

SUDDEN DROP KILLS BATHER

Youth Loses Life While Bathing Near Peterboro, Sunday

Fred Dixon, aged 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon, Harvey Township, lost his life while bathing in Lily Lake, a few miles from Peterboro, Sunday. The young man, who was employed as a sectionhand on the Canadian National Railway, near the city, was visiting at the home of T. Darrah. After dinner he and the Darrah boys and some neighbors went to the lake. Dixon stepped over a ledge into deep water and called for help. Fred Steinkrauss and Ferdinand Rowland went to his assistance, but were unable to rescue him. Rowland nearly losing his life when Dixon pulled him under.

Keith Darrah rushed into Peterboro for help, bringing out police with grappling irons, and the body was recovered forty-five minutes later. Dr. J. M. O'Brien, who was on the scene, pronounced death due to heart disease, as there was no water in the lungs or stomach.

NO MORE LIGHT ON MILLS' DEATH

To Resume Inquest on Friday Next—His Glasses Found

There will be little new evidence offered at the resumed inquest next Friday into the death of Verne Mills of Oshawa, whose body was found in a creek on the highway between Oshawa and Port Perry two weeks ago. Mills' car was found lying on its side and his body was found in the water several feet away. There was no water in the lungs. Provincial police conducted an investigation.

Letters he left for his wife hinted at suicide, but those investigating now claim there is no support for the suicide theory.

Provincial officers have found the glasses worn by Mills near the spot where his car was found overturned. They have also learned that farther down the roadway Mills had changed a tire on the car.

Cannonball believed lost in 1776 found at Westboro, Mass.

25 FOOT JUMP PROVES FATAL

Trapped on Bridge, Mother and Boy Die From Enforced Leap

A mother and her 8 year old son were fatally injured when they were forced by an oncoming train to jump from a railway bridge at Campbellford, Saturday.

Mrs. James Jacobs and her little son, Lloyd, were returning from a berry-picking expedition shortly before 6 o'clock. They decided to take the short cut to their home in Campbellford, and this led them across the Canadian National Railway bridge, a narrow structure, which spans the Trent River and the main Campbellford road.

When they were three-quarters of the way across the bridge they were horrified to hear a train only 100 feet behind them. It was too late to reach the end of the bridge, 45 feet away, and in the hope of escaping death the mother drew her son to the edge of the structure. Holding the boy's hand she jumped, and they fell to the paved highway, 25 feet below.

Meanwhile, two other berry pickers, children named Donald, who had been walking in front of Mrs. Jacobs and the boy, were able to reach the end of the bridge in safety. They returned to where the woman and child were lying on the road and, seeing their serious condition, called assistance. Both were unconscious when picked up, and it was apparent from the first that there was little hope of their recovery. Mrs. Jacobs died at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, without regaining consciousness, and the boy passed away soon afterward. Fractured skulls caused the death of both.

Three other children and the husband, a Campbellford business man, survive.

An inquest into the tragedy will be held. Witnesses of the accident reported that the engineer of the train, a manifest freight, did all in his power to stop in time. Had he had another ten feet, the engineer said, he could have averted the accident.

The train consisted of 35 cars of wheat coming from Midland, and when it passed the station, which is near the bridge, it was going at 15 miles an hour and the brakes were then on, according to the station agent.

A TRIP TO THE COTTAGE

The Editor and a Friend Enjoy A Trip to One of Our Northern Lakes

Some people who have no reverence for old age smile at my old Lizzie. True it is that she is of the Ford vintage of 1909 but years ago she shed the old "commercial body" she was wearing, her engine block has been changed, radiator and other parts replaced, but for a long hard trail she is still efficient.

I don't know who wrote this:

Poor Old Tub

Make your noises, bum old boat! Once they would have got my goat. That was back when you were new And I set such store by you Now your coddled days are o'er; You can't fret me any more.

Be that thump beneath your hood Knock or valve-slap, well and good I don't give a whoop just so You have parts enough to go. Long as you can split the breeze. THAT for technicalities!

Once I fainted if I heard Rattle or "canary-bird" In your frame or in your works—O'less bearings, starting jerks Gave me heart-disease; today I just grin and drive away.

Once my thoughts of you were tender; Then, as cratch upon your fender Would have melted me to tears— That was in your earlier years. Now I joy to treat you rough. Grand old junk-pile! You do your stuff!

Mr. Joe Perkins who draws pictures at the Mathews Carrier factory for the men to follow in constructing carries has been with me before and strange to say, was willing to repeat, so we got together a few requisites including, of course, our fishing tackle and headed north.

We took the west gravel and at Canton Corners passed over the temporary bridge, which, being closer to the surface of the water, looks safer than the old corduroy structure, which, thanks to being replaced by modern cement.

Millbrook we skirted by a detour through one of the suburban streets to the main road north, then through Cavanville, Ida, Mount Pleasant to the Omemece Cemetery, where we left the main road for Bobcaygeon. Presently we crossed Pigeon Creek and then wandered through the roads until we were travelling alongside Pigeon Lake.

That reminds me of the time, Messrs. T. Neelands, N. Hockin, S. Williams, W. J. Robertson, myself and a number of Indians were camped at Grenadier Island duck shooting. I was familiar with a canoe but not with shooting from one. I was in the marsh between the Twin Islands when sonic ducks flew over and I shot at them and incidentally shot myself—out of the canoe.

It being in the fall the water was cold, very cold, and in my inexperience I abandoned the overturned canoe and contents and made all speed for the nearest island.

I found, too, that the air was cold also and you can understand how gladly I welcomed Mr. Williams and his Indian who hurried me to camp where Mr. Williams undertook first aid treatment by a hot fire within and without. Mr. Williams will smile today if he thinks of it and about my appearance on that, to me, memorable occasion.

However, that was many years ago and no ill results ensued, but I was in a bad predicament, duck hunting in progress and no gun. So the next morning after the others had gone I repaired to the scene of my misadventure, landed on the island, built a good fire in a sheltered spot, paddled my canoe out in my birthday bathing suit and at the spot I thought was it, jumped/overboard among the weeds and rushes. I searched around until I thought my feet and legs were about paralyzed when, to my joy, I discovered the gun, the other barrel in the meantime had not gone off. Scrambling back into the canoe, it did not take long to scurry back to the fire, a brisk rub down and dressing, I was again fit. We got some ducks as well as the ducking and on our return thoroughly enjoyed the oyster supper served by Mrs. Hockin's at

BIG ATTENDANCE AT BAND CONCERT

Sacred Concert Presented Sunday Evening by Port Hope Citizens' Band

The largest attendance of the season visited the Town Square here Sunday evening to listen to the sacred concert presented by the Port Hope Citizens' Band.

The program was under the direction of Bandmaster Walter Fraser and each number received well merited applause.

Burgett's Terrace.

But to continue, in due course, we arrived at the "hub of the Universe" and I called upon Mr. Stewart, formerly of the Independent. In days gone by that great journal was clipped by many newspapers and the late A. W. Spooner always enjoyed reading it. There was an originality about the writing of the late Mr. Stewart that was very refreshing and entertaining.

Mr. Stewart unearthed some of the unpublished articles of his father and gave me this:—

North Victoria

This journal does not like Sir John Thompson and his MacDonaldite gang. It has no spare space this week to give the reasons—but it doesn't like 'em. That's enough for this week. The question before it is this—Who shall it support at the next Dominion election for the north riding of Victoria? The riding is Tory. Pigeheaded Toryism rises to its highest point of pigeheadedness in North Victoria, and it is the habit of the constituency to go it blind for any candidate labelled with the Tory credentials from Ottawa. Barron carried it once for the Liberals, but—well, never mind the reasons, he only carried it once, he says he will be particularly at cetera, et cetera, if he ever tries it again. What's to be done? This journal does not care who is the man (so he is a man of honor), nor what is his party, (so he is not a MacDonald hoodler, provided he is a free trader in principle. There is only one man, on the foregoing terms, who can carry the riding, and that man is Mr. McCarthy. Why do the Liberals hesitate in asking him to accept the candidature? He is just the man they want. Why do the Conservatives (not the Tories) delay their invitation? He would suit them to a nicety. Lastly, why does not every man in the riding who loves Honor, respects Truth, and desires a better price for Beef, follow the example of this journal and declare frankly and openly that if Dalton McCarthy will accept the candidature of this riding they will support him earnestly, heartily, and vigorously, and fight for him as long as there is a shot in the locker or a dram in the flask. This journal is just sick of seeing Ontario made a stalking horse for howling Grits and pigeheaded Tories. If there was as much common sense in the noddle of the whole of each constituency as is contained in the noddle of the smallest boy on the staff of this journal, both Grits and Tories would be kicked as high as the fifth moon of Jupiter and the government of the country be placed in the hands of sensible and honest men. Mr. McCarthy is a sensible and honest man; he is not going to remain at his present level; he will either go up or down, and this journal means that he shall go up. When Dalton is Premier everybody will say, just as they always do, "Why the Bobcaygeon Independent was right." There must be no mistake about this thing. Speaking for the young man in the Lindsay grocery, the brainy man at Kinmount, and every advanced thinker in North Victoria, this journal formally invites Mr. Dalton McCarthy to accept the candidature and pledges itself and the aforesaid, to give him their earnest and vigorous support.

The Bobcaygeon Independent was really independent, too, at that time.

Well, we had to push on; Joe wanted to stop at every pea field, but really I could not always indulge him. North of Bobcaygeon the roads were simply horrible, and this too, in a county thoroughfare—there is one hill that I mentioned previously which is a disgrace to any civilized country. So steep that a neighbor counts it a poor night when he doesn't collect toll to the amount of \$20 for hauling autos up it with his team in the fall. Why in "impro-

C. P. R. PICNIC AT COBOURG

Smith's Falls Division Hold Annual Picnic at Cobourg Saturday

Between 1000 and 1100 people came to Cobourg Saturday by special train on the annual excursion of the Smith's Falls division of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They made their headquarters at Victoria Park, where a splendid program of sports and ball games were carried out. Cobourg Kilties Band provided an excellent musical program playing throughout the afternoon.

ing" it the authorities actually put material at the top instead of the bottom making it even steeper than nature left it. One would think that the people of Bobcaygeon would insist upon that hill and the road be improved, for as it is now it is certainly "a restraint of trade" from the north.

Joe is one of those good fellows who can talk or keep a profound silence, without feeling that something is the matter, but I was rather surprised to find him sound asleep as we jolted over the stony rough road.

In due time we arrived at Kinmount, called at the Hopkins Departmental store and then on again thru the bush road, which we found the best we had ever seen it, and presently we were at the Bayview hotel, Miner's Bay, Gull Lake. Here we hired a canoe and in due time arrived at Easter Island. Happy we were to find that nothing had been molested since we closed up last summer.

It did not take long to open up the kitchen stove, light a fire and start the bacon sizzling, and how we did enjoy our simple fare, for hunger is the proper requisite.

Our beds were not made up like the one Bobby Burns wrote about in "The Lass That Made The Bed To Me," there were no "mither's holland sheets" but we were warm and sleepy and I at least was soon in the land of nod. Joe declares that I talked in my sleep, but if I did and disclosed any state secrets you need not try to find out for he won't tell.

In the morning it rained but we made a circuit of the island and then decided we really had to have fish for dinner. Anchoring the canoe off the point, Joe hooked the first bass, a nice three pounder, then I got one and Joe sucker.

From a gentle pattering it started to pour, we kept on until Joe declared the water was running like a small river down his spine when we put in.

While I cleaned fish Joe attended fire and himself but imagine my surprise and pain when I later found him arrayed in his pajamas cooking dinner, while his clothes hung on a line over the stove drying. However, he was not discharged from his job and the fish were cooked to perfection. The sucker is not esteemed as a food, but this coming right out of cold water was good.

Packing up, locking up, loading up, then paddling against a headwind, finally landed us at the hotel. Leaving Joe I went for the tar and invaded the kitchen when Mrs. Tracy taking compassion on my starved appearance, invited me to gooseberry pie and coffee. I seldom have been guilty of refusing a good offer and I certainly enjoyed this.

We then hit the back trail for home, taking the Lindsay route, with the exception of the road under construction from Reabero to the C. P. R. crossing we have never found it better. But that piece was a nightmare, it had been raining hard, mud was to the axle and it was by this time dark. But sturdy Lizzie plugged it through and just there we met a man with a team of horses who stopped us to enquire if we had observed any cars stuck in the mud.

Tired and sleepy, in spite of knowing the road, we made no less than three wrong turns but in each case discovered the mistake after going a few yards.

In Millbrook Lizzie developed a slight cough, recognizing the symptoms, we stopped and I went in search of gasoline. We had made the run from Port Hope to Gull Lake and back to Millbrook on the one tank full that we started with—not so bad for the old girl. Millbrook is putting in sewers and water

HEARD ON THE STREET

Good morning! A gloriously bright beginning!

The blue sky and sunshine made a beautiful morning but the clouds gathering at noon had an ominous look.

The Thunder Bay Harbour Improvement Company have been making good progress with their paving operations on the Highway north of Port Hope despite adverse weather conditions. If the weather would remain dry for this week they would reach Dale corner by Saturday evening.

On the road north of Dale corner a steam shovel is busy cutting the top of the hill which will be a great improvement when the pavement is put down.

The water in Lake Ontario is warming up so our Ontario Beach and the Beach will be more and more popular day by day.

The United Church is holding its Sunday School and Congregational picnic at Sylvan Glen on Wednesday afternoon so it is to be hoped the sky will not cloud up and burst into tears for the half holiday.

The Hope Council report was crowded out of this issue and will appear tomorrow.

Some thoughtless people have had no regard for Mrs. Thomas' efforts to beautify her home on Cavan St., in Port Hope's campaign to improve its appearance and have destroyed the flowers which she planted in front of her home. This is a mean and contemptible act, the perpetrator this and similar acts should be punished.

Work on the new wing of the Port Hope Hospital was started this morning and we will soon see the new walls rising—a further indication that Port Hope is steadily growing.

The work on the new oil station of the British American Oil Company, moves on a pace. The roof is now being put on. We expect soon to see it finished, a great asset to the appearance of that corner.

It seems we just got the edge of storm today. Motorists from Peterboro report that there was a very violent electrical storm north of here accompanied by a heavy down pour of rain. This will not be appreciated by the farmers who are anxious to get their hay in or the paving company which has been considerably held up by wet weather of late.

The reception to the new minister of the United Church is being given tonight in the Sunday School Hall under Ladies Aid auspices when the congregation will have the opportunity to meet Rev. and Mrs. Gordon A. Sisco and family.

FOR TUESDAY

FRESH PORK SAUSAGE	Fresh Minced VEAL
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DURHAM COUNTY GARDEN CONTESTS

Keen Interest Taken in Contest Staged by Local Dept. of Agriculture

During the past week J. A. Neilson and J. Y. Kellough, of the Department of Agriculture, Port Hope, have finished inspecting the Home Garden Contest gardens in Durham County. Twenty-two boys and girls received a package of eighteen different kinds of vegetable seeds last spring from the Department of Agriculture at a low cost and they were being scored on the manner in which they had planted and cared for their vegetables. Most of the gardens were very well kept and showed splendid growth. This is believed to be a splendid way in which to teach the boys and girls to grow plenty of vegetables and it also gives them a desire to have a piece of land to care for. Small cash prizes are awarded to the eight contestants whose gardens scored the highest and the following are the prize winners for Durham County:

- 1st—Charlie Alldred, R.R. 2, Newcastle.
- 2nd—Ruth Staples, R.R. 1, Frasersville.
- 3rd—Garnet Rickard, R. R. 4, Bowmanville.
- 4th—Muriel Baker, Hampton.
- 5th—Tom Westlake, Hampton.
- 6th—Pearl Mercer, Campbellcroft.
- 7th—Joseph Palmer, Ida.
- 8th—Anna Sowden, R. R. 1, Port Hope.

It is to be hoped that a larger number will enter this contest in 1929 and also that it will be more successful than ever.

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The Perfect Golfer

Mr. Gaddis was playing golf alone on the local course. A strange boy kept following him around the course. At the seventh hole he became impatient and turned to the boy, saying:

"Son, you'll never learn to play by watching me."

"I'm not watching you," the boy replied. "I'm going fishing as soon as you dig up some more worms."

pipes preparing to pave the main street—which explains the detour. Business was not looked for and every gas tank man had left the job. Finding where one lived he consented to come down. We would not say that he belonged to the tribe of chosen people, but he explained that the gas was 90c but wanted \$2.00 for serving us. However, we compromised on \$1.50. It doesn't pay to run short of gas at night near Millbrook.

It wasn't long after this that we tucked ourselves in our respective downy couches and the next morning work followed only too soon.

F. W. WILSON.

Growth of six inches of corn in 24 hours is new record established in Howard County, Ind.

THE GUIDE STORY

(Continued from Saturday.)

"I found my way here alone. I want to see a certain curious Egyptian goddess which the Countess De Costa promised to show me. The figure is in one of those cabinets near the great window. I did not like to ask her to come with me now, she is so much engaged, but I am dying with curiosity to see if it really is the fellow to the one which I possess. If so, it is the strangest coincidence. There is only one pair in the world. I thought the other was destroyed during the sack of Rome."

"Good Heaven! You frighten me. You are uncanny, talking about the sack of Rome as if it had been last year, and you had seen something of it yourself."

Mrs. Martingale seemed to shiver, and she looked up at the Russian lady with angry black eyes.

Katalinka took not the slightest notice of her.

"If I find it is the fellow to my goddess, I will give the countess a thousand pounds for it," she said, calmly.

"What a horrid, wicked waste of money, mademoiselle, while people are dying of hunger every day!" cried Mrs. Martingale.

"Yes," said Katalinka, slowly. "I believe there is much misery, even in Paris."

"The true use of wealth," said Lord Dacre, "is in relieving suffering, is it not?"

Katalinka moved her fan again, and raised her straight brows, looking not at Robert, but with a far-away glance, as if she saw things which neither of the others could see.

"A certain amount of suffering has to be endured in this world. If we shift it off certain shoulders we place it upon others. We can't annihilate it," she said, with her slow, unwilling smile.

"Should we not try?" asked Lord Dacre, with a certain vehemence.

Those gray eyes of the great heiress seemed charged with electricity. They flashed so suddenly and strangely that Lord Dacre was dazzled for an instant. There was a deep scorn in her voice as she answered:

"Try? By all means, if you have nothing more profitable to occupy you. But I thought all those questions had been answered by the eternal silences centuries ago."

"What, in the name of magic, do you mean, mademoiselle?" Lord Dacre asked. He tried to laugh; but when Elizabeth, the heiress, was in one of these moods, she imparted a sensation to those she conversed with which we have heard described emphatically as "creepy."

If girlish, high-spirited April Vaughan struck Lord Dacre as being unlike other girls, most certainly, then, Katalinka was totally unlike all the other women he had ever met with in the course of his life.

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"I mean?" she said, as if asking a question in her turn. "Well, I mean that fate has wined certain things, and we can no more turn them away, monsieur, than we can alter the course of the sun. We can do many things (if we have the knowledge) which it is supposed we can not do."

"I have heard that you are a witch, Mademoiselle Katalinka!" exclaimed Mrs. Martingale, with a laugh which she tried to make sound gayly, but which really rang with spite.

"If so, perhaps you think, madame, that they ought to burn me?"

Mrs. Martingale began to fan herself vehemently.

"It's not the law now; people don't believe in such things; but I believe in spiteful witches."

"So do I."

Oh, the supreme scorn in mademoiselle's tone! She turned to Lord Dacre.

"Will you come to the cabinet to help me find the Egyptian goddess?"

"Certainly," he said. "You, Mrs. Martingale, will sit here and eat an ice, or will you come and look for the idol?"

"I hate idols!" she said, rudely, "and I hate nonsensical talk! I will have one of those creams, if you will bring me one, and some grapes."

Lord Dacre waited upon her, and then Mademoiselle Katalinka placed her firm white hand on his arm and held it with a certain possessive clasp that half-flattered, half-annoyed him.

"Now we will look for this idol," she said. "I shall be delighted if it turns out to be the fellow one to my own."

The sumptuous refreshment-room was thronged with women of fashion and men of rank, but all turned to gaze after that distinguished-looking couple linked arm in arm.

They were a picturesque pair. Viscount Dacre was tall and grandly built; his Saxon fairness seemed set off by the dusky pallor of that magnificent woman, whose classic head suggested some queen of those ancient civilizations the lore of which has come down to us through the ages, and still is counted as the highest that the nobles and the princes of our own times can attain unto, even within the walls of our greatest seats of learning.

(To be continued.)

Leaping from burning auto, Mrs. E. Caulkins struck on head and died near Albany, N.Y.

GREAT WEATHER

FOR—
Lemoncup, Limecup, Orangecup—the real juice drink—just add the water

What About Dad's Cookies?

You won't bother baking your own, once you try these
22 cents a Dozen

ONCE—ALWAYS

That's the story, once you try our good POTATO LOAF. Made especially for delicious sandwiches
11c, wrapped

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"We Deliver The Goods."
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SPORTING SKITS

BASEBALL

Starkville Wins

The Starkville baseball team lengthened their lead in the South Durham loop when they applied the white-wash brush to Welcome 4 to 0 at the Town Park Saturday night.

Take Two From Royals

Some one connected with Toronto Maple Leafs made a wise move by securing Paul Easterling, outfielder from the Detroit Tigers recently. If the said Mr. Easterling did nothing else for the remainder of the season, and they say he hasn't done much to date, he at least won two games for his team at Montreal on Sunday afternoon. For at the "crucial" moments of what were readily granted to be the two best games witnessed at Montreal this season, Easterling came through. In the first with a miraculous one-hand catch in the eighth inning, he robbed Stapleton of a sure double, and also robbed the Royals of the winning run, which unquestionably would have eventuated. And after the completion of 11 strenuous sessions, Toronto came out on top 4 to 2. The second game found the teams repeating the nip and tuck act of the first encounter—and in the sixth the estimable Easterling swatted a virile and necessary home run over the scoreboard in right field. The Leafs thus won the second engagement 4 to 3, as both had scored thrice in their respective opening innings.

Break Even Saturday

Amid riotous scenes Saturday's doubleheader at Leaf Stadium came to a close when Jack Dunn, automatic leader of the Baltimore Orioles, cast consternation into the camp of the Torontonians and gave the Leafs a black eye in baseball when he took his team off the field, with the score 2 to 2 and the sixth inning over, in the second game claiming that the Orioles had just three minutes less than an hour in which to make train connections for the southern city. In vain the Leafs, led by Bill O'Hara, protested against the injustice of such action, but Dunn did not care about the feeling of the Leafs, the ten thousand fans in attendance or anything else. It is alleged that his word is law in the International League, but this will be debated later when President John Conway Toole reads the telegram sent him by Lol Solman on Saturday night. The fact that Toronto won the first game by 12 to 5, Baltimore, of course, protesting the victory, did not add to the joy of the Toronto magnate.

Peterboro Defeats Oshawa In Central League Fixture

Scoring four runs in the fifth and five runs in the sixth, Peterboro defeated Oshawa, 10 to 9 in a Central Ontario League fixture at Oshawa Saturday afternoon. Mathews hurled good ball until the fifth frame, when he weakened and badly and when the onslaught continued in the sixth, "Duke" Dainty relieved him. The losers outlit the Petes 17 to 14. Oshawa hit the ball hard until the 7th when "Hap" Harrison, the visitors' second sacker replaced Al Fieckman on the mound.

St. Louis8 Cleveland4
No other games played

Saturday's Results
New York2 Chicago0
Boston5-5 Cleveland2-1
Washington4 Detroit2
Philadelphia 8-7 St. Louis2-3

SOFTBALL

League Standing

File	Won	Lost	P.C.
Bankers	8	2	.800
Sanitary	7	3	.700
C.N.R.	5	3	.625
Mathews	5	4	.555
Ganerskas	3	7	.300
	0	9	.000

Tonights Game

The C.N.R. and Sanitary will provide the excitement at Viaduct Park tonight and the battle will be a merry one.

Big Game Tuesday

One of the best games of the season will take place on Tuesday night when the league leading File clash with the Bankers. Both teams are right on edge and a tight game will result.

BASEBALL

International League

Toronto	Won	Lost	P.C.
Toronto	55	41	.573
Rochester	51	40	.560
Reading	50	43	.538
Baltimore	49	45	.521
Baltimore	48	47	.505
Newark	47	49	.490
Buffalo	41	49	.456
Jersey City	35	62	.361

Yesterday's Results

Toronto4 Montreal2
11 innings.
Toronto4 Montreal3
Reading2-3 Jersey City0-0
Baltimore2 Newark1
Baltimore4 Newark4
Called end of 7th—darkness.
Buffalo at Rochester—Rain

Saturday's Results

Toronto12 Baltimore5
Toronto2 Baltimore2
Baltimore left field after 6th inning.
Buffalo15-4 Jersey City3-3
Rochester3-1 Newark2-4
Montreal6-3 Reading1-4

Games Today

Reading at Jersey City
Toronto at Montreal
Newark at Baltimore

American League

New York	Won	Lost	P.C.
New York	66	24	.733
Philadelphia	56	35	.615
St. Louis	48	46	.511
Chicago	42	49	.462
Washington	40	51	.440
Boston	37	50	.425
Cleveland	39	53	.424
Detroit	35	55	.380

Yesterday's Results

Chicago6 New York4
Washington8 Detroit2

St. Louis8 Cleveland4
No other games played

Saturday's Results
New York2 Chicago0
Boston5-5 Cleveland2-1
Washington4 Detroit2
Philadelphia 8-7 St. Louis2-3

SOFTBALL

League Standing

File	Won	Lost	P.C.
Bankers	8	2	.800
Sanitary	7	3	.700
C.N.R.	5	3	.625
Mathews	5	4	.555
Ganerskas	3	7	.300
	0	9	.000

Tonights Game

The C.N.R. and Sanitary will provide the excitement at Viaduct Park tonight and the battle will be a merry one.

Big Game Tuesday

One of the best games of the season will take place on Tuesday night when the league leading File clash with the Bankers. Both teams are right on edge and a tight game will result.

BASEBALL

International League

Toronto	Won	Lost	P.C.
Toronto	55	41	.573
Rochester	51	40	.560
Reading	50	43	.538
Baltimore	49	45	.521
Baltimore	48	47	.505
Newark	47	49	.490
Buffalo	41	49	.456
Jersey City	35	62	.361

Yesterday's Results

Toronto4 Montreal2
11 innings.
Toronto4 Montreal3
Reading2-3 Jersey City0-0
Baltimore2 Newark1
Baltimore4 Newark4
Called end of 7th—darkness.
Buffalo at Rochester—Rain

Saturday's Results

Toronto12 Baltimore5
Toronto2 Baltimore2
Baltimore left field after 6th inning.
Buffalo15-4 Jersey City3-3
Rochester3-1 Newark2-4
Montreal6-3 Reading1-4

Games Today

Reading at Jersey City
Toronto at Montreal
Newark at Baltimore

American League

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Washington8 Detroit2

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No other games played

Saturday's Results
New York2 Chicago0
Boston5-5 Cleveland2-1
Washington4 Detroit2
Philadelphia 8-7 St. Louis2-3

PERSONAL

Mr. Finnigan Hills is visiting friends in Detroit.

Mr. Stanley Guest spent Sunday in Toronto visiting friends.

Miss Ivy Hudson is spending her holidays in Lindsay, the guest of Mrs. John Nicholson.

Miss Margaret Hudson left last Thursday for Syracuse, N. Y., on a motor trip with her cousin, Mrs. Herb Stevenson and will visit in Rochester, the guest of Miss Dorothy Cripps.

Mrs. H. M. Bunton has returned to her home in Port Hope, after spending two months in Ottawa with her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bunton.

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FOR SALE

CHERRIES 65c PER 11 QUART basket, pick them yourself. Cut flowers, bouquets, sprays, wreaths, made. Vegetables, green peas and butter beans, carrots, beets, onions and lettuce. Goods delivered. Phone 356w. C. CLAYTON'S STORE, Toronto Road. 6tdltw

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McLAUGHLIN TOURING
Six Cylinder

CHEVEROLET TOURING
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STAR SEDAN
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LADIES have you seen

The Mason Fruit Jar?

It's Made Square—It Opens Easily

Just pull the rubber ring and the one piece top is unscrewed easily.

Quart Size 1.25 per dozen

HANCOCK'S HARDWARE

Phone 181 We Deliver

BRINGING UP FATHER—

MAGGIE: WILL YOU SEW A BUTTON ON ME TROUSERS? ONE CAME OFF.

DON'T BOTHER ME NOW. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M RUSHING TO GO OUT.

DAUGHTER—DEAR—BRING ME THE SEWING BASKET.

I THOUGHT SO. I KNEW SHE'D FEEL BAD IF SHE DIDN'T DO IT.

HURRY—I MUST SEW THE BOW ON FIDO'S COLLAR BEFORE WE TAKE HIM OUT WITH US—HE LOOKS SO CUTE WITH IT ON.

BY GOLLY—I WONDER HOW I'M GONNA GET THEM KNOTS OUT OF THE THREAD.



BY GEORGE McMANUS

Of More Than Passing Interest

DRESS VOILE of various patterns and colorings; popular small patterns priced at 59c and79c

RAYON DRESSGOODS in bright colorful designs of various patterns including the popular polka-dot priced.....1.00

BLAZER FLANNEL 29" wide, all wool in colors of orange and black, white and black, red and black, etc. We have only short ends to clear at per yard.....93c

Verandah and Car Cushions

made of Chintz, liberal size and well filled each.....39c

MOTOR OR TRAVELLING RUGS 52x68. All wool with fringe in various colors in checks and plaids each.....4.50

JAEGER TRAVELLING RUGS—Soft, effective tones and will wear a lifetime with reasonable care. Priced 8.50 to.....13.50

VERANDAH GRASS MATS 27x54—36x63—54x72 and on up to the larger sizes.

Owing to the lateness of the summer season, these are specially priced to clear.

D. A. SHAY CO.

There is no mystery about this

"I would love to talk to her — but frankly, I don't know how to make a Long Distance Call".

We are told that there are many people who actually feel that there is something very complicated about arranging a long distance talk.

And it is really so simple!

There are some nearby points for which you do not even have to ask for "Long Distance" — your local operator will connect you direct with the telephone you want. Such points are listed in the front pages of your directory. If you do not know the number ask "Information".

In calling more distant points, ask the operator for "Long Distance", and when she answers, tell her your telephone number and your name, then the city you wish to reach, with the distant telephone number, if you know it. If you do not know it, "Long Distance" will look it up for you.

It is very simple. You will find the operators — local and long distance — always courteous and helpful, and the experience will convert you to the regular use of a wonderful service.

Why not try it?

T. A. McDONALD

Manager.



901

DAIRY FARM AND ART ARE HOBBIES OF HENRY SPROATT

Prominent Architect Own 180-acre Dairy Farm at Canton—Possesses Many Degrees and is President of Architects Association

Contributing some of the finest examples of architecture in Canada, and operating a dairy farm may appear to be widely divergent, yet in each of these Henry Sproatt, senior partner of Sproatt & Rolph, architects, chosen to create the new national research bureau's building at Ottawa, excels.

When seen at his Glenwood dairy farm, Mr. Sproatt was very much surprised that Ottawa had released the news of the selection of his firm as architects for the new house of the national research bureau at Ottawa. "I would like to make it clear that the appointment is not a personal one, but rather a selection of the firm," was almost the first statement. The attitude is typical of the man who, with E. R. Rolph, during the past thirty years, has contributed to the development of Canadian architecture.

Among the buildings they have designed and carried out are Hart House and its soldiers' memorial tower, Bishop Strachan school and chapel and the memorial chapel at Ridley. They have operated extensively of late years as consulting architects and are now acting in that capacity in connection with the erection of the new Royal York hotel in Toronto. Henry Sproatt is a man of evident force and ability, with a peculiar faculty of concentration and study, seldom found except in thinking men who have made their mark in the world.

As an architect, Mr. Sproatt is recognized the world over. Among the letters which go after his name are an LL.D. from the University of Toronto, F.R.I.B.A. fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and R.C.A. Royal Canadian Academician. Mr. Sproatt is at the present time president of the Royal Academy of Architects. Mr. Rolph enjoys similar distinction in the field of architecture, and, as a firm, they are gold medalists in the American Institute of Architects.

In practice the firm is generally recognized as Gothicists, but personally, Mr. Sproatt admits a strong leaning toward the classical.

"Personally, I am very much interested in classical work. We happened to do some work and the other followed," was the way he put it. Discussing architectural problems Mr. Sproatt said: "What we look at is the solution of the problem in each case. That is the principal thing, to make the building fit the site, and to arrive at the solution in a simple and direct way. The location and the purpose are the important factors in building design."

In connection with the Ottawa appointment Mr. Sproatt points out that the firm is engaged solely in connection with the design of the new home for the National Research Bureau. It has not been given any general commission aside from that as yet.

Discussing modern tendencies in architecture he observed: "I think that architecture in Toronto shows a wonderful improvement. I think, too, that the architects of Toronto are doing splendid work. Modern architecture tends to make an improvement in Toronto as it is doing in other cities. I do not think that anywhere you will find the modern cost house of better general design than you will in Toronto. I feel that today both the older and the younger men are doing splendid work."

He is keenly interested in Art, being identified very prominently with the leading art societies. But he has another business in addition to architecture. That is his farm. "This farm is not a hobby with me," he said, "it is a serious business."

"I regret that I find it very hard to find time enough to get out here as much as I should and I would not like people to get the idea that I neglected my profession for this business. I do get out occasionally for week ends and this is about the first opportunity I have had for recreation for some time."

He has an 180 acre dairy farm not far from the Vincent Massey farm at Canton. On it he has a herd of 22 very fine dairy cattle, and he operates it strictly on a producer to consumer basis, selling his milk direct to customers in Port Hope. The farmstead is one of the finest in Ontario, or in Canada.

He has only been on the place four years, but in that time a crude farm has been materially converted into an artistic rural estate, at least the one corner of it up on the brow of the hill where his home is. Only a little of the house has been completed, but there is hardly another house in Canada like it. Of solid stone walls, it is simple and effective in design, and a natural stone finish on the interior gives it an air of unique charm.

Now 2 years young, with a mop of wavy, gray-shot auburn hair, Mr. Sproatt proudly boasts that he is a granddaddy of two of the finest kiddies in Ontario. He has a son, Charles A. Sproatt, who following his return from Overseas, graduated from the University of Toronto and two daughters, Mrs. (Dr.) David Pratt of Toronto, and Miss Margaret who is living at home.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. G. B. Hamilton and family wish to take this opportunity to thank their many friends and neighbors, also the hospital staff, for their kindness during the recent illness of the late George B. Hamilton; and for the sympathy expressed in the floral offerings in their recent bereavement.

Mrs. B. Salerno, has returned to Depot Harbor after visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Woodcock, Shuter St.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bannister, Okotoks, Alberta, are guests at Mr and Mrs. Walter J. Curtis, Brown

Mrs. J. W. Lalker, Blooms Grove ave., left today for the Pacific Coast, going with the Dean Laird Tour across Canada and back.

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LISBON'S WAY.

Men Smoke, Talk, and Bargain Leaning on Railings.

Customs and habits of life vary strangely from country to country even when the ties of blood and language are close, and perhaps nowhere more so than in the Latin countries of Europe, writes a Lisbon correspondent of the London Daily Mail.

In Paris, business friends, when they meet at noon or in the evening, may go for a stroll along the boulevards, but in a very few moments they will come to some cafe terrace and there, seated at a table, near a brasser in winter, or in the sun in summer, they will transact business as they sip their favorite aperitifs.

In Italy or Spain the cafe terraces are few and it is often the custom to walk for hours up and down some favorite promenade with a swing of the arms and of long enveloping cloaks and an almost martial air as the little groups of acquaintances or business friends reach the end of the allotted walk and swing smartly to the right-about and back again a score of times or so. When they engage the cafes for a very modest comfort, or perhaps a vermouth, with its accompaniment of salted fish, shrimps or wrinkles, the boot cleaner is always much in request.

But here in Portugal they do things differently. The sun is always shining and the warm climate leads to a more lingering form of intercourse. Along the main avenues and streets, in the public squares and courts, little groups of merchants, agents and others can be seen leaning casually in front of shops, hotels or banks, and even jewellers' establishments gleaning with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, talking busily, taking notes, accepting orders, or intriguing in politics just as they might do in their own counting houses or private studies.

This habit of leaning — here, there and anywhere — is so well recognized that huge ornamental bronze, brass and steel railings, broad and bright by the rub of countless elbows, are provided in front of all the main shops and buildings, just elbow high and convenient to rest upon.

There in the sun the men gather and roll and smoke innumerable cigarettes as they discuss the latest political news, the changes in the markets, and the rates of exchange.

You may arrange to meet a friend at a rendezvous in front of such a shop and you will find him there with his coat loosely flapping from his shoulders, leaning on his arms, leaning on the brass railings and talking with a wealth of gesture to a couple of business associates. Sometimes the railings are in two tiers, one low to sit on and the other higher for those who prefer to stand and lean. But Lisbon is undoubtedly the city of leaners.

THE SACRED "SCARAB."

Nothing More Nor Less Than a Little, Ugly Beetle.

The sacred "scarab," so often spoken of in Egyptology, is nothing more nor less than a little, ugly beetle, about an inch in length and black in color, says a short article in the Times of India.

The scarab is less politely known as the "Dung Roller." For the latter appellation the world is probably indebted to some schoolboy with a genius for discovering apt names; for the former we must turn to history, where we shall find that this little beetle was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians who regarded it as symbolical of:

(1) The sun, because of the angular projections from the insect's head, representing the sun's rays;

(2) The moon, because it was believed that the insect buried its pellets for exactly 28 days, or a lunar month;

(3) The earth, because of the globular pellets which the insect rolled; and

(4) Creative power and fecundity, because although it was believed that there were no females of the species, the insects appeared unfailingly every year in great numbers.

Skillfully wrought representations of the Sacred Scarab were used by the ancient Egyptians as ornaments and charms and were also buried with the dead in order to keep away evil spirits. Incidentally, this beetle is, even now, eaten by the women of Egypt to render them prolific.

WORK FOR INFIRM.

George Has Scheme to House and Help Aged People.

A charitable organization believed to embody a unique relationship between those served and the investors who sponsor the service, has been organized at Atlanta, Georgia.

The organization is called the Georgia Community. Its main purpose is to give congenial work to aged and infirm folk who by reason of handicaps cannot compete for positions in the commercial world.

The project will be financed by public-spirited citizens who will "buy certificates" in the concern. Appeal to prospective shareholders is entirely charitable.

First operations will be almost entirely agricultural. It is intended to purchase a large area of land near Atlanta, erect small homes thereon, and parcel out the land to needy persons who are willing to follow instructions in their cultivation of it.

German Mouth Organs. Mouth organ players seem to be a war-time craze all over the world, being more popular than ever since the outbreak of the war.

During 1927, Germany sold abroad 2,000,000 mouth organs, about a million more than the previous year, and of these 21,800,000 went to the United States, Great Britain and Argentina were among other countries which showed an increased demand for German mouth organs, the manufacture of which gives employment to thousands of workers in and around Stuttgart in Wurttemberg.

GET MORE THAN BOSS.

Tardiness and Inattentiveness Punished in Russian Factories.

A visit to a Soviet factory in Moscow, one chosen at random, is especially illuminating, writes George London in "After Ten Years of the Bolshevik Regime," for example, the Three Mountains, in a remote suburb. This, needless to say, belongs to the Government, like all the principal industries of the Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics.

You arrive after traversing a dense workers' quarter, comprising about 8,900 persons, employed in the various branches of the establishment. There are canvas structures in the lobby. "The Russian Revolution Will Be the Prologue to World Revolution," or "Down with Alcohol," there is a caricature of Mussolini here, representing him with a knife between his teeth, like the famous Bolshevik of the French electoral campaign in 1918.

The manager's office is severely and plainly furnished, his desk ornamented with a portrait of Lenin and Karl Marx. There are telephones, stenographers and clerks. The manager wears high boots and a hussar's uniform. A member of the Communist party, he earns only 225 rubles a month, but the wages of a common laborer and a third of what is paid the specialists employed under his direction.

The employees in the workrooms labor industriously. Tardiness and inattentiveness are severely punished. As for equipment, the machines are stamped "Birmingham, 1895," and so are more than thirty years old.

Wornout and inefficient material, scarcity of skilled workers and surplus of unskilled labor—such are the evils from which Russian industry suffers, and the official statistics do not try to disguise them. Last June these showed a 10 per cent slump in production from the May figure, and in July a 12 per cent slump from the June figure.

The foregoing explains why the Soviet Government is so anxious to obtain the foreign credits which will enable it to purchase new machinery for manufacturing products which cannot be made at home. In this connection the break with England was a serious blow.

At the same time Soviet Russia is obligated, in the interest of the masses, to favor the production and specialization of workers. This creates two privileged classes—the peasant class and the working class.

THE AZTECS.

Are of Semitic Descent, Not Mongolian, Says Professor.

That Mexican aboriginal races are not of Mongolian descent, but Iberic, is the contention of Dr. Maximilian Neumayer, an Austrian ethnologist, who claims that the migrating Israelites came to America and settled in the former Aztec empire.

Prof. Neumayer waded the secrets of ancient civilization in Mexico from idols and other Aztec relics in the National Museum, Mexico City, as well as from the famous Teotihuacan pyramids and the recently discovered tower at Culcuisco, on the slopes of the Ajusco mountain in the federal district, is said to date back to the twelfth century B.C.

"The attitude of the Aztecs, the Aztec calendar, Phoenician and Hebrew letters clearly identified on some stone monuments, a swastika discovered on an ancient Aztec vase, together with the architecture of the Teotihuacan pyramids," says Prof. Neumayer, "lead but to one conclusion: The aboriginal races in Mexico are of Semitic descent."

The Biggest Book?

Even the monumental English Dictionary recently completed sinks into comparative insignificance before the Tibetan "Ganjur," or book of gospels.

Consisting of 200 volumes, this immense work, written in Tibetan characters, has just started on a journey from Tibet to Peking, carried on the backs of 100 coolies.

The heavy volumes will later be transferred to fifteen yaks, and the whole journey, including a voyage down the Yangtze river and a railway trip from Tientsin to Peking, will take four months.

On its arrival the book is to be translated fully and laboriously into Chinese. Lama prelates in Peking insist that intensive study of these ancient gospels in their own tongue is essential to those wishing to grasp the mysteries of Lamaism.

"It" Club for Charm Seekers.

A "charm school" for American business girls is being organized at Shanghai, China, by the Foreign Y.W.C.A. The club plans to coach girls on how to acquire "it," how to achieve the best one may wish with one's hair and nails, how to make every point count in dress. It will teach them how to cultivate a charming voice, grace in friendship, and mental cultivation.

Miss Jeanne Perkins, an American, is general secretary of the Foreign Y.W.C.A., which has done much toward helping stranded American girls get on their feet.

Most Extraordinary Forest.

The most extraordinary forest in the world occupies a table-land six miles in width, near the West Coast of Africa. The peculiarity of the trees is that, though their trunks are as much as four feet in diameter, they attain the height of only a foot. No tree bears more than two leaves, and these attain a breadth of two feet.

Launching of Ships.

When ship are launched in the United States flowers are strewn about, instead of a bottle of wine being broken as in Great Britain. In Japan a number of birds are freed.

A Soft Gem.

The emerald is one of the softest of precious stones.

Frank Gremo, 9, died from heart failure and fright when chased by man at Berwick, Pa.

Overturning of automobile caused death of two students at Beatrice, Neb.

Trapped in loft two small boys burned to death from lamp explosion at Springfield, Mass.

LOCAL TIME TABLE

CANADIAN NATIONAL
Going East
Main Line

No. 8—To Ottawa12.32 a.m.
No. 10—To Montreal9.24 a.m.
No. 110—To Belleville (Sun. only)9.41 a.m.
No. 14—To Montreal10.42 a.m.
No. 28—To Brockville2.08 p.m.
No. 6—To Ottawa3.11 p.m.
No. 30—To Belleville3.38 p.m.
No. 18—To Montreal10.36 p.m.
No. 20—To Montreal11.50 p.m.
Daily—Nos. 8, 14, 18, 6, 20,
Daily, except Sunday—Nos. 10,
28, 30.

Going West

No. 19—From Montreal3.49 a.m.
No. 21—From Montreal4.44 a.m.
No. 17—From Montreal5.38 a.m.
No. 27—From Belleville8.18 a.m.
No. 29—From Brockville1.15 p.m.
No. 15—From Montreal3.58 p.m.
No. 5—From Ottawa6.42 p.m.
No. 109—From Belleville (Sun. only)7.22 p.m.
No. 9—From Montreal7.56 p.m.
Daily—Nos. 19, 7, 17, 15, 5, 21
Daily except Sunday—Nos. 27,
29, 9.

MIDLAND DIVISION Junction Station

Departures

No. 93—Via Lindsay6.55 a.m.
No. 97—To Peterboro10.45 a.m.
No. 95—Via Lindsay4.00 p.m.

Arrivals

No. 96—Ex. Peterboro4.25 a.m.
No. 92—Via Lindsay1.10 p.m.
No. 94—Via Lindsay10.10 p.m.

These trains arrive and depart at the Down Town Station four minutes earlier and later than above schedule.

ORONO SUBDIVISION Junction Station

No. 311—Mixed, leave Port Hope
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
.....7.20 a.m.

No. 309—Passenger, leave Port Hope
Monday, Wednesday and Friday
.....7.20 a.m.

No. 312—Mixed, from Whitby Jct.
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,
arrive Port Hope5.45 p.m.

No. 310—Passenger, from Whitby Jct.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday,
arrive Port Hope7.40 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Going East

No. 2010.47 a.m. daily
No. 332.53 p.m. daily from May 20
No. 6040.07 p.m. except Sunday
To Trenton only

No. 4211.58 p.m. daily (flag)

Going West

No. 414.53 a.m. daily (flag)

No. 6037.40 a.m. except Sunday

No. 193.50 p.m. daily

No. 376.49 p.m. daily from May 20

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXPRESS

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Hardwood Flooring

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WATSON'S

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THE HIGHWAYS OF BUYING . .

"Follow the highway markings and you can't go wrong." . . . That's the advice the Automobile Club gives you before starting on a motor trip. You follow the well-known, well-marked roads. And you reach your destination the safest, most comfortable way.

Why not follow the same rule in your shopping? Why not stick to the "highways of buying?" They have been just as carefully plotted and are just as carefully marked as the great motor roads you've come to depend on. Marked by the trade-marks of reliable, advertised products.

The next time you go shopping follow these "highways." Before you start, look through the advertisements in these columns. Pick out the products you want. Notice the names and trade marks that identify them. And then ask for them by name.

The advertisements are the sign-posts to guide you to the best merchandise.

THE FIRST BRITISH COMEDY

with an American star, who went to England especially to make it with a British cast

Syd Chaplin

THE GAY ADVENTURES OF A HEN-PECKED HUSBAND



With England's Favorite **Betty Balfour**

When his wife and mother-in-law went away he decided to step out, and the fun began.

TONIGHT TO WEDNESDAY

FOX CANADIAN NEWS

Beautiful Technicolor Drama

"The Lady of Victories"

and Aesop Cartoon Fable



When you think of Stockings and particularly

Silk Stockings

think of this store

For you will find, as many others do, that our assortment and values are unequalled

Extra good values at 75c, 98c, \$1.50, \$1.69

\$1.89 and \$2.00

WICKETTS

Phone 120

For Good Value

Still a nice lot of smart Bathing Suits left.

LOCALS DEFEATED IN SENSATIONAL TEN INNINGS CONTEST WITH COBOURG

Port Hope Intermediates Scored Tying Run in Ninth Innings After Two Batsmen Had Been Retired But Victory is Snatched Away in Tenth

In a bitterly contested Oshawa District Intermediate baseball tilt at the Town Park Saturday afternoon, Cobourg snatched a sensational ten inning battle from Port Hope, 5-4. The fixture was one of those famed Cobourg-Port Hope battles and the issue was in doubt until the last man had been retired.

Cobourg has a game left to play with Bowmanville Intermediates and if the latter team loses and Port Hope wins their remaining games with Bowmanville and Oshawa, then it is Cobourg and the Ontarios for the play offs.

Saturday's engagement was a tough one all the way through. Port Hope obtained a three run lead and although the visitors scored one in the sixth, the locals held the lead until the eighth innings when Richards lost temporary control and Cobourg counted three runs, placing them one up. In the last of the ninth after two men had been retired, the homesters shoved across the tying run. Richards gave way to Pinchitter Hills and Boyd went into pitch. Cobourg scored another run in the first half of the tenth frame and although Port Hope had men on second and third, a lucky double play by Markey retired the side and Cobourg emerged victorious.

Tough Break

The tilt, which was scheduled for 3.15 did not terminate until 6.15 and was marked up arguments all the way through. A gentleman from the town of Cobourg carrying the name of McEntee umpired the bases and everything went along fine until the fourth frame. Hutton reached first when Richards fumbled his roller and Jones skied out to left field. Now the crux of the game arises. W. Campbell bounced an easy roller to Graham who was stationed half way between first and second. A two ply killing was in plain sight. Graham, according to his own admission, and in the plain view of everybody, touched Hutton as he was proceeding to second and then threw to first. The throw to the bag was a trifle low but Curtis scooped the ball out of the dirt. The base umpire called Hutton safe at second and then proceeded to call Campbell safe at first. This was plain highway robbery and as one witty fan remarked "all McEntee was lacking was the horse and gun in order to be Jesse James."

The players and fans swarmed onto the field. Curtis, protesting the decision, walked towards the umpire, and the latter gave him a push away. Curtis resisted and was promptly banished and it was some few minutes before the field was cleared. However E. Campbell fell a victim to an infield fly and Mann looped to Haskill in centre.

Good Hurling

Richards, a former Port Hope boy and who is now working at a local factory, occupied the mound and pitched nice steady ball, barring the eighth frame. Up until the eighth he allowed but four scattered hits and one run. He had six strikeouts to his credit with Butler, Markey two dangerous batters whiffing twice and Rollings and Mann once. Richards had a nice delivery and mixed the balls up well. He was capably upheld by Bob Chalk behind the plate.

The Ontarios outwit Cobourg 13-9 but the same old story, lack of practice figured greatly in the play. Not a single local player bunted in order to sacrifice a man along and the only half hearted attempt to sacrifice was in the ninth when Hills attempted to send Holman to second.

Three Run Lead

In the first frame, Port Hope gave Richards a two run lead. Lycett singled to centre and went to second on a passed ball. Graham connected for a hit through second scoring Lycett. Mitchell drew a walk and Graham went to third on Campbell's error whence he scored on another passed ball.

The lead was increased in the second half when Port Hope shoved across another marker on two hits and a walk after Chalk and Haskill had fanned. Holman singled to left and Richards drew a pass. Lycett came through with a hit counting Holman but Richards was tagged out as attempted to reach second base on the play.

In the fifth chukker the visitors broke into the score column by sending in one run. Jones strolled, advanced on W. Campbell's safety and counted on Ed Campbell's drive to left field.

The eighth session proved Richards' downfall. Boudy beat out a hit

and Hutton singled after Markey had flied out to Mitchell in right field. Jones also hit scoring Boudy. Hutton crossed the plate when Chalk attempted to throw out Jones who stole second and Jones scored on W. Campbell's fielder's choice. E. Campbell clouted the ball to left field for a base. Mann lined to Graham who touched second to double W. Campbell.

In the eighth Boyd bagged his first hit through third and proceeded to pilfer second. He made a nice headlong slide under Markey but nevertheless the ever present McEntee ruled him out.

Cobourg were retired in order in the first of the ninth and it was up to the local crew to do something in the second half of the last frame. Holman started the performance nicely with a drive to right field. Hills was sent in to bat for Richards. A hundred tongues applauded as the veteran of many a campaign strode up to the plate and another hundred tongues applauded as he rubbed his hands with dirt. Two attempts were made to sacrifice but Hills struck out on the next ball. Things looked blue when Lycett skied out to centre and Graham was given a life when he reached first after being hit with a pitched ball. Mitchell was up next and beat out a hit to short, clogging the sacks. H. Boyd, a dependable hitter came to bat and hope was still left. Boyd took one of Mann's shoots in the back to force in the tying run. A hit from Ough, who had struck out and singled on two previous attempts, was all that was needed to cinch the game but he was thrown out at first by Rollings.

In the tenth, Boyd took up the hurling duties and Devine went to third. Markey the first batter, doubled right to centre and Hutton fanned. Jones rolled to Boyd and the throw to first was off the bag and Markey came in from second. However, on rounding third, he evidently overlooked the formality of touching the sack. The ball was played to third but McEntee who was nearby noticed the play but left the matter to Rowden, the umpire-in-chief. Rowden missed the play and consequently Markey's run was allowed. W. Campbell rolled feebly to first and E. Campbell fell a victim to Boyd's slants.

Now for the eventful tenth. Chalk, a right hand batter scratched a hit through first and second and Haskill skied out to centre. Holman socked a two bagger to centre, sending Chalk to third. Devine knocked a liner over second but Markey backed up and speared the ball with one hand and Holman was doubled off the bag, making the third out and ending the game.

Holman had a gala day at bat and bagged four hits, two doubles included. Lycett and Grhaam had two apiece.

The teams. Cobourg—Butler cf; Rollings ss; Boudy lf; Markey 2nd; Hutton 3rd; Jones rf; W. Campbell c; E. Campbell 1st; Mann p.

Port Hope—Lycett ss; Graham 2nd; Mitchell rf; Boyd 3rd and p; Curtis 1st; Ough 1st; Chalk r; Holman lf; Richards p; Devine 3rd.

Score by innings
Cobourg 0 0 0 0 1 0 3 0 1 5 9 3
Port Hope 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 4 13 3
Umpires, Rowden at plate, McEntee on bases.

PERSONAL

Miss Ferguson, Matron of the Children's Shelter, is spending her vacation with friends on Georgian Bay.

Mrs. C. Langlois and son Mobrey, have returned to their home at Hanlin, N.Y., after visiting her mother, Mrs. George Brockenshire, Bruton Street.

Mrs. A. Lake and sons, Gordon and Robert of Toronto, are visiting her mothers, Mrs. G. Brockenshire, Bruton St.

The many friends of Mr. George Ling will be sorry to hear that he was taken to the Port Hope Hospital on Thursday.

DIED

FEGAN—At La Fayette, Ind., on Saturday, July 21st, 1928, Margaret Hunter, beloved wife of the late Wm. Fegan.

The funeral service will be held at the residence of her sister, Mrs. J. S. Day, Blooms Grove Ave., on Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Interment at St. John's Cemetery.

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COMING EVENTS

THE BOAT TRIP OF THE SEASON.

Cobourg to Dalhousie Park via Lake Ontario, auspices, Bay of Quinte Conference Y. P. S., Wednesday, August 8th. Boat leaves Cobourg 7.30 a.m. Standard Time. Fare, adults \$2.30, children \$1.15. Excursionists also have the privilege of taking Trolley Trip from Dalhousie Park to Niagara Falls, for additional fare of 85c return. Buy tickets ahead and save disappointment. Tickets and full information now from E. H. Brown, Box 87, Port Hope. 2td1tw

THE LADIES OF THE UNITED

church are holding a reception this evening at eight o'clock for Rev. and Mrs. Gordon A. Sisco and family. A short musical program has been arranged and refreshments will be served. The congregation is invited to attend.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Herb Swallow and son Bobby of Ingersoll, are visiting Mrs. Swallow's sister, Mrs. J. A. Winfield, Brown St.

Mr. and Mrs. George Calvin of Bevar Falls, Pa., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kluft, Bedford Street, on their way home from Buckhorn where they spent their summer vacation.

Mr. Carl Paedon, Princess Street, spent the week end in Oshawa with Mr. Darling.

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NOTICE

The Hydro office will be closed all day Tuesday, July 24th, owing to the Commission holding their annual picnic on that date.

LOST

BLACK MEDICAL CASE, ON Walton street, on Saturday, July 21. Finder will be rewarded on returning same to the GUIDE OFFICE. 2td

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT

120 ACRES, LOTS 13 AND 14, Con. 8, Hope Township—well fenced, buildings in good condition, two barns, driving shed, brick house, orchard. Apply T. W. WORR, Campbellcroft. 6td1tw

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Our Rajah Tea, with Cup or Saucer
Black, regular 75c.....lb. 69c
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Baking Powder 1/2 lb. 13c

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Shredded Wheat...Pkg. 12c
Kipped Snacks...2 Tins 13c
Post Toasties...2 Pkgs. 21c
Glory of Norway Sardines 2 Tins 25c

Christie's Ace Biscuits 35c lb.
Shredded Wheat...Pkg. 12c
Puffed Wheat...Pkg. 14c
Post Toasties...2 Pkgs. 21c
Libby's Mince...2 Tins 15c
Clark's Potted Meats...3 Tins 25c
Clark's Baked Dinner...Tin 25c

Butter 43c lb.
Shredded Coconut...1/2 lb. 21c
Dedicated Coconut...1/2 lb. 18c
Mayfield Brand SKIMMED MILK SLICED
Facon 33c lb.

LUX TOILET SOAP 3 Cakes 15c

Richmello Blend
Tea 1 lb. 79c
LUNCH ROLLS (15 sheets) 3 for 10c
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Navy Toilet Rolls...3 for 25c
4-String Corn Brooms...each 39c

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