

FOURTEEN CALLS

In eight hours receive... by our Employment Department on Wednesday, July 6th, indicate the chances we have for placing competent young people in good office positions.

\$2,500 SALARY

As Provincial Manager now, two-and-a-half years ago hardware clerk at \$8.00 per week, and who was a farmer's son, 23 years of age and without pull.

NO VACATION ENTER ANY DAY Peterboro Business College

Mr. and Mrs. Hagerman, Mr. and Mrs. R. Thomas and children, spent and Mr. J. McSweyn, B. C. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Edwards were in Toronto on Thursday.

Miss Emma Oliver and Master Bruce Oliver, of Sunderland, are visiting Mrs. J. Ruan.

Mrs. R. Hawkins is visiting friends at Beaverton this week.

Mrs. Warrum returned from Toronto on Saturday.

Miss Bell Cameron, of Beaverton, is visiting friends here this week.

Mr. J. R. Grimston, and Mr. Newton Peel, of Lindsay, were the guests of Mr. W. Moore over Sunday.

Mrs. W. Thomas is visiting friends at Greenbank this week.

Mrs. C. Caverley entertained a few young ladies on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss J. Green has returned from visiting friends at Fenelon Falls.

Mr. Hugh McKay had a successful barn raising on Friday. The young people enjoyed a hop in the evening.

Saturday with Miss Alice Campbell at Mr. Campbell's ranch.

A number of young people enjoyed a picnic to Jackson Point on Wednesday.

We understand that the Sunday school excursion to Midland has been cancelled on account of the strike on the G.T.R.

Mrs. T. Westlake visited at Mrs. George Robinson's, Lindsay, for a few days this week.

Miss Lillian Campbell is visiting Miss Anna McLaughlin.

Mrs. D. McLaughlin entertained a number of friends in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. McKay, of Minneapolis,

Heroes Among The Engineers

No man eludes death oftener or more narrowly than the locomotive engineer, says Mr. Thaddeus S. Dayton writing in Harper's Weekly. On a fast train the danger threatens and is gone in a fraction of a second.

The most remarkable instance of this sort happened many years ago on a railroad in eastern Missouri. The story was told recently in the official organ of the Order of Railway Conductors.

One summer morning a 12-car train containing the members of a Sunday school was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or a spreading of the rails and he slowed down to about 35 miles an hour.

As the train swung around a curve, and approached a small station at which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer peering through a broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed his throttle and put on the brakes in an instant.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman.

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came simultaneously with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main line rails.

The train came to a stop and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and closed the switch.

"It was the act of God," said the engineer.

QUICK WITTED HEROISM.

More often the story of a close call is "a tale of quick thinking heroism."

We are told of an engineer, whose presence of mind saved scores of lives in Newark, N.J., one December day, a few years ago.

"A freight train was going up a steep grade, about half a mile from the station when the couplings broke between the third and fourth car from the end, and they began to roll down hill at a terrific speed. A long passenger train had just arrived, and was standing directly in the path of the runaway cars. The engineer of the passenger train saw the approaching danger and realized in a flash that the on-rushing cars must be stopped at all hazards before they reached the station. Otherwise there would be a terrible loss of life. He uncoupled his engine, sprang into the cab and opened the throttle. The big engine bounded forward like a spirited horse struck with a whip. At the last moment before the collision the engineer shut off the steam and jumped. He landed unhurt in a heap of cinders. The engine crashed into the runaway cars and in an instant later there was nothing left of the locomotive or the cars but a mass of wreckage. At least a hundred lives were saved by the engineer's prompt action."

THE BROKEN DRIVING ROD.

Occasionally a fastening of one of the great driving rods will break. Then at every revolution of the wheel to which the other end is attached, the great steel bar, weighing several thousand pounds, will come swinging like a Titan's flail, beating three hundred strokes a minute.

"No disaster comes so unexpectedly and is so much dreaded as this. Almost invariably it happens when the engine is running at high speed. When a driver breaks it is a miracle if the men in the cab escape with their lives. If they do survive, and by their heroism succeed in stopping the train and avoiding a wreck, despite the rain of blows from this huge flail of steel, their act brings forth a greater measure of praise than almost any other forms of bravery that the railroad knows.

"Only the other day one of the driving rods of a fast passenger locomotive broke while the train was running more than sixty miles an hour down the steep grades of Pickerell Mountain. In an instant the whirling bar of steel had smashed the cab and broken the controlling mechanism, so that it was impossible to bring the train to a stop by ordinary means. The great locomotive lunged forward like a runaway horse that had thrown its rider. In some way, however, Lutz, the engineer, had escaped injury. He crept to the opposite side of the cab and climbed out through the little window upon the boiler to try and reach some of the controlling apparatus from the outside. He was working himself along astride the scorching boiler when suddenly the engine struck a curve which it took at terrific speed. The shock half threw the engineer from his perilous position, but he saved himself by grasping the bell rope. Then he worked himself down along the uninjured side of the swaying locomotive to where he could open one of the principal steam valves. A cloud of vapor rushed forth with a tremendous roar. Although robbed of its power the locomotive did not slacken speed until it reached the bottom of the grade. Then little by little the threshing of the great drive rod, which was pounding the upper part of the engine to pieces, grew slower, and finally it stopped. No one was killed or injured and not a passenger in the long train knew until it was over the danger that had been avoided so narrowly. If it had not been for the bravery of the engineer one of the worst wrecks in the history of railroading might have resulted."

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLOSE CALL

One of the most extraordinary close calls that an engineer ever had, occurred on a Western railroad last year, says Mr. Dayton:

"A heavily loaded flier was sailing along one night at between sixty and seventy miles an hour, approaching a broad river that was spanned by a drawbridge, which was sometimes open and sometimes closed. The train was supposed to come to a halt and the engineer to find out. If all was well he would sound the whistle and

An Interesting Calculation

HERE is an interesting calculation for young housewives or old ones for that matter. A pound of the best bread in the world made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR costs less than four cents. A pound of the best beef steak costs 25 to 30 cents. Yet a pound of bread made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR contains more working energy than a pound and a half of beef steak. Or three pounds of pork, or two pounds of veal.

Whether figured by the pound or by actual units of health and strength, bread made from

Royal Household Flour

is the most economical food in the world.

Especially is bread made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR good for growing children. They can't eat too much of it. For their general healthy growth and development, it furnishes an almost complete food. As a matter of household economy, children ought to be given all the bread they can eat at all times.

Statistics also prove that ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR will sustain life longer than animal food. It is extremely rich in high quality gluten which comes from the best Red Fyfe Wheat—the finest in the world. This large percentage of high quality gluten is what makes ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR so much better than ordinary flour. Red Fyfe Wheat is known the world over for its richness in high quality gluten.

proceed slowly. On this night, however, the long train rushed on the bridge with undiminished speed. Fortunately the draw had just been closed and nothing happened.

"The engineer's failure to stop at the bridge was the first intimation that the fireman had of anything being wrong. He ran around to the engineer's side of the cab, shut off the steam and applied the brakes. He found the engineer fallen forward and senseless with an ugly gash in the head. Beside him lay the stone which had inflicted the wound. It was afterwards established beyond question that in some inexplicable way this stone had been picked up by the engine itself, while moving at its great speed and hurled into the cab. If the draw had not been closed that night when the "fier" rushed across the bridge there would have been another accident which would have added to the story of railroading a mystery almost as deep as that connected with the navigation of the sea."

Such things as these make the engineers fatalists. According to Mr. Dayton, all of them believe that they will die when their time comes, and there isn't much use of worrying about it. Mr. Dayton concludes with the story of an engineer on a Southern railroad, who firmly believes that he bears a charmed life.

SAVED BY A CYCLONE

"Several years ago he was hauling a long train of refrigerator cars loaded with fruit from California and running on express time. It was toward the close of a hot mid-summer's day The track stretched for miles straight

away over a level plain. In the distance a storm seemed to have broken, and the engineer observed it seemed to be moving diagonally toward him. In a few minutes he dashed into a torrent of rain, and then, preceded by an onimous hush he heard the roar of the cyclone. A broad shallow river, spanned by a wooden bridge lay just ahead. Peering through the darkness the engineer fancied that he saw the funnel shaped cloud embrace and obliterate the bridge. The next thing that he knew was that he was sailing through the air, and his last thought was that he would land in the river and could not swim.

"When he recovered consciousness he was lying in a wheat field five hundred feet from the track amid the debris of the woodwork of the engine. Much to his surprise he was still alive. He struggled to his knees and saw his fireman crawling towards him when the storm lulled they made their way to the track and thence to the river. A mass of wreckage almost dammed the stream. In its indescribable confusion they recognized that had been their train. The cyclone had torn the cab free and carried it and its occupants to safety. They were the only ones of the train crew who escaped."

One way of getting along in this world is to walk.

Each addition to one's kindred is a relative gain.



The beautiful white color of ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is 'natural'. It indicates the richness of the wheat from which it is made.

The one safe rule in buying flour is to get ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, and in that way you will make sure of getting the largest percentage of nourishment and the cleanest, purest and most uniform flour. Best for pastry as well as for bread. Rich, nutritive, natural, most uniform and most satisfactory for all household baking. Insist on ROYAL HOUSEHOLD—your grocer will be glad to furnish it if you tell him that substitutes will not do.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook", with 125 pages of recipes that have been tried and tested, will be sent free to your address if you mention the name of your dealer.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Wedding Bells

PERRIN-McCALDER

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Thos. Western, Little Britain, when her daughter, Miss Ella Lorraine McCalder was united in marriage to Mr. Frederick Charles Perrin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perrin, Oakwood.

The bridal party entered the drawing room to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, played by Miss May Archer, of Little Britain, and took their places before a bank of flowers and ferns. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Chapman, Methodist church, Little Britain, assisted by Rev. C. Munroe, of St. David's, late of Oakwood. A pleasing feature of the ceremony was a solo "Beloved, it is morn," sung by Miss Edna Greenway, of Little Britain.

The bride wore white duchess satin trimmed with pearl embroidered lace. The tulle veil was arranged with a cluster of sweet peas. A shower bouquet of carnations and lily of the valley was carried and a beautiful necklace of amethysts and pearls was worn, the gift of the groom.

She was attended by Miss Petron Adams, of Lindsay, wearing a charming gown of pale blue organdy with trimming of lace and ribbon, and carried a bouquet of cream roses and maiden hair fern. Mr. Victor Suggitt of Lindsay was best man. The

groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a silver chatelaine and to the groomsmen a pair of monogrammed cuff links. After the ceremony and congratulations had been offered, the guests repaired to the dining room, which had been profusely decorated with flowers and ferns, where the dejeuner was served.

Mrs. Western received her guests wearing black silk voile, while Mrs. Perrin, mother of the groom, wore black silk voile over taffeta. Among the guests from a distance were Mrs. Soden, Millbrook, grandmother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, Toronto, Miss Vera Robertson, Toronto, wearing white point de esprite over taffeta, Mr. and Mrs. Gould, of Fenelon Falls, Miss Nettie Luella Perrin, wore blue rajah silk. Miss Violet Blackwell, Cannington, wearing Alice blue silk eolienne, Miss Beatrice Woods, rose pink charmeuse, Miss Zulien Perrin, and Miss Leona Barnard of Balieboro, Mr. Harry Perrin, Sudbury, and Mr. Reginald Perrin, of Bensfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Perrin left for Quebec, the bride's going away dress being of Resda Rajah silk with hat to match. They will reside in Little Britain.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Week's Doings At Woodville

(Special to The Post.)

Mrs. Ed. Prouse and children, Miss Adair and Mrs. George Adair of Fort William, are visiting at Mrs. W. Prouse's.

Whalen has given them a contract. They are doing first class work and several of the farmers are likely to follow Will's example.

Mrs. J. C. ...

years. He is not tired of having a silo yet, as he is putting up a cement

best wishes go with them. Mr. Ebb Hill takes the farm they leave.

Form The Good Habits