandler, Que., is spending a few weeks in town.

Rev. Mr. Wornell and Mr. Jas. Campbell were in Kemptville over the week-end attending the Methodist Conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McOuat and infant, of Indian Head, arrived home on Wednesday and are the guests of Mrs. Jas. Cottingham.

Mrs. Blair and son Hugh who have been the guests of Mrs. T. Christie for the past six weeks, left for their home in Montreal on Wednesday.

Mrs. O'Reilly and children returned home to Ottawa on Monday last after spending a pleasant week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. McArthur.

Mrs. Jno. McFaul and Mr. Wm. Banford were in Montreal on Tuesday attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Henry Rodger who passed away suddenly on Sunday evening last.

Church of England services in the parish of Lachute, will be held (D.V.) on Sunday June 13th, 1920 as follows:—St. Simeon's Church, Lachute 11 a.m., and 3 p.m., Brownsburg 7 p.m.

One of the most popular drives for the motorists is a spin up to Brownsburg and a necessary stop at Hardie's Ice Cream Parlor, where you can get cooled off with a lovely dish of his famous delicacy.

The many friends of our respected townsman Mr. Jas. Gall, will be pleased to learn that he has successfully undergone an operation for appendicitis. He was taken to the Montreal General Hospital last Tuesday morning.

The lovely weather on Tuesday last brought a large number of Ladies out to the afternoon tea and sale of work in the Presbyterian Church Hall, where a very pleasant time was spent and the sum of \$145 realized.

When in town, don't fail to visit the "Cozy Corner" Ice Cream Parlor on Main Street, immediately opposite to W. Banford & Son. A most convenient place to meet your friends and chat things over.

Announcement.

The marriage of Miss Melvin Conn, to Mr. Edward R. Foreman, is announced to take place on June 30th, at Indian Head, Sask.

Methodist Notes

The Rev. W. P. Wornell will preach in the Lachute Methodist Church on Sunday next June 13th at 10.30 a.m., and at Brownsburg Methodist Church at 7.30 p.m. and at East Settlement at 3 p.m.

Mr. Hutchinson, of Montreal, will preach at St. Canute at 3 p.m. and in Lachute Methodist Church at 7 p.m.

The death occurred in Dalesville on Friday last, at the advanced age of 83, after a short illness of Mrs. John Morrow, widow of the late John Morrow who predeceased her some 33 years ago. The funeral took place on Saturday conducted by Rev. Victor Collins, surrounded by many sympathizing friends and relatives. She leaves one son Mr. Jno. Morrow to mourn her loss.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The County Council met on Wednesday of this week, every member of the council being present as follows:—Col. Jos. Seale, Warden, and Councillors C. J. Staniforth, Arundel, Geo. Staniforth, Jerusalem, MacI. Pridham, Grenville, Dr. Legault, St. Andrews, Mr. Roy, Carillon, Ira MacFaul, Chatham, J. Johnson, Grenville Township, George Higginson, Calumet, Robt. Dobbie, of Harrington, Jas. Duncan, Montcalm, G. F. Calder, 16 Island Lake, T. Morrison, Wentworth, T. Dodge, Gore, Wm. Maxwell, Mille Isle, and F. Debatie of Howard.

The report of the Monument Committee was given and Mr. Calder tendered his resignation as a member of the commission, Lieut.-Col. Seale being afterwards elected to fill the vacancy.

Reports of committee on furnishings necessary for the vault in Court House and Registry Office, was received and the contract for supplying same was awarded to Messrs. Eider and Cowper of Montreal.

The committee was reappointed for the purpose of supervising the installation of the furnishing Complaint was made regarding the condition of a certain road between Grenville and Harrington and the secretary was instructed to write the Inspector of the said road that if the same was not repaired within a delay of 15 days, that action would be taken against them.

Dr. Legault moved that the secretary give the necessary notice to the interested parties that at the next meeting of the council, he would move a resolution, homologating proceverbal of J. A. McKay ordering that the road leading from Chatham into the parish of St. Andrews, known as the Centreville Road be closed. A committee of Mayors Geo. Staniforth, Robt. Dobbie and Wm. Maxwell, were appointed to supervise certain repairs necessary to the Court House and the council then adjourned.

LAKEFIELD.

Miss Phyllis Andrews is visiting at Mrs. T. Evans Hill Head.

Mr. R. Clarke, of Montreal, is spending a few weeks with Rev. A. E. Mount.

Mrs. John Robinson spent a few days this week visiting her many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnston, of Montreal, have returned to "Lakeview" their summer cottage which is now open for the summer months.

Mr. Charles Mann accompanied by Mr. A. Pattison motored from Montreal on Sunday last to his summer cottage here returning to the city on Monday with his wife who had been spending the past two weeks in Lakefield.

WELL DRILLING.

My drilling machines are all in good working order, you can have your well drilled right now. You cannot get a better time to drill, fine weather and long days. Can do your work by drilling now in one half of the time, so do not wait until short days and cold weather. Get it done now, guarantee all the water you can use. You can have your well drilled at a reasonable price. Please Phone or Write, Arthur Campbell, L'Orignal, Ont. Proprietor of six Drilling Machines Phone No. 18.

Young Ladies Take Warning!

A party of Ladies from Stonefield was arrested and taken before the Grenville Magistrate to-day and fined. As the driver of their car was without a license. Complaints have been made of Juniors and parties running cars without a license.

The dectaves happened to be in town for the day and these Ladies motoring through were among the first victims, and the incident created considerable amusement among their friends. The ladies said that courtesy, and politeness of the Grenville magistrate was in marked contrast and the discourtesy of the Montreal men, who could enforce a disagreeable duty in a more agreeable manner.

Miss Edna N. Densmore and Mr. Jno. Doyle, of Montreal, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Densmore for the week-end.

BIRTHS

DRENNAN.—At Lachute, on Friday June 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Drennan, a daughter.

IN MEMORIAM

MCADAM.—In loving memory of my dear daughter Sarah McAdam, formerly Mrs. Jas. O'Brien, who passed away at Stannerville on June 6th, 1912.

We mourn the loss of one we did our best to save, One loved in life, regretted still, remembered in her grave, No more upon this earth will see her gentle loving face There is no one in this wide world can ever take her place. Inserted by her father.

MCADAM.—In loving memory of Mrs. David McAdam, who died in Chatham, December 10th, 1893, formerly Matilda Blair. Fresh in our memory as when she passed away. Inserted by D. McAdam.

DEHERTEL.—In loving memory of Louis F. deHertel who passed away June 7th, 1918.

Absent but not forgotten. Inserted by Mrs. deHertel and family.

WASH GOODS.

We have a choice line of Voiles in pretty patterns and colours, a few Whites also. The prices are very low, from 50 cents to \$1.00 per yard.

In Check Gingham we have a good line selling at 40 cents worth 65 cents. Now we have also a large line of prints bought long ago in light and dark colours. We have some choice Navys, still.

Ladies' Costumes—we have a nice assortment in sizes and colours from \$25.00 to \$35.00.

Ladies' Summer Coats from \$12.00 to \$22.00.

Men's Clothing. We can meet all demands for sizes. We have nothing in all these subject to excise tax. Get yourself and your boys' suited now. Prices will not be lower for a long time likely.

W. BANFORD & SON

LACHUTE.

The Staff of Life is Bread!
The Bread to buy is Hamilton's!

BECAUSE IT IS GOOD BREAD, made from the Best of Flour. Just try it.

PHONE No. 80 and our delivery van will be on hand to supply your wants.

Choice lines of confectionery, and all fruits in season. Buns, Rolls, Cakes, Etc. made to order. Wedding Cakes our Specialty.

Robert Hamilton.

Phone. 80.

Baker & Confectioner.

None can better serve or give better values than can be secured in our store.

PHONE NO. 2

Will bring your orders along, be they large or small, and they will receive the same care and attention as if you were here to make the selection.

You are always assured of the very best in all lines, and our stock is always kept as complete and up-to-date as it is possible for a Country Store to be.

Its money saved by trading with

R. McFAUL,

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Soils and Crops

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When To Spray and What For.

Spraying Apples: Four or five sprayings are necessary, depending on the season and how bad the orchard is infested with insects and disease.

First spray: Apply just after leaf-buds burst out before blossoms open. Use either Bordeaux mixture 4-4-50, or commercial lime-sulphur testing 32 or 33 deg. Baume diluted 1 to 40. (See below for directions for making Bordeaux mixture.) Add two pounds of lead-arsenate to each fifty gallons of the spray mixture. This spray is for control of scab, curculio and canker-worm.

Second spray: Just after the blossoms fall use same materials as for first spray. This is for control of the codling-moth. To make Bordeaux mixture take four pounds of copper sulphate, four pounds of quicklime, fifty gallons of water. Dissolve the copper sulphate by putting it in a coarse cloth bag and suspending the bag in a barrel partly filled with water.

Slake the lime in a tub and strain the milk of lime into another tub or barrel. This must be applied with a great deal of force. A power sprayer is best.

Third spray: Two or three weeks later than second spray. Same materials as for first spray. If blotch is bad in the orchard, use Bordeaux mixture 4-6-50 instead of lime-sulphur; add two pounds of lead-arsenate to fifty gallons of spray material.

Fourth spray: Nine weeks after the third spray. Use same material as for first spray. This is for control of scab, brown rot and second brood of codling-moth.

Fifth spray: This is necessary only where blotch, black rot, bitter rot and other fungous diseases are troublesome. Use same materials as for third spray and apply two weeks after fourth spray.

Pears and Quinces need the same general treatment as apples, except that when lime-sulphur is used it should not be quite so strong.

Spraying Peaches: For control of San Jose scale and leaf-curl, peaches should be sprayed in March with lime-sulphur. The summer sprays are as follows:

First spray: Use arsenate of lead, two pounds to fifty gallons of water, when the shucks are beginning to fall from the little peaches. This is for the control of curculio.

Second spray: Use self-boiled lime-sulphur 8-8-50 two or three weeks after the first spray. Add two pounds of lead-arsenate for each fifty gallons of the spray mixture. Never use commercial lime-sulphur as a summer spray for peaches or Japan plums. The second spray is for control of brown rot and curculio.

Third spray: Same as second, applied three or four weeks later.

Fourth spray: Same as third, applied to late varieties of peaches one month before ripening, if brown rot is troublesome on the trees.

Spraying Plums: A dormant spray of lime-sulphur is applied for San Jose scale any time during the dormant season. During the growing season several sprays are necessary.

First spray: Just before blossoms open apply Bordeaux mixture 4-4-50. Add two pounds of lead-arsenate to each fifty gallons of spray material. This is for control of brown rot and curculio.

Second spray: Just after blossoms fall use same materials as for first spray.

Third spray: Same materials as second spray, three weeks after petals fall.

Cherries need the same general treatment as plums.

Topics in Season.

Plant nut trees! Nuts command a good price. Even is not grown for sale, plant a few of your native varieties for home use.

Mud-spattered harness should be washed with warm water, then oiled with a good grade of harness oil.

The best thing to do with a wet clay soil is to let it alone until the wind and sunshine have had a chance to dry it off and make it ready for the plow or the harrow. Wind and sun can do better work than you or I and do it much faster.

Behind the stock and in the alleys of every barn, a wire should be strung at the right height so that a lantern can be fastened to it. A snap will do for a fastener and the lantern can be moved from one place to another without danger of setting the barn on fire.

Hardy climbing roses need little pruning. Tie up the canes to afford free circulation of air, and cut away useless old wood. Thin out weak side-shoots and shorten the tips of last year's canes where they have been frosted. To support the canes, pass strips of leather or heavy muslin loosely around them.

Silage is frequently wasted or its feeding value is impaired by improperly removing it from the silo. No more silage should be removed from the surface than is required for one feeding or, when weather conditions will permit, for one day at most. An average of about two inches should be removed from the entire surface. Loosen no more silage than is removed. Keep the surface level and compact at all times.

By hitching a third horse to a two-horse walking plow a man can cover at least one-quarter of an acre more a day. This makes a difference of about five acres in twenty days. Three horses to a sixteen-inch plow should do at least half an acre more a day than two horses to a twelve-inch plow, if the depth of plowing is the same.

Passing along the road one day, on a trip away from home, the steady chug of some sort of machine came to my ears. Looking around, I found that down under a bank a little water ram was tugging away to lift and to push water up a hill to a tank that supplied two or three families. They put it in together and shared the benefits. Such a ram does not need so much water to operate it as a water wheel does.

We get in a hurry most years to turn the cows out to pasture. There is such a thing as hustling them out too soon. Poor grass and little of it doesn't make milk very fast; but it does set the pasture back for a long time to be trodden down too early. All cattle under thirty months old should be vaccinated for black-leg before turning to pasture. If you have never vaccinated, get your county agent to teach you. Take out insurance on live stock, as well as on buildings.

The road drag should be used after each rain. Don't go on the road while too muddy; let it dry out slightly. When properly used, the drag brings a thin layer of earth toward the centre of the road, which is rolled and packed between wet periods. If too much crown is secured by dragging, the angle of the drag should be reversed. Getting the earth roads graded, ditches open, well-drained and properly crowned by dragging, is about all that can be done until the people are ready to surface the earth with gravel, broken stone or some other surfacing material.

forage will supply pasture for from twelve to fifteen mature hogs. The oats come on more rapidly than the rape and are eaten off first. Until the oats begin to head, they furnish pasture which the hogs like. By this time the rape has grown large enough to supply lots of pasture.

Three or four pounds of alsike clover per acre is sometimes seeded with the amounts of oats and rape as given above. The alsike comes on after the rape, supplying late summer and fall forage.

The Silo Song.

Silos short and silos tall,
Silos fat and thin,
Silos big and silos small,
Bring the money in.
If you have a lazy silo,
Start it working right away.
If you have a loafing silo,
Start right now to make it pay.
If you have an ancient silo,
One that tries to rest and shirk,
Fix it up with nails and hammer—
Make it do its share of work.
Let us sing the silo song,
Of silos large and small;
A hustling farmer can't go wrong,
With silos big and tall.
So build the trusty farmers' banks,
That firm and straight they stand,
And you shall have your children's thanks.
When you have left the land.

The man who makes good butter can always find a ready market at a good price, especially if he lets folks know that he has good butter to sell.

Sheep Notes

One of the biggest reasons why people don't eat more mutton is because so many sheep men send ram lambs to market. Meat-eating people would soon discriminate against pork if male pigs were sent to market without being castrated, or if castrated after the pigs matured. And they would discriminate against beef if bulls were sent to market for meat. Who would blame them?

If every sheep raiser would castrate his lambs, more people would eat mutton. Also, the sheep raisers would receive more for their lambs. So, there would be a greater demand, and a better price to the producer; it's as broad as it is long.

Lambs should be castrated when three weeks old; some growers say when ten days old. The operation is simple—merely cut off the lower half-inch of the scrotum and pull out the testicles. Experts say it is not necessary to use disinfectant on the wounds, if fingers and instruments are clean before doing the work.

Dock the lambs at the same time. The best method is to sear off the tails with hot pincers; this method prevents bleeding. Remove the tail about an inch from the body. A sharp knife can also be used for docking.

Poultry

It has been my experience in the poultry business that an early laying pullet, especially one that begins production under six months of age, is worth marking for the breeding pen. To discover these early layers I use the trapnet; then I put a small band around one leg of each pullet. After that, I watch the pullets closely to see if they continue their good work.

Occasionally one fails to keep it up, but more often they all make good layers. Those that lay continuously for a year, or until the next molting season, I mark with a band around the other leg. I find that these birds make the best breeders. Occasionally a pullet that starts producing later than six months of age and keeps up a steady flow of eggs throughout its

Invisible Liens on Farms

Most people investing in farms are cautious enough to employ a competent lawyer to look into the court records and see that there is no encumbrance resting upon the property, such as unpaid taxes, judgments, mortgages and liens of any sort. And even after they are satisfied as to all this, they require a deed in which the seller warrants the title free and clear of all encumbrance.

So far, so good; but there are invisible liens or encumbrances of another character resting upon many farms, and these deserve consideration and forethought from the prospective buyer. Many men search the premises carefully, test the soil, look at the growing crops, examine the buildings minutely, weigh the advantages and disadvantages of being near town, of being on a pike, and of various other items, all good in themselves and worthy of consideration; but these men forget to ask about the neighbors that join on either side, about the spirit of the neighborhood, the educational advantages, the social life and a dozen and one other important things.

Some Houses Harbor Disease. As health is a prime consideration the house should be looked over carefully. Does it stand in a low, unhealthy situation, and is it dark and inconvenient? It is easy to say: "Of course we expect to make some repairs," and to pass the matter over lightly. But most people moving to a new location do not make repairs at once, and there are some defects that can not be remedied.

One family I know moved into a low, damp house. In the cellar there was a spring that could not be controlled, and later the family learned that during the past decade six people had died of tuberculosis in that house. The walls were repapered, it is true, and the few windows were opened wide, but the family could not afford a new house, or felt they could not afford it, because they were already in debt. So they lived in the house and tried in vain to sell the farm and get away. Not until two members of their family had died did they get into a better location. It is well to inquire about the health of the people who want to sell, and to examine the basement more closely than the parlor before buying.

How About the Neighbors? Many people unconsciously buy trouble through moving to a place where adjoining neighbors are greedy and troublesome. A man I know moved to a new location, rejoicing in the bargain he had obtained, only to find that two disagreeable neighbors kept the community constantly in a turmoil. These inconsiderate men turned their stock out to graze, allowed their chickens to range at will in newly planted fields, kept flocks of pigeons to ravage the gardens, quarreled over line fences, and generally disturbed the peace. Of course the new owner had the privilege of going to law and establishing his rights, but going to law is expensive. The former owner had sold out at a really low price to escape the conflict from which he could see no other escape.

pullet year, makes a good breeder, but I have found this to be the exception rather than the rule.

The breeding pen should contain nothing but the best layers, in my opinion, as it is a waste of time and money to breed with poor stock. In order to breed successfully, I am compelled to watch my poultry closely and make use of the trapnet, but I have found that it pays big returns.

Borrowing Money For Drainage.

Often it would be very profitable to borrow money for draining farm land. The question is not so often, "Can a man afford to drain?" but, "Can he afford not to drain?" If he can borrow money at six per cent., or even ten per cent., and get from twenty-five to fifty per cent. per year, the loan can be paid back in a few years. It is the opinion of one authority who has been giving a great deal of attention to tile drainage, that tile drains ordinarily pay for themselves in two years.

Men with money to lend will not hesitate to lend for purposes of farm improvement when it is assured that the increase in commercial value of the property will be much greater than the amount of the loan, and that the increase of income will be sufficient to repay the loan and interest in two or three years. But one highly important factor in assuring profitable returns upon any farm investment is the borrower's ability as a farmer. His land may be fertile or lacking only in some element that is cheaply supplied; its productiveness may be very greatly impaired by excess of moisture, and drainage may be obtainable at a comparatively low cost; yet men will not readily trust their money to a man who is lacking in industry, carelessness of machinery, stock and other equipment, or wasteful of his income.

The trouble with a good many men who run for office is that they can not run fast enough.

Of 20,115 persons listed in the latest edition of "Who's Who," 14,060, or 74.5 per cent., had college education; 3,644, or 16.5 per cent., had secondary school education, and 1,811, or nine per cent., had a common school education.

In these days of scarcity of labor, farmers must co-operate and be helpful at threshing time, sheding time, and on other occasions, for with people pulling apart there is no advantage. In many neighborhoods it is not uncommon for three or four threshing rigs to work on the same day, all of them short handed and all working at a disadvantage, simply because neighbors can not agree. There are some men with whom it is simply impossible to join fences without constant friction. So it is well to look into these matters before investing. Be sure of one thing—if a man has good neighbors with whom it is easy to live in harmony he will mention the fact in trying to make a sale.

Then there is the social status of the community that must not be ignored. To move into a neighborhood with low moral standards, no desire for education, disregard for church life, nothing higher than money-making for an ideal, and an ignorance of the sweet, pleasant social life that makes toil enjoyable is to move into trouble.

A woman who was bemoaning the marriage of her only daughter with a low, uneducated fellow, said truly that if they had lived in a community where the aims were higher and the social life uplifting the daughter would never have been lured into a runaway match with a handsome unprincipled man. At school and at all the few social gatherings of the community rough jests and uncouth talk prevailed. All the money the father was able to lay by for his daughter could never make her life anything but a failure, for she had bound herself to the standards of that community. It is both foolish and useless to imagine that children can associate with unworthy boys and girls day after day in school and meet them elsewhere without danger of contamination.

Community Must Be on the Up Grade. Last, but not least, the neighborhood in which any progressive farmer lives should be one that is on the up grade as regards crops, soil improvement, drainage, high grade stock and all things pertaining to improved agriculture. To be the only man in the community trying to breed better live stock, trying to get better roads and better drainage, means that life will not be easy.

The people who ridicule book farming, scientific methods with live stock, the help that the government freely gives to those who want help, and all the other advanced knowledge of crops and animals, are certainly not helpful neighbors. They may be kindly and peaceful, but they are of no force in improving conditions and in interesting young people so that they will not go off to the city.

It takes energy and muscle to farm, but it takes head work as well; and a farm located in a community of farmers anxious to make more money and to improve conditions is a valuable asset. In short, it pays to buy clear of all encumbrances, visible and invisible, if the new owner wants to succeed.

The Welfare of the Home

Reforms That Are Needed.

By Ida M. Alexander, M.D.

Men have met their group needs by framing and passing laws to give them the rights they feel they need. They are continually improving and adding to these laws. They see the man-needs of the world better than they see the woman-needs of the world and we have suffered because of this. But now that we are to vote we can have laws passed that will give to women the rights they need most. Do we know what we need?

Perhaps if I tell you of some of the problems that a doctor meets in her everyday work, you will see that many reforms are needed. One young girl remarked that she thought the barriers of silence as to the laws of life should be removed. She is quite right. Another girl said: "A man offered me a ride home in his automobile and while I was wondering what to do, an elderly woman came along and told me not to go because I would get diseased. What did she mean, and how would I get diseased from that?"

If any mother reads this article who has a daughter old enough to ask the question, "Where did I come from?" and does not answer to her sex, the truth, then she is a traitor to her sex. If you don't "know how" to tell her these things, I will be glad to tell you how to tell her. But you are the right one to do this.

And the most tragic of all questions, is the one which comes from the mother of a large family. All the romance of the world is as the ashes of a piece of burned paper when I read this. The grim realities show the face of fear, suffering and tragedy.

Planting Nursery Stock

When the ground has been properly prepared and the planting stock has been carefully handled it is not a very difficult task to do the actual planting. Late afternoon or a cloudy day is the best time for it. This gives the best opportunity to keep the roots from drying out and to allow the plant to recover from the operation before it is exposed to the heat of the sun.

Dig a hole large enough to accommodate all the roots without crowding. Spreading the roots in this way gives the plant a better chance to collect food and water. Take a single plant from the bucket, being careful not to pull the roots of the other plants up out of the water with it, and place it immediately in the hole. Hold the plant with one hand so that the ground line will come at about the same place that it did before the plant was dug up. With the other hand sift in some fine dirt, rather sparingly at first, and see to it that it is well distributed and pushed firmly around the roots. No hollows nor openings should be left. When the hole is about half filled, pack the dirt down firmly with the knuckles. The rest of the dirt may be scraped in with the spade and tramped down with the foot. It is a good practice to put the top soil in the bottom of the hole and fill in with other dirt. This makes the richer soil immediately available for the roots and gives the deeper soil a chance to mellow on the surface.

In the case of ornamental trees and shrubs, where water is convenient and the plants not too numerous, it is a good thing to soak the ground around the plant thoroughly immediately after planting. This settles the earth, brings it in closer contact with the roots and helps to replace immediately the water which the plant lost while out of the ground. In the case of a windbreak or grove, such watering is not practical. It is cheaper to let the trees take their chances without it, and then replace the failures the next year.

Such careful practice as the above is entirely necessary with evergreens if reasonable success is expected. It

"I just can't have any more children," writes this good woman, "I have seven now and I am only thirty-five years old. It is all I can manage to do for those I have and keep them clothed and fed these days of high prices. Can't you . . ." and then comes the inevitable question! Men have passed laws to punish those who interfere with the birth of children, but they never touch the cause, and women have been ground between the upper millstone of the law of man and the nether millstone of the law of God which implants in us all that desire whose highest expression should be the child.

There is no sentence that men have thrown into our faces quite so often as: "Woman's place is in the home." We would not resent it quite so much did we not know that the very man who makes this remark oftenest, expects his daughter to work out on the farm to save the cost of a hired man. When she goes out into the field, he does not remind her that her place is in the kitchen with her mother. The city man whose daughter gets a job, is not reminded by her father that her place is in the home, because the home needs the money she can earn to help keep their home a place of comfort.

Let us think out all these matters, and many others that need attention, and work out a remedy; and let us see to it that we use our ballot to obtain for the women of Canada the legislation that fits their special needs. The Canadian mother is the biggest factor in the making of a vigorous, noble, God-fearing Canadian nation.

is not essential with broadleaf shrubbery and hardwood trees, but they are more thrifty when such care is taken. If the plants are too large to handle in this way, cover the roots with some wet sack. They may be able to stand considerable exposure and live, but it does not help them any, and every effort should be made to keep them from drying out any more than is necessary.

Shrubby must be spaced according to the size of the plants and no definite rule can be given for it. By the size of the plant is meant the size at maturity and not the size of the planting stock. Trees along a roadway or street should never be planted closer than forty feet, and in most cases fifty feet is better. No tree, except a dwarf pine, should be planted closer than twenty feet to the house, and specimen trees should be given a space at least thirty feet square. Where groups of evergreens are wanted the trees may be spaced as close as six or eight feet. All trees for groves or windbreaks may be best arranged four feet apart in rows eight feet apart.

A Durable Whitewash.

Slake one-half bushel fresh lime with boiling water, covering it to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve, and add seven pounds of fine salt, previously dissolved in warm water; three pounds ground rice, boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot; one-half pound bolted gilder's whiting; one pound white glue, which first soak in cold water until swollen up, then melt over a fire, avoiding burning it. Add five gallons hot water to the mixture, stir well, and let stand a few days covered up. When ready to use the wash, make it boiling hot. A pint of this mixture will cover nearly a square yard.

A farm without a business record is like a ship without a rudder. The man who does not keep records is not in a position to plug up the leaks nor to take advantage of the opportunities to enlarge his business in the most profitable way.



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The AUTOMOBILE

Important Hints for New Owners.

There are many owners who frequently are heard to say that they never bother with their cars at all, that the cars keep running and therefore they don't intend to do any work on them. Owners of this sort usually find themselves after two or three years with a car so badly worn that it is hardly worth while going to the expense of replacing parts. It would be just as cheap to junk the car and get a new one. Even the owner who actually does no work, but who has the garage do it, should at least know the important things that need periodic doing.

Most important of these is lubrication. Every owner should know when to lubricate various moving parts and the kind of lubricant to use. A time may come when it is necessary for the owner to do some lubricating himself and it is easier to learn how as you go along than it is to attempt to learn it all at once. It means that the lubricating chart in the instruction book should be practically memorized—that is, the various parts should be located and a mental note made of the kind of lubricant it is to get and how often it should receive it.

While lubrication is perhaps the most important matter for the new owner to know, it is not by any means the only one. Take for example the simple process of adjusting the fan belt. How many owners are familiar with the fan adjustment and how many realize the utter helplessness of an owner who finds himself on the road with a steaming hot engine due to a loose belt. The adjustment in nearly every instance is so simple that a boy can do the work. Usually it means simply the loosening of a nut and the shifting of the upper fan pulley. But if you don't know how to do that you will probably call a garage man if the engine is a persistent overheater.

Does the owner realize that the interrupter points of the magneto or the battery distributor can be adjusted in a few minutes and that improper adjustment of these parts, dirt on the point, uneven points, may cause engine stoppage? Some owners do not bother to know where the interrupter points are. Adjustment usually means loosening a small nut which controls one of the points. That is only one of the interrupter points is movable and it is held tightly in place by that nut. It requires a small wrench to make this adjustment and the wise owner always will have such a wrench in his possession. The points when fully separated should measure about 1-32 of an inch between them. If they are too close or too far apart the break will come at the wrong time and misfiring and backfiring will result.

Spark plug gaps may need to be adjusted and cleaned. An owner who never has seen the end of a spark plug or does not know the first thing about the function of the plug will not be able to do this. Plug gaps if too narrow will cause a weak spark

to be produced. If the gap is too wide no spark at all will jump across the electrodes. Misfiring on the road may be due to just such a cause. In the ordinary plug the adjustment is made by bending the ground electrode.

An owner driving in hilly country or in sections where the clutch is required to do a lot of work should know that it is quite possible to burn out a clutch altogether in a few miles of rough going. If the owner does not know how to lubricate the clutch, adjust it, clean the rubbing surfaces, or treat them to reduce slippage, he may have to remain on the road and wait for a car to tow him to a garage.

The very important matter of brake adjustment should be one of the first things an owner should learn about. How would you like to get no response from the brake pedal or lever just as you see a long steep grade ahead of you? Brakes may be adjusted at several places, at the band, sometimes on the operating rod, or at the pedal. The adjustment calls for a shortening of a lever or a rod, that is, its effective length is reduced. Turning of a wing nut or an ordinary nut at the brake band may be all that is necessary to get responsive brake action. Some owners have cars with one brake on the propeller shaft, which means the floor boards must be lifted to make the adjustment. The turning of a forked member after it is loosened, or the simple nut adjustment may be all that is needed to make that brake hold.

On many cars a pump is used for cooling and it is quite possible that the engine may go dry because one of the packing nuts or glands has come loose. This nut is packed with rope or special packing. The owner should know first that rope can be used, that any stuffing such as cloth or waste can be used in emergency, and secondly, that the nut must not be turned up too tightly. It must be turned up just far enough to stop the leak, and usually no wrench is needed to turn it that far. I have seen owners apply a wrench and turn until the nut was split open.

Gasoline leaks, the gasoline feed system, the electrical system, are other points that the owner should know something about. Suppose a battery connection were loose or broken, thus stopping the engine. Under such circumstances you would have no lights nor the use of the starter, and if it happened on a dark night on a country road and you did not know how to correct it, you would be helpless. Yet making a battery connection or tightening a cable is as easy as tying two pieces of string together. But the owner must know also that cable ends must be clean.

Such matters as these are not to be learned when trouble occurs, but before that trouble comes up. Your instruction book is a handy piece of literature and it should be read over carefully. The answer is: Learn and understand what keeps the car going, and attend to the vital parts if to nothing else.

A Labrador Detective.

Interesting detective methods were once employed to catch a thief who had been killing deer that belonged to Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell's herd in Labrador. The thief's work was so skillful, Dr. Grenfell says in his autobiography, that even though it was done under the noses of the herders, there was no evidence to convict the guilty man. It happened, however, that while one of the herders was eating a piece of venison that the thief had not been able to carry off, his teeth met on a well-formed .22 calibre rifle bullet. Only three men on our coast had rifles of this type, and the police seized all three guns.

A piece of meat was now placed at a reasonable distance, also some bags of snow, flour, and so forth; and a number of bullets were fired into them. These bullets were then all privately marked and shuffled up. After making our own deductions, we arrested a man who lived twenty miles away. He brought witnesses and friends, apparently to impress the court, one of whom vehemently protested that he knew the owner of the rifle and that

he was never out of the house at the time the deer must have been killed. In court was a man who for twenty-seven years had been agent in Labrador for the Hudson's Bay Company. He was called up, given the big pile of bullets and told to try by the groove marks from which of the three rifles each had been fired. We then handed him the control bullet, and he put it instantly on one of the piles.

It was the pile that had been fired from the rifle of the accused. In testifying to clear himself, the suspected man said that his rifle had not been kept in his house but in the house of the vociferous witness, whom we now arrested, convicted and condemned to pay two hundred dollars' fine or go to jail for six months. Protesting loudly, he went to jail.

He did not enjoy repairing roads for our benefit, while those "who were just as bad as he" went free, and our jailer told him that the others were laughing at him for being caught; so a few days later he gave the whole plot away. On the strength of his testimony, four of his friends were also convicted.

COOKING WATER

By C. A. Stephens.

As Mr. Wright, the teacher at our district school in Maine, sat at his desk, setting copies in the writing books, one of the large boys in the back seat where Rufus Cummings sat threw a red-oak acorn. It hit the master squarely on the top of his head. Naturally Mr. Wright was angry, and, thinking that he had caught a glimpse of Rufus's arm in motion, he called him out.

"Give me your hand," he said, and, taking up his ruler, he began to fustle him so severely that Rufus finally jerked his hand away.

Thereupon Mr. Wright seized Rufus by the collar, but in the scuffle that followed the master slipped, fell and struck his forehead against the stove. The bad bruise and burn that he got laid him up and closed the school for a week. The boy who had thrown the acorn was too much of a sneak to own up.

On recovering, Mr. Wright summoned the school committee and had Rufus Cummings expelled from school. And that was not all. When Rufus brought his books home that night his stepfather, a stern, harsh man, gave him a severe horsewhipping. As a result of it all, Rufus ran away from home the following evening. Of course he ought not to have done so, but many things had been leading up to it, and he had not had fair play. Two days later he was seen in Portland, and all that we could find out about him was that he had shipped as a sailor on a bark, lumber laden, bound round Cape Horn for Valparaiso.

That was twenty-five years ago. When one day a year or two ago I saw the name of Rufus Galen Cummings mentioned in a Melbourne, Australia, newspaper, as a candidate for a high office at Perth, it occurred to me that since Galen is an unusual name the man might possibly be our long-lost Rufus; and on chance I wrote a letter to this Rufus Cummings.

Three months passed, and then in reply to my letter I received a long and intensely interesting narrative. For sure enough it was our long-silent Rufus; and he had recently been elected to the office for which I had seen his name proposed.

He began by telling me how glad he was to hear from his old Maine home. He had never written, because he felt that he left Maine under a cloud, and he doubted that anyone cared to hear from him. From Valparaiso he had gone on a whaler to the Australian whaling grounds. It happened that the vessel put in at the mouth of the Swan River, near Perth, for water and fresh food at the time of the gold rush to the Coolgardie region in the desert. Almost all the sailors on the whaler deserted; and at last the captain laid his vessel up and joined the gold seekers himself.

Rufus, now in his eighteenth year, set off with others. On the way he fell in with a prospector named Bassett, an Englishman, who gave Rufus his meals in return for the boy's leading the two camels that carried Bassett's mining outfit.

Since the only water in the desert was that of shallow salt or alkaline lakes, which had to be distilled before it could be used, a part of the outfit consisted of a large sheet-iron furnace and caldron for condensing water, with a coil of copper pipes, a cooling pan and a tank.

It was in January, which is a summer month in that southern part of the world, and the temperature usually rose very high by noon; yet so chilling was the desert wind at night that the men had to burrow into the sand to keep warm. On the fourth day out Bassett set up his condenser on the shore of a salt lake where a grove of old dead gum trees offered fuel for the furnace; during that night he and Rufus distilled thirty gallons of water, most of which the camels drank.

Attracted by the sight of the furnace fire, other gold seekers with thirsty animals came to Bassett's camp and offered him sixpence a quart, and even a shilling a quart, for water. The trade proved so profitable that Bassett decided to remain at the lake for a few days, distilling water and selling it to those who had not brought along condensers. It was Rufus's job to cut fuel for the furnace from the dead gum trees and to break a path

through the dried, white, crusted mud of the lake shore for two hundred yards or more out of the shallow salt water, which he fetched in buckets for the caldron. Hard, hot work he found it under that broiling sun.

During the second day that they cooked water, as they called it, a tragedy occurred that left Rufus alone at the salt lake. At nightfall three prospectors with a camel reached the lake and, coming to Bassett's camp, begged for water. Bassett offered them water at a shilling a quart, but they loudly declared that the price was excessive. While they were angrily disputing, the thirsty camel thrust its head into the tank and began to drink.

Bassett ordered them to take the beast away; and when the prospectors refused to do so, Bassett, who was a harsh, passionate man, rushed to the tent and, snatching up his carbine, shot the camel dead. A fight ensued, in the course of which one of the prospectors dealt Bassett a heavy blow over the head with a pick. When Rufus, who had been out at the lake, came up, Bassett lay there, dead.

The three strangers coolly appropriated both of Bassett's camels in place of the one he had shot, and as they proceeded on their way one of them intimated to Rufus that, if he valued his life, he had better say nothing of what had happened.

While Rufus stood there, bewildered and not a little terrified four young Englishmen on their way to the mines with brumby ponies and an outfit came round the lake shore and asked for water. When they saw what had occurred, they asked Rufus to describe Bassett's murderer, made note of the facts and told the boy that, if they could, they would certainly see that the men were brought to justice.

While Rufus was kindling the fire to condense more water, the four newcomers, who were prospectors of the better class, buried Bassett in the white-crusted mud, and one of them read the service over the grave. They also buried the camel. When Rufus had distilled enough water for their ponies they measured it out correctly and gave him sixpence a quart for it.

"You better go on cooking water," one of them said to him at parting. "Water is the thing we need most here."

The dead gum trees made excellent dry fuel, and thirty of the old dead trees, some of them almost six feet in diameter, stood along the lake shore. But they were hard to cut; and parties of prospectors, demanding water, came up so frequently that Rufus had to work almost night and day and catch a nap when he could. As a rule, the gold seekers cheerfully paid the price that the young Englishmen had set.

On several occasions some of the travellers of the rougher sort, guessing that Rufus had saved money, tried to rob him and ransacked his tent. But Rufus had hidden his growing hoard of sixpences and shillings beneath the root of one of the old gum trees, at a distance from the tent, and in a large hole in the old tree stub he kept Bassett's carbine. When he suspected foul play, he ran thither and stood the would-be robbers off. Once out of spite some rough fellows kicked the condensing apparatus about and temporarily disabled it; but the next party that came along helped him put it to rights.

When the supplies that Bassett had brought from Perth had given out, Rufus supplied his needs by exchanging water for canned meats, hard biscuit, coffee and sugar, with parties on the way to the mines.

Rufus was at the salt lake in the desert for thirty-two months. They called the place Curnalpy, and as time passed it came to be known all the way up the country from Perth as the camp where water could be obtained. Very often the demand for water was greater than Rufus could supply, and it was always a hard task to clean the daily accumulations of salt and alkali from the caldron and pipes. At last he laid a pipe out over the salt flats to the lake and pumped water to the caldron, instead of carrying it in buckets.

The really hard work was cutting and fetching wood for the fire. It seems almost incredible, but Rufus asserts that during the time he was cooking water he cut more than a hundred and fifty cords of that hard, dry gumwood, a stiff task for a young fellow, even though he was accustomed from boyhood to playing an axe.

He estimates that during the thirty-two months he must have distilled altogether at least twenty thousand gal-

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

Interruptions.

I HAVE a hundred tasks in mind, a hundred useful chores; I have the eight-day clock to wind, the cat to chase outdoors. I'm planting rhubarb, that our ples you'll praise in glowing terms; and soon I'll have to await the flies, and boil uncounted germs. And so it makes me tired and sad when some one takes my time, to boost some patent liver pad that retails for a dime. Oh, when the agent comes along (you know how 'tis yourselves!) and springs his old accustomed song concerning six-foot shelves, and when I see him from his grip his large prospectus draw, the cup of sorrow then I sip—there ought to be a law. For I have many things to do; I have to fix my lyre, and patch up the defective flue that spoils the kitchen fire. I have to prime the cistern pump, and make the mower run; however briskly I may hump, I never will get done. And so it makes me tired and sick when I am asked to pause, and listen to some windy hick—there ought to be nine laws!

lons of water, for which he had received more than two thousand pounds in English money, which he had sent to Perth for deposit.

As one tragedy had left Rufus alone in the desert, another tragedy was the immediate cause of his leaving Curnalpy. A Scotchman named McRae, on his way back to Perth from the mines, came to the place one night, accompanied by two blacks leading four well-laden brumbees. McRae wanted water and camped near the condenser; Rufus noticed that he was well armed and that he appeared watchful.

Late in the night Rufus was awakened by a shot, followed by two or three more, then shouts and groans. He sprang up, but on emerging from his tent he himself was fired on twice. As he ran for the hollow gum tree, where he kept his carbine, several other shots were fired and he heard the blacks calling out to each other. The outcries continued for some time.

It was dark, and Rufus judged it safer not to leave his post by his hidden hoard or to mix in a quarrel of which he knew nothing. At daybreak, when all seemed quiet at the camp, he went back. There, to his horror, he found McRae and another white man of rough appearance lying dead; the blacks had apparently fled in alarm. From what came out later, it seems that a miner, who had had a quarrel with McRae at the mines, had followed him and attacked him. But McRae, though mortally wounded, had been able to shoot his assailant.

Rufus thus found himself there alone with the bodies of two dead men; and that afternoon he buried them.

In McRae's saddlebags Rufus found two buckskin sacks that contained a large amount of loose gold. The Scotchman had evidently done well at the diggings and was on his way home. Rufus judged that the two sacks weighed fully sixty pounds, and he was at a loss to know what to do with them, for he feared that other enemies of the dead man might appear. At last he buried the sacks in the dried mud and passed the nights at his refuge in the old gum. But the responsibility of taking care of all that gold weighed on him. He dared not mention it to the miners who were coming and going; yet he felt that McRae's heirs ought to have it and be informed of his fate; and so, as his supply of gumwood for fuel was running short, he resolved to return to Perth and to take the gold with him. He loaded up McRae's brumbees with the pack saddles and what water they could carry and started. The old condenser he abandoned.

On the day after his arrival at Perth Rufus went at once to the government building to tell his story to the governor of the colony of Western Australia. He obtained an audience and after describing the circumstances of McRae's death asked assistance in finding the dead man's heirs and in having justice done.

The governor at once had the gold weighed and rated; the proceeds, more than three thousand pounds, were deposited in one of the banks, pending a legal disposition of it, which was at last made in behalf of McRae's aged parents and two sisters in Scotland.

The governor was a man of re-

served speech and manner, but after the business had been transacted he said, "Mr. Cummings, you were, you tell me, quite alone there the day after these homicides had occurred?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rufus. "There were no witnesses, not even the blacks!"

"No, sir." "Did it not occur to you that you might keep that gold yourself and no one be the wiser for it?"

"I may have thought of that," replied Rufus, reddening a little. "But it would not be just my way of doing things."

The official regarded him for a moment in silence.

"I hope you will become a resident of Perth," he said at length to Rufus. "We need just such young men as you are here in this community."

A few months later Rufus purchased a schooner with the money he had saved and embarked in the lumber business between Perth and the mouth of the Fitroy River, farther up the west coast of Australia. Some years elapsed, and then one day the governor sent a messenger to request Rufus to call at the colonial office. Rufus at once presented himself, and the governor greeted him cordially.

"Mr. Cummings," he said, "I have taken the liberty of naming you to the council for an important fiscal office that is now vacant. I hope very much that you will take it."

Naturally Rufus felt greatly flattered at this proof of esteem on the part of the government. "But I might have trouble, sir, in procuring bondsmen for such an office," he replied. "I am an American-born and have no influential connections here."

"That need not disturb you," replied the governor. "I will be one of your bondsmen myself. I have not at all forgotten your conduct in that matter of McRae's gold."

Two weeks later Rufus was confirmed as an official of Western Australia. It was the beginning of his official career in that distant quarter of the world; and there is in the story of his success, I think, a good, wholesome lesson for every boy who reads this paper.

(The End.)

Bride's Orange Blossoms.

Various theories have been given regarding the use of orange blossoms as bridal ornaments. The custom is supposed to have been brought to Europe by the crusaders from the East, the Saracen brides being accustomed to wear orange wreaths at their marriage. To this objection was raised that although the orange tree was brought to England as early as 1290, it was long before there was any real cultivation of it even in greenhouses.

A second theory is that orange blossoms came to be worn by brides on their marriage because they were not only scented, but also were rare and costly and so within the reach of only the noble and rich, that indicating the bride to be of high rank. A third is that orange bridal wreaths had their origin in Spain, where oranges have been cultivated for centuries. Thence the fashion passed to France, and by means of French millinery was spread to other lands.

"REG'LAR FELLERS"—By Gene Byrnes



The Watchman AND Ottawa Valley Advocate

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1920.

The Watchman will be published every Friday.

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J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.

5c a line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

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En Passant.

Cum Grano Sals. I THINK that last week I must have spoken too soon about the dearth of fishing stories, for almost simultaneously with the publication of the Watchman I began to hear piscatorial reminiscences, new, old, and middle-aged. Some of them seemed to reach back to the period of that ancient fisherman, Noah, but they were attired in modern garb, so I took them, and others, according to my usual custom, with a grain of salt, which is a useful dressing for "fresh fish" stories.

I believe all I hear, in the way of fish stories, up to a certain point, when I know the raconteurs. They may not all be final descendants of George Washington, but they are reliable persons, who would not exaggerate anything. Their active veracity holds them in check, and they know me well enough not to attempt pulling my leg. I say, up to a certain point, and when that point is reached, something, metaphorically speaking, gives way. I either lose a hook, or run out of bait, or—somebody coughs, to prevent the possibility of a super-tax upon my credulity. You know the "cough" story.—An "And Kirk" minister, who had all a fisherman's talent for stretching longitudinal dimensions, would sometimes, when discoursing upon Jonah and the Whale, be carried away by the size of the fish. Tammas, the leader of peashoddy, and general factotum, made remonstrance, and it was agreed between them that when the minister began to unduly expand the whale Tammas was to cough, as a signal of limitation. The next time Jonah's whale came up, the minister padded it and pulled it out until it would have had difficulty in turning itself round in Loch Long, or the Bay of Biscay.

"It was a thousand yairds long," said he: (cough, from Tammas.) "Did I say yairds? I mean feet: It was a thousand feet long." (Cough, cough.) The minister was vexed, and leaning over the edge of the pulpit he said firmly, "I say that whale was a thousand feet long, an' I'll no tak an inch aff it if you cough your head aff, you Doubtin' Tammas, you!"

A VALUED FRIEND told me a perch story. It began through a quotation from Isaac Walton concerning the VORACITY (not "veracity," Mr. Printer, please,) of perch in general. He was fishing one day, and happening to pull out his line with a jerk, he found that he had hooked an eye out of a perch. Leaving the eye on the hook he again dropped his line and to his surprise hooked the one-eyed perch! It had snapped at its own eye upon the hook! Now, that story is true, and as a proof of my believing it, I repeated it to a mutual friend. "That's so," said he. "That's fact." Then he went on:—"But our good friend omitted to tell you that he returned the one-eyed fish to the water. He threw it back, and some time after, I was fishing near the same place, myself, and believe me or believe me not, I caught that very fish, all nicely fixed up (cough, cough,) with a glass eye!"

A RETURNED SOLDIER was present at the time, and he quickly remarked, "Quite likely, quite likely: I tell you some fish know a thing or two.—I was fishing one day in Blighly, on a lower reach of the Thames, fishing for pike, but they were not biting very well that day, so I thought I would have a smoke. In searching my pockets for a light I pulled out a handful of junk, soldiers' junk you know, money and all sorts together, and had the misfortune to drop a half-sovereign into the water.

In an instant a great pike grabbed it and, pushed off, so I quit for the day, for my luck was sure out. Next afternoon I went piking again, but took the lock higher up the river, and much to my surprise and delight hooked a big fellow almost straight off. I got him out after a struggle, and as he seemed to have a funny rattle I opened him up and found nine shillings and sixpence in silver inside him! The lock charge is sixpence. Good night." And the door closed after that Soldier boy with a click.

"SPEAKING OF CATCHES in Blighly," said another War Veteran, I went fishing one day, but got nothing at all: not a bite even, but I'm a poor hand at it anything. I hated to go back empty handed to a friend's house where I was staying, so I bought two, grayling, I think you call them, and let on that I was pretty proud of my catch. I bought two fish as I have told you. I know there were two because I tied them up myself, but when my pal opened the parcel there were three! two graylings, and one smelt! Good night. Good night." And he, too, departed hurriedly.

THAT REMINDED ME of an experience of my own, at Binton. Anybody here know Binton? Great eels at Binton! I caught one. How big? A couple of feet if it was an inch. I unhooked him, laid him down on the grass, and eagerly fixed on a new worm and dropped my line in again. I wasn't in the water a second, when I caught another, a twin brother of the other. Oh but I was excited; I thought I had struck a fish mine. In an instant I had him off the hook, dropped him on the grass, stuck a new worm on the hook, and back into the water went my line. Well, it happened again. I got a third one, the born image of the other two. I immediately began to have visions of a car load, but it was hot work, so I stopped to compare this last fellow with the other two, when I noticed the tiny twinkle of a tail as my eel slid down a hole in the bank and went back into the water. It was the same eel all the time! I had caught him three times, feeding him on my best worms. I tried him again but he saw that I was wise to his trick, or perhaps the exercise was too strenuous for him anyway he abandoned the circuit, and I saw him no more.

ANOTHER TIME I went fishing with a bachelor friend, one Saturday afternoon. That is, we started out to fish, but it came on to rain and we went to see a dog and Poultry Show instead.

My friend seemed worried part of the time and then he told me what was the matter. It seems that he had boastfully promised his sister, who kept house for him, a fine basket of eels, in his return. Being a man of resource he hid him to a fishmonger and bought a dozen beauties, to be sent home to his house in Harbourn, (Anybody here from Harbourn?) leaving his basket and rod to be sent with the fish, then we continued to see the sights.

Towards evening he took me with him to supper, and during the meal he referred in an off-hand way to the eels. "They are a beautiful basket of eels," said his sister, and a heavy load rolled off my friend's mind.

After supper, and a chat and a smoke, my friend jumped up, took off his coat, and began rolling up his sleeves.

"What are you going to do, Josh?" asked the lady of the house.

"Oh, I'm going into the kitchen to skin those eels, was the reply.

"Oh that all right Josh," said the sister, smiling indulgently, "You caught them skinned!"

LINKSMAN.

"He is not here, but has risen."

They are not here, they are risen
The ones we loved so well,
And though we see not their faces
On memories we shall dwell.
Why should we mourn and weep then
As though we had no hope?
When we have the blessed assurance
That their lives have a wider scope.
In the fulness of God's presence
They joy for evermore
The know not want, or sorrow.
The Lord their God they adore.
And the parting is but transient,
We shall meet them soon again,
Where there is no regretting,
No sin no care, no pain.
Let us lay aside the burden
Of heavy loss and grief,
And cheerfully take up each duty
Thus proving our belief
In the words of our risen Master
That the comforter Divine
Should pour into our wounded spirits
The promised oil and wine.

Be still my child, nor foam nor fret,
At life's rough path, its storm and street.
Hold thou to me, I never fail
Against my will none can prevail
Be still! be still! be still! I am
thy God.

Does sorrow whelm or want or care
I am thy God, thy burdens share
Trust thou my word, my promise true

Immanuel, the God with you
Be still! be still! be still! I am
thy God.
Soon shall the shade of night be passed
And Heaven's brightness dawn at last
Naked in my likeness thou shalt be
At home,—at rest,—at peace,—with me.
Be still! be still! be still! I am
thy God.
K. S. M.

DALESVILLE

Mr. A. Campbell motored to Montreal recently.

Miss Elsie Gauley visited Mrs. Jno. Dixon recently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McQuat visited Mrs. A. Campbell on Saturday last.

Mr. Garnet Lyster is spending a week's holidays with friends in Thomas' Gore.

Miss Jessie Silversen has closed her school at Ogdensburg and is spending her vacation here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Burk and grandchildren Emma and Allie Brown are visiting friends in Montreal.

The (Annie Murry) Mission Band of Dalesville held their annual concert on Friday evening last. A number of songs and exercises were successfully rendered by the members of the band. Lantern pictures were shown and "Rock of Ages" was rendered by pantomime. The amount of \$15.17 was realized.

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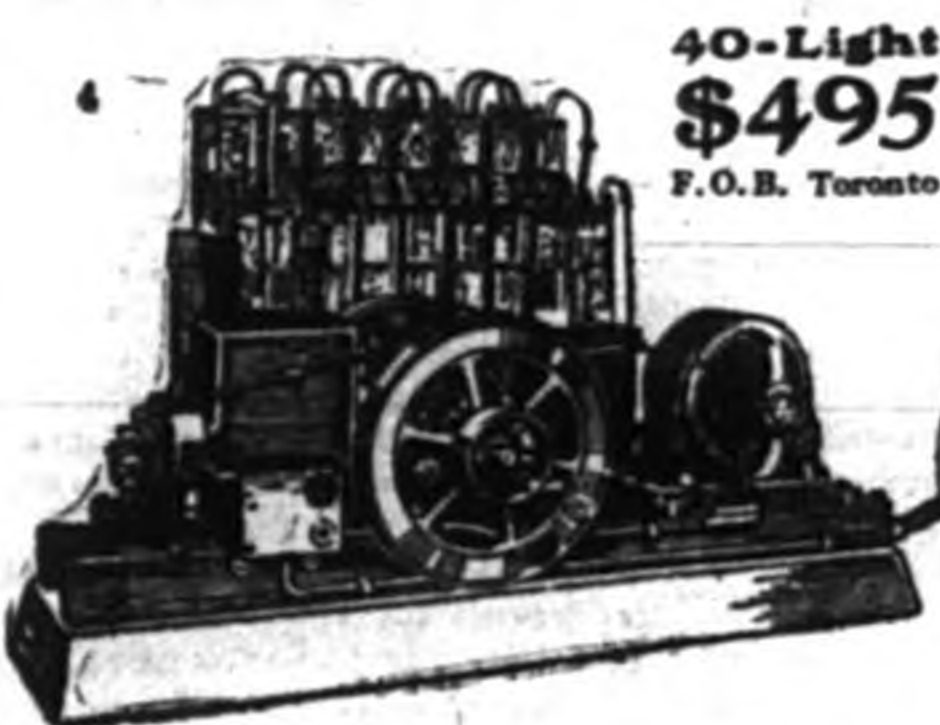
The engine can be belted direct to your cream separator, churn, pump, washing machine, and any other light machinery, thereby reducing the drudgery of many irksome jobs.

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A few cents worth of kerosene and oil a day will run the "F" year in and year out. Sturdily built, simple to operate, and the biggest time and labor saver on the farm.

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Princess Theatre, Brownsburg, P. Goyette, Prop.

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AUCTION SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of the late
CHARLES McLEAN,
 SCOTCH ROAD, about Eight Miles From Grenville Village

Tuesday, June 15th, 1920

The following effects:—One team of work horses, 4 cows, 25 hens, 1 express, 1 lumber wagon, some sleighs, mowing machine, horse rake, 1 carpenter's tool chest, 1 grindstone, 1 Daisy churn, 1 cream separator, 1 sewing machine, 2 stoves, double and single harness, some household furniture, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 12 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 5 per cent off for cash.

AUCTION SALE

I have received instructions from the executors of the estate of the late

E. C. MOUNT

Half mile down the La Baie Road from C. T. Wales' Store

St. Andrews East,

To sell the furnishings of the entire house, all high class furniture.

Saturday, June 12th, 1920.

DINING ROOM.

Buffet, sideboard, 6 leather bottom chairs, table, rocker (all in oak), pictures, curtains and all the dining room dishes, silver knives forks and spoons.

LIVING ROOM.

Furnished complete, tables, lounge, chairs, etc., (all in fumed oak.)

KITCHEN.

Garny range (coal or wood) with tank, tables, chairs, 2 porce-lain drip-board and towel racks, all kitchen utensils 3 verandah wicker chairs and sette. Den fixtures complete, 4 bed room sets, brass beds and bedding, 2 extra ext. dining tables, small tables, wash stands, extra fine refrigerator, cream separator, ham-mock, toboggan, 3 pair snow-shoes, miner's quilt, filter, hunting bag, boat and oars, electric heater and toaster, ironing table, porcelain fixtures for bath and kitchen, 12 yds. carpet, mission clock, camp beds, new wringer, 3 coolie cans, milk cans, watering cans, lawn mower, chest of tools, brass fire screen, 2 barrel chnms, fying cabinet, gramophone, large and small mirrors, linen closet, and linen beaver board, ladders etc.

Sale to commence at 12:30 sharp standard Time.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 8 months credit will be given by furnishing approved joint notes. 5 per cent off for cash, or 5 per cent on for credit.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

Stallions for Service.

Messrs. J. E. Arnold & Son have selected a beautiful big black Percheron weighing 2250 to place at the head of their stud, although there has been tempting offers made for the purchase of this animal, they have refused to sell and as usual have kept their very best for Argenteuil. He is a coal black, small star, and although a horse of exceptional scale is as neat and smoothly built as a poney, absolutely sound and right in every way, and the service fee to insure is only \$12.00 less than half what he stood for in the State of Illinois. We have also a number of other blacks and grays of high quality, also the Champion Belgium four years old. These will all stand for service at the Proprietors Barns, Grenville for the season of 1920.



MANY of your neighbors are using De Laval Cream Separators.

Why not make a few inquiries and find out how they like their machines?

You'll find that the De Laval is giving them more cream and better cream; that it is easiest to turn, to clean and to care for; very seldom gets out of order and never seems to wear out.

Your neighbors will back up what we have been telling you about the De Laval.

You can buy a De Laval on easy terms. Come in, examine the machine and talk it over

Sooner or later you will buy a

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Buy your Spring Footwear Now!

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We are ready to supply the Farmers with the Best Working Boot made in Canada.

We invite you to call and see our Great Stock of Boots. Having bought in large quantities before the last rise in price I am in a position to offer you some great values.

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Ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys, Gent's Furnishing Shirts, Raincoats, Underwear, Socks, Gloves, Etc.

Suits Made to Order.

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PERFECTION MILKER

Absolutely the simplest and most efficient milking machine on the market.

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Distributors for the County of Argenteuil.

Argenteuil Boy No. 21716.

Argenteuil Boy is a Canadian Bred Registered Clydesdale Stallion, three years old, and has proven himself a sure foot getter. Farmers wishing to improve their stock would do well to breed their mares to this horse, as he was highly recommended by the Stallion Inspection Board Department of Agriculture.

Argenteuil Boy will stand for the season at the proprietors stable.

Terms to insure \$10.00. All mares at owners risk. Payable in March 1921.

W. E. BRADFORD, Chatham.

Mr. J. F. Owens has added to his stables one of the handsomest Standard Bred Stallions ever shown in Canada. He is 16 hands high, weighs 1260 lbs. Beautiful bay Bred in the purple and a very fast stallion. His pedigree and etc. will appear in this paper later. Parties wishing to breed to the right kind should see this grand Stallion before using any other Stallion. Your patronage solicited.

J. F. OWENS, Proprietor.

DOC. ALLERTON Jr. 51714.

Bred only to the Blood that has produced the Good Ones. Doc. Allerton Jr. 51714.

One of the great family of Allerton (Grattan)

DOC. ALLERTON JR.

Doc. Allerton 42167. Record 2 25 1/4. Half brother to Baron May 4 22 1/4. Mulcaton 2 24 and Ben Russell 2 24 1/4.

Allerton 5128. Record 2 09 1/4. Sire of Locania 2 02 Stroller 2 05 1/4. Allerton 2 05 1/4. Nancy Royce 2 08 1/4, etc.

Helenita. Mam of Baron May 4 22 1/4. Malcaton 2 24 Ben Russell 2 24 1/4. Grattan 15480. Record 2 13. Sire of Dratt 2 02 1/4. Baron Grattan 2 03 1/4.

Dorio B. 2 05 1/4. Grattan Royal 2 06 1/4, etc. Mona. Dam of Grattan Royal 2 06 1/4 and Grattan a sire.

Alice Grattan, Sister to Grattan Royal 2 06 1/4 and Grattan a sire.

Doc. Allerton Jr. is a handsome bay stallion stands 15 3 hands high, weighs over 1200 pounds, bred at Brooklyn, Iowa. Individually he is a horse of grand finish, and plenty of substance with a fine disposition, deep set shoulders, stout back, very strong legs and stifles, strong bone with grand and legs. His blood lines are the best will be seen by his pedigree. He prize winner in the show ring. The biggest speed and grand road quality there is no doubt as he not only inherits but possesses these qualities in a marked degree.

Even common mares bred to a horse of this class cannot fail to produce a foal that will find a ready market as carriage horses or roadsters, as well as good purpose horses.

TERMS: \$10.00 to insure.

AND ALSO —

Prince Aberdeen 16101 is a fine Clydesdale Stallion, brown, weighs over 1200 pounds and is seven years old.

TERMS: \$5.00 to insure. All mares disposed of before foaling will be charged whether they prove in foal or not. accidents at risk of owners. Both stallions will make the Season of 1921 the home of the owners.

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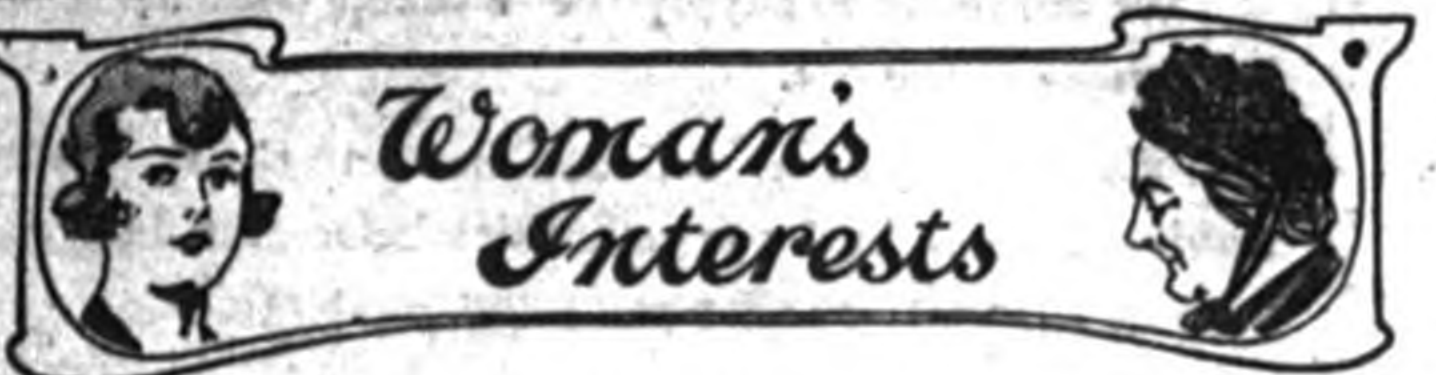
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WANTED.—To work in Factory Brownsburg as machine operators boys and girls over 14 years old, married men with families in some members are over 14 years who would also be employed in fact. Wages for boys and girls 17c. per hour, for men 37 cts. per hour. Work is light and clean. Housing accommodation for married men. Apply Dominion Cartridge Company Limited, Brownsburg, Que.

Good Quality Tea, properly brewed,
takes away fatigue, and is absolutely
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once, and you'll never forsake its use.



When Common Sense Rules.

Nothing can excel common sense as a lubricant for the household machinery.

"I do my work by rule," boasts a woman who falls far short of producing comfort in her home-making. "I never let anything interfere unless my strength gives out." No wonder she fails in making things move smoothly.

Another uses this common sense rule: "I always think over my day's work carefully beforehand, and select the most necessary tasks for first attention; the others have to wait if I have interruptions." It is not surprising that she is a success as a home-maker.

What things are the most conducive to the comfort of our families? Which task will entail an actual loss if neglected too long? The exercise of common sense would really bring order out of chaos in many homes.

Another busy housewife, who is noted for the smooth running of her household machinery, said: "I think the reason so many housekeepers have a sense of discouraging failure at the end of the day's work when it seems she has accomplished very little, of what was planned, is because some duty or occupation is planned for every minute, and the interruptions are not taken into consideration."

She spoke truly. Making out a program of just the duties which should occupy the different hours of the day, looks feasible enough of performance on paper, but it is well-nigh impossible to carry out such a systematizing of work, because of the interruptions, and time consumed by them, has not been taken into consideration.

Any housekeeper can be perfectly sure that she will have many interruptions during the day—the door bell—the telephone—the unexpected caller, as well as the little emergencies which arise from time to time. You will be surprised to find how much time these consume when taken as a whole.

So, when making out your program for the day, allow one hour, at least, for interruptions. You will find your work will run much more smoothly. Try it, busy housewives, if you are striving to run your work on clock-like schedule, if your day is filled with

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Thru its use Grandmother's
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Guaranteed Wage to Learners.
Saturdays off in July and Aug.
with Meals at Cost.
Clean, Healthy
Steady Employment.
Good Wages.
Write for further information.
**ZIMMERMAN RELIANCE,
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HAMILTON, ONT.

Swanson's Home Sweet Home

By CONRAD RICHTER.

CHAPTER I.

She was a slender, blue-eyed girl. With her cheeks wet she wandered into the dim light beyond the splintered platform of the Redding station and dropped her bag. Then she leaned quietly against the semaphore pole and cried.

Swanson was oiling up his 900 freight engine on the second track, hardly ten feet away. At the sight of a woman in tears he wrinkled his eyebrows perplexedly. The girl cried quietly on. Swanson stopped poking the crosshead oil cups with the nose of his spring can and crossed the ties to the semaphore pole, the long neck of the can nodding gravely to his legs as he came.

"Something wrong, lady?" he asked uncomfortably, stopping beside her. Perhaps it was the word "lady." It might have been something in Swanson's gray-blue eyes. At any rate, the girl tried hard to conceal that she had been crying.

"It isn't much," she protested hastily. Her brace-up was so sudden that Swanson misunderstood and thought he was being told to mind his own business.

"Excuse me," he offered awkwardly. "I thought maybe I could help you or something." He started away, but turned at the sound of a muffled sob.

"If you wanted to help me why didn't you ask me?" choked the girl, winking hard to keep back the tears. "Because I'm a boob," answered Swanson. Penitently he studied the platform. When he looked up, instead of a tear-drawn face he found clear, pale skin, the softest of black hair and eyes with the purest look in them that he had ever seen. He waited ten seconds more. "Can I help you now?" he asked humbly. "If I can, remember I can't unless you tell me what's the matter."

"I lost the last section of my ticket," confessed the girl. "And I haven't any money. I spent all I had left for something to eat at Fort Wayne." "Fort Wayne!" echoed Swanson. "Nothing to eat since Fort Wayne? No wonder you look so white. I thought at first you powdered your complexion. Where are you going? Wait here. I'll be back in a jiffy." Swanson swung aggressively on to the coaches of Ninety-two, which he was waiting to follow up to Penn City.

He found Ninety-two's important little conductor in the vestibule of his smoker.

"We'll be out of your way in a minute," snapped the uniformed individual before Swanson could speak. "Can't go too soon for me. Hang these women that expect you to carry them for nothing. The way they dog a conductor is a crime."

"Flinty," began Swanson determinedly. "A girl, mind you!" went on the conductor, unheeding. "She said she lost her ticket on the Pennsy—a fishy story. One of her kind caught me once. A respectable looking old woman, she was. With her promising to mail the money in the morning and to remember me in her will, I took her up. Never heard a word from her."

The little conductor looked at his watch, then reached for his whistle cord. "Never let a woman promise you anything, Home. She'll never keep it."

"Er—it's getting damper," said Swanson. "Feel's like rain." He waited thoughtfully while Ninety-two's lighted coaches swung by him. Then he followed and cut across behind her red tail lights to his engine.

"Bill," he mentioned to his fireman, who was "cocked up" on the left side. "I might carry somebody to-night far as Queenston. She's stuck here without any money. I sort-of know her. How about putting her on your side?"

"Sure. Go ahead," assented Bill, getting to his feet. Swanson hurried out. He found the girl quietly waiting for him by the semaphore pole.

"Couldn't do much with that conductor," he explained apologetically. "He's an old crab. About the only thing I can do now is to take you along in the cab. Maybe you won't mind. It's dirty, but it won't be so dirty since you don't have anything white on."

"I'd be glad to get in a coal car—just so it went to Queenston," declared the girl. She followed Swanson across the track to his steam-bathed engine and was just putting her foot on the steps of the tender when a young voice called imperiously from the platform.

"Just a minute, engineman! Who's O.K.'d your taking a woman on your cab?"

The girl stood at once still as if rooted to the cinders. Swanson turned and saw the road foreman of engines, young Keens, who in the last two months had been jumping about from assistant trainmaster to assistant chief of draftsmen of the locomotive shops, to traveling car-tracer, to his present important position. It was not wholly a coincidence that his father was vice-president of the road.

"Giving a little lift," explained Swanson. "Missed Ninety-two. Got to get to Queenston to-night. Friends expect her."

"You ought to know it's against the rules."

"I got a book of rules," said Swanson, patiently. "I've had them for nearly half as many years as you are old. This doesn't come under rules at all. She doesn't know anybody here in Redding and she has no money to go anywhere."

"I give you no authority to take her on."

Swanson turned reassuringly to the frightened girl. "Don't mind him," he said, kindly. "Nobody on the road does."

"He'll make trouble for you," protested the girl. "Please go on without me. I'll be very grateful just the same."

Swanson's only reply was to pick her up, bag and all, as if she were a kitten and stand her on the tender apron. He swung up after her and showed her the fireman's seat, where, a moment later, he presented her with an enormous rectangular bucket with a brass handle.

"Pitch in," he invited, boyishly, jerking off the lid. "There's jelly bread and bologna and a pie. The things that are whole I didn't touch. It's time now for us to be moving. Don't be scared. If you never rode in a cab before you'll notice we rock pretty bad sometimes, but to-night, as far as Queenston, I'll take double good care."

When Swanson went to his place he found Keens still on the platform. "Can't blame me if a bull-headed engineman makes a fool out of himself and has to be shorn of a certain special privilege he has," observed the road foreman meaningly.

Swanson's only answer was the call to his flagman, four shrieking blasts that must have troubled young Keens's ears. A few minutes later the Redding platform was left behind, and with an ever faster shup-shup-shup they were bowling up through the Redding yards.

To Swanson's eye there were few things prettier than a railroad at night. He never tired of it. Darkness now hid the unsightly back yards of Nicholas alley. Ahead, on the Oley street bridge, hung, in pairs, a constellation of red, green and white lights, most of them red. Far beyond the dim outline of the bridge were the two red tail lights of a caboose, probably changing crews, on an extra run to Penn City. On the east-bound track came a facing headlight, with the two white side lights that mark an extra. Here and there, low on the ground, gleamed a dozen red switch lights and blended red and blue dwarf lights. Dead ahead, fresh as minted silver, curving, one exactly with the other for all the world like the toy tracks under the Christmas tree, amazingly frail to bear up hurtling tons of train, lay the west-bound twin ribbons of rail.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

**THAT FADED FROCK
WILL DYE LIKE NEW**

**"Diamond Dyes" Freshen Up
Old, Discarded Garments.**

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods. — dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

Shifting Plants.

The efficient shifting of plants depends upon the strict observance of a few general but exacting rules. First, the roots must be fully protected against drying while out of the ground which necessitates the exercise of oversight during this period. Protection from sun and air to the entire plant, when of a succulent nature, and to the roots of bush fruits and other nursery stock, is required. Then, too, under certain conditions of air when evaporation is exceptionally great, it is advisable to dip or sprinkle the plants with water as they are taken from the ground, to assist in maintaining the desired degree of succulency in plant tissue.

The second point to consider is that of pruning, the purpose of which is to conserve plant vitality by reducing the proportion of surface tissue, and to promote plant vigor by securing equality between root and branch. With plant bed seedlings this purpose is best attained by cutting away the top with shears or sharp knife; and the same is true of bush fruits and nursery stock in general. With strawberry plants the end is best attained by stripping a portion of the leaves. In all cases a certain amount of root pruning is also desirable.

Because of the respiratory processes going forward during active plant growth, assisted by the agencies of sun and air, evaporation from the surface of this succulent growth is very rapid; and even though it be true that respiratory action may largely cease when plant or tree is removed from the soil, the influence of sun and air still obtains, hence the urgent need of providing immediate protection from these agencies, that succulency in plant tissue may be conserved so far as possible, till the roots are re-established in new feeding grounds.

A gardening comfort: When fixing up the flower bed, cut a board about one and one-half feet long and a foot wide. Under one side nail strips of wood to make the board slant slightly forward. Pad the top with carpet, with cotton or pieces of an old quilt underneath to make it still softer for your knees while kneeling. Tack a strip of strong material on each end to carry it by and use the board when weeding the flower beds.

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization.

Fishing For Bank-Notes.

An ingenious attempt to steal money at a bank was fortunately discovered by the cashier recently.

In this particular bank it was the custom to stack packets of notes on little platforms at the back of the counter, and well out of reach of the customers. Whenever the cashier required one of these bundles, he had merely to turn his back to the counter and take them. By being placed with in easy reach in this manner, he was able quickly and expeditiously to attend to a rush of work.

When turning round for this purpose on one occasion, he was startled to see something shoot past his arm and attach itself to a bundle of the notes, which were instantaneously whisked out of his sight. This caused him to turn round smartly just in time to see a stranger making for the door. On the instant he picked up a heavy weight off the counter, and with a well-directed shot caught the man on the head.

On being captured, it was found that a sort of extending fishing-rod was concealed up the man's sleeve, the end being tipped with a pair of tongs. By means of this cunning in-

NURSES WANTED

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and allied Hospitals, New York, N.Y., offers a three years' course of training to young women having had one year's High School education and desiring to become nurses. The pupils receive an allowance of eight dollars per month for the first year, \$16 per month for the last two years, with uniforms and transportation to and from New York. For more information write to the Superintendent, 129 Bunn Avenue, Toronto.

strument the man had been able to seize a bundle of the notes, and would have got away with his spoils but for the quickness of the cashier.

Yap Dollar Weighty.

Stones, flat, smooth ones, with holes drilled in the centre, constitute the form of money the Yaps use, according to a visitor at the Island of Yap, a tropical isle in the Pacific used as a trans-Pacific cable station.

"A Yap dollar stone weighs two pounds," adds the tourist. "When the natives get on top of a mountain and pitch pennies it reminds one of a landslide."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

RAMSAY'S PAINT AND VARNISH

Mean less frequent painting. Seventy-eight years of increasing demand has proved the value of

"The right Paint and Varnish to Paint and Varnish right."

ASK YOUR DEALER



At Your Service Wherever You Live.

The woman in town, or country, has the same advantage as her sister in the city in expert advice from the best-known firm of Cleaners and Dyers in Canada.

Parcels from the country sent by mail or express receive the same careful attention as work delivered personally.

Cleaning and Dyeing Clothing or Household Fabrics

For years, the name of "Parker's" has signified perfection in this work of making old things look like new, whether personal garments of even the most fragile material, or household curtains, draperies, rugs, etc.

Write to us for further particulars or send your parcels direct to

**Parker's
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the "Big Fellow"

THIS is the NEW Gillette Safety Razor—bigger and weightier in the handle and the head, as the picture shows, but it takes the same good Gillette Blade that has made the Gillette Safety Razor Known the World Over.

No advance in the price—\$5.00.

Men who like something with more heft to the handle than the Standard Gillette, will now enjoy Gillette shaving with its perfect edges and freedom from Stropping and Honing.

This is the handsome case of polished Gum Wood—mitre-cornered—and very compact.

Dealers will be glad to let you see the Gillette "Big Fellow".



Gillette Safety Razor

MADE IN CANADA
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES CAUSE DISTRESS

But They Are Nearly Always
Due to Thin, Watery Blood.

Do not think that because your stomach is easily upset you are the victim of some serious malady. One of the most common predisposing causes of indigestion is anaemia, or thin, watery blood. In fact it has become generally recognized that healthy activity of the stomach is impossible unless the blood is rich and red.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been found most valuable in cases of indigestion, nervous dyspepsia and stomach weakness, just because they are a blood builder and nerve tonic. The rich, red blood they make not only imparts a healthy digestion, but carries color to the cheeks and lips and gives vigor to the muscles. One important point to remember is that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain no harmful drugs or opiates and are thus to be preferred to preparations that merely stimulate for a time. Before you begin worrying unnecessarily about your state of health, try the tonic treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You will be surprised to see how rapidly your appetite returns and your whole debilitated system revives, as the new, rich blood courses through your body. Here is the statement of one person among thousands who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to their own great advantage. Mrs. A. Veniot, Hemford, N.S., says: "For about two years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which seemed to carry with it a complication of other troubles. Every meal I took brought with it misery, as it was followed by pain, and sometimes nausea and vomiting. At other times gas would form in the stomach to such an extent that my heart would palpitate at an alarming rate. These conditions brought on extreme nervousness and irritability, and I found my general health so much affected that the least exertion would tire me and I slept but poorly. I had been doctoring for several months without any result beyond slight temporary relief, when I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to follow this advice, and got a half dozen boxes. Good results soon began to show from this treatment, and the further continued use of the pills have made me a well woman. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers."

A competent dealer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or they will be sent you by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Diseases of Bees.

Bees diseases are of two kinds: Diseases of the adult bee, which happily, in Canada, have so far been of a transient nature because no effective treatment is known; and diseases of the brood, of which there are three, American foul-brood, European foul-brood, and Sacbrood.

Since each of these three diseases is treated differently, and since the first two cause great loss when neglected, it is important that every beekeeper should be able to recognize and distinguish them so as to treat the serious ones effectively and without delay.

The diseases affect the larva or worm stage of the bee.

In American foul-brood, the larva, just after capping, becomes a coffee-colored mass, which is so tenacious or viscid that it will rope out sometimes to a length of several inches if a toothpick be inserted into the cell and withdrawn, and it has an unpleasant glue-like odor. The mass dries down to a scale that adheres tightly to the lower wall of the cell. The capping of the cell containing the affected larva is usually discolored; it is often irregularly perforated, or it may be removed altogether.

In European foul-brood, most of the larva are stricken before they are capped over. They lose their shape and collapse at the bottom of the cell, appearing as if they had been melted and turning to a light straw or gray color. The decayed brood has a slightly sour smell to which is sometimes added a strong odor of putrefaction. The mass ropes out either not at all or but little, and the dried scale is easily detached.

In Sacbrood, the full grown larva lies stretched out on its back in the cell, discolored, but with skin and shape intact. The juices of the larva are watery and contain curd-like particles.

American foul-brood is treated by shaking the bees into a clean hive containing frames fitted with foundation without any of the honey, and taking away the combs of brood and honey which contain the spores of the disease. The bees must not be allowed access to the honey unless it has been boiled for an hour, although it is fit for human use. The combs may be rendered into wax. The hive should be disinfected by scorching.

AUTO SPARE PARTS

For most makes and models of cars. Your old, broken or worn-out parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. V. ship factory or refund in full our motto. Shaw's Auto Salvage Parts Supply, 222-224 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

FOR THE SUMMER WARDROBE



Nos. 9474-9145. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yds. 54 ins. wide. 9474—Misses' Suit-Coat (two styles of sleeve). Price, 30 cents. In 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1 1/2 yds. 54 ins. wide; lining, 1 1/2 yds. 36 ins. wide.

9145—Misses' Two-Piece Skirt (suitable for small women; in two lengths). Price, 20 cents. In 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1 1/2 yds. 54 ins. wide. Width, 1 1/2 yds.

Nos. 9472-9145. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yds. 54 ins. wide; collar, 1 yd. 27 ins. wide; vest, 3/4 yd. 18 ins. wide; ruffled vesting, 1/4 yd. 18 ins. wide.

9472—Misses' Suit-Coat (body and sleeves in one). Price, 30 cents. In 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1 1/2 yds. 54 ins. wide; collar, 1 yd. 27 ins. wide.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer, or from the McCall Co., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Dept. W.

Two Good Cat Stories.

The Spectator of London lately printed a number of stories, in praise of the cat, and they have aroused an eager competition among the readers of the paper to win for their respective pets the distinction of the most remarkable cat in Great Britain. Extracts from two of the best letters follow. The first was written by a niece of Lord Kelvin, the eminent physicist:

We had a beautiful tabby Angora that was a great pet with us. One summer we got a couple of toads to watch their habits. Her ladyship, seeing them sprawling and naked, jumped up to investigate. When she found them also cold, her sympathy was unbounded. She curled herself round them and drew them into her soft, fluffy fur with gentle paws as if they had been young kittens; but we noticed that although she laid her chin on them and showed every sign of devotion she never attempted to lick them. When we returned them to their damp box in the cold cellar, she remonstrated and tried to pull them out with her paws. She did not use her mouth, as she would have done with a kitten, and she was so distressed that we had forcibly to remove her. First thing the next morning when she was let out of her sleeping quarters she returned to the cellar door and demanded entrance. Mewing pitifully, she haunted the place all day and neglected her food. We had to avoid letting her see the toads at all, as it always started her fretting anew.

This cat had limited but very strong affections. To my uncle, Lord Kelvin, she showed great devotion. She never failed to appear as soon as he came, and she sat with her paws on his foot gazing up at him with a look of absurd adoration. She always brought her kittens to him, even when they were very young, and she was not satisfied until he had examined and admired them. Once she went to fetch one that was old enough to have a will of its own. It took time to bring it, and meanwhile he had gone. Great were her lamentations when she deposited the kitten at his chair and, looking up, found it empty.

The other letter proved pussy's intellect to be as strong as her sympathies and affections. Not long ago a customer in a grocer's shop in Bloomsbury was waiting to be served. All of a sudden the grocer's cat began to mew appealingly. "All right," said the grocer, "I know what you want," and he threw the cat a penny. The cat stopped mewing and, dragging the penny across the floor, got it gradually into the street, where she virtually made her own purchase from the cat's meat man.

Clever Man.

"Dearest," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby. We will call her Ermytrude."

Her husband disapproved of the name, but, knowing if he said so, his wife would insist, he remained engrossed in thought a few seconds, then replied:

"That will do admirably, my dear. My first sweetheart's name was Ermytrude; so she will take it as a compliment."

The baby, it may be said, was called Jane.

Get Out of That Groove.

Are you feeling quite a failure, are you beaten in the strife? Are you finding more of sadness than of gladness in your life? Are you thinking it were better to cease struggling and give in? For your circumstances make it very plain you cannot win? If you'd not give in and stumble, if you'd laugh at dull despair, if you'd snap your fingers in the face of soul-destroying care, you must alter all your tactics, you must make another move. You must run on other lines, and you must get out of that groove.

While your brain is strong and active and your body fit for toil, you must work well in the right way, or you'll all your chances spoil; you must find the proper channels for your energy and strength. If you would climb to greater heights and win success at length. For you cannot empty oceans by just tolling with a spoon. Or win "a place within the sun" by crying for the moon; You'll win through if you make a change and obstacles remove, if you go on other lines, and if you get out of that groove.

CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

Children of all ages—whether it be the new-born babe or the growing child—have to be constantly guarded as to their health. Upon the good health of the little one largely depends his strength and usefulness in after years. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal home medicine for children of all ages. They are a gentle but thorough laxative which are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opiates or other harmful drugs and which may be given to the youngest child with perfect safety and beneficial results. Through their action on the bowels and stomach they banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. Mothers, you can make your little ones well and keep them well by just keeping a box of the Tablets at hand and by giving an occasional dose to the baby to keep his little bowels regular and his stomach sweet. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Happened.

A young man who was asked to spend Christmas with a maiden aunt in the country, having large expectations from that quarter, had to regard the invitation as a command performance. His aunt filled his plate with turkey and accessories, and then heaped up another plate with Christmas pudding of the dreadnought brand. Fortunately the old lady was called from the room for a moment and the pudding went through the window into the garden. Some minutes later the maid entered, wearing a look of consternation. "Please, mum," she said, "three of our ducks is sunk!"

The Victim.

The lesson was about the Prodigal Son, and the Sunday-school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amid all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the Prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any one of you tell me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence. Then from a dozen sympathetic scholars came the chorus:—"Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."

It casts a light on Russian affairs to know that there is no word for "efficiency" in the Russian language. Although some nations exaggerate the importance of efficiency until it becomes a mania, Germany, for example, the lack of the idea in Russian speech is reflected in most Russian activities.

"SYRUP OF FIGS"

CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from little stomach, liver and bowels



Accept "California Syrup of Figs" only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California." ED. 7. ISSUE No. 18-20.

ASTHMA

If you have Asthma, don't imagine that you must always suffer untold misery. Relief quick, sure and safe is guaranteed in even the worst cases by using

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH CAPSULES

We are so certain of results we will send you a free sample of these capsules, confident that you will find them all we have claimed. Write to Templeton, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.04 a box.

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For fifteen years the standard specific for

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis.

Many doctors prescribe them.

Write to Templeton, 142 King St. W., Toronto, for free sample. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.04 per box.

Beautiful Cannibals.

According to travellers who have lived among them, some of the most beautiful women in the world are to be found among the natives of the Cannibal Islands, South Pacific.

The men are tall and massive, while the women are beautifully formed and very graceful, their skin being tawny like that of a white man who has been deeply tanned by the sun.

Here is a description of one of them given by Mr. Frederick O'Brien, a distinguished traveller, who spent twelve months among the cannibals.

"Vanquished Often" was, perhaps, thirteen, with a grace of carriage, a beauty and perfection of feature, a rich coloring no canvas could depict. Her skin was of warm olive hue, with tinges of red in the cheeks, and the lips cherry red. Her eyes were dark brown, large, melting, childishly introspective. Her hands were shapely, and her little bare feet, arched, rosy-nailed were like flowers in the sand. She wore the slimmest of white cotton tunics, and there were flamboyant flowers in the shining dark hair that tumbled to her waist.

Nudity is commonplace among these islanders at the bathing beach. To their minds modesty has nothing whatever to do with clothes. And it is at the beach that most of the courting is done. A youth finds a girl to his liking, and takes her home to his mother. If mother gives her consent a wedding follows; if not, the youth goes to the beach for another girl. They are plentiful, and, as far as charms are concerned, there is little to choose between them.

25 MILLIONS!

"Cascarets" is biggest selling Laxative-Cathartic for Liver and Bowels

Twenty-five million boxes of Cascarets were sold last year to 50,000 who wanted relief without injury from Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Gases, Colds and Sick Headache. Cascarets work while you sleep, removing the toxins, poisons and sour, indigestible waste without griping or inconvenience. Cascarets regulate by strengthening the bowel muscles. They never weaken or shock the liver like calomel or harsh pills. Cascarets cost so little too.

Wise Men Say—

That the best way out of a difficulty is through it. That it pays to do a job better than seems necessary.

That loose spending is liable to land one in a tight corner.

That the less a person knows the more certain he is that he is right.

That worry is the mental flu. Better clear the worries out of your mind and disinfect it with a few drops of cheerfulness.

Spanish Flu

Claims Many Victims in Canada and should be guarded against.

Minard's Liniment

Is a Great Preventative, being one of the oldest remedies used. Minard's Liniment has cured thousands of cases of Grippe, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma and similar diseases. It is an Enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being used every day, for sale by all druggists and general dealers.

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Let the wealthy and great Roll in splendor and state, I envy them not, I declare it; I eat my own lamb, My chickens and ham,

I shear my own fleeces and I wear it; I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fruits, I have flowers,

The lark is my morning alarm; So, jolly boys, now,

Here's God speed the plough, Long life and success to the farmer.

From the Old English.

Who wants an enemy, let him lend some money.

The crooked stick is at the farther end of the wood.

BITS OF HUMOR FROM HERE & THERE



Didn't See the Joke.

"Well," said Snaggs, "many dogs have more sense than their masters."

"Yes," chimed in Craggs: "I have a dog like that myself."

And yet he couldn't understand why they laughed.

Jimmie Knew.

A teacher was instructing a class in English and called on a small boy named Jimmy Brown.

"James," she said, "write on the board 'Richard can ride the mule if he wants to.'"

"Now," continued the teacher when Jimmy had finished writing, "can you find a better form for that sentence?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I can," was the prompt answer. "Richard can ride the mule if the mule wants him to."

Careless of Him.

Mrs. Jones' mirth was so pronounced that it attracted the attention of her husband.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"Maud's letter. She writes that they had foggy weather all the way across."

"I don't see anything funny in that."

"No; but she adds that the captain must have neglected to take out clearing papers."

MONEY ORDERS.

The safe way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Order.

Caxton issued Aesop's Fables, the first book to be printed with numbered leaves, March 26, 1484.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The British House of Commons possesses a post office of its own, which deals with over two and a half million postal packets during a single session.

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The pore-cleansing, purifying and sterilizing properties of this wonderful skin soap, using plenty of hot water and soap, best applied with the hands, which it softens wonderfully and the soothing and healing properties of Cuticura Ointment for redness and roughness, pimples and dandruff, if any, will prove a revelation to those who use them for the first time.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

Use Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"

The name "Bayer" on Aspirin is of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which

like 14 Karat gold. It positively

identifies the only genuine Aspirin.

The Aspirin prescribed by physicians

for over nineteen years and now

made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-

acetic Acid, and is well known that Aspirin means Bayer

manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company

will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

of Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which

contains proper directions for Colds,

Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neu-

ralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neu-

ritis, Pains, and Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but

a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages

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Alabastine	Saws,
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Fresh Stock of Lowney's and Page and Shaw's Chocolates and Bonbons always on hand.

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Consider my actually low prices, Consider the scarcity of good Tweeds and Serges. Consider the probable and approaching increase of prices and

BUY NOW

IT IS A MATTER OF ECONOMY! I keep as usual a complete line of Gent's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, and ready-to-wear Suits and Overcoats.

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THE TAILOR.

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Good Resolutions.



At the commencement of the year many people made Good Resolutions, one of which was to do their Shopping at OUR STORE.

What about YOU?

Never Overlook a Bargain. Everything we sell comes under that heading.

The Best in Quality
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Overalls and Smocks, Heavy Boots.

All best quality and lowest prices.

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Total Assets : \$31,690,000.00

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

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Terms to suit Purchasers.

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Incomparable in test for breaking, strength and moisture, aged and proved quality and appearance. Fire resisting qualities unequalled.

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NOTARY

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For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XLIII

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1920.

NO. 19

HARDWARE

Pumps, Pipe and Fitting of all kinds.
Axes, Saws, Chain and Lumbering Tools.
Shovels, Forks, Handles.
Electric Supplies, Batteries Etc.
Builders and Heavy Hardware.
Oils, Putty, Paint and Glass of all sizes.

T. McOUAT & SON,

Founders & Machinists,

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Wholesale and Retail
Phone 55

We have always on hand Beef, Pork, Bacon and Ham, Fresh Sausages, and all kinds of vegetables. Also Fruits and a choice line of canned goods.

A. RAYMOND

Foundry Street, Lachute

WANTED.—A steady and trustworthy girl to work in a store in Brownsburg. Permanent position and good pay. Apply at once to A. Habib, Brownsburg.

WANTED.—In Brownsburg or vicinity Gentleman requires room, board, State Terms. Apply to M., P. O. Box 600, Lachute.

Those lovely wash gingham! and only 40th, per yard. W. Banford & Son.

NOTICE.—Mr. L. Klein is still in business as usual, will be at home every day after Monday June 21st, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Persons having any Hides, Hags or wool etc., will give highest market prices Telephone 78 Water St., Lachute.

FOR SALE.—Five passenger Touring Car, newly painted, new tires, sell starter and is first-class running order. Apply to Geo. Deacon.

Light and dark coloured Violes, in great variety of patterns, these make cool and pretty dresses for summer. W. BANFORD & SON.

LOST.—About the last of sleighing time, between Cote-du-Midi and Lachute, part of a carved, mahogany table foot, Finder please leave same at Watchman Office and be rewarded.

Boy's Suits at modest prices considering. W. BANFORD & SON.

Buggy Harness For Sale Cheap.

The undersigned has a few sets of harness, all hand made and of good quality, that he will sell at a Reasonable Price. Also cloth and leather collars, yellow sweat pads, bridles, halters, double breaching, pole straps, martingales, hame straps, snaps. Repairing promptly attended to and at reasonable rates. The old stand, opposite old Post Office, Wm. Creswell, Clyde Street.

Spring coats for Ladies, are all in now. Hurry up for yours. W. BANFORD & SON.

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Engineers, Surveyors, and
Draughtsmen.

Room 604,
285 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Geo. Fraser spent the week-end in Montreal.

Mr. Harry McIntyre spent the week-end with his mother in town.

Miss Tomkins, of Montreal was the week-end guest of Mrs. McBurney.

Mrs. John A. McGibbon is spending a few weeks visiting friends at Lancaster, Ont.

Mrs. H. Beaumont, and daughter, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. H. Slater.

Mrs. Lem Hammond and son left on Friday last for a visit with friends in Inkerman, Ont.

Mrs. Parsons and daughter, of Montreal, arrived in town on Monday of this week.

Mr. Herbert Buzzell, of Abbotsford and Miss Knowles, of Montreal, were week-end Mrs. Ben Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Goldsworthy and daughters left this week for a two weeks holiday at Kitchener, Ont.

The Upper Lachute Annual Basket Picnic will be held in Mr. Andrew Doig's Grove on Tuesday, June 22nd. All are welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. John Millar and family motored to St. Anne de Bellevue on Thursday last and attended the graduation exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. McGowan and daughter Emily, of Lachute and Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Mackie.

Mr. and Mrs. Chabassol, of Montreal, were guests of Miss L. Morrison for this week and are also spending some time with friends in Brownsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wornell will preach in Lachute Methodist Church next Sunday morning and evening, and in Brownsburg in the afternoon at 3 p.m.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Scotstown, Dr. Stewart and Miss Bessie Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. T. Christie this week.

Church of England Notices, Parish of Lachute. Services will be held on Sunday June 20th, (D.V.) as follows,—Lachute 11 a.m., and 7 p.m., Brownsburg 3 p.m.

The many friends of Mrs. John Hay will sympathize with her in the death of her mother, Mrs. John Morris, of Petit Brule, who passed away suddenly on Friday last.

Mr. R. T. Stackhouse of Montreal, was the week-end guest of his sister Mrs. J. Boyd. Mrs. Charles Stackhouse, of Ottawa is also her guest for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Henry Giles is spending a few days in Montreal this week. She is accompanied by her mother Mrs. Powers of Montreal, who has been her guest for the past six weeks.

Among those who have successfully passed their First Year in medicine at McGill University, we are pleased to notice the names of Messrs. John Hope Jr., and Lyle Middleton.

Miss Catherine Burwash has returned home, having completed her two years course in Whitby O.L.C. and obtained the M.E.L. certificate and Gold Medal, standing second in the graduating class.

One of the most popular drives for the motorists is a spin up to Brownsburg and a necessary stop at Hardie's Ice Cream Parlor, where you can get cooled off with a lovely dish of his famous delicacy.

Among those receiving Model Diplomas at McDonald College last week were the Misses Mabel Rodgers, Hattie Giles, Leona Garretsee, Jean Campbell, and Doris Hammond. Elementary Miss Ruby Miller, Helen Rodgers and Annie Arthur.

Miss Ruby E. Millar, 2nd General proficiency and received Hon. W. G. Mitchell prize. Prize in French donated by Le Comité de l'Alliance Française de Montreal received by Miss Helena M. Rodgers, and 2nd. General Proficiency Hon. Walter Mitchell prize received by Miss Annie Arthur, Belle Riviere.

The town was much alive on Wednesday and crowds came from far and near to take in the show. As circuses go, Sparks has about the cleanest and best in the game. They landed here from Joliette, and the tents were erected on G. Fraser's Farm and punctually at the appointed time the parade was started and it proved one of the best. Without noise they picked up as quickly and orderly as they came and by 12:30 p.m. were on their way to Arnprior.

The Baptist Church was well filled on Thursday evening last to greet Miss Hinman who is home on furlough from India, and all listened with rapt attention while she gave a most interesting talk on her work and conditions in the foreign mission field. Those who were privileged to hear her will not soon forget her excellent address and devotion to her work. Mrs. J. R. Parris also sang which was greatly appreciated, and several Quartettes were rendered by the choir. At the close refreshments were served by the Ladies and a social time was spent. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Collins.

July 1st and 2nd are being looked forward to by the Lachute Driving Club for they have arranged their Second Annual Horse Meet on the Exhibition Grounds for which they are offering \$2,000.00 in prizes. Last year was only an experiment but it proved so successful that the committee have done greater things this year, and beside the Horse Races there is to be a good field day of sports as well as an Aviator on the Grounds who will make several flights and give exhibitions of aerial skill. Don't miss these two good days of Sport.

Killed on C.N.R. Bridge.

As the Eastbound train was pulling into town on Wednesday noon Mr. Jos. Malakett was caught on the bridge and killed. It appears that he was driving to Brownsburg and his son meeting him on the road told his father it was too hot for him to make the trip, the boy drove in his place. Mr. Malakett was crossing the bridge, and seeing the oncoming train, became excited and lost his nerve, as had he stood to one side there was ample room, to have escaped accident.

The Coroner Dr. Wales was notified and preliminary inquest was held, but postponed until Friday for hearing of the train hands. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon, and much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

LAKEFIELD

Church of England Notices, Mission of Lakefield, Divine Services will be held on Sunday June 20th, (D.V.) as follows,—Lakefield 10:30 a.m., Louisa 10:30 a.m., Dunany 2:30 p.m., Shrewsbury 4:30 p.m.

The W. J. H. Lummis will be formally inducted into his charge at Lakefield by the Rev. Rural Dean Lackey on Tuesday June 22nd., at 8 p.m., in Trinity Church. W. J. H. Lummis Incumbent.

Men's suits we have large stock of. Come and get one while the prices are low. W. BANFORD & SON.

DALESVILLE

Miss Ruby Silverman spent the week-end at her home here.

Mr. G. Kennedy and Mr. R. Brown spent Sunday at Mabel.

Messrs. W. and R. Jackson spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Bigelow.

Miss A. Dixon and Miss G. McKiddie spent the week-end here.

Miss Mina Dixon spent the week past with her sister Mrs. B. Steele.

Mr. and Mrs. Turney and family spent Sunday with Mrs. H. Cleland.

Mrs. Derrick, of Montreal, is visiting with Mrs. McCormick at present.

Miss Margaret Barker spent the week-end with Mrs. H. Graham, of Brownsburg.

Messrs. Russell Kennedy and Lloyd Tomalty, of Montreal, spent the week-end here.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Dixon and little daughter spent Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. Cleland.

On Friday evening Miss Himman, a Missionary home on furlough from India, gave a most interesting address on the customs of the Telegues and about their work there. A number from Brownsburg and Mabel were present, helping to fill up the old church. Refreshments were served. The funds realized were \$20.00 for Women's Circle.

OBITUARY

THE LATE MISS GIBBS.

The death occurred suddenly early on Monday morning last of Miss Lizzie Gibbs, aged 64, at the home of Mrs. E. Muir. Deceased lady had been in poor health for the past few months. She was born in England, but had made her home in Canada for some 40 years and came to Lachute 13 years ago to stay with the late Wm. Robertson. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning and was conducted by Rev. J. A. Lackey, of St. Simeon's Church, of which she was a faithful and loyal member. The floral tributes were very pretty and comprised a wreath from Mrs. Edson and Mrs. Moody, of Terrebonne, pillars from St. Simeon's Church Guild, and wreath from the Robertson friends in Ottawa. Those attending from a distance were her sister Mrs. Ryder and Mr. Edwin Ryder of St. Alban's and Mr. Alfred Hampshire, Montreal.

BIRTHS

BRENNIAN.—On Friday, June 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Brennan, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

MCCULLOCK—JOSS.—On June 9th, 1920 at the home of Mrs. Russell Carpenter, Wayagamack Island, Three Rivers, Que., by the Rev. J. A. Clark, Muriel E., youngest daughter of Mrs. Geo. Joss and the late Mr. Geo. Joss to W. Proven McCulloch, son of Mr. Wm. and the late Mrs. McCulloch. Both of Lachute.

DEATHS

MORRIN.—At River View, Petit Brule, on Friday, June 18th, Agnes Anderson, widow of the late John Morrin, in her 82nd year.

WASH GOODS.

We have a choice line of Voiles in pretty patterns and colours, a few Whites also. The prices are very low, from 50 cents to \$1.00 per yard.

In Check Gingham we have a good line selling at 40 cents worth 65 cents. Now we have also a large line of prints bought long ago in light and dark colours. We have some choice Navys, still.

Ladies' Costumes—we have a nice assortment in sizes and colours from \$25.00 to \$35.00.

Ladies' Summer Coats from \$12.00 to \$22.00.

Men's Clothing. We can meet all demands for sizes. We have nothing in all these subject to excise tax. Get yourself and your boys' suited now. Prices will not be lower for a long time likely.

W. BANFORD & SON
LACHUTE.

The Staff of Life is Bread!
The Bread to buy is Hamilton's!

BECAUSE IT IS GOOD BREAD, made from the Best of Flour. Just try it.

PHONE No. 80 and our delivery van will be on hand to supply your wants.

Choice lines of confectionery, and all fruits in season. Buns, Rolls, Cakes, Etc. made to order. Wedding Cakes our Specialty.

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80.

Baker & Confectioner.

None can better serve or give better values than can be secured in our store.

PHONE NO. 2

Will bring your orders along, be they large or small, and they will receive the same care and attention as if you were here to make the selection.

You are always assured of the very best in all lines, and our stock is always kept as complete and up-to-date as it is possible for a Country Store to be.

Its money saved by trading with

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET,

LACHUTE.

THE WRISTLET WITH THE DISAPPEARING EYE

PERHAPS you have never seen just how easily the Waltham can be changed from a wrist watch to an ordinary watch, and worn in a variety of pleasing ways. Then you must come in and see this exquisite model to-day. Ask to see the little eye at the bottom of the case and how it folds back out of sight when the wristlet is not desired. This is the watch that made the wearing of wrist watches a mark of good taste. Let us show you the full range of dainty Waltham models.

The Waltham

E. Jousse, Lachute.

7, 15 and 17 jewel movements in solid gold or gold-filled cases at \$15 and up.

Watchmaker, Jeweller all Optical.
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

Soils and Crops

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

Keeping Down Apple Scab.

Spraying keeps the leaves healthy, enabling the trees to form large fruit spurs, and by covering the fruit with a fungicide, such as lime-sulphur solution or Bordeaux mixture, the attack of apple scab and other diseases is prevented.

Apple scab is most prevalent in wet seasons, as the spores require water for germination. Serious losses from this disease often occur even when the trees are sprayed, due to the fact that at some time during the season too long a period is allowed to pass without spraying the trees. This has been especially true when there have been frequent showers during the first half of May or in July and August, when little spraying has been done.

The character of the weather cannot be forecast for any considerable time, and as the sprays are of a preventive nature, it is important that the spraying be done just before a rain, or at any rate near enough to the rainy period so that the foliage and fruit will be covered. If this can be done there will be little danger of attack by fungi, since the spores of fungi cannot germinate where there is even a thin film of a fungicide.

According to the condition of the weather there is danger from the attack of the fungi from the time the first leaf-buds open until the fruit has been harvested, and even after the apples are in barrels the scab spots may enlarge.

In ordinary seasons we can figure that a thorough application of lime-sulphur solution to the leaves and fruit will only protect them from attack for two weeks; and if the weather is dry its effects may last for three or four weeks. From this, it can be seen that in order to hold apple scab (pear scab is a nearly related disease and the following holds true with it also) in check we should make the first application as soon as any green growth shows on the trees, and repeat every two or three weeks up to the first, or even the middle of August in wet summers.

What is known as the "pre-pink" spray, or early cluster-bud, should not be omitted. Use one gallon of lime-sulphur to forty gallons of water, and repeat in ten or twelve days if the buds have not opened. Spray again as soon as the fruit has set, and continue the applications on winter apples until August first, or even later. At no time should more than four weeks elapse without spraying and it should not be delayed more than two or three weeks in wet seasons. In most, if not all of the applications, an arsenical should be used.

By following these suggestions and spraying the trees thoroughly, from ninety-five to ninety-nine per cent. of the fruit will be free from apple scab and worms.

How To Make Spray Mixtures.

Pour the dissolved copper sulphate and the milk of lime into the sprayer tank, or into a supply tank, at the same time. Add enough water to make fifty gallons.

For Bordeaux 4-6-50 use six pounds of lime instead of four.

To make self-boiled lime-sulphur 8-8-50, use eight pounds of unslaked lime, eight pounds of flowers of sulphur, fifty gallons of water. Place the lime in a barrel and add almost enough water to cover the lime. When the lime begins to slake add the sulphur, which should be made into a paste by mixing it with water. Stir the cooking mixture and add water as needed to keep it in the form of a thick paste, which should become thinner as the mixture cooks. In ten or fifteen minutes the heat from the slaking lime will cook the mixture and enough cold water should be added to make fifty gallons. This is the standard summer spray for peaches.

Poultry

As warm weather approaches watch for the large head lice which sometimes infest flocks of young chickens, especially those brooded with hens. Place a bit of lard on the head of each chick and rub it in thoroughly. Do this on a cloudy day. It will usually kill all the head lice and the chicks will almost immediately seem more lively and grow more rapidly.

Soaked oats are a good feed for the breeding stock in the spring. They are less fattening than a heavy ration and it always pays to decrease the corn as the days become longer and the birds gather more feed on the range. The oats can be placed in galvanized water pails and soaked over night in warm water or even in water as it comes from the well. Some poultrymen boil the oats and like them better for poultry feed than oats soaked in cold water.

At the present price of hardware it pays to mend up all the pails and sanitary water fountains rather than discard them because of small leaks. A dollar invested with the tinner will often rejuvenate quite a little equipment. And a dollar does not buy much new equipment at the present prices.

A few little drains installed here and there often save a much larger drain or the pocket-book.

Back on the Farm.

They said, "You must be lonely back here upon the farm!" I looked at them in wonder, and I wonder at it still: They did not know the mountains with their never-waning charm. Or the glory of the setting sun upon the western hill.

There in the fine old homestead, girl round with orchard trees, No queen upon her royal throne was happier than I; The gardens with their singing birds and honey-gathering bees Were little plots of paradise roofed by a summer sky.

The herds that grazed the pastures, the white geese by the brook, The social chat of hens and ducks, the old dog, shepherd-wise, All these, the guardians of the farm; and everywhere we'd look The miracles of nature unfolding to our eyes.

The children trudging off to school, the good man in the field, The evening hour around the hearth—all there, and safe from harm. I turn the pages of the book, so many chapters sealed, And know life gave me of its best back there upon the farm.

Shaded Rhubarb Was Best.

I once found some rhubarb growing in a shady place. When I cooked some of it I thought I had discovered the finest variety of rhubarb in the world. I took up the roots, set them in my garden, and gave them good cultivation in the full sunshine. When I cooked some of the stalks, I found they made sour and unpleasant sauce. Since then I have been a firm believer in growing rhubarb in the shade. Try shading a few plants, at least, this season, and see what an improvement it makes in the quality.

And so let us be cheerful, without regret for the past. With contentment in the present, and with strong hope for the future.

Good Managers Attract Good Farm Help

By LESTER J. MEREDITH.

One of the most serious problems with which the farmer must contend is that of securing and keeping efficient hired help. Every advance in agriculture, every labor-saving machine means the use of better help on the farm. Moreover, farming is a better business, a cleaner business than it was. The old days of the rustic, alleged hay-seedy type of farmer and hired man have passed. The business farmer of to-day wants an educated, clean fellow who can see things and knows how to do them.

The efficient management of farm labor is largely a matter of studying human nature. Some men know too much and some men know too little. It is difficult for one to secure a well-balanced fellow who will do his work promptly and efficiently. Besides, men vary so much in temperament, strength, and the ability to do certain kinds of work that one must make a careful study of each man and try to get him working under conditions and surroundings that will bring out the best that there is in him. One of the best hired men I ever had on my farm proved an utter failure for the first few weeks, because he had a natural dislike for dairy cattle. One day the man who had charge of the team work was taken ill, which necessitated a change in the working force. I hired a new man for the dairy barn and put Tom in charge of the team work and field work. I never had a man who had the knack of keeping things going so smoothly in the fields. The long and straight furrows and corn rows excited the admiration of people who passed the farm. The change from dairy work to team work made a loyal and contented man out of one who had been a failure at first. I have had many such cases and, though I am living on the farm myself and take the lead in much of the work, I always try to have each man satisfied with his work and proportion it so that each man will know just what he is expected to do and not attempt to put his share over on the other men. Some men will work well by themselves but are not much good when put with two or three others. All of these traits of character must be studied and the work so proportioned that each man may do his best and be loyal and contented.

Improve Working Conditions.

Farm labor is just about what we make it and before it will be in a fair way to be put on a better basis the working conditions on farms must be improved. Experts tell us how manufacturers have increased the efficiency of their men by providing more favorable conditions, eliminating lost motion and shortening the working hours. "It would seem that farmers should profit by a study of these problems and do everything possible to encourage better men to work on farms. About the first thing to do is to provide work the year round and get married men and their families into comfortable cottage homes. Many people wonder why laboring men go to the city when they are needed in the country. Where, let me ask, would they go? Have you a pleasant tenant house on your farm? If you have one at all, what is it like? Is it as good as one of the muslin-front hen-houses? Where is it? Have you stuck it be-

Welfare of the Home

Are We Giving the Child a Square Deal?

The intelligence of a community is being judged largely by the consideration that it is giving to infant and child welfare. This may be accepted as a true index of our capability to judge of the relative values of national assets. Whether we were prepared to accept it or not, the war that we have just passed through has forced upon us the fact that man-power is the most valuable asset that a nation possesses. It will require probably a quarter of a century to determine what nations have profited most by this war, inasmuch as the destinies of all nations will then be for the most part placed in the hands of the boys and girls of to-day. The nations that are visualizing this now will stand in the forefront a quarter of a century hence.

For the past few years we seem to have been vying with each other for first place as patriotic citizens. Have we been sincere? Are we consistent when we talk so much about patriotism? Patriotism has been defined as "devotion to the welfare and interest of one's country." As Bolingbroke said, "Patriotism must be founded on great principles and supported by great virtues."

Obviously, then, the nation that is most patriotic and the people who are most patriotic, are those who are organizing best for the efficient physical and mental development or welfare of the most valuable asset the nation possesses, namely, the boys and girls. It seemed to require a devastating war such as we have passed through to impress on the nations of the world the significance of the remark made by one of Great Britain's greatest statesmen, that "Public health is the foundation of national strength and human happiness." The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George practically reiterated this last August while advising the establishing of a Department of Health for Great Britain.

When he said that if Great Britain had been caring for the health of her people for the past twenty-five years as she should have been, she would have had over a million more men to put in the field, and the war would have been over months before it was.

Fortunately, there is evidence of an awakening in all nations, especially in Great Britain and the United States. These nations have spent millions since the war began in Child Welfare—amounts far in advance of what would have been entertained for one moment previous to the war. In fact, this is true to a greater or less degree of all nations. It may be interesting to our readers to know that some of the more enlightened communities are now spending nearly as much money on the care of the expectant mothers of our race as they are on the expectant Jersey cow and Berkshire sow, and our babies are fast falling in line in national importance with the young calves and the little pigs.

Ever since the barbaric ages when infants were put to death or sacrificed through superstition or delusions, down to recent date, promoters of Child Welfare have found themselves confronted at every turn with evidence of man's inhumanity to man, especially through sins of omission or, shall we say, through cold indifference. It seems almost incredible that the attitude of society towards the child could ever have been anything but tender. It has taken over 1,900 years of so-called Christian civilization for nations to realize their obligations to the child. The awakening first occurred in a national way in connection with the development of the child's mind. Consequently, under the Truancy Act, which has been in force since 1891, it was made compulsory for every child to attend school until fourteen years of age. This was an excellent move, but in making it it was not recognized that a pre-requisite for a good citizen is a sound mind in a sound body.

Galton, in his study of distinguished men of science, in England, found that of those who had attained great eminence, 95 per cent. were men of unusual energy and were the children of parents noted for their energy. Physical growth, then, seems to be both a sign of mental growth and a condition essential to mental power. "The clay cottage," as Locke designated our bodies, is more than a mere shelter for the mind; it must also act as a support and an instrument of the mind. In other words, a sound body is essential as a safe dwelling place for a sound and developed mind. Her-

bert Spencer once said: "The first requisite for any individual is that he be a good animal." Professor Tait McKenzie has said: "After the war Great Britain will become like a boat in which there is no room for the man who cannot pull his own weight."

Plainly, then, any nation is committing suicide that does not see to it that the physical development of every child is kept in advance of the mental; for the foundation of accomplishment, national or personal, must rest on the physical as well as the mental ability to accomplish what is attempted, and the nations that have vision to see and act on this will outdistance those that have not.



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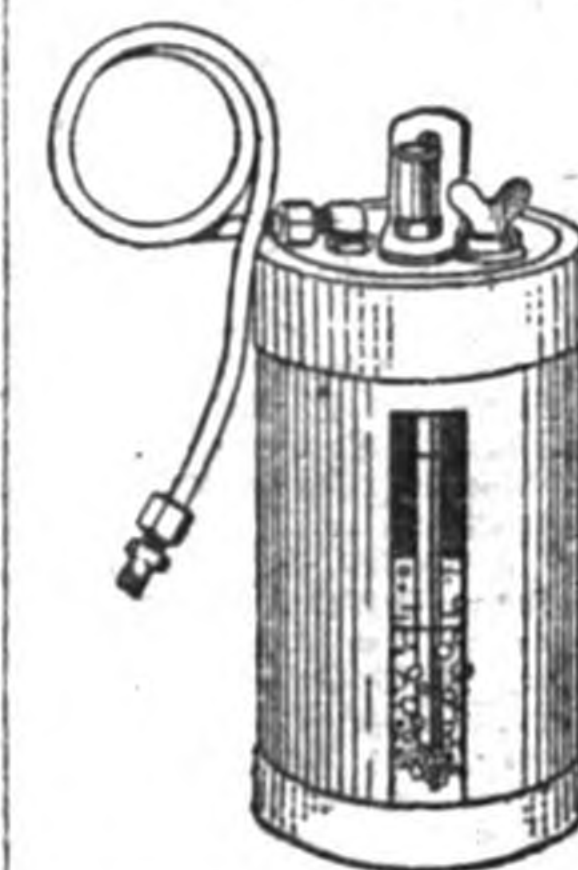
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Economy is a savings bank into which men drop pennies and get dollars in return.

The economy of Partridge Tires is in their durability. By giving long service they save new tire costs, and their dependable wearing qualities eliminate the expense of repairs.

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

The AUTOMOBILE

Tired Backs and Tire Pumps.

Tire trouble is one of the most frequent things to happen and take real joy out of a trip. To make matters uncertain a tire does not always give indications that it is going to cause you to stop and make a repair, and so the trouble comes on "like a thief in the night."

This brings up the necessity of a tire pump—one of the greatest considerations with which present-day motorists have anything to do.

Never go riding unless you are sure the tire pump is in good repair. If you expect to have some fellow traveler lend you his pump, he may be in too big a hurry to wait on you; or, his pump may not be in any better shape than yours.

Of the hand-pumps, those with two or three barrels are best. Inside these pumps there are plunger leathers which will heat and get stiff from use, for a great deal of heat is generated when pumping a tire. This will cause a pump to lose compression and necessitate more pumping to get air into the tire than would be needed if things were different; and there is nothing more tiresome than violent and prolonged pumping by hand. It is somewhat easier when two take hold of the pump-handle—one on each side—and do the pumping. Many make pumping harder than necessary on account of the tension under which they place themselves while doing it.

Pump by arm motion for a few strokes; then alternate with back action, and you will find it more restful. When the common forms of hand-pumps are found to be leaking, or it takes longer than usual to get air into the tire, the pump should have new plunger leathers put in. You can make these out of a piece of shoe-top, or you can buy them ready made. Softening the old ones with either kerosene or vaseline will often improve their condition and make them last a while longer. Never overdo this oiling, for some of the grease may get into the tire where it will damage the rubber.

Without praising any special one, I am inclined to favor the motor-driven pump above all others. With such a pump, the motor of your car will do the work; all you need to do is to sit and watch your gauge on the air line. With these motor-driven pumps you can pump your tire to any pressure desired, although you should never pump in more than the estimated pressure needed. You have none of the sweat and worry that usually accompany the hand-driven pumps. With clean clothes and a calm mind you can let the motor fill your tires and finish the work in the same condition you began.

The motor-driven pump has an oil

chamber under the pistons, where there is a supply of oil—the same as there is in your crank-case. There is a filter on these pumps to hold back the creepage of oil to the air line.

After considerable trouble in keeping our hand-pumps in good order we installed a motor-driven pump and really find now that we have less tire trouble than before. Whether the presence of the motor-driven pump acts as a preventive—something like a scarecrow does to a thieving robin in a cherry tree—or whether there has developed a different style of driving with me, I do not know. I only know I decided to take the backache out of tire trouble, and I have done it.

Practical Paragraphs.

Cleaning Fouled Plugs.—The best method of cleaning spark plugs that have become fouled with oil is to boil them in a solution of washing soda and water.

Scraping Cylinders.—It has long been customary to clean gasoline engine cylinders with long-handled scraping tools, the cutting edges of which are hardened. In scraping a cylinder in this manner, it is important to have the piston in the uppermost position of its sweep, since otherwise the scraping tool is likely to slip into the bore of the cylinder and injure the smooth surface of the cylinder wall.

Puzzling Rattles.—When something seems to rattle around the body of your machine and you don't know just what it is, get some one to hold the doors tight while you drive. If that stops the rattle, get some anti-rattlers for the doors and apply them; or fasten a small piece of rubber on your door to fill out the vibrating space.

Controlling Skidding Car.—To prevent losing control of a skidding auto turn the front wheels quickly in the same direction in which the car is skidding and close the throttle. Leave the clutch in. Do not apply the brakes. If they are applied and caused the skidding disengage them before turning the wheels. When the car stops skidding right the front wheels quickly. If the car is to be brought to a standstill apply the brakes very gently and gradually, with the clutch disengaged.

Tightening Cylinder Nuts.—The holding-down nuts of the cylinder head should be tightened periodically. If the cylinder head is taken off for any reason, in replacing the part it should be tightened up again by screwing down opposite nuts. Each nut should be turned a little, then its opposite should be screwed down somewhat, and so on, working around the cylinder head. If one nut is tightened all the way there is danger of springing the part.

Are We Wasting Too Much Timber?

In the virgin pulpwood forests of Ontario, a balsam tree 10 inches in diameter at breast height is, on an average, 80 years old, with a total volume of 14.6 cubic feet. White spruce of the same diameter is 114 years old, with a total volume of 14.9 cubic feet. Black spruce is 144 years old, and has volume of 14.7 cubic feet. Seedlings grown in a nursery, and transplanted in the open, will make a much better growth than those in the virgin forest, but, even if they reach a diameter of 10 inches in 40 years less time, it would still make the total age 50 years for balsam, 74 years for white spruce, and 104 years for black spruce. It is advisable, therefore, that, in all logging operations, the fullest utilization possible be made of every tree cut, and that every precaution be taken to avoid injury to those left standing, in order that they may produce a second crop in the shortest possible time.

Where logs of only one length, 16 feet, are being cut for pulpwood, there is a loss, due to waste in stumps and tops, of 25 per cent. of the total volume of the tree in balsam, 14 per cent. in white spruce, and 20 per cent. in black spruce. These figures are based on actual measurements, where the stump height averages about 13

inches. Where winter cutting is done, stumps cannot be cut much below 18 inches, owing to the depth of the snow, but the waste in tops can be reduced by cutting to smaller top diameters. This would necessitate the cutting of different lengths of logs, say, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet, the increased cost of which would be more than offset by the greater production per acre. A 3-inch top diameter makes a gain over the 4-inch of one cord for every 223 trees, a gain over the 5-inch diameter of one cord for every 89 trees, and over the 6-inch diameter of one cord for every 53 trees.

The short logs in water will not support a man's weight, and may, therefore, be harder to drive, but, on the other hand, because they dry out more quickly they float higher in the water than the long lengths and are not so liable to form jams.

Cutting shorter log-lengths increases the number of cords which may be cut per acre; it lengthens the cut of any given area; it gives the unmerchantable trees that much more time in which to grow to a size sufficient to enable the area to be cut a second time, and it decreases the fire hazard through the fuller utilization of the tops.

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

Housecleaning.

I D like to be an Eskimo and in an igloo dwell, and eat fried ice and scrambled snow, and go outdoors and yell. The humble Eskimo is glad, we see him dance and sing; his womenfolk don't drive him mad by cleaning house each spring. He isn't driven out of doors to hunt for frozen grub, the while the women scrub the floors—there are no floors to scrub. He is not chased, to beat the band, from out the divers rooms, by dames with brooms and mops in hand—there are no mops or brooms. Year after year he sits in peace, or lies upon his back, clothed in his wholesome film of grease, and no one cleans the shack. His treasured goods are not mislaid, as mine are, every year; and he can find his blubber spade, his corkscrew and his spear. And if he spills a cataract of ashes on the floor, no woman reads the riot act, no female heart is sore. I'll go to join the Eskimo when next a vessel starts, for I am tired of all the woe that cleaning house imports. I'm tired of sitting on the stairs, oppressed by fantods three, because the couches and the chairs are hung upon a tree.

Time for Lightning Rods.

The season for electrical storms will soon be here. So much fun has been made of farmers and lightning rod agents that a few people have come to the conclusion that lightning rods are a fake. This is far from the truth.

A good lightning rod is the best protection against damage from lightning. It is a well-known fact that lightning will take the easiest path to the ground. This may be a high tree, a church spire, a chimney, or a telephone wire. It is reasonable to assume if a lightning rod is a good conductor of electricity and makes a good contact with the ground, that it will protect property.

A good lightning rod should be made of copper or iron, of ample cross-section, with a point projection above the roof of the building and the lower end well grounded. A good rod for this purpose, if of copper, should weigh six or eight ounces a foot; if iron, it should weigh about two pounds a foot. The lightning rod should be well separated from the building by porcelain or glass insulators. The rod should be riveted and soldered to a large copper plate three feet by three feet, so as to make good contact. The plate should be buried in charcoal in a damp place.

If an old rod is already in place, go over it carefully to see that it is not broken, as a broken rod is worse than none, because lightning will start down the rod and leave it and enter the building where the rod is defective.

Brazilian Savages Used Poison Gas.

The Guarani and other native tribes along the Rio Parana, in Brazil, used poison gas centuries ago for military purposes. How they did it was described time and again by early Spanish chroniclers.

When attacking a fortified village they would prepare pans of glowing coals, which they sprinkled with a kind of pepper called "agi." This gave off suffocating fumes, which a favoring breeze would carry over the besieged town.

The fumes did not kill, but were sufficiently noxious to deprive the besieged of all power of resistance—a fact which beleaguered outpost garrisons of Spaniards discovered to their cost on more than one occasion.

In that part of the world, as elsewhere, the policy of the Spanish invaders, when dealing with the aborigines, was one of wholesale and systematic cruelty. They specialized in ruthless massacre. But they did not always win, and there survives in the Amazon Basin to-day a tribe called the Lorenzoes who are nearly white—a phenomenon alleged to result from their capture, centuries ago, of a number of white women as spoil of the successful siege of a Spanish town.

"Mother," inquired the small daughter of the house, wrestling with her home work, "which is correct, 'Girls is' or 'Girls are'?" "Girls are," of course," promptly replied mother. Then came the plaintive reply: "That was what I thought, but this does not sound right: 'Girls, are my hat on straight?'"

Apparent Waste Is Conservation.

What on the surface would appear as almost criminal waste, and yet is a conservation measure, is taking place in the pulp-mills on the Pacific coast. Prior to the close of the war upwards of 100 million feet of the finest spruce logs for the manufacture of aeroplanes was cut in northern British Columbia, principally on Queen Charlotte Islands. As the timber was not required for its original purpose, and, as the logs lying in the woods would decay and those in the water would soon be destroyed by teredoes, it was disposed of for commercial uses to the best advantage.

The limited capacity of the lumber mills in that portion of the province prevented the utilization of the greater portion of the supply of logs for lumber. The pulp-mills, however, which during the war had been producing large quantities of aeroplane lumber, purchased much the larger portion of the logs, and will convert them into pulp. The large timber on the British Columbia coast has to be sawn before it can be used in the pulp-mills, and as several of the pulp companies also manufacture lumber, material suitable for aeroplane construction can and is being saved to the extent warranted by the demand.

Though it is regrettable that such fine timber must be used for pulp, true conservation dictates its use for the purpose for which a market exists rather than to have it wasted. It is also claimed that larger financial returns are secured from its manufacture into pulp instead of into lumber.

Her Choice and His.

"She's just the one for him," we say. He seldom sees it, though, that way. His mother's choice is prim and staid. A paragon, a perfect maid. The kind of girl they put in fiction. Correct in manners, poised and diction. But, spite the mother's best exertion. The youth feels only deep aversion. He goes and picks a flighty girl Who dances like a leaf awfirl. A girl all dimples, wiles and laughter; And they are happy ever after; While mother can but sit and wonder How her son could make such a blunder.

How sad that our "one proper mate" Is always someone whom we hate!

Ribbons in a Minute.

Typewriter ribbons can be made in a minute by a new machine that passes white ribbon stock through rollers automatically inked from a reservoir.

The Chinese have a flower which is white at night or in the shade, and red in the sunlight.

Even in these days of intensive training, war still leaves room for initiative and invention. For example, the officer in charge of the defence of the Suez Canal succeeded by a clever trick in detecting the approach of night-scouting and mine-laying parties of the enemy. Every day he had a broad mark made along the bank of the canal, throughout its whole length, by dragging a timber wrapped in burlap over the sand. In the belt every footprint showed and gave its warning.

Grasshoppers in Western Canada

In the Prairie Provinces of Western Canada, particularly in certain sections of Southern Saskatchewan and Southern Manitoba, millions of dollars worth of grain were destroyed by locusts in 1919. Following this outbreak, one of the most important of which we have record, enormous numbers of eggs of locusts were deposited by females of destructive species in late summer and autumn. These eggs have remained in the ground all winter. With favorable weather conditions for the hatching of these eggs during the present season, there is every reason to expect an even greater and more widespread outbreak of locusts in the western provinces in the present year. Towards the end of March numbers of young grasshoppers were noticed in Southern Saskatchewan, but these were of colored-winged species, which are not of economic importance. The two species, the eggs of which are expected to hatch in early May, are known as the Lesser Migratory Locust and the Pellicled Locust.

Both federal and provincial officials are in close touch with conditions generally, and, with prompt action from all concerned when the threatened outbreaks occur, there is no reason why the pest should not be kept within bounds.

In 1919, applications of poisoned bait saved thousands of dollars worth of growing crop. The poisoned bait which was largely used consisted of: Bran, 50 pounds; Paris green or white arsenic, 2 pounds; molasses, 4 quarts; oranges or lemons, 6 fruits; water, 5 to 6 gallons. In preparing the mixture the bran and poison are mixed thoroughly while dry. The juices of the oranges or lemons are squeezed into the water and to this is also added the pulp and peel after cutting into fine pieces. The molasses should then be added and, when dissolved, the mixture should be poured on the dry bran and poison, stirring the whole constantly so as to dampen the bran thoroughly. In the preparation of the bait it is wise to guard against breathing in the fine particles of poison.

Moths Do Not Eat Cloth.

Many millions of dollars' damage is done each year by moths, and they should be hunted down and ruthlessly slain; but it is not while in the form of a moth that the little pest spreads destruction. If the moth could be coaxed not to lay eggs, it could be permitted to live out its brief life in peace, as it does no direct harm whatever, some varieties not even eating anything at all and the others merely sipping the nectar from night-blooming flowers, which are made strong scented in order that the moths may find them by the sense of smell, that of sight being, of course, useless in the dark.

What causes the ruin of the perfectly good overcoat we had counted on wearing another winter and the underclothing that was almost like new

This may be avoided by tying a handkerchief loosely over the mouth and nose.

The bait should be scattered thinly by hand from a wagon or light rig, care being taken to prevent any large lumps forming. Early morning is the best time to spread poisoned bait so that the locusts will be attracted to it before they feed to any extent on growing crops. As they feed very little during cloudy, cold, or rainy days, bright, warm days should be chosen for scattering the bait. In badly infested areas it is frequently necessary to spread the bait at regular intervals of four or five days before the insects are finally brought under control. In locust-infested areas, farmers should organize early in the season, so that when the young grasshoppers appear in large numbers, poisoned bait may be prepared quickly and widespread application made at the same time. Prompt community action is of the utmost importance in dealing with an insect like the locust, which occurs in such enormous numbers and over widespread areas. As an instance of the value of community action, we have only to cite an experience in 1915, when about 30,000 acres of growing crop in St. Etienne-de-Gras and adjoining parishes were treated with poisoned bait within a period of two or three days, and as a result 95 per cent. of the locusts were killed, and crops saved in some fields where, owing to continued outbreaks of these insects, nothing of value had been harvested for several years.

The Entomological Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture, has issued a circular on Locust Control, in the Prairie Provinces, copies of which may be had on application to the Chief of the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. This publication, which has been prepared by Mr. Norman Criddle, Entomologist-in-charge for Manitoba, discusses the kinds of locusts which are destructive in the Prairie Provinces, their habits, control and natural enemies.

is the larvae or grubs which develop from the moth eggs. After feasting at our expense, these larvae change into pupae, each forming a tiny cocoon, similar to that of the silkworm, and after some time the cycle is completed by the emerging of moths from these cocoons and the laying by these moths of more eggs. The moths which fly out when clothing is shaken are quite innocent of any harm that has already been done, but if left undisturbed will lay eggs, which soon will develop into voracious grubs. When moths are observed the clothing should not be immediately packed away, as eggs may already have been laid on the garments. The garments should be carefully examined and well brushed, inside and out, hung in the air if possible and then stored. Moth preventives will not kill eggs and grubs, but only keep flying moths away.

The Duty of the Educated Man

The other day an observing person asked the interesting question whether the education of an educated man—unquestionably serviceable to him—is beneficial or harmful to the uneducated man. The question, like a good many others, cannot be answered with an offhand yes or no; it must be answered conditionally. The condition relates, of course, to the use the educated man makes of his education.

We do not believe that there can be any doubt that in the long run and in the great majority of cases the knowledge of the educated man has been of distinct service to his brother of little or no education. To know that the educated man serves the public continuously we have only to think of the advances that have been made in medical and surgical science and of the faithful service to the community of thousands of educated physicians; of the vast debt we owe to the educated common sense of the founders of our government; of the comforts and conveniences that the intelligence of educated men has brought into our daily life through the countless inventions of modern times; of the help—spiritual, mental, and moral—that unselfish and conscientious ministers, teachers, lawyers and business men of our acquaintance are daily giving to persons less learned than themselves.

Unfortunately, not all educated men comprehend the obligation that is laid upon them. Many of them are selfish, thinking only of their own advantage, scornful of their neighbor. Among such men are the quack, the shyster, the demagogue, the swindler and many, too, who cannot be written down so contemptuously, but who regard their abilities not as reasons for helping to bear the burdens of others, but as means of winning prizes.

In the end it comes to this: that no education is true and admirable unless it trains the character as well as the mind. The person who asked the question must have seen instances of men who took frequent advantage of their cleverness and superior knowledge to defraud or deceive some one else. We have all seen such men. The truth is not that they have too much education, but that they have not enough. Their moral natures have been neglected while their brains have been sharpened; and that always makes dangerous men. We need more education of character; more moral discipline both at home and in the school. When we pay as much attention to moral training as we pay to training our boys and girls in languages and mathematics and science, no one will think of asking this question.—R.K.

"REG'LAR FELLERS"—By Gene Byrnes



The Watchman AND Ottawa Valley Advocate

FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1920.

The Watchman will be published every Friday.

Subscription \$1.50 in advance to point in Canada, and \$2.00 in the United States.

J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.

See a line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, amusements etc., 25 cents minimum; over three lines 50 cents.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 50c.

Legal Advertising.—\$1.40 per inch.

En Passant.

"Tis June, 'tis June, 'tis blushing Summer now."

JUNE is the most popular month in all the year. The month of May has its claim to be "the gladdest time in all the gladdest year," but with all due deference to the poet who said so, I don't think that applies to the Canadian variety of May. June in Canada corresponds more closely to the May of other climes. In any case, June is the popular Canadian month and its popularity may be traced to that common basis of general esteem,—the quality of being most agreeable to the greatest number.

When Old England's poets and the emotional and mercurial naturalists of sunny France and Italy burst into raptures in praise of May, they kindle no responsive thrill in the Canadian's breast. Here, May is but a semi-conscious period, a partial awakening after the long hibernation of winter. It is a cuckoo clock, calling upon nature to get up. Its monotonous voice is recognised as from afar, like a five o'clock call in the morning, but nature, like a heavy sleeper, takes some little time to realize the call and spends a few listless minutes in pulling herself together, rubbing her eyes, and waking up gradually. But June! ha, June! is the hour of virile life before the noonday, when every fibre in nature tingles with conscious power and growth: it is the rapid realisation of summertime strength, the hey-day of happiness and youth and the crowning hour in the joy of living.

TWAS EVER SO. Whether they be ancient Romans, worshipping Juno the queen of heaven, or Canadians thawing themselves out in the midsummer sun; whether they be old druids offering sacrifice during the summer solstice, or modern theosophic pioneers Old or young, rich or poor, all who have felt the influence of a June like ours, with one accord, pronounce it to be the realisation of the ideal and the choicest gift of nature.

THERE ARE MORE WEDDINGS in June than in any other two months put together. It is the marrying season. We hang on to old institutions. Marriage is of course the oldest of all, and June the time-honoured month. Juno, of the Romans again. The festival of Juno Moneta was held in the Calends of June, and she was the guardian of the female sex. June weddings were pronounced lucky. Great was the Diana of the Ephesians, but greater, and more durable, is the Juno Moneta of the marriageable spinster.

Whether or not the Roman superstition continues to exercise a direct influence, it is impossible to evade the fact that June weddings are popular. I lean to the opinion that the popularity is just because June is a joyous time, and people in search of greater happiness naturally pick or select that month just as they would arrange anything else, with an instinct for harmony and the fitness of things. It does not always work out that way, of course, but that is another story, as Kipling says, which reminds me of a wedding where the organist did not have true sense of "fitness," for instead of selecting "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" as his wedding march, he cynically played "Mistaken Souls Who Dream Of Bliss."

It just occurs to me that there may be something under the survival of the "Lucky Marriage" idea of the Romans. According to custom the Roman money was coined in temple of Juno Moneta, and it is possible that they may have "joined up" the two "ceremonies," associating the luck of marriage with

the acquisition of money. Such things might happen among heathens, but I could not imagine any such consideration creeping into any "fixture" like a present-day June wedding prompted by the true "June" instinct of being in accord with smiling skies and happy auguries.

BESIDES JUNE weddings, we have other June joys, such as June Roses and June Sales. The poetic sentiment embodied in the song.

"My love is like a red red Rose, just newly blown in June," does not seem to harmonise with the catalogue of June Sales, yet they rival each other in making the month popular.

I notice that the newspapers are perused more in June than at any other time except perhaps a little while before Christmas. When I say "perused" I probably mean "scanned." As soon as the papers appear in the home in these June days it is deftly divided up into portions and the sales sections picked out with remarkable alertness. No mere man ought to complain about that. It may remind him of the scarcity of wood pulp, but that is a small matter compared to the luxury of being left in sole possession of the new sections of the paper, which he can assimilate at his leisure. An ordinary page of newspaper, containing about 300 inches of advertising matter is taken up at one glance, and ten or a dozen pages are gone over before the average male reader has absorbed the import of the headlines on the front page. It becomes evident that the female mind in June is speedy. A lightning synopsis of bargain is made, a comparative digest of prices performed, and a due regard bestowed upon that new legend, "No Tax," following the price, and all that is done in less time than it takes some of us to flit over the condensed items of "The World's News To-day."

GREAT THINGS happen in June. It is an ideal month in which to get married; it may be the best time to die; but it has been proved that it is a wonderful month for famous folks to be born in. Kelvin, Wolesley, Captain Scott, Admiral Sturdee, Millais, Sir Harry Johnston, Douglas Haig, the Prince of Wales, and the King (Gentlemen, "The King") were all born in June; and then, outstanding events like Naseby, Marengo, Vittoria, Waterloo, and Messina, all happened in June. Besides which, there were two events in June which rise in the mind like two giant beacons on the sea of time:—Magna Charta, and the Victorian Diamond Jubilee. They were six hundred and eighty two years apart, but I cannot imagine a more succinct or comprehensive epitome of history than the conjunction these two events convey. They mark the farther shores of liberty: they embrace the evolution of a national soul, and they set up a standard of civilisation and progress which no period in the records of the world can equal, and which no lapse of time can ever efface.

"In June, We Bound The Roses Into Sheaves."

LINKSMAN.

PRESIDENT BEATTY ON Y. M. C. A. WORK.

In a foreword to an attractive little pamphlet issued by the Railway Y.M.C.A. of Canada, Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the C.P.R., pays a tribute to the work of this association. "The high value of the work," says Mr. Beatty, "of the Young Men's Christian Association in the interests of men and boys has come to be generally and properly recognized, particularly on account of its efforts and accomplishments on behalf of our soldiers during the recent world war. Among the various spheres of the Association's activities not the least valuable is the work of the Railway Branches which minister to the intellectual, the social, the moral and the physical needs of railway men irrespective of race or creed."

The inception of this work on the Canadian Pacific Railway dates back to 1906 when the building at Revelstoke, B.C., was erected, and so well satisfied were the Company's officers with the experiment tried there that 9 additional branch associations have since been established. These provide home surroundings and comforts for men in train service when away from home and to many employees located at outlying points they afford the only home facilities that are available to them.

"It is not only that good meals and clean beds and baths are provided, but the educational advantages, the recreational facilities and the opportunities for social intercourse amidst wholesome surroundings must necessarily contribute to the well being of the men and benefit the community in which they live, and the Company with which they are employed."

"The eminently satisfactory results of this work on the Canadian Pacific lines in the past for which I desire to express my admiration and appreciation, have without doubt been achieved through the earnest and cordial co-operation of the Com-

pany's employees, with the Association's officers and staffs, and with the continuance of their united efforts the future success of the work can, I feel sure, be confidently entrusted to them."

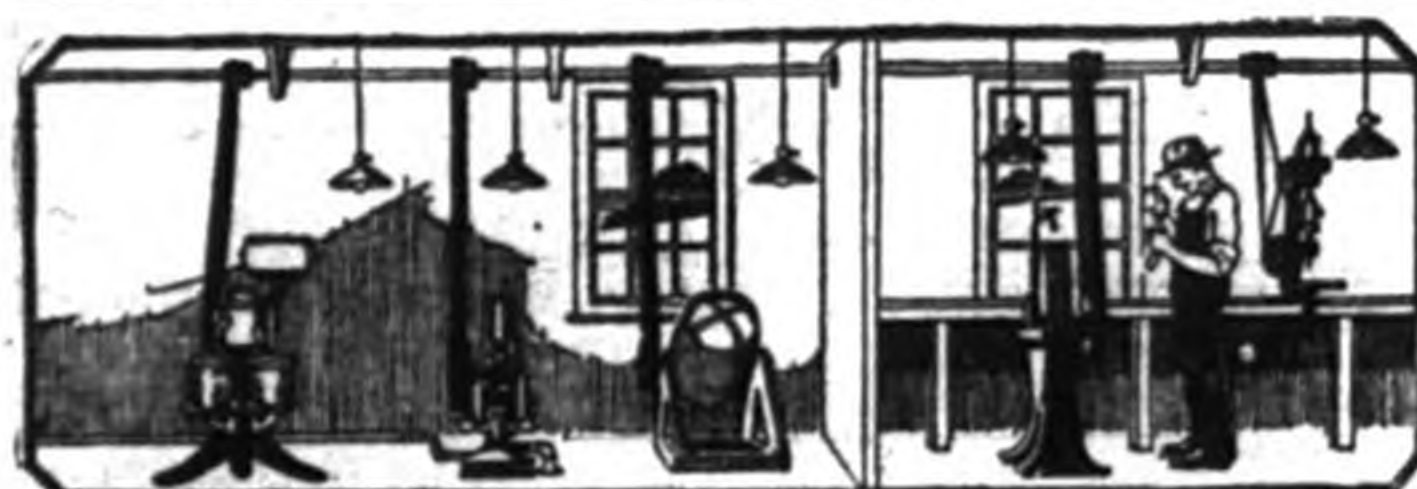
The Railway Y. M. C. A. provided 140,000 meals to railway men and served 328,000 meals in 1919. Its buildings are valued at \$580,000.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 23rd July, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the route over Arundel No. 2, Rural Route from the Postmaster General's Pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Arundel and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office.
VICTOR GAUDIN,
Post Office Inspector.
Montreal, 12th, June 1920.



When you see the "F" Power and Light Plant

at work you will agree it is the handiest and most practical plant made.

It was designed first of all for producing electric light anywhere and everywhere—cheaply and well, and it does that job to perfection. It floods your home, shop, or other buildings with clean, brilliant light for a few cents a day, and still has power to spare.

When you examine its sturdy construction, and mechanical simplicity, and note its flexibility and ease of operation, you will wonder how it can be sold at the price.

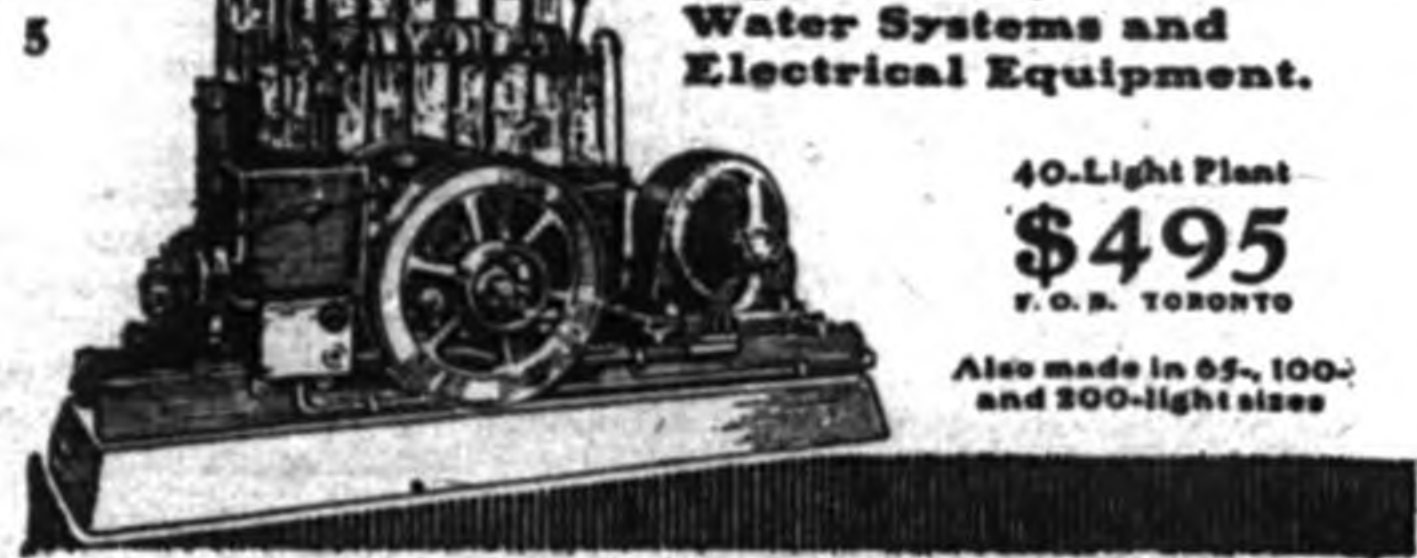
We have no hesitation in telling you the demand for the "F" Plant all over the country is so great, that now is the time to install your plant if you want the advantages of Power and Light at low cost.

Come in any day and see the "F" Plant in operation, or send me a post card asking for a catalogue.

J. A. Pollock, Lachute, Que.

Agent for Fairbanks-Morse

Power and
Light Plants,
Water Systems and
Electrical Equipment.



40-Light Plant
\$495
F.O.B. TORONTO

Also made in 65, 100, and 200-light sizes

"TANLAC"

There is a big demand for
Tanlac. So get your
supply now.

G. J. Charland, Ph.B.
Prescription Druggist,
Lachute Mills.

Prescriptions a Specialty. Nyal's Quality Store
Developing and Printing.

INCORPORATED IN 1855

CAPITAL AND RESERVE \$9,000,000
Over 120 Branches

THE MOLSONS BANK BUSINESS SERVICE

Many of our customers who started in a small way, have now a well established business through the assistance and co-operation of this Bank over a period of years.

Open an account in this Bank where your interests will be faithfully looked after by experienced officers.
The Manager is always accessible.

W. A. Houston, Mgr. Lachute Branch

41-19

AUCTION SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction at the

BUNGALOW DRENNAN'S HILL,
LACHUTE

Thursday, June 24th, 1920

The following effects:—Chairs, china cabinet, rocking chairs, couch, record cabinet, quarter cut oak mantel and over mantel, sewing machine, office desk, letter files, morning room desk cheffonier, small tables, lamps, bureaus and washstands, carpet sweeper, new steel range, Quebec heater, stove pipes, refrigerator, wash tubs, garden tools, gallery seat, flower pots and pedestals, baby high chair, large and small step-ladders, 2 pairs-trussel ladders, half ton block and tackle, single block with good cable, a quantity of carpenter's tools including large mitre block for cabinet work, cramps, hand-screws etc., also a large quantity of new and second-hand doors, windows, winter sash and summer blinds some with leaded lights, odd sashes and blinds, good double work bench and a lot of small articles hardware etc.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.
TERMS CASH.

W. J. BOVD, Licensed Auctioneer.

Lowe's



MELLOTONE

Gives walls a rare charm

Lowe Brothers Mellotone is a flat oil paint that gives a deep, velvety finish to walls. Comes in a variety of delicate colorings, each soft as the rainbow tints. It enables you to duplicate all the subtle colorings of nature—so lovely to look at but so almost impossible to bring into the decorative schemes of your home. In short, with

Mellotone you can bring the great outdoors indoors.

Its dull, rich colors furnish a perfect background for fine furniture and pictures. Has long lastingness and can be washed with soap and water.

We have some descriptive literature that will interest you. Come in and ask for it.

G. L. Meikle & Company.

Paints

MABEL

Mr. Harold Mason spent Monday in Montcal.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smillie spent the week-end visiting their friends in Mabel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Heatlie and family spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Murdoch.

Miss Susie McAdam, of Monte Bello, is spending a few days with her cousin Miss Bessie McAdam.

OGDENSBURG.

Rev. Mr. Sherman is attending the association in Ormond.

The Messrs. Wallace and Clifford McKiddie spent Tuesday in Hawkesbury.

Mr. Raymond Warwick spent Sunday the guest of Mr. Fred Townsend.

Mr. Leonard Hoyd, of Upper Lachute, was the guest of Miss May Thompson on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Clarke, of Upper Lachute, spent Sunday the guests of Mrs. Albert Thompson.

Mrs. John Heatlie and daughter, Mrs. Veltnm, of Montana, are spending a few months at their old home in Ogdensburg.

Miss Ruby Millar, of Lachute, spent Monday in Ogdensburg, the guest of Miss Zena McKiddie.

Remember the Horse Races at Lachute July 1st and 2nd.

Briscoe!

The Car with the

Half Million Dollar Motor

Less Gas and more mileage.

32 h.p. motor that goes up the hills on High.

Lowest license and best appearing
See the Briscoe in our Show-room
before buying.

GEO. Y. DEACON

Phone 26 LACHUTE MILLS, QUE.

Miss M. V. Slater
Main St., Lachute.

Jewellery, Watches Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass and Electric Table Lamps for Wedding, Birthday and all other Presentations.
Necklets and Pendants, Brooches, Society and other Tie Pins & Buttons
Cuff and Collar Buttons, Eye-glass Chains, Signet, Fancy and Wedding Rings—all solid gold, gold-filled or silver.
Silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, also Pie Plates, Fern Dishes, Waterman's Fountain Pens and Ink, Auto-strop, Safety-razors, etc.

All at lowest Montreal and Toronto prices.

Mail orders are solicited and will receive most careful and prompt attention. Re-plating, Engraving and all Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs quickly done and guaranteed.

A full line of the famous "Pyrex" Baking Glass.
Agent for the entrancing "Corona" Phonograph in which is eliminated all the usual metallic scratching sounds. Only the pure sweet tones of the Singers and Instruments being heard. And all flat records can be played on same.

Your inspection is most cordially invited, with no obligation to purchase.

Princess Theatre, Brownsburg, P. Goyette, Prop.

JUNE, JULY & AUGUST

Wm. Fox resents THEDA BARA the heart appealing irish song in motion.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

ADMISSION 10 & 25 cts

Good Restaurant, Ice Cream, Soft Drinks, fruits in Season, etc

Lachute Driving Club.

The above Club will hold a Race Meet on the
Race Track, Exhibition Grounds, Lachute
July 1st & 2nd, 1920

\$2,000 00 in Purses

First Day

Class 2.35, Pace or Trot	\$350 00
Class 2.24, Trot	350 00
Class 2.15, Pace or Trot	350 00

Second Day

Class 3.00, Open to County only	\$150 00
Class 2.19, Trot	350 00
Free For All	400 00

SPECIAL FEATURE.—Flying Exhibition to be given by R. & W. Air Service on July 1st. **DOMINION DAY.**

National Trotting Association Rates to govern. Five seconds allowed trotters in mixed classes. Time given for half mile only. Entry blanks may be obtained from J. W. Gall.

F. ST. VINCENT, Starter.

J. W. GALL, Sec'y.

Test it for yourself—



which made New York gasp
with astonishment

We have an instrument exactly like the instrument which was used in the remarkable "Dark Scene" Test made March 10th, 1920, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, when the New Edison matched Anna Case's voice with a realism that utterly baffled 2800 sophisticated New Yorkers.

Test its power to give you the actual voices of great artists. Let us give you the Realism Test.

E. Jousse Dealer, Lachute

"I Feel Like A Different Man" States Fortin

Five Years Suffering overcome By Tanlac In A Few Weeks' Time

"All my friends were saying that I looked like a ghost, a few weeks ago, but you wouldn't think so to look at me now, and the wonderful change in my appearance is entirely due to Tanlac," said Romeo Fortin, when seen by the Tanlac representative at the well known meat market, 2151 St. Catherine St. East, Montreal.

"Until I started taking Tanlac I was in very bad health. I had suffered from indigestion for five years. My mood was always very weak, and I had to be very careful what I ate. Liven then after a meal I had a feeling as though I had swallowed some hard indigestible substance, that lay like a weight in my stomach. Then I would have the most dreadful headaches, especially in the forehead, and sometimes got so weak and dizzy that I had to leave the shop and go home to bed. My breath used to come in quick, short gasps, and I was also badly constipated. My sleep at night was very disturbed, and I used to get up with a bad taste in my mouth and my tongue coated white. My blood must have been in a very bad state, because my face and body were covered with red pimples, my complexion was a yellowish green, and my lips almost white. It's no wonder my friends thought I looked like a corpse."

"But it is simply wonderful what a difference Tanlac has made in me. I've got a surprising appetite, and my digestion is perfect. I no longer have constipation, and headaches are a thing of the past. My blood is so much purer that the pimples have all disappeared and my complexion is rosy and healthy. I've gained ten pounds in weight, and feel full of life and energy. I'm like a different man altogether, and I shall always be grateful to Tanlac for what it has done for me."

Tanlac is now sold in Lachute by

G. J. CHARLAND,

in St. Scholastique by

LOUIS GRATTON

and in Calumet by

S. M. BRANNAN

under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LEADING CANADIAN INDUSTRIES

Asbestos Mine, Thetford, Que.—Quebec Province is said to supply 80% of the world's production of asbestos. In 1918, 142,000 odd tons totalled a value of over 9 million dollars.

CANADIAN NEWS IN BRIEF

(By C.P.R. Telegraph)

Ottawa, Ont.—The Soldiers' Settlement Board announces that action is being taken to dispose of 75,000 acres of Hudson's Bay reserve land in Saskatchewan and Alberta, which have been cancelled by the Crown, also 19,400 acres of Doukhobor reserve lands near Kamsack, Saskatchewan. Another 30,000 acres of grazing land will also be opened up. The whole 115,000 acres will be available for soldier settlement after April 30th.

Ottawa, Ont.—A return brought down in Parliament places the total enlistments in Canada for the Canadian Expeditionary Force at 590,572. By provinces the number was as follows: Ontario, 243,577; Quebec, 83,793; New Brunswick, 25,864; Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, 33,343; Manitoba, 66,319; Saskatchewan, 37,866; Alberta, 45,146; British Columbia, 51,438; Yukon, 2,327.

Ottawa, Ont.—The applications of over 100 Imperial veterans who desire to take advantage of the Soldier Land Settlement scheme, have been approved. These veterans will be required to spend at least one year on farms in Canada to become familiar with Canadian methods. The others will be absorbed into the Board's training establishments and will be required to spend at least two years farming in Canada before becoming eligible for the loan benefit of the Act.

Quebec, P.Q.—During the last 11 years the Province of Quebec has spent \$22,000,000 on highways. In 1920 the ordinary annual provincial grants for education are \$2,000,000. The capital invested in pulp and paper plants within the province is \$84,000,000 and the number of mill employees about 10,000.

Sherbrooke, P.Q.—The Campbell-Howard Machine Company, formerly the Sherbrooke Iron Works Ltd., have sold their business to G. L. Bourne and F. A. Schaff, of New York. These gentlemen are respectively president and vice-president of the Locomotive Super-heater Co., of New York, railway supply people and it is the intention to manufacture railway supplies for Canada also to carry on a general foundry and machine business.

Vancouver, B.C.—According to announcement made by R. J. Lyell, vice-president of the Trans-Canada Theatres, Ltd., this company will shortly start the construction of a new theatre to be erected, close to the Q. P. R. Vancouver Hotel, which will have a seating capacity of about 2,000 and cost \$400,000; construction of which will start shortly.

Stallions for Service.

Messrs. J. E. Arnold & Son have selected a beautiful big black Percheron weighing 2250 to place at the head of their stud, although there has been tempting offers made for the purchase of this animal, they have refused to sell and as usual have kept their very best for Argenteuil. He is a coal black, small star, and although a horse of exceptional scale is as neat and smoothly built as a poney, absolutely sound and right in every way, and the service fee to insure is only \$12.00 less than half what he stood for in the State of Illinois. We have also a number of other blacks and grays of high quality, also the Champion Belgian four years old. These will all stand for service at the Proprietors Barns, Grenville for the season of 1920.



MANY of your neighbors are using De Laval Cream Separators.

Why not make a few inquiries and find out how they like their machines?

You'll find that the De Laval is giving them more cream and better cream; that it is easiest to turn, to clean and to care for; very seldom gets out of order and never seems to wear out.

Your neighbors will back up what we have been telling you about the De Laval.

You can buy a De Laval on easy terms. Come in, examine the machine and talk it over

Sooner or later you will buy a

DE LAVAL

J. Simon, Agent, Lachute.

Buy your Spring Footwear Now!

We are ready to supply the Farmers with the Best Working Boot made in Canada.

We invite you to call and see our Great Stock of Boots, Having bought in large quantities before the last rise in price I am in a position to offer you some great values.

Always on hand

Ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys, Gent's Furnishings, Shirts, Raincoats, Underwear, Socks, Gloves, Etc.

Suits Made to Order.

Boots Neatly Repaired.

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Solve your labor problem this summer by installing a

PERFECTION MILKER

Absolutely the simplest and most efficient milking machine on the market.

For literature and further information write

J. E. Arnold & Son, - Grenville,

Distributors for the County of Argenteuil.

Argenteuil Boy No. 21716.

Argenteuil Boy is a Canadian Bred Registered Clydesdale Stallion, three years old, and has proven himself a sure foal getter. Farmers wishing to improve their stock would do well to breed their mares to this horse, as he was highly recommended by the Stallion Inspection Board Department of Agriculture.

Argenteuil Boy will stand for the season at the proprietors stable.

Terms to insure \$10.00. All mares at owners risk. Payable in March 1921.

W. E. BRADFORD, Chatham.

Mr. J. F. Owens has added to his stables one of the handsomest Standard Bred Stallions ever shown in Canada. He is 16 hands high, weighs 1260 lbs. Beautiful bay Bred in the purple and very fast stallion. His pedigree and etc. will appear in this paper later. Parties wishing to breed to the right kind should see this grand Stallion before using any other Stallion. Your patronage solicited.

J. F. OWENS, Proprietor.

DOC. ALLERTON JR. 51714.

Bred only to the blood that has produced the Good Ones. Doc. Allerton Jr. 51714.

One of the great family of Allerton's Grattans.

DOC. ALLERTON JR.

Doc. Allerton 42107. Record 2:25 1/2. Half-brother to Baron May 4. 221 1/2. Mulcaton 2:24 and Ben Russell 2:24 1/2.

Allerton 5123. Record 2:09 1/2. Sire of Locania 2:02 Stroller 2:05 1/2. Allerton 2:05 1/2. Nancy Royce 2:06 1/2. etc.

Helena. Mam of Baron May 4. 2:21 1/2. Malpooton 2:24 Ben Russell 2:24 1/2. etc.

Grattans 15480. Record 2:15. Sire of Gratt 202 1/2. Baron Grattan 203 1/2. Doris B. 2:05 1/2. Grattans Royal 2:06 1/2. etc.

Mona. Dam of Grattans Royal 2:06 1/2 and Grattans a sire.

Doc. Allerton Jr. is a handsome brown stallion stands 15 3 hands high and weighs over 1200 pounds, bred at Brooklyn, Iowa. Individually he is a horse of grand finish, and plenty of substance, with a fine disposition, deep strong shoulders, stout back, very strong lions and stifles, strong bone with grand feet and legs. His blood lines are the best as will be seen by his pedigree. He is a prize winner in the show ring. That he begots speed and grand road qualities there is no doubt as he not only inherits but possesses these qualities in a marked degree.

Even common mares bred to a horse of this class cannot fail to produce foals that will find a ready market as carriage horses or roadsters, as well as general purpose horses.

TERMS: \$10.00 to insure.

— AND ALSO —

Prince Aberdeen 16101 is a fine Clydesdale Stallion, brown, weighs over 1700 pounds and is seven years old.

TERMS: \$5.00 to insure. All mares disposed of before foaling will be charged whether they prove in foal or not. All accidents at risk of owners. Both these stallions will make the season of 1920 at the home of the owners.

DAVIS BROS., BELLE RIVIERE, QUE. County Two Mountains.

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WANTED.—To work in Factory at Brownsburg as machine operators etc., boys and girls over 14 years old, also married men with families in which some members are over 14 years old who would also be employed in factory. Wages for boys and girls 175c. per hour, for men 31 cts. per hour. Work is light and clean. Housing accommodation for married men. Apply to Dominion Cartridge Company Limited, Brownsburg, Que.

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Its Intrinsic goodness in Tea
Quality - makes it the most
Economical in Use - -

"SALADA"

Woman's Interests

Plan Housework to Save Energy.

First, the work in the kitchen can be materially lightened if it is well planned. The equipment should be well arranged with a view to saving steps. The sink should be near the dish closet and the dining room. The work table or kitchen cabinet should be near the stove. The pieces of small equipment should be carefully selected and well grouped. Keep in the kitchen only those utensils that are needed there every day.

Place near the stove the things that are used there, such as frying pans, pot covers, sauce pans and match box. Near the sink should be found those articles which are used in dishwashing, cleaning, and scouring the sink and pots and pans. Within the easy reach of the work table or kitchen cabinet have those utensils needed for baking and food preparation—the measuring cups, mixing bowls, bread mixer, large spoons, containers for flour, sugar, cereals, meat knife, and spatula.

Dishwashing is a routine, oft-repeated task which can be done in an easier and quicker way than is usually adopted. If a wire dish-drainer is used and boiling water is poured on the dishes to rinse them, the largest part of the drying is avoided, as only the silver and the glasses need to be dried with a towel. Instead of making a separate trip for every dish that has to be carried to the cupboard, a woman will save herself many steps if she piles them carefully on a tray and takes them all at one trip.

If the meals have been planned beforehand, and if some thought is used, a day's supply of food materials can be brought from the cellar in the morning, instead of one or two trips being made before each meal, just as the need happens to arise. A dumb-waiter is a great labor saver, since it can be lowered to the cellar between meals. This keeps the butter hard and the milk sweet.

Again, by planning the meals ahead, they can be so planned as to allow more time for some of the jobs which are performed once a week, like the washing, mending and cleaning. A dinner prepared in the fireless cooker on washday will take many cares from the mother's mind and it will do the cooking without danger of burning.

It has been said that a woman walks forty-six miles a year carrying her dishes to and from the cupboard. A wheel tray, which can be made by anyone who can handle tools, will easily reduce that number to less than six. A small oblong table with a lower shelf, mounted on casters, will answer the purpose. If used to wheel dishes from the cupboard to the dining room, it means one trip for setting the table. Use it to carry the dishes filled with food; the platter of meat, the dish of potatoes, the dish of vegetables, the coffee pot and the pie. All can be taken at one trip. The table can be cleared and all of the dishes wheeled away at one time. Mother can sit at the table instead of spending her time between the table and the stove.

A home-made kitchen cabinet may be made from an ordinary kitchen table. The shelf from which hang spoons, ladles and so forth, is 16 to 18 inches wide and is supported by four posts one and one-half inches square. The two shelves under the table are 10 inches below the table drawer. They extend the full width of the table and are supported by the table leg and posts one and one-half inches square. They are as wide as the space between the table drawer and the lower shelf. The drop shelf is the width of the table, and adds 18 inches to the length of the table when it is up.

The Women Men Like.

There are many noble, sensible, fundamentally charming women who feel themselves thoroughly adapted to be faithful, devoted wives and useful, loving mothers, and who are justly annoyed and puzzled when they see the sort of women that men seem to prefer. It looks almost as if the majority of men liked the shallow, the cheap, the frivolous, the vain, who may amuse for the moment, but who are certain to fall when it comes to all the tests and trials that real home making and happiness making involve. Yet the charge is only in part true. Men do like to be amused. When they leave the sober work of life and seek social diversion, they naturally seek those who afford such diversion in largest measure. Furthermore, being human, like women, they enjoy those

who enjoy them and show it, even when the exhibition is a little too obvious. Moreover, women rarely understand how difficult it is for men to be at ease with them. When the ordinary unmarried man goes into society he puts on different thoughts, different manners, different habits of moving and speaking and acting. Those habits may be better, as his clothes are; but they are different. He seems thoroughly strange to himself. And he turns naturally to the woman who makes him forget the strangeness, makes him forget himself, who talks freely and frankly and easily, even if the talk is frivolous and little worth remembering. She may not be the woman whom he would marry, though he often does marry her and regrets it afterwards.

The important thing, however, in this as in so many other connections is that not all men are the same. Frivolous and idle and shallow and self-indulgent men like frivolous and idle and shallow and self-indulgent women, and it unfortunately happens that those classes form the most conspicuous elements of general mixed society everywhere—a circumstance that is likely to give the thoughtful a false impression.

Nevertheless, it remains true always that the woman who is simple, modest, self-respecting, and who does not think too much of what men think, is likely in the end to find a man who is worthy of her or, if she does not find one, to live a life that is worthy of herself.

Cat and Baby.

An ancient superstition, and one that causes many mothers a great deal of worry and trouble, is that if it gets a chance a cat will suck the breath out of sleeping babies. The cat has a number of sins to answer for, but this is not one of them.

A cat likes a warm, clean place on which to lie, and finds this in a child's cot, and if the cot is small, instead of nestling alongside the child, may curl upon it. This is a serious enough matter, when the relative weights of full-grown cats and young children are considered. The cat may weigh anywhere up to twelve pounds or even more, while an average baby one month old weighs but eight pounds, and at four months will weigh twelve and a half pounds. Even when a year old the baby will average but twenty-two pounds.

Consider what our feelings would be if an animal of weight equal to or greater than our own should curl up on our chest and we be unable to dislodge it. Undoubtedly some few infants have been smothered in this manner, but the cat did not intend harm and, as for sucking the child's breath, that is a physical impossibility, as the shape of the cat's head would render it impossible for it to stop the child's respiration at both the mouth and nose.

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If you receive a sudden caller or an unexpected invitation you can feel confident of always appearing at your best. In but a few moments it renders to your skin a wonderfully pure, soft complexion that is beyond comparison.

ORIENTAL CREAM

Swanson's Home Sweet Home

By CONRAD RICHTER.

CHAPTER II.

These magical twin rails! They were always full of romance to Swanson. He could never quite grow accustomed to the thought that these same rails ran all the way to Chicago, New York and San Francisco, that they spanned waterless deserts, crossed deep, wide rivers, wound over the great mountains and touched hot sand, cool plains and snowy mountain passes. When he thought those things, Swanson breathed deeply; he realized that he was in a great business.

This realization had spurred his ambition and caused him to spend only three years before the fire; and it had kept him keenly watching to do the right thing before any one could tell him to do it. Often, when they lay out somewhere waiting for a clear block, the rest of the crew watched the board like hawks, each wanting to be the first to call, "There's your board, Home." But when the board would finally turn, the first man's opening word would be drowned in Swanson's calling his flagmen in.

He had been thinking what a fine night it was for "Home, Sweet Home" to carry over into Second valley when his fireman touched him on the shoulder.

"Play 'Sweet Home' a little."

"Not to-night," answered Swanson, inclining his chin toward the girl on the other side of the high "goat" boiler.

"Bet she'd like it," indignantly declared Bill.

"Too much like showing off," Swanson scornfully shook his head.

"Play something else, then," urged Bill, who never understood. "Crow like a rooster for her."

Swanson turned his head away and Bill went grumbling back to his coal, leaving his engineer to dream about the other home, sweet home, the one he had never had, a misty, wistful little gray future home, that had been the inspiration of the "Home, Sweet Home" on his engine whistle.

A tune on an engine whistle! Railroad men from other roads had seldom believed it. They called it a feeble fake. More than a dozen had bet good money against it; only to come and learn that to every man, woman and child in Penn Valley it was as common property as the miracle of the sun. Night after night, like the song of some giant spirit stalking down the valley, the song drifted ponderously across the fields. Sometimes the high note in the third bar was a trifle flatted, as Swanson tried in vain with one hundred and thirty pounds to reach it. Usually his first three notes were so low that they could scarcely be recognized. But it was none the less "Home, Sweet Home." And played on this great screaming flute, it held a solemn majesty that stopped you dead in whatever you happened to be doing and held you fast until it was done. In many parts of the valley farmers and their wives and children waited nightly for it before they went to bed.

Snatches of this misty little gray home of "to-morrow" were still drifting through Swanson's head, when he suddenly came to and brought his train to a clanking stop at the small darkened Queenston station.

"Here you are," he announced, hurrying to the girl. "Shake you bad?"

"I never felt better," she answered. She paused earnestly on the steel apron. "Later I'm going to try and tell you how grateful I am." Then she made her way quickly down to the gravelly platform. The last Swanson saw of her she was walking toward the still lighted business section of town, her little black bag in her hand. The last he thought of her—there was no last.

The next two days Swanson blew perfect bars of "Home, Sweet Home" each time he passed through Queenston. At the same time, his blue eyes searched the town for the womanly form and a clear girlish face with the purest eyes he had ever seen. The

third day the superintendent called him into the office.

"Home," said the official, looking out of the window, "we've had a complaint from up the line about your playing that 'Home, Sweet Home,' Aren't you overdoing it?"

Swanson was plainly taken aback. "Never—never knew that anybody didn't like it before," he managed to utter. "Most people told me they wanted to hear it—especially around Penn C.ity."

"This was at Queenston," said the superintendent. "Just why have you started to blow it around there so much?"

"I—I tell you," stammered Swanson, flushing. "You see—they're five or six crossings there in a bunch, and I thought it would be a lot nicer to hear a tune going across instead of screeching out unmusical-like for every board—especially at night-time."

"But you waste steam, man!"

"No, sir," protested Swanson. "An engineman to Bill Hendel can't waste steam. That's why I always figured I might sooner turn it into something than let it pop off and waste."

"But it isn't an engineman's business," persisted the superintendent, hiding a smile. "We don't hire an engineman for music."

"All right," said Swanson, sadly. "I only wish I could see you at Queenston some time when I blow for those seven crossings."

"It's business, Home," explained the superintendent.

"Not much use for anybody to call me 'Home' any more," said Swanson forlornly. "If you say I'm not to blow it, I won't." He waited a moment, then walked out of the office.

True to his orders, he played no more "Home, Sweet Home." Bill, the fireman, often begged him to play at such out-of-the-way places as the Minersville Cut-off and the Shilling-ton Link. But Swanson insisted he would never play it again. When the managers stopped it they had killed it, he maintained; and the farmers with their wives and rosy-cheeked youngsters listened in vain for the familiar tune as they pared their evening apples in Penn Valley; while in Swanson's big, simple heart grew a full resentment against young Keens, who surely had been the complainant. The elder Keens's summer home was just outside of Queenston.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT

Bulk Carlots

TORONTO SALT WORKS
C. J. CLIFF TORONTO

But the muzzling of "Home, Sweet Home" was not all of Swanson's bad luck. For the fourth morning, now, the roundhouse slate had him down for an old burned-out seven hundred luck. For the fourth morning, now, cursed it as a useless bunch of junk. This same fourth morning Merrit, the conductor, brought up to the cab a written message from the train-runner, signed with the superintendent's initials:

C. & E. No. 103.
Give cause for making poor time.

"You answer it, Home," urged Merrit, getting ready his conductor's book as a pad.

"Just as you say," Swanson thought a moment, then dictated slowly: "C. A. F. Feebleness, old age and general disability on part of engine 713 is cause of making poor time." C. A. F. were the initials of the chief train dispatcher.

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Merrit added the words, "C. & E. No. 103," folded the message up in lead stripped from a torpedo and threw it off at Pool Junction. Two stations further on young Keens awaited them. He had come up from Redding on Eighty-three. He flagged Swanson briefly and clambered aboard.

(To be continued.)

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Now is Paint time

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B-H Shingle Stain

either as a mixture in which shingles are dipped or as a stain to apply to the completed roof.

It comes in all colors, and gives a tough, durable "seasoning," besides contributing largely to the artistic effect of your home.

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Founders & Machinists,

Lachute Mills.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

Wholesale and Retail
Phone 55

We have always on hand Beef, Pork, Bacon and Ham, Fresh Sausages, and all kinds of vegetables. Also Fruits and a choice line of canned goods.

A. RAYMOND

Foundry Street, Lachute

WANTED.—A steady and trustworthy girl to work in a store in Brownsburg. Permanent position and good pay. Apply at once to A. Habib, Brownsburg.

WANTED.—In Brownsburg or vicinity. Gentleman requires room, board, State Terms. Apply to M. P. O. Box 600, Lachute.

Those lovely wash gingham! and only 40th, per yard. W. Banford & Son.

NOTICE.—Mr. L. Klein is still in business as usual, will be at home every day after Monday June 21st, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Persons having any Hides, Bages or wool etc., will give highest market prices Telephone 78 Water St., Lachute.

FOR SALE.—Five passenger Touring Car, newly painted, new tires, sell starter and is first-class running order. Apply to Geo. Deacon.

Light and dark coloured Violes, in great variety of patterns, these make cool and pretty dresses for summer.
W. BANFORD & SON.

LOST.—About the last of sleighing time, between Cote-du-Midi and Lachute, part of a carved, mahogany table foot. Finder please leave same at Watchman Office and be rewarded.

Boy's Suits at modest prices considering. W. BANFORD & SON.

Buggy Harness For Sale Cheap.

The undersigned has a few sets of harness, all hand made and of good quality, that he will sell at a Reasonable Price. Also cloth and leather collars, yellow sweat pads, bridles, halters, double breaching, pole straps, martingales, hame straps, snaps. Repairing promptly attended to and at reasonable rates. The old stand, opposite old Post Office, Wm. Creswell, Clyde Street.

Spring coats for Ladies, are all in now. Hurry up for yours.
W. BANFORD & SON.

W. D. STAVELEY C. D. HADLEY
B.S.C., Q.L.S., AMRIC. B.Sc. C.E.

STAVELEY & HADLEY.

Engineers, Surveyors, and
Draughtsmen.
Room 604,
285 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS

—:—:—
Mrs John Hope is spending a visit with friends in Arundel.

Mr. Russell Hume is spending the week-end in Scottstown.

Mrs. McFarlane returned home this week from a visit to Montreal.

Miss E. Boyd, of Montreal, is visiting friends in town for a few weeks.

Miss Gertrude Riddell, of Montreal, is spending her holidays in town.

Mr. Ivan Fraser is spending a few weeks with his brother at Brockville.

Miss Irene Scott, of Montreal, has returned home for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos, McVicar and family are spending this week at Lake Louisa.

Miss Agnes Gammon, of Montreal, spent the week-end visiting Miss Lela White.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Giles, of Montreal, are spending a month's visit at Lake Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hooker motored to Ottawa and spent a few days there this week.

Mr. Wm. Switzer, of Auburn, N. Y., is the guest of his mother Mrs. Bishop for a few weeks.

Mr. Arthur Boyd, of Montreal, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, of Toronto, were guests of their brother, Mr. Frank Shaw this week.

Miss T. B. McArthur, of Montreal, is spending a few weeks the guest of Mrs. Wilbur Walker.

Messrs. G. Ryghter, Mr. Rheunm and Mr. Jones, of Joliette, were visitors in town on Sunday last.

Thomas' Gore Church Service at 7.30 p.m. (Standard Time.) conducted by Mr. A. T. McIntyre.

The Misses Edmee and Rene Bruneau, of Montreal, were week-end guests of their sister Mrs. Jousse.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Drew and sons are leaving this week for a three months trip to the Old Country.

Misses Shirley Hamilton and Eileen McPaul are spending this week with Mrs. Massie in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Whaley and Miss Edith Beers, of Notre Dame de Grace, were week-end guests of Mrs. Alex. Beers.

Mrs. Geo. Calder and son Ernie returned home on Monday from a pleasant visit to her sister, Mrs. McQuat of Cowansville.

Miss Audrey Tod, of Westmount, who has been the guest of Miss Annabel Hume for the past ten days returned home on Wednesday.

Miss Jessie McArthur left for Ottawa on Wednesday, where her marriage to Mr. George Hunter, of Montreal, took place on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Woodington, of Richmond, is the guest of Mrs. Robt. Todd, of Lachute Road, prior to leaving for Owen Sound for the summer months.

Mr. T. B. Millar who has been the guest of his aunt, Miss Millar for the past three weeks, left for his home at Portage La Prairie on Monday.

Rev. J. L. George and Mrs. George expects to leave for a month's vacation on Thursday, July 1st. During July and August the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches will unite their services.

The Farmer's Club of St. Jerusalem, intend holding a basket picnic in Mr. Wm. Morrison's grove on July 6th. Watch for further announcement in our next issue.

Will those who have paid a deposit on the book published by the Canadian Associated Publishers, kindly bring receipt to Watchman Office and have the money refunded as soon as possible.

A Lawn Social will be held on Tuesday evening, July 6th, on the Manse grounds Cushing. A table of useful and fancy articles, house-keepers table, fish pond, ice cream, soft drinks, good programme. Admission 10 cents.

One of the most popular drives for the motorists is a spin up to Brownsburg and a necessary stop at Hardie's Ice Cream Parlor, where you can get cooled off with a lovely dish of his famous delicacy.

Brownsburg United Sabbath School Patriotic Service. This service will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, June 27th, at 3.30 p.m. Speaker Rev. V. Collins. A cordial invitation is extended to all children, parents and friends.

The Hill Head Home-makers' Club intend holding an Ice Cream Social on Mr. James Armstrong's lawn, Wednesday evening, June 30th, at 8 o'clock (Summer Time.) Admission adults 35 cts. Children 12 years and under, 15 cts. Including ice cream, cake and a good programme. Everybody welcome.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, of Grenville, has just returned from a most successful business trip through Roberval and the Lac St. Jean district where he has disposed of some 18 of his fine Percherons, 11 mares and seven stallions. He and his father Mr. J. E. Arnold are leaving this week-end for the States for the purpose of procuring other 36 or 40 animals.

Mrs. Matthews, of Montreal, is visiting friends in Lachute this week.

Mrs. L. D. Smith, of Cushing, is in Montreal attending a wedding week.

Miss Dulcie Le Dain, of Montreal, was a recent visitor at the Methodist Parsonage.

Mrs. T. Morrison spent last week visiting friends in Montreal and St. Anne de Bellevue.

Mrs. R. McArthur and son Walker are spending a few days at their summer home in Norway Bay.

Charland's Drug Store is at your service for the supply of everything you need in the Drug line. Prescriptions promptly and carefully filled. Our ice cream parlor is most popular these days.

The Young People of Upper Lachute a East Settlement met on Monday evening to do honour to Miss Muriel Doig and Albert Leishman, who were married on Wednesday. The company numbering about thirty assembled at the bride's home between eight and nine in the evening. Each came well armed with provisions, gifts and also musical equipment. A pleasant evening was enjoyed and after refreshments had been served the principal event took place, this being a miscellaneous shower to the bride and bridegroom.

Mr. Harold McQuat and Mr. Malcolm MacClenann B.A. of the School of Agriculture, and Miss F. Buzzell & Miss Scrane of the School of Household Science, McDonald College, are spending this week in Lachute, Louisa, Dalesville, Cushing and St. Andrews, giving the children in each district a full day for the purpose of improving the quality of the exhibits of the Fall School Fair, and to increase the interest of the children in, and to show them the value of their school fair work. This is done by Demonstration Lectures in spraying, manuring and help for the girls in cooking, canning etc.

The Methodist and Presbyterian congregations of Lachute will unite for Divine Worship on Sunday next at the morning and evening services. In the morning at 11 o'clock, service will be held in the Presbyterian Church, with the Rev. Mr. Wornell as preacher. This will be the last service at which Mr. Wornell will be present, as he leaves during the coming week for Cookshire, his new field. At 7 p.m. service will be held in the Methodist Church, when the Rev. Mr. George will preach. Service will be held in the St. Canute Methodist Church and also at East Settlement at 3 p.m. Service in Brownsburg Methodist Church, Sunday 7.30 p.m. Rev. Mr. Wornell will preach his farewell sermon.

ST. ANDREWS

Miss Florence Neve motored to Montreal Friday with a party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. MacDonald and master Gordon Snow spent Sunday with friends in St. Laurent.

Miss Florence Todd, of Montreal, is visiting the Misses Mildred and Gertrude McCombe for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Barclay, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guests of her parents Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Robertson.

Mrs. Matt. Jeffrey, Mr. and Mrs. Charman, of Montreal returned home Monday after spending a few days guests of Mrs. G. Jeffrey.

Mr. and Mrs. Old and family, of Montreal, have rented Mrs. Patton's house for the summer months and Mrs. Patton leaves shortly for a visit to friends out West.

Among those who spent the week-end in St. Andrews at the "Abernor" were Miss Margaret Robertson, Mr. John Raphael, Mr. F. Brothers, Mr. W. Murdoch, Ottawa, and Mr. Cornelius Biggart, Paisley Scotland.

DALESVILLE

Mr. B. Maiden spent the week-end with Mr. H. Cleland.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Steele visited Mrs. D. Dixon on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Morrow and family visited in Louisa.

Mr. H. Mason is visiting with his aunt Mrs. A. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Dixon visited her mother, Mrs. D. Kennedy.

Mrs. Steele, Miss Mary and Mr. D. Steele visited friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Tittley, of Thomas' Gore, spent the week-end with Mrs. Tittley.

Mr. Ross Campbell, of Ottawa spent the week-end with his uncle, Mr. A. Campbell.

Miss Ruby Silversen spent the week-end with her aunt Mrs. H. Brady at Knowlton.

Miss Ida and Alma Fletcher also A. and I. Zimmers visited the Misses Barkers Sunday last.

BIRTHS

MORRISON.—At Lachute, on Friday, June 11th, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morrison a daughter.

DEATHS

MCARTHUR.—On June 6th, 1920, James McArthur of Rockway Valley, died at the Royal Victoria Hospital at the age of 65 years and 9 months.

WASH GOODS.

We have a choice line of Voiles in pretty patterns and colours, a few Whites also. The prices are very low, from 50 cents to \$1.00 per yard.

In Check Gingham we have a good line selling at 40 cents worth 65 cents. Now we have also a large line of prints bought long ago in light and dark colours. We have some choice Navys, still.

Ladies' Costumes—we have a nice assortment in sizes and colours from \$25.00 to \$35.00.

Ladies' Summer Coats from \$12.00 to \$22.00.

Men's Clothing. We can meet all demands for sizes. We have nothing in all these subject to excise tax. Get yourself and your boys' suited now. Prices will not be lower for a long time likely.

**W. BANFORD & SON
LACHUTE.**

Household Economy

in Material, Fuel, Time, Effort, Energy, is assured when you buy your bread and other bakery products instead of bothering and baking at home.

Our Cakes and Confectionery are made all with First Quality ingredients, and THAT COUNTS these days.

Always a Choice Assortment of rich chocolates, in bulk or boxes. Something that is sure to please you. Wedding Cakes a Specialty. Fruits in Season.

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80.

Baker & Confectioner.

None can better serve or give better values than can be secured in our store.

PHONE NO. 2

Will bring your orders along, be they large or small, and they will receive the same care and attention as if you were here to make the selection.

You are always assured of the very best in all lines, and our stock is always kept as complete and up-to-date as it is possible for a Country Store to be.

Its money saved by trading with

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE.

THE WRISTLET WITH THE
DISAPPEARING EYE

PERHAPS you have never seen just how easily the Waltham can be changed from a wrist watch to an ordinary watch, and worn in a variety of pleasing ways. Then you must come in and see this exquisite model to-day. Ask to see the little eye at the bottom of the case and how it folds back out of sight when the wristlet is not desired. This is the watch that made the wearing of wrist watches a mark of good taste. Let us show you the full range of dainty Waltham models.

The Waltham

E. Jousse, Lachute.

7, 15 and 17 jewel movements in solid gold or gold-filled cases at \$10 and up.

Watchmaker, Jeweller all Optical.
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

Keep your eye
on this Brand

The one Tea that never disappoints the
most critical tastes.

"SALADA"

on a Sealed Packet is Your Safeguard.

Woman's
Interests

Little Folks' Playthings.

A worsted ball, if kept clean, makes a good plaything for a little baby. If it is suspended from his carriage or crib it will help him to learn to focus his eyes, and he will be amused by it for a long time. When the child is a little older, let him sit on a quilt on the floor and play with several balls in the six colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. Each ball should have a worsted string of the same color attached to it. When the child is a little older still, play simple little games with him, such as rock-a-bye baby, pendulum of a clock, swinging the ball back and forth and up and down, and in other ways that will occur to every mother. Unconsciously the child will acquire a sense of form, color, motion and position by such games. Say to him, "See the pretty round ball." "See the pretty red paper," and the child will delight to find and bring to you other things that are round like a ball, and red like the paper. A set of worsted balls in the six colors can be obtained from kindergarten supply houses.

Long, slim clothespins make excellent playthings for babies. They can be used as babies or soldiers, or to make fences, trees, log houses and many other interesting things. Playthings that can be taken apart and put together again are good to have; also blocks with which the child can build all kinds of objects—engines that he can push along the floor, balls to bounce and throw, doll carriages, washing sets, etc. Dolls with clothes that button and unbutton and come off, may be used to teach the children how to dress and undress themselves.

For older children kindergarten beads are very useful and helpful. They are in the form of half-inch wooden balls, cubes and cylinders, in the six colors, and also in the natural unstained wood. A shoelace or bodkin and cord is used for stringing them. I would suggest, to begin with, that the child string beads only, and all in one color. After he has made a long string of these ask if he would like to use two colors. He will probably string them in irregular order at first, and if so it will be necessary to suggest alternating the colors, putting on two of one color and one of another, and so on. In this way he will soon learn colors and numbers.

What else is there with which little children's hands can be kept occupied? First of all, sand. Just turn the children loose in a pile or box of sand with a spoon, a pail, a cup, or anything with which they can dig or shovel. I personally do not like to have sand in the house, but if you have a suitable place for it, it need not make any trouble. An old kitchen table turned upside down with the legs cut short and put on the other side makes a good table for sand. A piece of burlap or denim placed under the table keeps the sand from being scattered over the house. With clay, a simple little cradle may be made. The child first rolls a piece into a ball, cuts it in half, with a string. One of these halves forms the lower part of the cradle. The other he cuts in two, using one piece for the top and remodeling the other into a ball for baby.

Birds' nests with eggs can be made with clay; also apples, oranges, cups and saucers and even animals may be attempted. In fact, clay has almost endless possibilities as play material.

For little children, before they are old enough to use scissors, tearing paper is an engaging occupation. Tear a piece of old newspaper into an oblong shape—it may be any size, about 2x4 inches we will say. By folding this in the middle, it will make a little tent. Again, fold in thirds, turn both ends down for a table. The child can tear paper into trees, a ball, doll babies and many other simple shapes.

When a child is old enough he can begin to use scissors, but be sure to provide a pair with blunt points that cannot possibly hurt him. These will afford endless hours of amusement and profit. Have you found that "he cuts paper all over the floor?" Of course he does, but use this occasion to teach him neatness. Let him have his own little waste-basket.

Let him cut pictures from old magazines and paste them into a book made from manilla wrapping paper. To make the book, take any desired size of paper, fold several sheets in half, and sew them together along the crease. A pretty picture might be pasted on the front page, or the child could draw on it. This will take many

days' work, but all the time he will be learning many lessons in patience, concentration, neatness, and accuracy, and will be developing artistic talent if he is apt at drawing. Best of all, he will be gaining power to do things. If, in his cutting, he comes to a picture that has a story, tell it to him. Do not criticize his work, as this may discourage him, but see to it that he does the best he can.

Let the child draw with colored crayons or "crayolas." You will be surprised at how soon and how well, under proper guidance, he will be able to use this very delightful means of expressing himself.

Thrill Hints.

Soak an ink spot in milk, either sweet or sour. It may be necessary to leave it in a day or two, changing the milk if it becomes discolored. Some of the inks now made for school use will come out in clear water.

Inexpensive Floor Covering.—As a good substitute for linoleum take building paper, paint it dark brown or any good color wanted, as blue or gray. Have it cut into several lengths to fit the kitchen or dining room where it is wanted, and lay it down. It will give excellent wear, and does not cost as much as linoleum.

When Making Pies.—Conserve on shortening by cutting the top crust of the pie so that it just covers the top without lapping up on the edge of tin, making the edge have only one thickness, instead of two as before war times. If there is a space of one-eighth inch left all around, the juice will not boil out, so you also conserve the sugar and juice which sometimes goes on the oven bottom.

Use for Wornout Stockings.—Do not throw away your old colored and black stockings; cut them in strips about one inch wide; start at the top and cut them round and round until you get to the bottom, then crochet with a wooden needle. This makes a good rug for bedroom or bathroom.

To renew my old blankets, I turn them end for end and stitch together. I then bind the raw ends with braid. This puts the worn portions at the ends where there is not much wear and they will last a long time.

Turn fruit which has just begun to ferment, into a saucepan, boil for several minutes with half a teaspoonful of soda, then add spices, sugar and a little vinegar, and boil again until it thickens. This makes a nice relish to accompany meat.

SHE THOUGHT DRESS WOULD LOOK DYED

But "Diamond Dyes" Turned
Her Faded, Old, Shabby
Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods, — dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

Salmon Shortage on Yukon River.

Officials of the Department of Indian Affairs report that the catch of salmon at Yukon Indian centres last year was much smaller than usual, although, fortunately, the shortage has not been sufficiently acute to create serious conditions. The decrease in the catch of salmon is attributed to the operations of a floating cannery at the mouth of the Yukon river. The most disturbing feature is that the establishment of a large cannery at this point is likely to seriously effect the future fish supply in the upper waters of the Yukon. Last year's scarcity of salmon in the Yukon did not result in extreme hardship to the Indians, but it is pointed out that, had game been scarce at some of the centres, as occasionally happens, the situation would have been a very serious one. The effect was most pronounced at Rampart House, situated 200 miles up the Porcupine river, where there was almost a total lack of salmon last season and the Indians were unable to dry any for winter use. It is essential that the food supply of the Yukon Indian centres, of which salmon is a very important item, be not endangered by cannery operations of such a nature as to imperil this means of subsistence.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Swanson's Home Sweet Home

By CONRAD RICHTER.

CHAPTER III.

"What's the matter with this engine?" Keens demanded aggressively. "Won't pull the train," answered Swanson simply.

"Have your front end open? Mmm. Open it." Swanson silently complied, although he knew Keens would find neither of the steam pipes leaking.

"Mmm. Close it. Try your cylinder packing? Mmm. Try it." Swanson knew all the cylinder packing was not bad, but he put his valves on centre and opened his throttle. Sure enough, nothing blew out.

"Mmm," murmured young Keens again. He walked in a horseshoe around the great placid engine and came up to the fireman's side.

"How much steam you got?"

"Hundred and fifty." "Ah!" breathed Keens, with the air of a detective who had found a clue. He opened one of the fire doors. "Ah!" he said again, much louder. "I suspected as much. Your fire is much too high."

"That fire's just right," declared Bill indignantly.

"When we get up here on a siding you can knock the middle out of her," answered Keens shortly. "I won't do it," asserted Bill righteously.

"If you're looking for suspension, like your engine man was the other night, keep right on," said Keens. "You have an excellent opportunity of being stopped from doing more things than making a noise on an engine whistle."

Bill's eyes widened. "So it was you, was it?" he asked violently. "You dirty scab! I ask you right now, come down off this engine and take your coat off."

"You certainly are looking for suspension," drawled young Keens, but his voice shook nervously.

"Bill," said Swanson sharply, "hold on to yourself and do as he says."

Bill gritted his teeth and subsided. At the next siding he grimly knocked down his fire as requested. Then Swanson started the old seven hundred engine out on the Sheridan grade.

"Now you'll see her pick up," promised young Keens, going confidently to the left side.

Old engine number Seven Hundred and Thirteen managed to groan up a mile and a quarter of the Sheridan grade. Then, with a last trembling gasp, she faltered and died.

"What's the matter now?" called young Keens, coming around the boiler.

"Steam's down to a hundred and ten," answered Swanson regretfully.

"And still going," added Bill.

"Damnation!" exclaimed young Keens. "Can't your man fire an engine?"

Swanson saw the flush burning through the black on Bill's face. He got up from his seat grimly.

"Keens, you're road foreman," he said. "But you wasn't given your job just so you could bowl us fellows out. You're supposed to tell us how to get along with an engine when we can't get along with her no more. That's what you get paid for. Now we want to know what's the matter with this engine?"

"There isn't anything the matter with her," asserted Keens heatedly. "I'll see after this that a real engine man gets this engine."

It was Swanson's turn. He fisted his hands once or twice, then went to the firebox and threw open one of the doors.

"You looked in there a minute ago," he said quietly to Keens, "but you didn't see anything. If you'll look again, carefully, you'll see that the flues are leaking badly, and so are the mud rings and so are the stay bolts. Bill's fire stood her off pretty well until you made him knock the middle out of her. You can see what's happened since."

For a long minute young Keens bent down, peering into the sizzling firebox. He got up stiffly.

"Both of you ought to be suspended for insubordination," he muttered. "You can stop her at Penn City."

Next day, as usual, Swanson's hardy eyes searched again as they went through Queenston. But he saw no sign of his late passenger. By the night of the sixth day he was discouraged. "I never thought the old crab would be right," he muttered, meaning the conductor of Ninety-two. Then on the seventh day, on their trip down, they stopped to throw off a car, and Jim Mattern, the Queenston station agent, came out and handed Swanson a package.

"Guess this is for you," she said dryly. "She said for the engineer—if he was young and had light eyebrows. She's asked a couple of times about you."

"Much obliged," said Swanson casually. But his eyes were glued to the ribboned package and his heart was jumping under his oil-streaked smock. Hardly out of the Queenston station, he untied the ribbon. It was a book—poetry, "Songs of the Rail." It gave him a quick satisfaction—not that she had judged him a reader of poetry, but that she herself must like it. On the flyleaf he found, dauntily written in blue ink: "To the Home, Sweet Home engineer from a very grateful person. Please play it some more."

"She heard my 'Home, Sweet Home,'" he flushed. "I wonder did she really like it!"

Exactly a week later Mattern handed him another package, a second book. Again a message on the flyleaf, written in the same blue ink: "Happy Weekaversary." Swanson whistled softly and figured in his mental calendar that it was just two weeks from the day he had carried her to Queenston. "The thoughtfulness of her," he marveled. Between pages he found a card with the words, "Why have you

stopped playing 'Home Sweet Home'?"

That day Bill caught him at the book, and Swanson had to explain.

"Books is all right, Home," agreed Bill gravely. "But you can't eat them when you get married."

Swanson snorted contemptuously. But he was filled with pride the following week when there came a box of the most delicious creation he had ever tasted—New Orleans molasses pull taffy, spun into light gold that melted in his mouth. Each piece was wrapped in the daintiest waxed paper twisted at either end into the most exacting of flaring ears. Bill tasted it skeptically, then:

"You're going to have a great little home some day, Home," said Jake, with a catch in his voice. "When it comes you don't want to forget us fellows. We got to see that it passes inspection." Swanson blushed like a boy.

Next "weekaversary" morning Swanson was all agog over what it was going to be. To his mingled ecstasy and surprise he found the girl herself at the station.

"I brought it to you myself to-day," she said, up on her tiptoes to reach his outstretched hand. Then to his chagrin she turned gayly and fled.

Inside of the white paper Swanson found a cluster of fresh cinnamon buns, generously sticky brown on the bottom with the purest of thickened syrup. He tasted one breathlessly, was caught in the act and forced to share with Bill and the front trainman, Jake. The two ate their allotment greedily. Bill even asked to lick the paper.

Saturday he invaded the bookstore in Penn City and guardedly asked the advice of the clerk. The clerk was a woman who knew the conventions, and she tried to sell him a volume of travel in Scotland, with a decorated cover and colored illustrations. But Swanson wanted something nearer home. In spite of the clerk's protest he bought a book entitled "Bungalows I Have Known." Sunday and Monday he could hardly wait. On Tuesday he intrusted it, all bound up in birthday paper, to Mattern and asked him to see that it surely got to the right person.

"You ought to put her name on it," Mattern mentioned thoughtfully.

Swanson said nothing. He realized in a second that he couldn't tell Mattern that he didn't know her name.

"I tell you," said Swanson hastily. "We want to make sure we spell it right. Suppose you ask somebody, confidentially like, you know. Don't tell them what you want it for. Then you can put it down exactly right."

Mattern agreed doubtfully.

"Now, do you know where you're going to send it?" asked Swanson.

"Her! Why, she's a companion to old Mrs. Coleman, at the Coleman mansion up on the hill!"

(To be continued.)

Source of Mosquitoes.

The time to eliminate the mosquito nuisance is right now. It is folly to wait until the hibernating mosquitoes find suitable breeding places to deposit their eggs and to continue their propagation before organizing efforts to combat them.

The whole matter of eliminating the mosquito is to prevent its development. The first wave of warm weather favors the development of the mosquito. It is therefore considered timely that every housekeeper who desires to be free from this disease-breeding and annoying pest make a complete survey of the home in the effort to remove all sources which favor the development of the mosquito. The back yard should be cleaned of all receptacles, barrels, cans, bottles and other rubbish, which may retain sufficient water to attract the mosquito.

Clogged rainpouts, which cause the rain water to accumulate on the roof and to become stagnant, should be cleared and mended. Very often a mere depression in the ground may act as a receptacle for water in which mosquito eggs may develop. In fact, any object capable of holding water may, during the spring and summer months, act as breeding places.

The unsuspected flower-pot saucer containing water is a fertile source of mosquitoes in the home. The unused wash pail and bowl containing just enough water may account for the annoying mosquito in the bedroom. Leaky pipes, clogged drainage, sinks and the like are also insanitary conditions which favor the mosquito development.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

For more than 4,000 years Chinese farmers have known of the application of legumes and compost and of their value in treating the soil so as to stimulate production. Think that over.

The Beauty of the Lily
can be yours. Its wonderfully pure, soft, pearly white appearance, free from all blemishes, will be comparable to the perfect beauty of your skin and complexion if you will use
Gouraud's Oriental Cream
L. H. HOPKINS & SONS

Trap Fishing Great Sport on the Yukon.

Late in the fall, as soon as the ice is thick enough to walk on, which takes only two or three nights of good frost, the Indians fish through the ice with nets, and later on, when the ice gets too thick, fish-traps are set for catching lusk and white fish. In setting nets under the ice several holes are made in a straight line about ten feet apart.

The holes are about a foot in diameter, or large enough for a man to shove his arm in and take hold of a pole that is pushed from one hole to another with a long piece of rope attached at one end. The other end of the rope is attached to the net that is to be drawn underneath the ice for setting. When the net has been drawn under, both ends are tied to long poles planted firmly in the river bed, the upper ends of which are held in place by cross pieces or poles tied to them on top of the ice.

While set, the net must not at any time touch the ice, as in a short time it would freeze to the surface and cause a lot of extra work on the part of the owner. So, to avoid this, the net is tied to poles just far enough under to prevent it from touching the ice, but not too far, or the fish would go over the net and not be caught.

The setting of fish-traps requires more work, because holes have to be made through the ice large enough to receive the traps. If a trap were eight feet long and four feet wide, a hole about a foot larger all round would have to be dug. Besides digging holes through the ice for the traps, long trenches have to be made to receive the trap fences.

These trenches are about a foot wide, the length depending upon the depth of the water and the swiftness of the current in that location. Fishing through the ice requires great endurance on the part of the fisherman, as he has to work with bare hands in freezing water, while the thermometer registers many degrees below zero.

Our Natural Resources.

The country which would guard its future must exercise the greatest care in the utilization of natural resources. Prodigality has too often been mistaken for development. The fact that capital comes to a country for profitable investment is not an unmixed benefit, and may mean that greedy eyes are seeking new fields to conquer after home industry has been "developed" to a standstill. The supply of some resources cannot, of course, be maintained forever, as in the case of coal, the formation of which is beyond human power. But our forest resources, our fisheries and the fertility of our agricultural areas must be preserved. That such has not been done in the past is indicated by the fact that the older wheat-growing districts of the West must now be used for mixed farming, some of our fisheries have declined greatly in value, and good lumber has increased enormously in price.

The protection of these resources assumes a consideration of the future, too distant to permit of the problem being handled in the ordinary political field. The connection between ordinary government departments and the demands of the public is too close to allow them to handle the problem. It is for this reason that conservation can be best carried on by a body such as the Commission of Conservation in Canada, which was established for the purpose.—Monetary Times.

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The Mystery.

Johnny was very proud of his position as egg man on his father's farm. Every afternoon he gathered the eggs that had been laid that day and put them in a box in the spring house, and every Saturday he delivered the lot in the village to his regular customers. Since he gathered the eggs himself he could always guarantee that they were fresh.

Miss Martha Green was the best customer he had. One Saturday when he knocked at the door with her big supply she met him with a laugh.

"Look here, Johnny Baylor," she said good-naturedly. "Your eggs are nice; they are always so smooth and brown. But if you'd just as soon, I'd rather you'd bring them to me raw."

Johnny blinked at her. "How else could I bring them, Miss Martha?" he asked.

"Cooked," said Miss Martha promptly. Then, seeing the boy's bewilderment, she explained what she meant. "Week before last," she said, "there was a cooked egg in the lot you brought me, and last week there were two."

Johnny stared at her. "Why, Miss Martha," he said, "I gathered every one of those eggs myself and kept them in the spring house till it was time to bring them to town!"

"I can't help that, Johnny," was Miss Martha's reply. "Three of them were cooked as much as ever I saw an egg cooked." She took the basket from Johnny's hand and set it on the table. "Let's have a look at this lot," she went on. "I've got to break the shells open, anyway, for custard and omelette."

Johnny let his business wait while he stood by the side of the table and watched Miss Martha break eggs after eggs into a big blue bowl.

Seven of the eggs were exactly as he said eggs should be. "I guess they're all right this time," Miss Martha remarked.

But as she spoke she gave the eighth egg a whack against the side of the bowl.

"That one didn't sound like the others!" Johnny cried.

Miss Martha cut the egg in two with the sharp blow of a knife. "It doesn't look like the others, either," she said, laughing. "It looks like the three I was telling you about."

Johnny took the two halves of the egg and gazed at them. "It is a cooked egg," he said slowly. "I can't tell you how it got that way, but I'm going to find out."

It was not so easy to find out, though Johnny racked his brains for the answer to the puzzle. When he told his father and mother they were as much astonished as he had been.

"I haven't boiled an egg in the kitchen for two months," Mrs. Baylor said.

"And you wouldn't have boiled any of these eggs, anyway," Johnny added, "because they haven't been near the kitchen."

"The only thing to do is to watch the nests," said Johnny's father. "Some one may be playing a trick on you; though to be sure I can't think of anyone who would be so hard run for a joke as that."

Johnny was very thoughtful that afternoon as he made the rounds of the nests. In the barn, in the hen-house and down in the grove where the more venturesome hens had made their nests he looked carefully for footprints and for any sign that might help to solve the riddle. But he could find nothing.

Last of all he made his way down to the sawmill in the woods just behind his father's place. There were several nests there. The mill was running only one or two days a week, and so the hens were not much disturbed.

Johnny visited the nest behind the shack, the one in the bush and the one under a pile of planks behind the mill. Last of all he went to the nest of the foolish little leghorn hen that always chose outlandish places to lay in. That spring she had chosen the top of the boiler at the sawmill. Though every morning she found the nest empty, that did not make any difference to her; she still went on faithfully flying up to the top of the boiler day after day.

Johnny stood on tiptoe and reached into the nest; his fingers touched an egg.

"Well!" he exclaimed.

He stood stock-still gazing at the egg in his hand. To his astonishment it was almost too hot to hold; it was not merely warm, but hot.

"Now I understand!" said Johnny. He picked up his basket and hurried off.

On the way home he stopped at a house by the road. A man answered his knock.

"Mr. Atkins," said Johnny, "how long did you run your sawmill to-day?"

"Nearly all day," said Mr. Atkins. "I had more logs than usual to be sawed, and so we worked from ten till four. Why, Johnny?"

But Johnny was already at the gate. "I'll tell you to-morrow!" he called back.

Ten minutes later he was in Miss Martha's kitchen. "I know how it happened!" he cried.

"How what happened?" asked Miss Martha, who had many things besides eggs to think of.

For answer, Johnny held out the egg. "Feel that!" he said.

Miss Martha touched it. "Oh!" she cried. "Is this another of those cooked eggs?"

"Open it and see," was Johnny's answer.

The egg was well cooked—just hard enough to be good, Miss Martha declared. While she picked off the shell, Johnny explained.

"One of our hens won't lay anywhere except on top of the boiler at the sawmill," he said. "The reason I didn't find out sooner about her eggs is that they usually have time to cool off before I get there. But this time they ran the mill as late as four o'clock."

"Well, well!" Miss Martha said. "Suppose you'd saved the eggs and set her on them!"

Johnny laughed. "All I can say," he said, "is that it would have served her right."

A Sea of Sugar Cane

Your ordinary traveller in Cuba does not need to be told when he reaches the sugar fields. He knows well enough that he is there when he finds himself in the midst of vast expanses of cane, over the tops of which, as his train speeds along, he may gaze seemingly for miles without encountering anything to break the view except the roof of a distant sugar mill or perhaps the tall timbers of a plantation loading crane.

If the traveler is from temperate climes he may also mistake the cane all about him for gigantic cornstalks. At first he may even mistake its height as being much lower than it really is. But when, from his car window, he catches a glimpse of some plantation foreman making his way on horseback in the very midst of the tall growth, he is surprised to find that there is enough of it to swallow horse and rider without allowing so much as a ripple to appear on the surface of the wide-ranging sea of leafy green.

Then the traveller who happens to have his home in a hill country learns the meaning of the word level. He revels in the seeming endlessness of the flat expanse. There is so much of it, and the level is so completely unbroken! Merely by the contrast afforded with his earlier view, amid the rocks and ridges of Cuba's mildly mountainous backbone, the traveller knows that he has emerged upon the great sugar plain.

Villages seem to have disappeared. When the train stops, the station appears to be merely the headquarters for a sugar plantation. A few buildings, like barns or small storehouses, form a cluster about a loading crane, which may be busy lifting great bundles of new cane from the lumbering ox carts and stacking it upon cars

sidetracked alongside. One has time to notice only such details as the broad hats of the swarthy plantation hands, or perhaps the sleek beauty of the horse upon which an overseer comes ambling into view, when the train is away again, shut in by the parted waves of its sea of green as were the Israelites of old by the parted waves of their Sea of Red.

Years ago, this great sea of cane was cut up into so many plantations that it was rather like contiguous ponds than a sea. Ox carts instead of a railroad conveyed the cane to the mill, and milling itself was on a small and individual scale. But the tide of sugar is now too great at the flood for any such meagre effort to control it. Plantations have been grouped, the smaller absorbed in the larger; the mills are now like islands, each in the midst of its vast sugar sea, with cane enough in view to keep it busy grinding, straight through the season, unceasingly. Ox carts are now merely for local service. In hauling the cut cane from the field to the nearest railroad loading crane, each crane weighs the ox loads of cane as it deftly hoists them to position on the waiting railroad cars.

Even the railroad equipment is larger nowadays than it used to be. Planters have found that it does not pay to use small cars and that engines heavy enough to haul heavy cars with ease wear longer than lighter ones, which always cough and struggle over a big load. Every feature of the Cuban sugar fields is expanding, taking on large measures in accord with its industrial importance. The only thing that is still narrow is the gauge of the railroad. Even that may be widened, in time. If it be not, some day submerged under the ever-more widely billowing seas of cane.

Death.

You simply go to sleep, that's all. You know

How sweet this is—this soft slipping away

From pain and worry—from the cares that grow,

Feeding upon themselves, all through the day.

Then comes calm night. The noises and the strife

Of life are stilled, and for the nonce we feel

A soothing sweep of unseen wings—all rife

With welcome sense of adding to our weal.

Nothing demands, save rest, forget and dreams—

These are so easy, kind, promise so fair—

A vista of some hours within the realms

Of drowse birthed, starlit castles in the air.

Just such is death—save that its rest is deep,

Longer, more restful—all devoid of dreams—

Than that of its twin sister, this life's sleep;

For it is real; the sleep of life but seems,

There are no visions in this sleep of death—

No sudden startings, and no restless mind—

No struggles, as it were, to regain breath—

No vain outreach for what we ne'er will find.

Thus, while in death the body knows real sleep,

The soul is freed once more from its earth shell—

The body rests, the eyes no longer weep.

The spirit home with God—and all is well.

Then, too, we die as easy as we sleep—

Only more sweetly—for I claim the soul

Anticipates its joy, and while friends weep.

It wings its way home, home—to heaven, its goal.

Death is misjudged—misnamed—with terrors rife—

It gives the tired body rest—the spirit life.

Ordeal by Poison in Congo.

During my seven years of travel in the African wilds I have encountered few peoples possessing stranger customs and presenting more curious contrasts than the Bambala tribe, who reside in numerous village communities on the banks of the Kwilu river, a southern tributary of the Congo.

In disputes, where two people of the same village are concerned, a poison ordeal is employed as judge. Whether a man is accused of witchcraft, parricide, or of some minor offence, he declares himself willing to take poison to prove his innocence.

The poison, which is derived from the bark of a native tree, is usually ground fine and mixed to a thick paste, from which are made five small loaves, and these are administered one after the other to the defendant. During the next fifteen minutes, if it is a case of witchcraft, the bystanders call on Molok (the evil principle) to come out.

The poison usually acts very quickly; it may kill the accused or cause purging or vomiting. The last named effect alone is regarded as a proof of innocence. In the second case the prisoner is compelled to dig a hole. He is then given a fowl to eat and enough palm wine to make him quite intoxicated. After this he is laid in the hole, or possibly goes and lays himself down, and is then buried alive in order to prevent Molok escaping with his last breath. A large fire is kept alight on the grave for two days, and then the body is exhumed and eaten.

An innocent man is carried round the village, decorated with beads, and his accuser pays a pig as compensation for the false charge.

In ancient Athens girls lived in the strictest seclusion till their marriage, kept virtually under lock and key. They were seldom permitted to leave their homes, except on some great festival occasion.



Just Lookin' Around, or What a Real Nice Day Will Do.

Sunlight Kills Disease Germs

The fact has recently come to be recognized that light is the most important essential to health. The more light the better.

Practically all people who live in cities are more or less anaemic. The condition shows in the pallor of their skin, and it signifies an insufficient number of red corpuscles in their blood. Incidentally their vital organs do not function as vigorously as they ought.

The trouble is lack of light. City folks spend most of their time in semi-darkness. They inhabit artificial caves of baked mud or stone, and cover their bodies with light-proof clothing.

Their health suffers, and when summer comes they are eager to get away to the mountains or the seashore to recuperate. Rest, change of scene and plenty of fresh air are all helps in this direction, but what does them most good is unlimited light.

The seashore is especially beneficial because there is more light there than anywhere else.

People at the seashore find that bathing does them good, but the benefit they derive from it is mainly attributable to exposure to unlimited light. Before and after the dip in the surf they lie about on the sand, perhaps for hours, literally taking in health at

every pore. Their clothing is reduced to a minimum, which helps.

People at the seashore are out in the sunshine all day long. They go about in bath chairs. Invalids even avail themselves of the "sun pavilions" which the big hotels provide. Light, light, oceans of light for everybody.

Young women nowadays consider it desirable to acquire a coat of tan, which is esteemed "becoming." Why? Because it is the hue of health, obtained by exposure to sunlight, and it is the fashion in this generation for women to be healthy.

Even freckles are not now held in such disesteem as formerly. The more of them a girl has the better her health is likely to be, for it is sunshine that makes them.

You yourself have noticed how much more cheerful and vigorous you feel on a bright, sunny day than on a cloudy and gloomy day. You have more "pep." It is the influence of light.

Take, on the other hand, the case of a prisoner shut up in a cell. He becomes depressed in mind, and soon loses his physical vigor. His skin becomes sallow; the term "prison pallor" is descriptively familiar. Want of fresh air and exercise is to some extent the cause, but what he suffers from chiefly is lack of light.

Did you ever see a potato plant growing in a dark cellar? It is not green, but white, with a long stem and almost no foliage. This means absence of chlorophyll, the substance that gives to plants their green color, and which enables them to utilize the energy of light.

The red corpuscles of your blood perform for you an analogous function. In the absence of an adequate light supply they will become fewer. You are suffering from anemia. The doctor gives you a tonic—that contains iron; but what you need is more light.

Slum dwellers, who live in narrow and crowded streets, are pale and undernourished. Improper nutrition has a good deal to do with it, but that is only one cause. All efforts to improve the condition of the poor in cities by giving them fresh air and cleaner quarters are in the direction of giving them more light.

Any physician will tell you that exercise in the open air is vastly more beneficial than any obtainable in a gymnasium. The chief reason why is that when you are playing tennis or golf, or riding a horse or a bicycle, or amusing yourself otherwise out of doors, you are getting the benefit of unlimited light.

Practical Hints For Motor Camper.

As a general rule, for comfort wear loose clothes and for economy wear old clothes, also when you go motor car camping use woollen wear as a protection against cold because it absorbs perspiration and protects the skin against drafts; but do not wear the woollen garment next to the skin. Wear cotton or linen garments under the woollen ones. Army woollen shirts loose at the neck are excellent for men and women. Every one should have a sweater along and some kind of a waterproof overgarment. Khaki, olive drab and gray shades are most serviceable in all garments. Around camp use camp moccasins or light shoes—slippers are taboo. Use boots or shoes with leggings but do not take new shoes along, only the worn and comfortable ones. Footwear should have heavy soles and hosiery should be of wool and heavy.

A cap with visor or a medium brimmed hat is recommended. If one outfit specially for a motor camping tour a corduroy suit or a golding jacket with breeches are very comfortable, or in the warm months a khaki or olive drab worsted suit. Breeches and a three-quarter length coat are very practical for women.

For working round the car and camp a pair of overalls will be appreciated by the men and the women will find an enveloping apron more than useful.

A one piece sleeping suit of cotton flannel with detachable hood and feet is very comfortable and in cold weather a woollen one piece sleeping suit of light material, with headpiece attached or with a detached sleeping cap.

To those who do not count the cost a leather coat, short or long according to taste, or a leather vest, may be recommended.

Amber goggles or large glasses with amber lenses will be found almost a necessity when traveling in some regions in the West where the light is high and glaring.

Mosquito netting will be frequently found a great comfort.

Each person of a camping party should be confined to one suitcase. All extra clothing should go into duffle bags.

Finally, do not forget the handkerchiefs, tooth paste, tooth brush, comb, a small mirror, safety razor, soap, a bachelor's comfort kit with some safety pins coarse needles and linen thread, some bachelor's buttons and a stout two bladed pocket knife.

The orifice of the whale's ears is scarcely perceptible, yet it is said that the whale's hearing is so acute that a ship crossing its track half a mile distant will cause it to dive instantly.

Consecrated to God's Service

Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.—I Sam. 3, 7.

From our childhood many of us have known and loved the story of little Samuel and his message from God. The earliest hymn I recall singing in Sunday school was this: "When little Samuel woke,

And heard his Maker's voice,

At every word He spoke

How much did he rejoice!

O, blessed, happy child to find

The God of heaven so near and kind."

And to-day I think many of our children love to sing James D. Burns's bright hymn set to Sullivan's tune: "Hushed was the evening hymn,

The Temple courts were dark,

The lamp was burning dim

Before the sacred ark;

When suddenly a voice divine

Rang through the silence of the shrine."

Of course, there is a great deal of imagination associated with the story as we tell it in these modern days; but it does no harm to weave about these wonderful Old Testament stories something of romance, for everything connected with God and His love must have a halo which rightly is associated with heavenly things.

And what a beauty in its very simplicity the story has! We see Hannah longing for a child and praying to God for this blessing—a great lesson for modern mothers who do not always, alas! think of their little ones as blessings from God, and we hear her dedicating the child to God even before his birth and then breaking out into a beautiful hymn, which reminds us of Mary's song when the Christ was promised (I Sam. ii, 1-10; St. Luke i, 46-55). When the child was born Hannah called him "Samuel"—"asked of God"—and when he was old enough she took him to Eli, the high priest and judge, at Shiloh in the country of Ephraim, where the Tabernacle was, for Jerusalem and the Temple were not yet built; and the little lad became the companion of Eli and ministered to him, wearing the ephod, a priestly garment.

Consecrated Children.

Our first lesson is about the consecration of children to the Lord. From their earliest years parents should give their children to the Lord in prayerful consecration. If all mothers would do as Hannah did, not only would our children be happy and blessed, but we should have many studying for the ministry of the church. It is a sad fact that many mothers do not realize that "children are an heritage of the Lord" (Psal. cxvii, 3). Eve, when Cain was born, cried, "I have gotten a man from the Lord" (Gen. iv, 1). So many fathers and mothers wish earthly prosperity for their children. They want them to grow wealthy and to live in fine houses; they shudder at the idea of becoming "poor ministers" or workers in the Lord's vineyard. But what are all worldly prosperity and happiness compared with a life given to God and

spent in telling the story of the Gospel and making the world better? No greater joy can be found than that which comes to a father or mother when the son goes out to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Though we are told that "Samuel did not yet know the Lord," we must not think that he was ignorant of the meaning of the worship and the love of God. Eli would have taught him; and we may be sure that his mother would have told him about God. What is meant by this passage is that Samuel had not as yet received any message from God, and so when he heard the voice calling him he naturally thought it was Eli who called. I am led by the statement, however, to think how often we are inclined to confuse God's voice with earthly associations. So many-times, I am sure, God speaks to us, warning, urging, guiding us, and we imagine the call comes only from our own minds or from some of the ordinary things of life. Indeed, the more we gain in human knowledge, particularly in what is commonly called "science," the slower we are to acknowledge the supernatural. Germany, with her philosophy and science and skill, left God quite out of her life, and the result was a lamentable disbelief in the supernatural. It is a terrible thing to banish God from His world and from our personal lives. He is ever with us and His lessons are spoken so clearly that one wonders how it is possible to forget or neglect. For what we call the "supernatural" is not some strange thing or some miraculous occurrence. Rather is it the regular and simple knowledge of Christ as speaking and helping.

God's Blessing on Work.

But perhaps our chief interest lies in Samuel's reply to God's call: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." What a beautiful and childlike answer it was, how loyal to the dear heavenly Father who thus early was about to prepare him for his life-work! Lo, our Lord Himself spoke to his parents: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" It is the quick answer to God's call that marks a faithful servant. And it is willing obedience to His will that brings both knowledge of His will and joy in doing His work. The trouble with us is often an unwillingness to do what God asks. We want to choose our own way and follow our own plans and the result is bound to be disastrous. God knows best, and when we go to Him for direction and ask Him to show us His will we find happiness and peace. How many of us ask God's guidance for the day before we leave our rooms in the morning? How many of us before we begin some particular task, cry to the dear Master and ask His help? There is an old prayer that begins like this: "Lord, we pray that Thy grace may always go before and follow us," and it is a fitting prayer. We need God to prepare the way; we need God to come after us with His blessing upon what we have tried to do.—Rev. F. W. Tomkins.

Sikh's Sacred Emblems.

It was recently reported that General Dyer had been presented by the Sikhs with the sacred comb, the quail and the dagger.

By being presented with these General Dyer has received what is practically the greatest honor a Sikh can bestow upon any man not of his religion.

When the son of a Sikh himself becomes a Sikh, in other words, when he is admitted to the religion he is given the comb, dagger and quail, and from the day he receives them he guards his sacred possessions most jealously.

The quail, of course, is the national weapon of the Sikhs. Men serving in Sikh regiments of the Indian Army wear a small quail, about four inches in diameter, in front of their turban, but the actual weapon is much larger and heavier, and has a razor-like edge.

The Sikhs have a deadly aim. The quail is thrown in much the same manner as was the discus in days of

old—that is, the thrower gets a firm footing, fixes his hand right over, and then brings it suddenly forward, releasing the weapon—and was betide the unfortunate enemy whose neck gets in the way.

Keep On.

A politician tells of an occasion when, one very rainy night in the Northwest, he was addressing an audience which, without taxing the capacity of the hall, might have been larger. Naturally, he was willing to curtail his speech, and, having reached what he considered the proper point, said:

"I am afraid I have kept you too long."

Whereupon there came to him a voice from the audience:

"Go on, please; it is still raining."

A large lemon sliced into the water and soap used in boiling clothes act as a bleach.

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En Passant.

Getting In Wrong. THE EASY WAY in which many people manage to get themselves "in wrong" is a constant source of mild wonder to me.

They seem to be so constructed that they never fit properly into the jig-saw puzzle of life. They say and do things with such manifest indifference to that "Eternal Fitness of Things" which Fielding calls the Rule of Right, that their actions and utterances get to be discounted in advance, and if they happen by any happy chance or fortuitous accident, to contribute something appropriate to the occasion, it passes unnoticed, or only serves to accentuate or throw into relief an established record for misfits.

There was once a man who persisted in wearing a rain-coat in all sorts of weather. Every day, wet or dry, he appeared wearing his macintosh and a childlike smile. When it rained he looked all right. That was only in conformity with the general order of things, but in fine weather he was an oddity, a discord, an incongruous snudge on the canvas, a startling and grotesque figure in the foreground of an otherwise harmonious picture. And to cap the absurdity of the thing, when, as will sometimes happen a sudden shower came along and he was caught in it, he would go about openly congratulating himself upon his forethought and wonderful weather-wisdom, superciliously, loftily, smiling at the other ninety and nine per cent of "unprepared" folks whose rain-coats were hanging at home in the hall.

SKIMMING OVER a newspaper the other day I was surprised at the number of people reported in that one issue as having got themselves "in wrong." Over a dozen cases were mentioned. It looked like a special edition devoted to errors of judgment reports. "At It Again" was the editorial caption of a paragraph on the author of "Our Lady of the Snows." It showed that Kipling had according to his custom, got himself in wrong with Canadians over his "Letters of Travel." Some years ago he was widely criticised and censured for describing the Dominion as a frigid, summerless day-out in a snowdrift, or words to that effect, and now he is raising comment by severely calling Canadians to task for their "manners" or want of them. Kipling was born in India, and possibly his early impressions of that torrid clime may have influenced his estimation of Canada and its people. Anyway, he is in wrong again, and as one of the greatest authors of our generation, his opinions and remarks attract a wider audience and are raised to a point of significance with probably he has not expected.

From the sublime to the etc. etc. A Rev. Dr. Speer, reported in the same issue, has got himself in a tangle with the Canadian Parliament over something he said, in the heat of the moment, when addressing the Toronto Methodist Conference, and which appeared to reflect upon the bona-fides of our professional legislators. After a storm-in-a-teacup, the reverend gentleman's telegraphed explanation was accepted, and he was let off from being called to the Bar of the House. "This incident has been closed," yet I cannot see that he has come out of the affair with flying colours. Mud sticks. He has exonerated the "Commons," but the Race Track men are still under the shadow of "having money," which the Church has not, to spend on deputations and watching legislation with a view to defeating a particular item of the Church's policy: nor do I see that his "foregone conclusion" summary of the situation is explained away. Dr. Speer got in wrong with Parliament and

the Race Track support, and it looks as if he has only got halfway out, with a struggle: "by the skin of his teeth" so to speak. (Job. XIX, 20.)

IN THE SAME PAPER. Mayor Martin writes to the City Clerk of Montreal giving his reasons for refusing to sign a by-law adopted by the City Council, but his refusal to sign will not result in holding up the by-law nor stop the council from asking the Provincial Government to lend them \$3,000,000, for the Chairman of the Administrative Commission will sign the requisition, and all will be well, perhaps. The mayor's reasons are given: he says,—

"I return to you, by-law 725, regarding the demand to the Provincial Government for an advance of \$3,000,000 for the construction of work-men's houses a by-law that I refuse to approve for the following reasons:

"1. The by-law provides for a demand of \$3,000,000 when according to the declaration of the Minister of Municipal Affairs a sum of \$1,000,000 only should have been requested.

"2. The construction of workmen's houses by the terms of the law as it exists, is not, in my opinion, in the interest of the working class, with the present high cost of labor and materials.

"3. Even supposing the carrying out of the project were practical, the sum placed at the disposal of the city, could only satisfy a very small number, and would cause much dissatisfaction."

It is obvious that the Mayor is "in wrong" again, but he is accustomed to such situations, and usually comes out smiling.

ON THE SAME PAGE it is reported that the Rev. Daniel Mannix, D.D., L.L.D., Archbishop of Melbourne, has come to judgment. He, also, has got himself, in wrong, and his explanation has landed him deeper in the quagmire. He refused to stand, while "The Star Spangled Banner" was being played by the band on the steamer Ventura, in Honolulu harbor, and a protest has been sent to the U.S. Department of State at Washington, in consequence.

The dispatch says that the Archbishop was one by himself. Like Southern's "fool-bird" he was a flock of one. Other Australians on board stood up, and paid their visible tithe of homage to the U.S. flag. The Archbishop was born in County Cork, which, in a way, throws a light upon his "explanation." He said he believed "The Star Spangled Banner" to be an English Anthem, because he heard some men singing whom he thought were English, and for that reason he refused to stand up when requested.

According to that line of reasoning, if a Chinaman were to dress himself in a kilt he would be a Scotchman. Wan Lung would instantly become Sandy MacTavish! Or if an angler attempts to dance a Highland Schottische, that poetic expression of motion instantly becomes an African War Dance. Transubstantiation of that kind may go down with the Irish-Australian Archbishop, but it is difficult to swallow by an outraged U.S. citizen when his flag is dishonoured. I am afraid the Archbishop has been in the Australian bush so long that his native sense of humour has been impaired.

LINKSMAN.

BROWNSBURG SCHOOL EXAMS.

Grade VII, Max. 1000.—Mabel Hutchins 851, Gladys Moseley 741, J. Golpin 700, Charles Hendry 671.

Grade VI, Max. 1200.—K. Todd 1083, Elizabeth Murray 1054, G. Heale 877, Donald McAllister 868, Irvin Bain 842, Hilda Hardie 819, Alta Macdonald 818 1/2.

Grade V, Max. 1000.—Kenneth McGibbon 924, Wallace Wilson 876, Sarah MacVicar 864, George MacVicar 839, I. Thompson 819, Alma Fletcher 815, W. Clarke 798, Edna Reid 692, Arthur Henle 771, Violet Greed 750, R. Moncrieff 748, Cuthbert MacQuaig 712, K. Stewart 692.

Grade IV, Max. 1000.—D. Golpin 1067, Marion Bain 1036, Alice Hendry 1022, Raymond Chambers 985, Eileen McGibbon 977, Jack Stewart 956, Wilbert Hardie 930, Alwyn Stewart 917, James Hazel 910, Melville Fletcher 832, Gordon Hendry 830, Willie Pettley 799.

Grade III, Max. 600.—Donald Boyd 856.

Grade II, Max. 600.—Dorothea Macdonald 554, Douglas Stewart 497.

Grade I, Max. 600.—W. McOnat 512.

UPPER SCHOOL.

Grade III, Max. 1000.—Grace Moncrieff 985, Leona Thompson 970, Ida Fletcher 930, Raymond Hutchins, M. Wilson 914, Lawrence Davis 889, Colin Martin 879, Harry Ball 824, P. Duncan 823, Mildred Wilson 757, Joe Chambers 754, Doris Reid 742.

Grade II, Max. 800.—Mildred Heale 765, Alex. McCulloch 754, Lorne Martin 753, Violet Golpin 738, Irene Hazel 730, Robbie Roberts 726, Aggie Duncan 720, Teddy Zimmers 719, F. Wilson 714, K. Brown 685, Edna Woods 651, W. Woods 541, M. Chambers 638, N. Warwick 552

Grade I, Part II, Max. 800.—Howard Tomaly 758, Nellie Hazel 744, Lorne Ball 732, Oscar Cloutier 719, Ward Moncrieff 711, Wyman Hazel 707, George Connelly 699, Agnes Elliott, Wilson Green 692, Irene Moore 672, Horace Wylie 643, G. Anderson 623, Kenneth MacAllister 540, Theron Wilson 538.

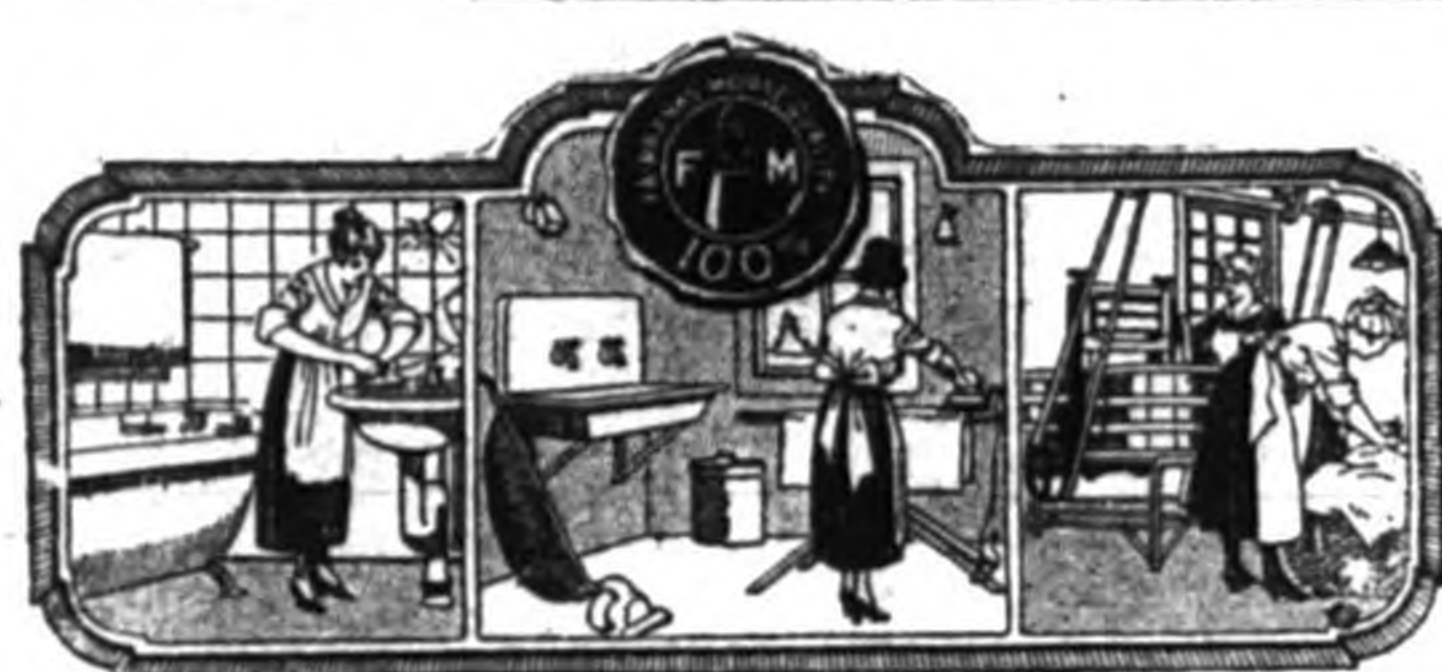
Passed On Trail.—Lilly White 507, Frank McGibbon 499.

Grade I, Part I.—Alfred Cloutier 435, Wilma Tomaly 442, Lizzie Seary, 441, F. Kettle 440, John Moore 434.

Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes all sizes. W. BANFORD & SON

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mr. J. F. Owens has added to his stables one of the handsomest Standard Bred Stallions ever shown in Canada. He is 16 hands high, weighs 1260 lbs. Beautiful bay Bred in the purple and a very fast stallion. His pedigree and etc. will appear in this paper later. Parties wishing to breed to the right kind should see this grand Stallion before using any other Stallion. Your patronage solicited. J. F. OWENS, Proprietor.



You can have all these helps on the farm

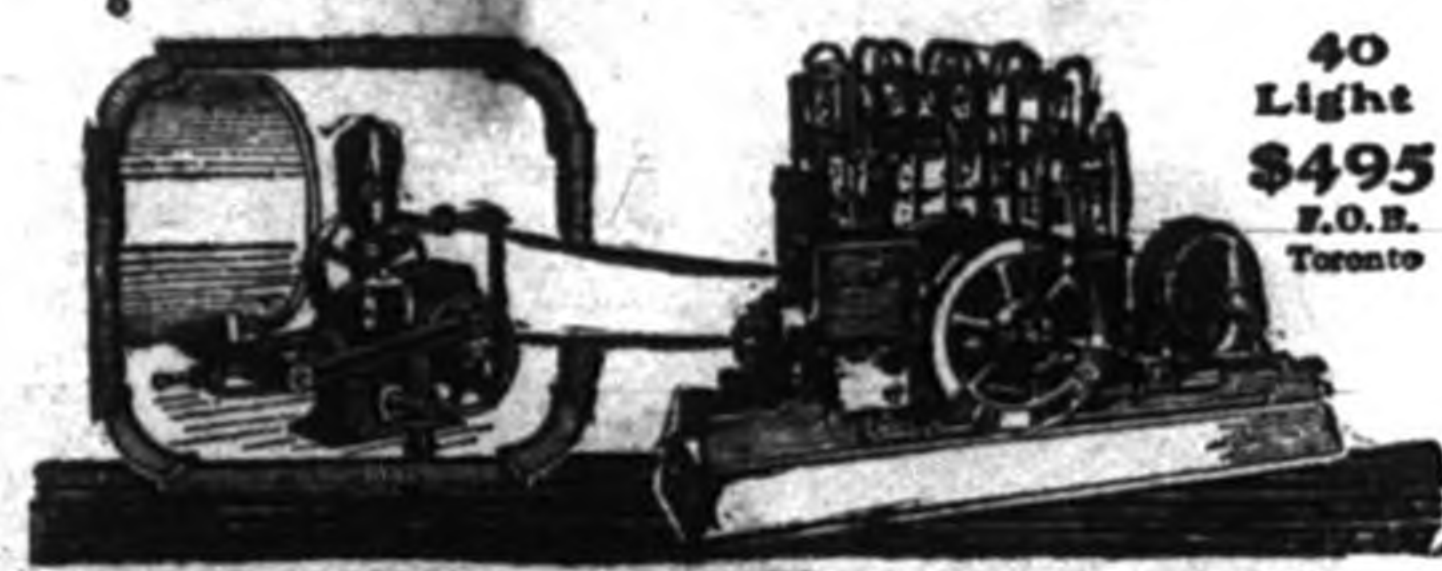
IN the best lighted farm homes, brilliant, clean electric light floods every room, cellar, stairways, stables, and other buildings at the touch of a button. These folks also have running water in bathroom, laundry, kitchen and outbuildings by turning a tap. No one turns the separator, grindstone, fanning mill, or churn—the "F" Power and Light Plant does all these jobs as quickly and easily as it pumps water.

The womenfolk are not slaves to the wash tub, and there are no lamps to fill and clean—the "F" Plant ends such drudgery. They save time and labour by using an electric iron and vacuum cleaner. The farm help is contented, does more work and becomes attached to the place.

You can live under the same happy and prosperous conditions.

Call in the first time you are near and learn how the "F" Power and Light Plant will save dollars, and work for you.

J. A. Pollock, Lachute, Que.



"TANLAC"

There is a big demand for Tanlac. So get your supply now.

G. J. Charland, Ph.B.

Prescription Druggist, Lachute Mills.

Prescriptions a Specialty. Nyal's Quality Store

Developing and Printing.

Upper Lachute June Exams.

Grade VII, Max. 1400.—Christie Robertson 1111, Annabell Doig 1044, S. Doig 901.

Grade VI, Max. 1400.—Ethel Doig 1269, Mossman Leishman 1269.

Grade IV, Max. 1100.—Erma Morrison 1062, Harold Nicoll 880, John Robertson 778, Jack Neil 374, (abs. for 4 exams.)

Grade III, Max. 800.—Walter Robertson 777, Margaret Neil 493, (abs. for 2 exams.)

Primer II, Max. 700.—Edwin Robertson 627.

Primer I, Max. 700.—Allie Leishman 682, Janet Berry 682.

Mamie L. Duncan, Teacher.

WANTED

WANTED.—To work in Factory at Brownsburg as machine operators etc., boys and girls over 14 years old, also married men with families in which some members are over 14 years old who would also be employed in factory. Wages for boys and girls 17cts. per hour, for men 31 cts per hour. Work is light and clean. Housing accommodation for married men. Apply to Dominion Cartridge Company Limited, Brownsburg, Que.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marion & Marion, Quebec Bank Bldg Montreal and Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 2nd July, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the route over Arundel No. 2, Rural Route from the Postmaster General's Pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Arundel and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office.

VICTOR GAUDET, Post Office Inspector. Montreal, 12th, June 1920.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Briscoe!

The Car with the

Half Million Dollar Motor

Less Gas and more mileage.

32 h.p. motor that goes up the hills on High.

Lowest license and best appearing See the Briscoe in our Show-room before buying.

GEO. Y. DEACON

Phone 26 LACHUTE MILLS, QUE.

Princess Theatre, Brownsburg, P. Goyette, Prop.

CHECKERS

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

Wm. Fox, presenting The greatest raising story in the World. Thoroughbreds and high life intermingled with a basic drama of the human emotions.

ADMISSION 10 & 25 cts

Good Restaurant, Ice Cream, Soft Drinks, fruits in Season, etc

INCORPORATED IN 1885
CAPITAL AND RESERVE \$9,000,000
Over 120 Branches

THE MOLSONS BANK

THE MOLSONS BANK is prepared to render every assistance possible to responsible business men or farmers in financing their business.

The Manager will be glad to go into your affairs with you and give you any information needed about banking.

W. A. Houston, Mgr. Lachute Branch

\$1.19

Miss M. V. Slater Main St., Lachute.

Jewellery, Watches Clocks, Silverware, Out Glass and Electric Table Lamps for Wedding, Birthday and all other Presentations. Necklets and Pendants, Brooches, Society and other Tie Pins & Buttons Cuff and Collar Buttons, Eye-glass Chains, Signet, Fancy and Wedding Rings—all solid gold, gold-filled or silver. Silver-plated—knives, forks and spoons, also Pie Plates, Fern Dishes, Waterman's Fountain Pens and Ink, Auto-strop, Safety-razors, etc.

All at lowest Montreal and Toronto prices.

Mail orders are solicited and will receive most careful and prompt attention. Re-plating, Engraving and all Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs quickly done and guaranteed.

A full line of the famous "Pyrex" Baking Glass. Agent for the entrancing "Corona" Phonograph in which is eliminated all the usual metallic scratching sounds. Only the pure sweet tones of the Singers and Instruments being heard. And all flat records can be played on same.

Your inspection is most cordially invited, with no obligation to purchase.

JUNE EXAMINATIONS IN LACHUTE ACADEMY.

Lachute Academy has just closed after one of the most successful years in its history, and we publish the results of the examinations in the lower grades as follows:—(1) June Examination results; (2) The Standing for the Year. (3) Entrance Examinations; (4) Winners of the "Perley Scholarships"; (5) Some of the Special Prizes.

It is on the standing for the year that all regular prizes and scholarships are given. This is obtained by adding together the marks given for attendance, the marks of the June examinations, and the marks of the weekly examinations held during the year. The figures in brackets after the totals indicate the number of examinations missed during the year.

By regulation of the School Board a pupil who has been one and one half years or more in the grade must take an additional five per cent of marks in order to be considered equal to a pupil who is doing the work for the first time. Pupils who have this handicap are indicated by the letter (s) after the name. The totals here given are the actual totals taken by the pupils, but the five p.c. has been taken into account in determining the ranking.

A class larger and better prepared than usual took the entrance examinations at the Academy. Of these 17 succeeded in passing into grade VIII. and 12 into Grade VII.

The Watchman offers its congratulations to all of these successful candidates throughout the County, and in particular to Miss Edna V. Campbell, daughter of Samuel Campbell of Hazel land, who heads the list of entrance pupils.

Grade VII.—Total Max. 1000.

Honors.—Margaret Scott 916, Melville Smith 907.

Class I.—Kathleen Morrison 888, Hazel Drysdale 870, Willie Miller 818, Frank Scott 809, Jean McOuat 774, Lillie Paul 772, Donald Hay 771, Edna Graham 750, Class II.—Frances Douglas & Erskine Rodger 729, James Todd 727, Norman Silvester 708, George Muir 704, John Dobbie (s) 718, Hilda Hume 677, Ruby Nichols 673, George McGibbon 652.

Grade VI.—Total Max. 1300.

Honors.—Bessie Rodgers 1230.

Class I.—Eleanor Yelland 1092, Edgar Burwash 1068, Ethel McOuat 1052, Kilgour Wilson 1041, Harold Calder (s) 1080, Charles Miller (s) 1074, Norma Boyd 1005, Hazel Kettyle 995, Hazel Morrison 994, Linton Armstrong (s) 1040.

Class II.—George Miles 968, Freddie Barker 960, Alice Burk (s) 993, Edith Jones 926, Corinne Hancox 917, Elizabeth MacKimmie 909, Inez McKiddie 904, Muriel McPhail 853, Russell Robertson 801 (s) Cecil Stanforth (s) 834, Douglas Drysdale 779 (s).

Passed on trial.—Mary Cruise, Lloyd Somerville.

Grade V.—Total Max. 1000.

Class I.—May Yelland 773, Henry Miles 772, Nellie Hay 765.

Class II.—Edith Stanley 712, Annie Miller 701, Edward Morrison 697, Robert Cunningham (s) 723, Stella Scott 695, Elsie Stewart (s) 707, Amy Combie 641, Lyla McKiddie (s) 660.

Passed on trial.—Violet Paul.

Grade IV.—Total Max. 900.

Honors.—Dorothy Morrison 810.

Class I.—Howard Doig 783, Janet McOuat 763, Elinor McCoy 740, Bessie Morrin 724, Margaret Harrison 712, Lorne Morrin 706, James Wilson 684, Frank McSweeney 680.

Class II.—Russell Elliott 666, Reta Jones 651, Grace Rodgers 650, Hazel McKiddie (s) 660, Evelyn Cruise 643, Lizzie Hay (s) 654.

Grade III.—Total Max. 800.

Class I.—Helen Hutchinson and Jas. Yelland 704, James Logan 648, Gordon McOuat 647, Shirley Hamilton 646, Quintin Black 641, Eric Middleton 626, Ada Logan 606.

Class II.—Stuart Armstrong (s) 616, Alma McCullough 579, Lloyd Cruise 572, Laura Noble 570, Roy Cruise 569, Clarence Carpenter 542, Stanley Boyd 536, Edgar Cruise (s) 563, Ernest Manson 535, Heartland Paul 525.

Passed on trial.—Henry Dion.

Grade II.—Total Max. 700.

Honors.—Freda Mason 688, Douglas Upham 634.

Class I.—Florence Hay 611, Rebecca Cohen 608, Christina McKenzie 592, Florence Elkington (s) 619, Eliza Combie 571, David Harrison 569, Sam Cohen 568, Leonard Carpenter (s) 593, Morton Morrison (s) 582, Lorne West 548, Maggie Chapman (s) 573, Harris Tomkins 540, Raymond Cunningham (s) 563, Dorothy McIntyre 531.

Class II.—Walter Tomkins 527.

Passed on trial.—John Holt, May Holt, George Paul.

Passed into Grade VIII.—

Total Maximum marks 1100.

Edna V. Campbell, Brittonville, 809
Marguerite Heattie, St. Philippe, 801
Sarah Black, Brownsburg, 870
Susan Evans, Lakesfield, 869
Rvelyn McCallum, Avoca, 869
Joseph Brown, Morin Heights, 853
Marian Knox, Lachute, 824
Elsie Riddell, Hazel Land, 823
D. Cumming, Portage de la Nation, 817
Paul Doig, Lachute, 786
Hazel Leishman, Lachute, 737
Grant McHardy, Calumet, 736
Irene Rogers, Lachute, 726
Muriel Peet, Lakesfield, 724
Maria Westgate, Lachute, 706
Annie Goodfellow, Lachute, 703
Annie Miller, Lachute, 682

Passed into Grade VII.

Sadie Bennett, Calumet, 643
Elsie Townsend, Brownsburg, 642
Ailsa Seale, Morin Heights, 632
Milton Townsend, Brownsburg, 595
Emmet Johnson, Calumet, 594
Hna Black, Lachute, 591
Russell Patterson, Hazel land, 572
William Bates, Avoca, 562
Grace Armstrong, Lachute, 533
Winnifred Silvester, Lakesfield, 530
Bessie Black, Lachute, 514
Margaret Graham, St. Philippe, 488

Standing for the Year.

Grade VII.—Total Max. 4000.

Class I.—Margaret Scott 3488, Melville

Smith 3405, Hazel Drysdale 3253, Willie

Miller 3251, Kathleen Morrison 3062.

Class II.—Jean McOuat 2942, Frank Scott 2898 (s), George Muir 2875, Lillie Paul 2828 (s), Edna Graham 2741, Norman Silvester 2667, James Todd 2600 (s), Erskine Rodger 2559 (s), George McGibbon 2521, Hilda Hume 2498, Ruby Nichols 2483, Frances Douglas 2477, Jno. Dobbie (s) 2576, Donald Hay 1166 (23).

Grade VI.—Total Max. 3900.

Honors.—Bessie Rodgers 3600.

Class I.—Eleanor Yelland 3184, Edgar Burwash 3169, Kilgour Wilson 3150, Hazel Kettyle 3021, Harold Calder (s) 3154, Ethel McOuat 2967, Linton Armstrong (s) 3110, Norma Boyd 2932.

Class II.—Hazel Morrison 2900, Geo. Miles 2891, Charlie Miller (s) 2999 (s), Inez McKiddie 2771, Freddie Barker 2735, Alice Burk (s) 2832, Edith Jones 2645, Cecil Stanforth (s) 2595, Muriel McPhail 2457, Russell Robertson 2452 (s), Class III.—Elizabeth McKimmie 2276 (s), Douglas Drysdale (s) 2033 (1).

Grade V.—Total Max. 3500.

Class I.—May Yelland 2917, Nellie Hay 2810, Henry Miles 2737, Robt. Cunningham (s) 2757, Annie Miller 2542, Elsie Stewart (s) 2623, Stella Scott 2440, Lyla McKiddie (s) 2489.

Class II.—Amy Combie 2392.

Class III.—Edward Morrison 1784 (4).

Grade IV.—Total Max. 3400.

Class I.—Howard Doig 3028, Dorothy Morrison 2967, Janet McOuat 2687, Russell Elliott 2685, Elinor McCoy 2573, Bessie Morrin 2560, James Wilson 2558.

Class II.—Lorne Morrin 2543, Margaret Harrison 2502 (s), Hazel McKiddie (s) 2557, Reta Jones 2364, Grace Rodgers 2303 (1), Lizzie Hay 2413, Frank McSweeney 2288 (1), Evelyn Cruise 2256.

Grade III.—Total Max. 3300.

Class I.—Gordon McOuat 2860, James Yelland 2825, Helen Hutchinson 2706, Eric Middleton 2624, Quintin Black 2622, Shirley Hamilton 2593, James Logan 2499.

Class II.—Stuart Armstrong (s) 2603, Stanley Boyd 2473, Ada Logan 2354, Roy Cruise 2344, Alma McCullough 2187, Lloyd Cruise 2106 (2), Laura Noble 2065, (2), Heartland Paul 2027.

Class III.—Clarence Carpenter 1832 (2), Ernest Manson 1815 (2), Edgar Cruise (s) 1862 (2).

Grade II.—Total Max. 2300.

Honors.—Freda Mason 2172.

Class I.—Leonard Carpenter (s) 1917, L. Wert 1908, R. Cunningham (s) 1894, Morton Morrison (s) 1941.

Class II.—F. Elkington (s) 1805 (2), Florence Hay 1712, D. Harrison 1674 (3), Sam Cohen 1653 (1), Walter Tompkins 1623, H. Tompkins 1599 (1), Christina McKenzie 1558 (4), M. Chapman (s) 1594 (3), Dorothy McIntyre 1486 (2), Rebecca Cohen 1452 (5).

Class III.—Eliza Combie 1375 (2), Douglas Upham 1194 (9).

Winners of "Perley Scholarships"

Municipality Lachute Town, Bessie Rodgers.

Municipality St. Jerusalem, Paul Doig.

Municipality Chatham, Marguerite Heattie.

Municipality Grenville, Evelyn McCallum.

Municipality Gore, Susan Evans.

Municipality Mille Isles, Edna V. Campbell.

Municipality Morrin, Joseph Brown.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

The "E. H. Wilson," Attendance and Punctuality Prizes.

Grade XI.—Violet Perks.

Grade X.—Hazel Brown, Margaret Jones, Edythe Silvester.

Grade IX.—None.

Lachute Driving Club.

The above Club will hold a Race Meet on the Race Track, Exhibition Grounds, Lachute July 1st & 2nd, 1920

\$2,000 00 in Purses

First Day
Class 2.35, Pace or Trot - \$350 00
Class 2.24, Trot - 350 00
Class 2.15, Pace or Trot - 350 00

Second Day
Class 3.00, Open to County only - \$150 00
Class 2.19, Trot - 350 00
Free For All - 400 00

SPECIAL FEATURE.—Flying Exhibition to be given by R. & W. Air Service on July 1st. DOMINION DAY.

National Trotting Association Rates to govern. Five seconds allowed trotters in mixed classes. Time given for half mile only. Entry blanks may be obtained from J. W. Gatl.

F. ST. VINCENT, Starter. J. W. GALL, Sec'y.

Grade VIII.—Hilda Sattou, Kenneth Elliott.

Grade VII.—Hazel Drysdale, Willie Miller, Margaret Scott.

Grade VI.—Eleanor Yelland.

Grade V.—Robert Cunningham G. Dobbie, Willis Stanforth, May Yelland.

Grade IV.—Russell Elliott, Reta Jones, Eileen McPaul, Janet McOuat, Dorothy Morrison, James Wilson.

Grade III.—Quintin Black, Shirley Hamilton, James Logan, Gordon McOuat, Eric Middleton, Heartland Paul.

Grade II.—None.

Grade I.—None.

The "H. Mossman Gall" Prizes in Arithmetic.

Grade VII.—1st prize Melville Smith, 100%, 2nd, Norman Silvester.

Grade VI.—1st, prize Bessie Rodgers, 84%, 2nd, Edgar Burwash.

The "H. Slater," Prizes in Arithmetic.

Grade V.—1st, prize, Henry Miles 74 p.c., 2nd, prize Amy Combie, Robert Cunningham, equal.

Grade IV.—1st, prize, Lorne Morrin 78 p.c., 2nd, Howard Doig, Bessie Morrin, equal.

Grade III.—1st, prize, Gordon McOuat 93 p.c., 2nd, Eric Middleton.

Grade II.—1st, prize, Douglas Upham 98 p.c., 2nd, prize, Sam Cohen.

Prizes for Writing. (Donor's Name not given.)

Grade III.—Quintin Black.

Grade IV.—Bessie Morrin.

"Miss Silvester's Prizes," Conduct Prizes.

Girls.—Ada Logan, Grade III.

Boys.—Quintin Black, Grade III.

Geography.—(Grade II on Years Work) Freda Mason.

"Miss Hansen's Prizes in Reading."

1st, prize Freda Mason, 2nd, Christina McKenzie, 3rd, Eliza Combie.

"Dr. Mason's Prize in Gold for the

pupil in the lower school who takes the highest average standing in the June examinations." Won by Freda Manson average 98.4%

Stallions for Service.

Messrs. J. E. Arnold & Son have selected a beautiful big black Percheron weighing 2250 to place at the head of their stud, although there has been tempting offers made for the purchase of this animal, they have refused to sell and as usual have kept their very best for Argenteuil. He is a coal black, small star, and although a horse of exceptional scale is as neat and smoothly built as a poney, absolutely sound and right in every way, and the service fee to insure is only \$12 00 less than half what he stood for in the State of Illinois. We have also a number of other blacks and grays of high quality, also the Champion Belgian four years old. These will all stand for service at the Proprietors Barna, Grenville for the season of 1920.

Argenteuil Boy No. 21716.

Argenteuil Boy is a Canadian Bred Registered Clydesdale Stallion, three years old, and has proven himself a sure foot getter. Farmers wishing to improve their stock would do well to breed their mares to this horse, as he was highly recommended by the Stallion Inspection Board Department of Agriculture. Argenteuil Boy will stand for the season at the proprietors stable.

Terms to insure \$10 00. All mares at owners risk. Payable in March 1921.

W. E. BRADFORD, Chatham.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Buy your Spring Footwear Now!

We are ready to supply the Farmers with the Best Working Boot made in Canada.

We invite you to call and see our Great Stock of Boots Having bought in large quantities before the last rise in price I am in a position to offer you some great values.

Always on hand
Ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys, Gent's Furnishings, Shirts, Raincoats, Underwear, Socks, Gloves, Etc.

Suits Made to Order.
Boots Neatly Repaired. Telephone 65.

W. G. STANIFORTH,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE



Solve your labor problem this summer by installing a

PERFECTION MILKER

Absolutely the simplest and most efficient milking machine on the market.

For literature and further information write
J. E. Arnold & Son, - Grenville
Distributors for the County of Argenteuil.

Thousands of Canadian Engine Owners "Swear by" the ALPHA



WHY! Because its dependable. The Alpha runs right along, day after day, and does not get out of order. It's an engine you never have to "fuss" with. It's always ready.

Because it's a fuel saver. The Alpha is most economical in the consumption of fuel, and it uses either gasoline or kerosene.

Go in and see the local Alpha agent. Let him show you the many different uses to which you can put the Alpha—how it will save time and work and make money for you. If you don't know who handles the Alpha in your vicinity, write us for his name.

The DeLaval Co., Ltd.
J. Simon, Local Agent, Lachute.

DOC. ALLERTON JR. 5171

Bred only to the Blood that has produced the Good Ones. Doc. Allerton—5171.

One of the great family of Allerton's.

Grattan's

DOC. ALLERTON JR.

Doc. Allerton 42167. Record 2 20

Half-brother to Baron May 4 22 1/4

Matron 2 24 and Ben Russell 2 24 1/4

Allerton 5128. Record 2 09 1/4. Sire

Locania 2 02 Stroller 2 05 1/4. Alleg

2 05 1/4 Nancy Boyce 2 06 1/4 etc.—

Helenita. Man of Baron May 4 2 2

Matron 224 Ben Russell 2 21 1/4 etc.

Grattan 15480. Record 2 13. Sire

Gratt 202 1/4. Baron Grattan 207 1/4.

Doc. Allerton Jr. is a handsome bro

stallion stands 15 3 hands high

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prize winner in the show ring. That

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there is no doubt as he not only inhe

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disposed of before foaling will be ch

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tallions will make the Season of 192

the home of the owners.

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County Two Mount



H. C. Fortier Selling Agent, Montreal.

Soils and Crops

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

Shearing the Farm Flock.

Too many farmers neglect the shearing of their sheep until late in the summer. The result is that the wool begins to fall out and becomes matted and tangled and full of dirt, and its market value is lowered. As to the sheep themselves, the ewes are carrying their heavy winter coats which make them uncomfortable. They become thin in flesh, and consequently the milk flow is lessened, resulting in a stunting in the growth of the lambs. Thus we encounter a twofold loss by shearing late in the summer.

Either the old-fashioned hand shears or the power shears may be used. The power machine which requires an extra man or boy to turn the handle is fast coming into wide use. The advantage of this machine over hand shears is a smoother job with a more attractive sheep after it is shorn. This machine also clips the wool closer to the body, giving more length of staple, which adds to its value. There is also less danger of making "second cuts" with this machine. "Second cuts" are greatly discounted on the market, as these small short fibres are practically worthless.

Select a clean, dry place to do the shearing. Be sure there is no chaff or hay overhead which will fall into the fleece. The sheep should not be allowed to get wet before shearing, as wet wool will mold when packed.

In discussing the method of shearing I shall refer to a smooth-bodied mutton-sheep free from wrinkles. The work requires a boy to turn the crank of the machine and one man to hold the sheep and do the shearing, unless the machine is hitched up to the gasoline engine.

The first thing is to set the sheep on its rump in front of the machine. Start shearing at the brisket and breast; shear down over the breast and over the belly, from the right side to the left side, opening the fleece to the right hind flank as you proceed downward. (Be careful that you do not cut the small teats, especially if it is a yearling ewe.) You are then ready to trim out the inside of the hind legs and around the vulva.

The next step is for the operator to place his right foot between the two hind legs of the sheep as it is still on its rump. The left knee of the operator is held against the shoulders of the sheep, holding it in position. Grasp the muzzle of the sheep with the left hand and hold the ewe's head back over the knee. Shear the fleece from the neck, starting at the brisket and shearing up the throat. The fleece is divided up the middle of the neck.

After shearing up the neck and around the face, the sheep is laid flat on the floor in front of the machine with all four legs pointing toward the machine. The side can now be shorn, taking long sweeping strokes from the rump end to the head end. This side should be shorn in this manner past the median line of the back.

The next step is to elevate the head and neck of the sheep by placing it over the operator's left knee. The animal is now in position to shear out the top of the head and the back of the neck.

The sheep is placed on its rump again and you are ready to shear out the right side. This is accomplished by shearing around the body from right to left, starting at the neck. We start at the point left off in shearing the left side and finish the stroke at the belly line which was opened in the first operation.

The fleece should always be kept together and in one piece. It will be noted that we have shorn around the sheep from right to left. The fleece is thus rolling away from the sheep at all times and never comes near the feet of the sheep to be kicked and torn apart. All fleeces should be tied individually. First turn the fleece over with the skin side next to the floor. Remove any dirty tags. Place clean tags in centre of fleece and turn in the sides. Start to roll the fleece from the tail end to head end. This gives us a clean white-appearing fleece with the best wool from the shoulder on the outside.

The fleece should be tied with at least two strings; four are better. Smooth, glazed paper twine should be used in tying the fleece. Never use sisal or binder twine for this purpose. The small fibres from such twine get into the wool and have to be picked out by hand. Some are bound to be left in the fleece. When such wool is woven into cloth and dyed, light spots will show up in the cloth because these sisal fibres do not take the dye. Wool tied with binder twine or sisal will be docked on the market.

It pays to take a little time and put up an honest fleece that is neatly tied with paper twine. It means more money in the pocket of the man who does it.

Importance of a Firm Seed Bed.

My experience as a farmer and as a county representative working with other farmers has impressed me with the importance of the right kind of a seed bed. I am convinced that many crop failures are due to the neglect of this very important item, and also that the average yield of crops in this country could be very greatly increased if every farmer understood and practiced correct seed-bed preparation.

If you are interested in getting better yields from your crops, I believe it will pay you to give some thought to this matter.

It was not so very many years ago that the popular seed bed was one that was extremely loose. This seed bed was mellow and full of air spaces, and dried out rapidly, but because it looked good, and even felt good, many a farmer worked mighty hard to secure it.

Of course, not all of us made this mistake, as is evidenced by the development of the home-made log roller and the plank drag, as well as the smooth steel-drum roller.

To-day farmers and agricultural experts are almost one in recommending a fine, firm seed bed. An experienced alfalfa grower recently stated, "I have prepared many different kinds of seed beds for alfalfa, and I am convinced that more failures of alfalfa can be traced to a loose seed bed than to any other condition. Sometimes the farmer fails to get his soil fine enough, but very often, even when he does get it fine enough he has it too loose. Alfalfa demands a fine, firm seed bed."

The loose seed bed is wrong for several reasons. Probably the most important reason is the fact that it loses moisture rapidly and requires an abnormally heavy rainfall to start and mature a crop. The reason that a loose seed bed is such a poor holder of moisture is because of the fact that it has so many air spaces. This can very readily be understood by a comparison of a sandy soil and a clay soil.

The sandy soil is naturally looser and contains more air, while the clay soil is heavier and more compact. A sandy soil in good tilth will retain in the surface three inches of soil only 7.8 inches of water, while in the surface three inches of clay soil, in good tilth, there will be retained 15 inches of water.

A loose soil, because of its inability to hold moisture, will not furnish as much plant food as will a firm seed bed. Plants must have their food in liquid form.

The seed bed must be the medium for the starting of the crop. Here again a firm seed bed is superior to loose soil because it supplies the moisture so essential to germination several days quicker than in a loose seed bed. The firmer soil will also tide the young plant over until its root system becomes big enough and well enough established so it can seek its own food and water.

The seed bed should not, however, be compact and firm at the surface, for then surface evaporation would be excessively high and the danger from cracking and baking too great. The surface two inches should be mulched and loose. It will then dry out, and will decrease the surface evaporation, for water from the lower area will not rise beyond the mulch, and hence will not be so rapidly lost. The ideal mulch is granular in structure, and is not a dust mulch. It should also be ridged and rough, so as to absorb rainfall readily without puddling or without an excessive run-off, and also to hinder soil blowing. You can prepare this ideal seed bed if you only use the right implements at the right time.

Now that we know the essentials of a good seed bed we can consider how to go about to get it. It means not only the right distribution of organic matter and fertilizers, good plowing, the right kind of harrowing and disking, but also the right kind of pulverizing and packing. The farmer who follows the one-crop system of farming, and thus depletes the amount of organic matter in his soil, making it a hard one to handle, the man who will insist in plowing his ground when it is too wet, the man who does not have power enough, and so is afraid to set the disks of his harrow at a sharp angle, and the man who says that a combination pulverizer and packer is not essential are all making mistakes.

The perfect seed bed will come only from doing the right thing at the right time, all the time. In other words, follow a good system of farming, rotate your crops, make economical use of farm manure, make use of the right type of moldboard plow, the right harrow, and then the pulverizer or corrugated roller. No one implement will do the job. The writer has prepared many a seed bed, and has used a large variety of implements in this work, ranging from an old brush or stone drag to the tractor plows and pulverizers. He has seen a great development in the art of making seed beds, and has become firmly convinced that the right combination is at first the plow, second the disk harrow, and third the pulverizer.

If you are a power farmer you can make this perfect seed bed in two operations, pulling first the plow and second the disk harrow, followed by the pulverizer.

If you are a horse farmer you can do just as good a job, but you will have to go over your ground three times to get a perfect seed bed.

The person who said that the up-bringing of children demands more study than the raising of poultry probably didn't like poultry any less, but children more.

COME!

to the Second Annual Soil Fertility Conference

at GUELPH, June 16-17-18

All interested in Soil Fertility are invited to this three-day Soil Fertility School at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. Farmers and their sons, Truck Gardeners, Tobacco Growers, Teachers of Agriculture, Fertilizer Agents, Seedsmen, Horticulturists, etc., should be especially interested.

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Important Subjects
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In co-operation with
Ontario Agricultural College

Poultry

Get rid of mites by rubbing on the roosts and in the nest-boxes the residue found in the kettle after making home-made soap.

A layer requires about three or four ounces of feed a day, including mash. However, the quantity of grain fed should depend on the condition of the birds and their activity.

Marketing is the big secret of success. The more I know of the poultry business the more sure I am of that fact. I believe we ought to spend more time and work more faithfully to find good, reliable buyers.

The best thing I ever did in the poultry line was to drive six miles for a setting of eggs from well-bred hens. They were the first we ever had, and it created an appetite for still better things that laid the foundation of success.

Concrete floors in hen houses have proved to be very satisfactory. They not only keep out rats, but they are more readily cleaned of filth. About two inches of dirt thrown upon the concrete floor, and then scratching litter over that makes it all the better.

Males from hens which have laid more than 200 eggs in one year are of special value in transmitting the high-producing character to the pullets. Since the male furnishes half of the blood for the flock, much care should be used in choosing him. Farm poultry

keepers can afford to pay a good price for a vigorous male from a heavy-laying strain.

Hatching chicks without hen or incubator may be doubted. But last spring, after I was through setting hens and had cleaned my incubator and put it away for the summer, my last hen that was sitting was just ready to hatch when she died. Having no other hen to put the eggs under, I brought them into the house and fixed a box with a cloth on the bottom. I then filled a half-gallon jar with hot water and placed the eggs around it, and covered the box with an old piece of blanket. I had eleven eggs and hatched every one of them. I used the same box for a brooder, always being careful that the water in the jar was hot.

Hogs

A cement feeding floor is worth its weight in gold for feeding hogs. In muddy times there is no throwing of feed into the mire—a practice that is accompanied by much waste, to say nothing of the likelihood of hogs acquiring disease from eating so much filth. Besides, a cement floor is easy to clean. It is but a few moments' task to scoop up the cobs and droppings. If water is handy, the floor may be washed off from time to time. This gives the hogs a refreshingly clean place to eat.

The cement floors should be on the south side of the hog-house. The surface should be perfectly smooth; otherwise water and dirt collect in the pockets and are hard to remove. The floor should slant a trifle away from the hog-house in order that rains may not flow towards the house. In this way the rains assist in keeping the floor clean.

Every hog feeder not provided with a good cement feeding floor should provide one without delay. The saving in feed and the gain in weight will pay the cost many times over.

Grow Your Own Cows.

The system which prevails of killing nearly all the calves and filling up the herd with cows picked up here and there is an expensive one. By raising the heifer calves from the best cows and using bulls from milking strains of pure-bred cattle, the quality of our herds can be greatly improved and profit may be found where now there is none in the dairy business. The idea that it does not pay to raise your own cows meets with the most favor among those farmers who permit a half-dozen scrub cows to absorb all the profit from their other half-dozen good ones.

A Study in Farm Efficiency

"Well, Jack, I see you bringing home a two-row cultivator yesterday. Have you changed your mind about their being more useful than the old style?"

"I'm not going to spite my face any longer by pulling my nose. That Brown kid took care of nearly twice as much corn as I did last summer just because he had a two-row cultivator. You cannot convince me but what I have been a fool for not buying one sooner."

And it is by comparison that we learn the best methods of doing things and the best way to live. A recent study of the practices of six hundred farms brings out many very practical lessons, and telling them here will at least suggest some of the places where we might look for leaks in the cost of producing farm products. Just read these facts:

These farmers find that the use of a corn binder increases the efficiency of man labor fifty per cent. over that achieved when cutting and shocking by hand.

Eighty bushels was an average day's work on these farms for one man when husking corn from the standing stock by hand.

The use of a hay-loader reduces by about twenty-five per cent. the time required to put on a load of hay. The amount of labor required for unloading into the mow is only a little more than half as great when a hay-fork is used as when the work is done by hand.

The men in this territory who use manure spreaders haul and spread a given amount of manure in less than half the time required by men who haul in wagons and spread by hand.

A large majority of the men reporting, broadcast their small grain, using endgate seeders attached to the box of an ordinary wagon. Only about twenty-five per cent. of the farmers reporting own grain drills.

The bulletin analyzes each field operation from the standpoint of man-labor requirements, horse-labor requirements, size of machine, etc. The manner in which the data on plowing have been summarized is typical of the way in which several subjects are treated. About eighty per cent. of the farmers reported the use of sulky plows, about eighty per cent. stated that they use horse-drawn gang plows, and fourteen per cent. reported the use of tractors for plowing.

Sixteen-Inch Sulky Plows Popular.

A large majority of the farmers use sixteen-inch sulky plows, nearly all of them with three horses in the spring. Three acres is an average day's work for this outfit. For the comparatively few farmers using fourteen-inch sulky plows with three horses in spring, plowing about three acres is an average day's work. While theoretically the sixteen-inch plow should cost

about fifteen per cent. more ground in the same length of time, this apparently has not been found true in practice.

Four-Horse Teams Preferred.

As in the case in spring plowing, the fourteen-inch plow seems to cover practically as much ground per day as the sixteen-inch size, provided both are drawn by the same number of horses. The addition of the fourth horse increases the efficiency of the unit by about ten per cent. and the addition of the fifth horse to the sixteen-inch plow results in a similar increase. Excepting under favorable conditions, a sulky plow seems to be somewhat of an overload for three horses of the size and type used, on these farms.

Many Gang-Plows Used.

Over four hundred and fifty men reported using horse-drawn gang-plows on their farms. About eighty per cent. of these plows have fourteen-inch bottoms. Most of the remaining plows have twelve-inch bottoms. Some plows with thirteen-inch bottoms were reported, but the number was so small that no figures on their performance are given. Over three-fourths of the men who use gang-plows also reported the use of sulky plows.

A comparison of an average day's work for sixteen-inch sulky plows and twenty-eight-inch gang-plows shows that so far as horse labor is concerned the gang-plow drawn by four horses is the most efficient unit in both spring and fall. In the spring this outfit covers one and a quarter acres per day per horse, while both the sulky plow drawn by three horses, and the gang-plow drawn by five horses cover one acre per day per horse. The gang-plow drawn by six horses covers but nine-tenths of an acre per horse.

In the fall four horses with the gang-plow cover 1.02 acres per horse, while three horses on the sulky plow and five horses on the gang-plow cover 0.86 acre and 0.91 acre per horse, respectively. Four horses on the sulky plow and six horses on the gang-plow cover 0.72 and 0.78 acre per horse, respectively. However, the gang-plow is evidently a heavy load for four horses in the fall, excepting under favorable conditions. The twenty-eight-inch gang-plow is a somewhat heavier load for six horses; the most popular sized team used in the fall, than is the sixteen-inch sulky for four horses, but is a lighter load than the sixteen-inch sulky for three horses.

As far as man labor is concerned, the gang-plow drawn by six horses is, of course, the most efficient unit, both in the spring and fall, but when horse labor as well as man labor is considered, it is seen that the advantage of this largest unit is somewhat lessened.

Ten Reasons for Soybeans.

1. Many farmers are having success with them.
2. Soybeans are just a common crop for common people. It is not necessary to have a soil free from acid for good yields.
3. The best annual legume for medium to light soil is the soybean. It yields on light soils where other legumes fail to catch.
4. It is an annual plant—sureness of crop is a certainty.
5. The soybean is used as a green manure, silage, hay, seed and pasture crop.
6. In feeding trials soybean hay is equal to alfalfa.
7. Soybeans take no more moisture

when planted with corn than do weeds, and the leaves make rich silage.

8. Properly cured, the crop is relished by all stock.

9. Soybeans are easy to grow, as they are not attacked by any serious diseases.

10. Being a legume, the soybean builds up soil by adding nitrogen.

When in the mire my wagon's stuck,
I do not idly stand about

An' start to rave and curse my luck;
I go to work to dig it out.

An' when I've wanted weather fair,
But skies are grey instead o' blue,
I change my plans right then and there

And find some other work to do.

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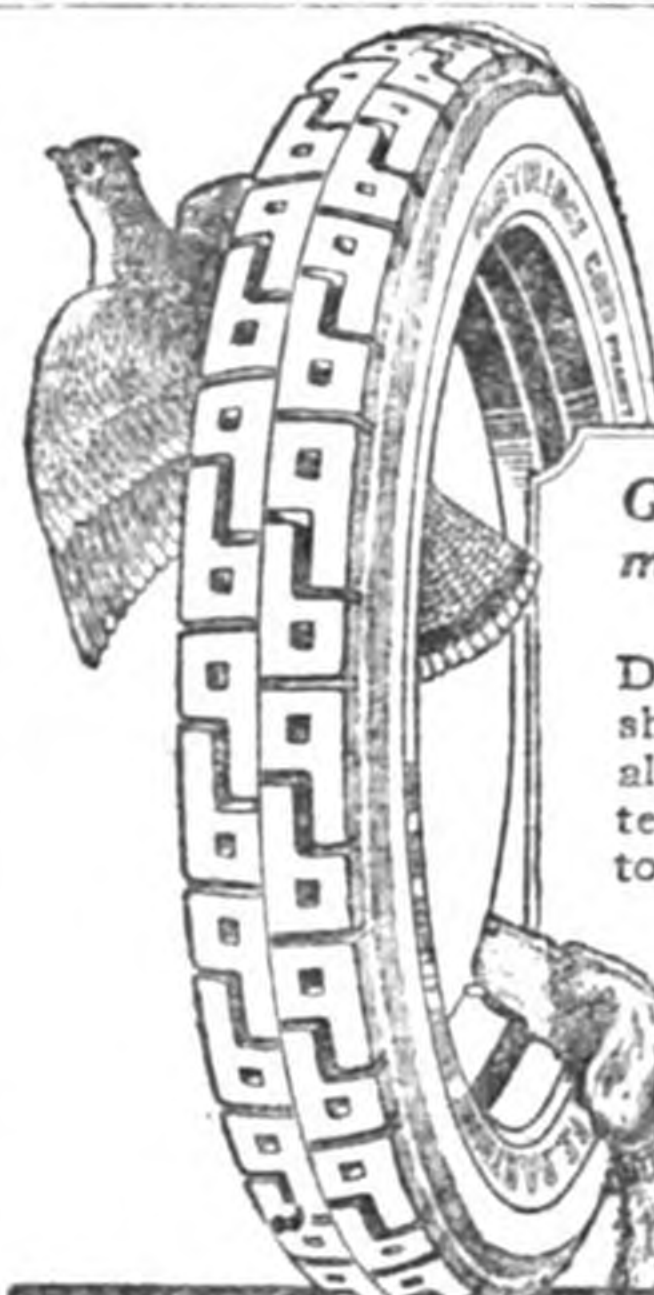
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A Grave in Flanders.
 Darkness and stars and brooding of
 the sea.
 You bring no peace to me;
 No dream nor any visions strange
 and new.
 Dreams, visions were of you,
 There, lover, vanished from my sight,
 leaving in me the night.
 Here in the darkness, by the brooding
 sea,
 I thought my secret thoughts most
 secretly;
 I thought of the baby of my dreams,
 like him,
 O wondrous life when growing tall
 and stout;
 With his eyes gray deeps a hint of
 mine.
 And his mouth matching my mouth's
 curving line.
 But in a grave in Flanders o'er the
 sea
 My lover lies, that dream, and all of
 me.

Fishes Carry Lanterns.
 When a fish is seen to shine in the
 dark, it is suspected to be stale. But
 this is not necessarily the case. In-
 deed, if a fish be very stale, it will not
 shine at all.
 When a sea fish has been out of
 water for a day or two, certain micro-
 organisms contained in the slime that
 covers its skin are likely to begin to
 shine. It is the familiar phenomenon
 of phosphorescence, and has no rela-
 tion to the goodness of the fish—ex-
 cept that the micro-organisms soon
 die on a fish that is going bad, and so
 the luminescence ceases.
 These tiny organisms are very plen-
 tiful in sea water. Thus, if a piece of
 meat be dipped in sea-water, it will
 begin in a few hours to shine in the
 dark. Yet the meat may be perfectly
 good.
 There are ever so many species of
 such microbes, some of which shine
 much more brightly than others. They
 are called "photo-bacteria," and select-
 ed ones have been used in most im-
 portant fashion by a Frenchman, Dr.
 Raphael Dubois, to furnish illumina-
 tion for what he calls a "living lamp."
 This is a glass bulb that is lined
 with sterile gelatin, which is flowed
 into it in such a way as to cover all
 of the inside. The gelatin is then in-
 oculated with photo-bacteria, by means
 of a platinum needle, and the bulb is
 sealed. The microbes, feeding on the
 gelatin, multiply in countless num-
 bers, and soon the living lamp begins
 to glow with light.
 One can read by it. It will last a
 month without going out, and the cost
 is only two cents. As a night-lamp for
 the bedroom it is highly recommend-
 ed. It cannot set fire to anything, and,

being cold, it is specially suitable for
 use in hot weather.
 By applying the same idea on a
 large scale, Doctor Dubois, not long
 ago, in Paris, illuminated several un-
 derground rooms with a soft and
 beautiful radiance—a sort of artificial
 moonlight, with a suggestion of fairies'
 work.

NEURALGIA AND SCIATICA

Caused by Starved Nerves Due to Weak, Watery Blood.
 People generally think of neuralgia
 as a pain in the head or face, but
 neuralgia may affect any nerve of the
 body. Different names are given to it
 when it affects certain nerves. Thus
 neuralgia of the sciatic nerve is called
 sciatica, but the character of the pain
 and the nature of the disease is the
 same. The cause is the same, and the
 remedy, to be effective, must be the
 same. The pain of neuralgia, whether
 it takes the form of sciatica, or whether
 it affects the face and head, is
 caused by starved nerves. The blood,
 which normally carries nourishment
 to the nerves, for some reason no longer
 does so and the excruciating pain you
 feel is the cry of the starved
 nerves for food. The reason why the
 blood fails to properly nourish the
 nerves is usually because the blood it-
 self is weak and thin.
 When you build up the thin blood
 with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, you are
 attacking neuralgia, sciatica and kind-
 red diseases at the root. As proof
 of the value of these pills in cases of
 this kind we give the statement of
 Mrs. Thomas McGuire, North Malden,
 Ont., who says: "I have been a severe
 sufferer from sciatica, which attacked
 the sciatic nerve in the left leg. At
 times the pain was most excruciating
 and as a result of the trouble there
 was a distinct shrivelling of the leg. I
 could only hobble about by using a
 cane, and if I attempted to walk to
 the fields I would have to sit down
 every little while to ease the agony
 I felt. I was under medical treat-
 ment, but as there was no improve-
 ment shown, I was getting very de-
 pondent, as the trouble was affecting
 my general health. Finally a friend
 advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink
 Pills and I decided to do so. I took the
 pills faithfully for several months,
 finding a gradual and increasing im-
 provement in my case, until finally
 every vestige of the trouble had gone,
 and I was again enjoying the blessing
 of good health and freedom from pain.
 What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for
 me seems almost a miracle and I hope
 that my experience may benefit some
 other sufferer."
 If you are suffering from any ail-
 ment due to weak blood avail yourself
 at once of the splendid home treat-
 ment which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
 so easily afford, and you will be among
 those who rejoice in regained health.
 These pills are sold by all dealers in
 medicine, or may be had by mail at
 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50
 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medi-
 cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BITS OF HUMOR
FROM HERE & THERE

Didn't Get Anywhere.
 The one—"Mr. Lyons was born with
 a silver spoon in his mouth."
 The other—"But he never made
 much of a stir with it."
Erasing Him.
 "I—I s-a-say, ma," stammered
 Bobby through the soap, as his mother
 scrubbed and scrubbed him. "I guess
 you want to get rid o' me, don't you?"
 "Why, no, Bobby, dear," replied the
 mother. "Whatever put such an idea
 as that into your mind?"
 "Oh, nothin'!" said Bobby. "Only it
 seems to me you're trying to rub me
 out."
Aroused His Curiosity.
 A small boy, aged four, had struck
 his little sister's head with a toy. To
 bring home to him the enormity of his
 offence, and to justify the severity of
 the chastisement he had received for
 it, the nurse approached him in the
 midst of his sulk and said:
 "Do you know that you have cut
 your sister's head open?"
 Instantly the little lad's face
 brightened.
 "Did I?" he exclaimed excitedly;
 "and what was inside it?"

WHEN BABY IS SICK

When the baby is sick—when he
 is cross and peevish; cries a great
 deal and is a constant worry to the
 mother—he needs Baby's Own Table-
 ts. The Tablets are an ideal medi-
 cine for little ones. They are a gen-
 tle but thorough laxative which regu-
 late the bowels, sweeten the stomach,
 banish constipation and indigestion,
 break up colds and simple fevers and
 make teething easy. Concerning them
 Mrs. Philippe Payen, St. Flavien, Que.,
 writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have
 been a wonderful help to me in the
 case of my baby and I can strongly re-
 commend them to other mothers." The
 Tablets are sold by medicine dealers
 or by mail at 25 cents a box from The
 Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,
 Ont.

Like a Lilac.
 Like a lilac in the spring
 Is my love, my lady love;
 Purple white, the lilacs fling
 Scented blossoms from above:
 So my love, my lady love,
 Throws soft glances on my heart;
 Ah, my dainty lady love,
 Every glance is Cupid's dart.
 Like a pansy in the spring
 Is my love, my lady love;
 For her velvet eyes o'ring bring
 Golden fancies from above:
 Ah, my heart is pansy bound
 By those eyes so tender true;
 Balmy heartsease have I found,
 Dainty lady love, in you.
 Like the changeful month of spring
 Is my love, my lady love;
 Sunshine comes and glad birds sing,
 Then a rain cloud floats above:
 So your moods change with the wind,
 April tempered, lady love—
 All the sweeter, to my mind;
 Variable lady love.

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 Qualities are amazing. THE OLD
 RELIABLE.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Limited.
 Falmouth, N.S.

Day Moon.
 The thin and silver slivered moon,
 Grown half afraid and shy
 To find herself abroad so soon—
 And in a lighted sky—
 Turns pale against the afternoon.
 Not knowing what to do—
 Ashamed at being oversoon
 To keep a rendezvous.

MONEY ORDERS.
 Remit by Dominion Express Money
 Order. If lost or stolen get your
 money back.

New Terrors for Next War.

A warship that will combine in itself
 the surface craft, the airship and the
 submarine is "no impossible dream of
 the future," says Sir Fortesque Flan-
 nery, president of the British Society
 of Consulting Marine Engineers. The
 tendency will naturally be to scout the
 possibility of a craft combining all
 these qualities, but Sir Fortesque is a
 practical man and his opinion is sup-
 ported by Sir John Fisher, who, when
 first sea lord of the British admiralty,
 predicted that such a craft would
 come in no very distant time and that
 the nations might then scrap their
 navies as junk.
 The experiences of the recent war
 show how difficult it is for surface
 ships to fight airships or submarines,
 and a craft combining the qualities of
 the two that could seek refuge in
 either air or water would be almost
 impossible to combat. Admiral Fisher
 boldly expresses the opinion that it
 would drive surface ships from the sea.

ASTHMA
 If you have Asthma, don't
 imagine that you must al-
 ways suffer untold misery.
 Relief quick, sure and safe
 is guaranteed in even the
 worst cases by using

**TEMPLETON'S
 RAZ-MAH
 CAPSULES**
 We are so certain of re-
 sults we will send you a
 free sample of these cap-
 sules, confident that you
 will find them all we have
 claimed. Write to Tem-
 pletons, 142 King St. W.,
 Toronto.
 Sold by reliable druggists
 everywhere for \$1.04 a box.

**TEMPLETON'S
 RHEUMATIC CAPSULES**
 For fifteen years the standard
 specific for
 Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout
 Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia
 Many doctors pre-scribe them.
 Write to Templetons, 142 King St. W., Toronto. No
 free sample. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for
 \$1.04 per box.

Matches in 1829.

Previous to 1829 matches in use con-
 sisted of a slender stick with a pointed
 end, which had been dipped in sulphur,
 and they were lighted by touching
 them to a spark struck into tinder by
 flint and steel. In that year was in-
 vented what was known as the "In-
 stantaneous Light Box," which con-
 sisted of a small tin box containing a
 bottle in which was placed some sul-
 phuric acid, with sufficient fibrous as-
 bestos to soak it up and prevent its
 spilling out of the bottle, and a supply
 of properly prepared matches.
 The matches consisted of small
 splints of wood about two inches long,
 one end of which was coated with a
 chemical mixture prepared by mixing
 chlorate of potash, powdered loaf-
 sugar and powdered gum arabic, the
 whole colored with a little vermilion
 and made into a thin paste with water.
 The splints were readily inflamed by
 dipping the prepared ends into the sul-
 phuric acid.
 These matches were succeeded by
 the lucifer, or loco-foco match, which
 was ignited by friction. That, in turn,
 was followed by the Congreve, which
 was similar to the sulphur matches
 now in use, and this was followed by
 the present parlor match.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Believe me when I tell you that
 thrift of time will repay you in after
 life with a usury of profit beyond
 your most sanguine dreams, and that
 waste of it will make you dwindle
 alike in intellectual and moral stature,
 beyond your darkest reckoning.—
 Gladstone.

"SYRUP OF FIGS"

CHILD'S LAXATIVE
 Look at tongue! Remove poi-
 sons from little stomach,
 liver and bowels



Accept "California Syrup of Figs"
 only—look for the same California
 on the package, then you are sure your
 child is having the best and most
 harmless laxative or physic for the
 little stomach, liver and bowels. Chil-
 dren love its delicious fruity taste. Full
 directions for child's dose on each bot-
 tle. Give it without fear.
 Mother! You must say "California."

**ANCHOR
 PLUG
 TOBACCO**

**15¢ a Plug
 2 for 25¢**

THE freshness, and flavor,
 of ANCHOR PLUG is
 not equalled, nor approached by any
 other chewing tobacco. That is why
 ANCHOR PLUG is supreme.

It Holds its Flavor

Lift off Corns!
 Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone
 costs only a few cents.

With your fingers! You can lift off
 any hard corn, soft corn, or corn be-
 tween the toes, and the hard skin cal-
 luses from bottom of feet.
 A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs
 little at any drug store; apply a few
 drops upon the corn or callus. In-
 stantly it stops hurting, then shortly
 you lift that bothersome corn or callus
 right off, root and all, without one bit
 of pain or soreness. Truly! No hum-
 bug!

In the middle ages noble Italian
 women filled the chairs of law, mathe-
 matics and philosophy in some of the
 principal universities.

Julius Caesar was the first historian
 to write of France.

**FACE-DISFIGURED
 WITH PIMPLES**
 Itched and Burned. Scarce-
 ly Slept. Cuticura heals.

"Pimples affected my face. They
 were large and always festering,
 and they were scattered all over
 my face. They afterwards
 turned into scales and
 when they fell off they
 left big marks until my
 face was disfigured. They
 itched and burned so that
 I scarcely slept at all.
 "I had been bothered for nearly
 two months before I started using
 Cuticura, and after I had used three
 boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the
 Cuticura Soap I was completely
 healed." (Signed) Miss L. Burns,
 St. Barile, Que., June 6, 1918.
 Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and
 Talcum for all toilet purposes.
 Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold
 throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot:
 Lyons, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.
 Cuticura Soap always without rug.

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 Talcum for all toilet purposes.
 Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold
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STEVENS' COMPLETE FERTILIZER
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WELL EQUIPPED NEWSPAPER
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 sell for \$1,200 on quick sale. Box 64
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SOFT ELM WANTED, 3 IN. AND
 thicker, shipped green from saw.
 Do not sell until you communicate with
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 Ont.
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REGISTERED TRAINING SCHOOL
 for Nurses: St. Elizabeth Hospital,
 204 South Broad Street, Elizabeth, New
 Jersey. Complete course. Monthly al-
 lowance: first year \$5.00, second \$10.00,
 third \$15.00. Address: Superintendent.
HELP WANTED.
WANTED, FIRST-CLASS BENCH
 carpenters to work on interior
 fittings. Good wages, steady work.
 Apply: Laidlaw Lumber Company, 2139
 Dundas W., Toronto.
 The latest official figures give the
 number of Germans in Ontario as
 192,320.
 Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Of every hundred men who fail, too
 much work ruins one and too little
 work ruins the ninety-nine others.

OH! EACH DAY A LITTLE MORE

Hurry! Let "Danderine" save
 your hair and double
 its beauty

To stop falling hair at once and rid
 the scalp of every particle of dand-
 ruff, get a small bottle of delightful
 "Danderine" at any drug or toilet
 counter for a few cents, pour a little
 in your hand and rub it into the scalp.
 After several applications the hair
 usually stops coming out and you can't
 find any dandruff. Help your hair
 grow long, thick and strong and be-
 come soft, glossy and abundant.

SHILOH
30 DROPS COUGHS

1920 Styles in Blouses



9493—Ladies' One-Piece Slip-Over
 Blouse. Price, 25 cents. In 6 sizes,
 34 to 44 ins. bust measure. Size 36
 requires 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide, or 1½
 yds. 45 ins. wide.
 McColl Transfer Design No. 1039.
 Price, 25 cents.
 9416—Ladies' Blouse; to be slipped
 on over the head. Price, 25 cents. In
 6 sizes, 34 to 44 ins. bust measure.
 Size 36 requires, with short sleeves,

Instead of tea or coffee
 a cup of that healthful
 beverage
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The favor this pleasant table
 drink is constantly winning
 from new users, commends it
 to all with whom tea or cof-
 fee disagrees
"There's a Reason"

Service First, Satisfaction Always.

Groceries & Hardware.

Alabastine	Saws,
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Stains,	Shovels,
White Lead,	Electric Globes,
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Nails,	Axes.

Gasolene

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The Big Home Store with the Little Prices."

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We collect or discount sale notes, cash produce cheques—by mail when desired—and make advances to responsible farmers.

We extend courteous, friendly service to our farmer customers at all times.

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Rail or Steamship
passages booked,
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tended to.

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For the Montreal Berliner Gramophone Co'y, Limited.

Fresh Stock of Lowney's and Page and Shaw's Choco-
lates and Bonbons always on hand.

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Consider my actually low prices, Consider the
scarcity of good Tweeds and Serges. Consider the
probable and approaching increase of prices and

BUY NOW

IT IS A MATTER OF ECONOMY! I keep as
usual a complete line of Gent's Furnishings, Hats,
Caps, and ready-to-wear Suits and Overcoats.

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THE TAILOR,

Main Street, - Lachute.

They're Waiting For You--



Those things you overlooked on your shopping list
yesterday and many more beside.

Come in, we are always glad to serve you prompt-
ly. Our prices are commensurate with the excel-
lent line of goods which we carry.

Remember, your always welcome. If you have
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Deliveries made with prompt attention.

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We deal in Foreign & Domestic
Marble and Granite, first class work
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Terms to suit Purchasers.

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