

The Common Round

The Transformed Butter Bowl

By Isabel Inglis Colville

Once upon a time, a family moved from the city to the country, and when cleaning the cellar, came upon a wooden bowl of such generous proportions that it looked as if a giantess might have used it to make butter in.

Having but one cow, the family butter-making wasn't an extensive proposition, and when the butter was put into the bowl, it looked like a very small island in a very large sea.

Time passed, and butter making was given up, and the bowl consigned to the place from whence it came. Here it lay, and in the meantime I had read of and seen so much in pictures and word pictures, of garden pools, that finally the pool idea became an obsession with me—I must have one.

Not being able to afford to have one built, I suddenly bethought me of the butter-bowl, and dragged it forth—why would it not serve?

Near the foot of a spruce tree we dug a round hole, and within this we set the bowl. We packed

earth firmly around it, and then sunk in the earth, level with its lip, we set an inlay of bricks. It began to look like something, and then mixing cement, lime, sand and water, I painted, bowl, and bricks, filling in all cracks and crevices. This I let dry slowly, dampening it a little to keep from too quick drying. This process was repeated three times, and, then it was considered time to put the water in.

When first filled, it reflected the spruce boughs, in all their graceful wavings; but now it has many pretty things to mirror, for round it is planted a wild flower garden; ferns peep at themselves, tall iris and Jacks-in-the-pulpit nod at their reflections and violets, white, yellow and blue cluster about it.

After rain or high winds, I dip out the water, sweep the bowl and refill, and then it is ready for the birds, for the birds are like an animated flower garden about it. Mrs. Hebb's little feathered bride and groom might well have taken a voyage on it.

Retiring Principal Considers Buying Toy Weapons Wrong

N. A. Corneli Condemns Use Of War Insignia As Playthings

Newmarket public schools lose their genial, kindly and successful principal at the end of the present school year by the resignation of Norman Albert Corneli.

Mr. Corneli, whose resignation has been accepted, has served Newmarket for 25 years.

From a rural school Mr. Corneli went on to become a teacher and after a wide teaching experience became principal of Newmarket public school ("the model school" where Alexander Muir had once taught) Sept. 1, 1910.

Mr. Corneli was born near Lindsay, May 9, 1874. If you figure that up, you will find that he is retiring as a comparatively young man of 61 years. As already stated he began his education in a rural school. Later he went to Lindsay Collegiate Institute (and it is to Lindsay that the Cornelis would retire if they should ever leave Newmarket).

Obtaining a third-class teacher's license, Mr. Corneli taught in Mari-posa township, securing his second-class certificate in three years, and teaching there for a period of about nine years altogether.

Then Mr. Corneli came to York county and taught in Maple school for a year and a half. On he went to Markham as principal of the public school and stayed there five years.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Corneli lost their only child, Hazel, who was 11 years old. This loss occurred 25 years ago.

"When I came to Newmarket there were 300 pupils and eight teachers," Mr. Corneli told The Era. There was at that time a two-roomed primary school where the King George school now stands and Mr. Corneli was for his first five years located at the model school.

Mr. Corneli helped to decide on the names Alexander Muir school for the model school and King George school for the new school. The old model school had become crowded, classes were being held in the halls and a temporary school had been erected on the school grounds.

"Our schools became crowded again, and about 1924 Stuart Scott school was built," Mr. Corneli said.

There are now about 526 pupils and 14 teachers in three schools. About six years ago there were about 100 more pupils than there are now.

"He has completed 42 years of teaching at the end of April," Mrs. Corneli, who has good reason to be proud of her husband, told The Era. "And he hasn't had 42 failures in 42 years. He has been entirely absorbed by his school work. I suppose his interest in his work is the reason for his success."

"I have enjoyed my sojourn in Newmarket very much," Mr. Corneli told The Era. "I think I have always enjoyed teaching. The best part of it is that I have enjoyed the cooperation of the people of this town."

"Have the schools here kept abreast of educational changes?" he was asked. "I think they have," Mr. Corneli said. "A year ago someone asked the inspector if I was getting out-of-date. He replied that no young teacher has better ideas. No one has a better chance than the teacher to keep up-to-date on education."

"Is less stress being placed on memory achievements in the schools?" "Yes, we try now to get the children to think," Mr. Corneli said.

"Do you find the conditions which your former pupils face when they leave school today distressing?" "I am often very sorry for them."

"Can the depression be ended through education?" "The schools cannot shoulder the depression. They can make people more employable."

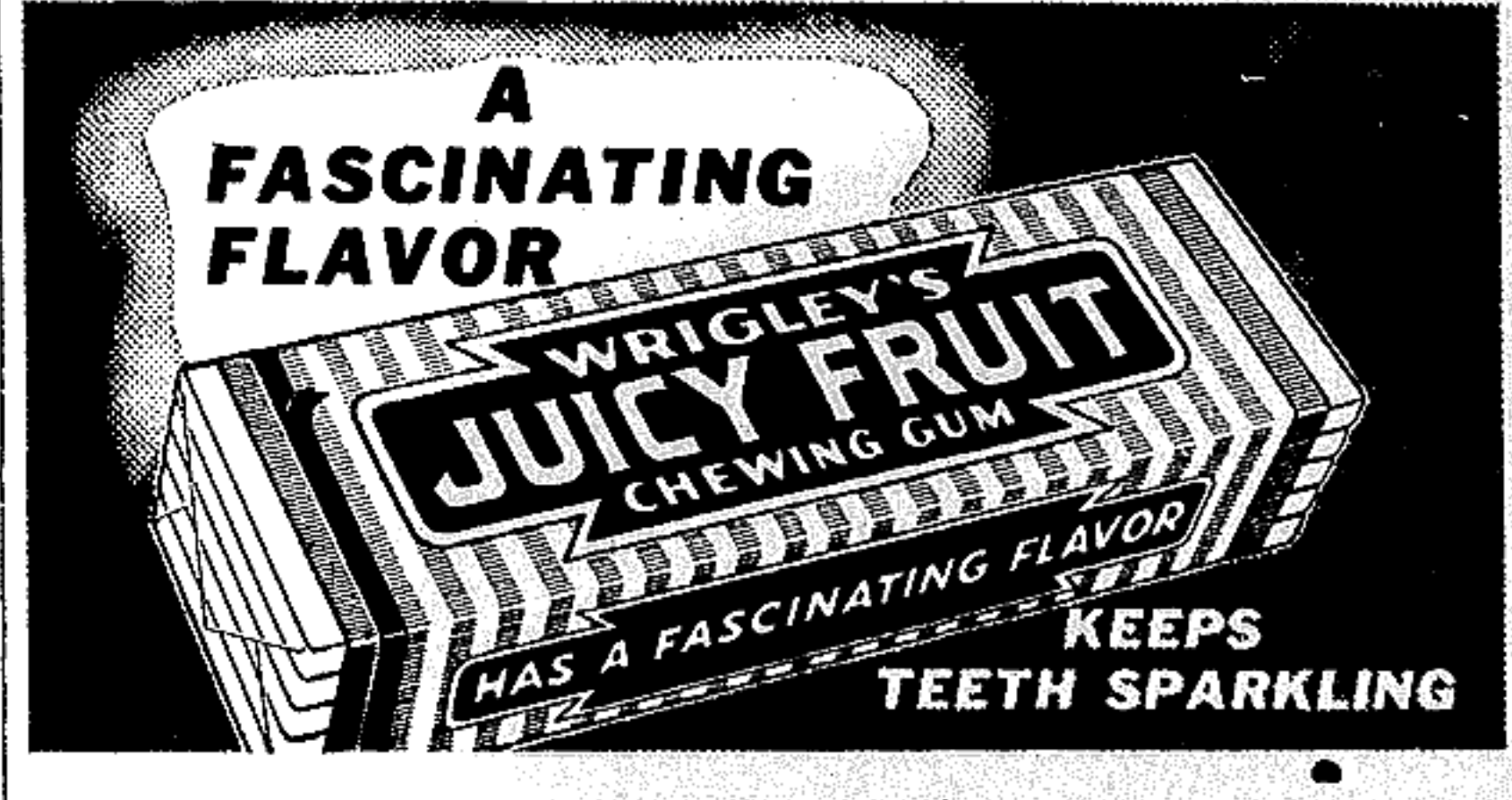
Mr. Corneli has many pupils of whom he is proud. Several of his pupils at Markham are now principals of schools in Toronto. C. E. Mark, principal of the normal school at either London or Stratford, was a pupil of his at Mari-posa.

Of his Newmarket pupils he is proud of all of them. He named Bruce Davis, who at an early age excelled at oral composition and revealed himself as a future orator. He mentioned Dr. Margaret Patterson, a daughter of W. J. Patterson, Ruth Pearson, a dietitian, daughter of P. W. Pearson, and others.

"I think all your pupils have a good word for you," Mrs. Corneli contributed.

Tea at its Best

"SALADA" TEA



minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add flavouring. mixture is thickening, then occasionally until the mixture is cooked; (4) Cook mixture until the flavour of raw starch has disappeared; (5) If whole eggs or egg yolks are being added, cook cornstarch or flour mixture first, then add a small amount of hot mixture to beaten eggs and combine with mixture in double boiler and cook for three minutes longer; (6) If beaten egg whites are being added, fold into pudding after removing from heat; and (7) Flavouring, nuts and fruits should be added after the pudding has been removed from heat.

Recipe for blanc mange:
1/4 tablespoon cornstarch
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup cold milk
2 cups hot milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Mix cornstarch, sugar, and salt, and blend with cold milk. Add slowly to hot milk in top of double boiler and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Cook for 20 to 30 minutes.

SATURDAY MARKET
Prices on last Saturday's market were much the same as on previous weeks. Butter sold for 25c. a lb. Eggs were 16c. a dozen. Tomato plants sold for 2 for 25c. Rhubarb was 5c. a bunch or 3 for 10c. Flowers were 10c. a box. Asparagus was 5c. a bunch.

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Wants Musical Festival In Newmarket Or Aurora

I. Harris Says Voice Talent In Two High Schools Abundant

Greatly impressed with the voice talent he has found in Newmarket and Aurora, Ilyd Harris, who has been teaching singing in Newmarket and Aurora high schools this year, is trying to arouse interest in a musical festival to be held in Aurora or Newmarket next year.

The festival might be held in Aurora and Newmarket in alternate years, as the Durham county festival is held in Bowmanville and Port Hope, and the Peel county festival is held in Port Credit and Brampton.

Illustrating his statement that there is a great deal of talent in northern York county, Mr. Harris told The Era that at the Peel county festival this year Grace Waite, Aurora high school girl, won the gold medal for sopranos under 18 years, Babette Hollingsworth, Aurora high school, was third (bronze medal) and Miss Flossie Blibrough, Aurora high school, was fifth.

At the festival at Stratford three weeks ago, Cyril Belman, Aurora,

Holland Landing

Mrs. Ed. Simpkin of Holland Landing and daughter, and Mr. Will Baller spent last Friday with Mrs. Geo. Atkinson.

Mrs. Geo. Atkinson came home with Mrs. Simpkin for the weekend for her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Knappett and daughter, and Mr. Jake Ecken-schweller visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Simpkin last Sunday and Mrs. Geo. Atkinson returned back to Toronto with them.

18 years old, won first place (silver medal) in the open-class bass. Jay Cody, 12-year-old Aurora boy who recently sang in Trinity United Church, Newmarket, has a wonderful future as a soprano, Mr. Harris believes.

"There is a great deal of talent at the Newmarket high school," Mr. Harris said. "Many of the boys and girls do not realize that they have good voices."

Explaining the value of singing, Mr. Harris said that singing develops character and personality.

Wonderful Gardens And Memorial Park

Newmarket may well be proud of her lovely gardens and lawns. The tulips, flowering almond shrubs and lilac bushes made the town gay this past week. Nobody need leave town to see splendid, well-kept, flower gardens; and the cemetery is, as usual, perfectly beautiful. Trees are out in full leaf, even the walnuts, which are among the last to leaf out; and the chestnuts are in full bloom.

Golden Glow says "If you want to give yourself a glad surprise, that is, providing you have not been following the gradual transformation of Memorial Park, just take a walk (not a car-ride, for you are past too soon)—take a walk down Church St. or down Main to D'Arcy to the park opposite the picturesque gray-stone Anglican church, and see what the Veterans are doing there."

Mr. Alvin Hills is working at the Memorial shaft, and the Horticultural Society are working on a rose-bed, the newly planted trees are leafing out, the willows behind are in full leaf, and a huge

crab-apple tree at Mrs. Choppin's was a mass of blossoms.

I stood on Sunday on the walk outside the church, and I assure you it was a wonderful sight that met my eyes. A wire fence extends along the rear, the whole corner this side of the creek is all beautifully rounded and sodded, with a flagged walk making a neat approach to the cenotaph. Shrubs and cedars are massed at the back in front of which the band are contemplating the erection of a bandstand. Memorial Park is no longer a dream but a reality!

Golden Glow.
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The Chums Visit The Lakeshore

BY RUTH DINGMAN HEBB

"How about coming for a little trip with us up to that nice sandy beach on Lake Simcoe," said Chubby and Redwing the Blackbird, to Chips one fine morning.

Chips thought at first that he couldn't leave home for that long, but finally was persuaded to do so, and the three started off eagerly.

"Redwing knows a number of the shore birds," explained Chubby. "They are passing through on their way north to nest. He expects to find a number of them on the lakeshore today."

And sure enough when the three friends arrived, there were quite a group disporting themselves on the sand at the water's edge.

"That can't be Killdeer Plover," said Chips, looking at a small bird hardly bigger than an English sparrow, who was poking about in the sand in search of food.

"No, that's a Semipalmated or Ring-necked Plover," replied Redwing. "Ring-neck is a nice little fellow. His feet are half-webbed. That's why he's called 'semipalmated'. He looks very much like Killdeer but he wears only one dark band across the upper part of his pretty white breast and Killdeer wears two dark rings. His upper parts are brownish gray just like the wet sand."

"He seems to be a nice little fellow," remarked Chubby.

"Oh, he is," said Redwing. "I don't know whether the men in his family look forward to having families very much or not. Their wives don't believe in doing too much of the work. Ring-neck will have to do most of the sitting on the eggs. I'm glad my wife isn't like that."

"Who's that cute fellow tipping his tail and bobbing his head every time he moves?" asked Chips, pointing at a pretty light brown bird with a longish beak and brown spots on his white breast.

"Oh, that's Tip-up, the Spotted Sandpiper," was Redwing's reply. "Some people call him 'Wagtail' or 'Teeter-lall', but his best friends call him 'Tip-up.'"

As Redwing spoke, Tip-up flew to another spot a few yards away. Chips noticed that as he flew he gave a sharp call "peet-weet, peet-weet," which he repeated rapidly several times.

"Let me introduce you to a cheerful little friend of mine—'Tiny, the Least Sandpiper," said Redwing, a little later.

The Least Sandpiper was run-

ning nimbly in and out among his friends, the other shore birds. He had a spotted white breast and a finely speckled back of light brown and gray. Just as Chips had decided that the little Sandpiper would be drowned by a big wave rolling in, Tiny flew out of harm's way to a dryer patch of sand.

"The Plovers don't seem to fly away, they just use their swift little feet to get out of the way," whispered Chubby to Chips.

"It's too bad all these birds are leaving us so soon," Chips commented.

"Oh, they're not all leaving," Redwing quickly informed him. "Tip-up and his family, the Spotted Sandpipers, stay with us all summer. And there's another chap who doesn't leave us." He pointed to a handsome fellow with grayish-blue upper parts and long wings and short, square tail spotted with broken bars of white. He had a white breast with a heavy bluish band across it and a lovely crest of head feathers going right over his head to the nape of his neck. He was perched alertly on a dead limb overlooking the water and was staring intently into the water. He was quite a way off from the other birds.

"There he goes after a fish," shouted Chubby as the large, foot-long bird suddenly dove straight into the water and rose immediately with a large fish in his beak.

He returned to his perch and after several attempts, swallowed the fish head first.

"That's the Belted Kingfisher," explained Redwing. "That's his fishing ground over there. He is an expert fisherman. Listen to him scold."

The Kingfisher had started to give his harsh, clear rattle and Chips felt like covering his ears with his wings. It was so loud.

"Who's that other Kingfisher with the rusty colored sides and breast band?" asked Chips.

"That's his mate," replied Redwing. "Their nest is at the end of a tunnel in that sand bank over there."

"What on earth is he doing now?" asked Chips, as he noticed the male Kingfisher calmly spit something out.

"Oh, he's just coughing up the parts of the fish—bones and scales and skin that he couldn't digest," explained Redwing. "He always does that."

"Say, it's getting late," Chips exclaimed suddenly. "Let's come again real soon, but I simply must go now."

PANTRY SHELF

Starch desserts comprise the large group of milk puddings which are thickened with cornstarch or flour. To ensure a smooth texture and good flavour, when making desserts of this type, the following points should be kept in mind.
(1) Cook in top of double boiler; (2) Mix the cornstarch or flour with sugar and blend with cold milk before adding to the scalded milk; (3) Stir constantly while the

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