# HAVE YOU A FRIEND?

ONLY NINE DAYS REMAIN TO GET BIG VOTES ON SUBSCRIPTIONS

IN THE

## Flesherton Advance Subscription Campaign

A Promise Will Not Put Your Favorite On Top. Your Subscription Might

**If so, you will be doing him or her a real service by subscribing to The Flesherton Advance, without delay. Aug, 19, marks the end of the first period of this spirited race.** Never again will Subscriptions have such a high Vote Value. It is easily probable one of the major awards will be won during the coming Nine Days, and your subscription may be the deciding factor for YOUR CANDIDATE TO WIN.

**1st Grand Prize**
**$400**
**IN CASH**

**HOW ABOUT IT, MR. SUBSCRIBER?**

When one of the faithful workers has called on you for help in the campaign, which you can give with a subscription, have you said—

"You'll have to see my wife, she attends to that sort of thing."

"Come around and see me just before the close."

"I'd like to see you win the first prize, but I'm pretty far in advance now."

"I'm taking more papers now than I get time to read."

"I'd give you a subscription if I thought you would win."

If you have given an excuse—any of these or others, INSTEAD OF A SUBSCRIPTION — are you TREATING YOUR FRIEND RIGHT? You are either for or against them. The time has come when good wishes, kind words, excuses or promises mean nothing more or less than you have turned your back on a friend. If you want to see your candidate win, you must SAY IT WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS.

**2nd Grand Prize**
**$200**
**IN CASH**

**FOUR OTHER CASH PRIZES**

**Bonus Votes 10,000** Will be given for every 5-year subscription (or its equivalent) turned in before Saturday midnight ..... **Aug. 12th**

This Bonus will positively not be repeated during the Campaign.

**DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, GO THE VOTES AFTER AUGUST 19th**

## Press Reports

(Elora Express)

We all make blunders, but Grand River Sachem when it refers in headlines in a recent issue to the "sham" Dam near Fergus, has come nearly getting itself up for slander. It's to be hoped that neither Engineer Acres nor Hugh Templin sees this little mistake with all that it apparently implies! Our commiserations, Sachem!

But as the Dundalk Herald says about one of its own faux pas, "What a difference one litle letter makes!" That paper in a news story publishea recently left the letter "g" out of the word "bridge" with the hillarious result that the item read :" A concrete bride in Mono Township was reported as being washed from its abutments by the swollen water on the Hockley River." So now Editor McIntyre is being bombarded by inquires re "concrete brides! We pity him. Last week we mixed an "aunt" with a cousin in the personals and caused family complications, so we know just how he feels.

### CLOSE VIEW OF MARS

As Mars approaches to within 35,000,000 miles of the earth this month astronomers have the best opportunity in 15 years of determining whether or not there are intelligent beings on the ruddy planet. Many astronomers who have watched the 15-mile-a-second approach of the planet believe its inhabitants, if any, must be carbon dioxide breathers. Temperature ranges from about 40 degrees Fahrenheit at midday to about 100 below at night.

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### NOT MUCH OF A BOUQUET FOR MR. HARRY OAKES

The baronetcy granted to Sir Harry Oakes, discoverer of the rich Lake-Shore gold mine at Kirkland Lake, may have been justified because of his contributions to community welfare in England and the Bahamas. But the fact remains that the country which gave Sir Harry his start and made him an exceptionally wealthy man has been deserted by the gentleman in question. Canada has little reason to be grateful to this latest recipient of the King's honors, who might have made great contributions to the Dominion's advancement at a time when it was sorely in need of such aid, but who preferred to leave its shores, rather than pay his share of taxes. —Simcoe Reformer.

### OUTSIDE PEDDLERS

The village of Hastings has taken an important step in forbidding transient peddlers from operating in that community, according to the Stirling News. Peddlers were emphatic in stating that a Provincial license permitted them to operate in any town or village, but subsequent investigation revealed that no such license was issued. This information should prove valuable to the councils of other communities which are pestered with these fellows. The problem of combating the outside peddler is one that effects every line of business, particularly when they are operating in opposition to local merchants.

It is announced that in the case of war Canada will get orders for props for British coal mines, business worth $16,000,000 a year. But why does Canada have to wait until a war comes along before getting that business.

## ART--By Accident

(By I. H. P.

With hardly any effort at all a few inexpensive modern art pieces in oils may be acquired at your summer cottage. It is quite a recent discovery. It has, in fact, been demonstrated by just a bit of amateur painting, carelessly enough done.

Last year the interior color scheme at our lake cottage was chrome yellow, or almost, should I say. Fortunately, there had not been quite enough chrome to go round, and more of the same shade could be bought locally—in Port Bolster. Well, there might have been enough, but it had not been evenly distributed over the slippery, brown, varnished surface of the furniture that had once graced our town house.

In places where our son and heir, quite unconscious of his latent artistic ability, had yielded to a really bold technique, the paint had run. Beautiful castles, with towers and ramparts had magically appeared—particularly on the doors of an old fashioned cupboard. There were placid lakes, funny waterfalls, trickling trout streams and draw-bridges. There were tall minarets, spires, totem poles, pyramids, brown wooded mountains, plowed fields and elephants. But they were mostly upside down, so viewed from between your legs, there were many bits of genuine modern art. Such delightfully accidental effects were very pleasing to my artistic friends. Even to me.

Where the paint appeared to begin petering out, the cloud effects were, indeed, masterpieces. If these clouds had only been preserved on canvas, instead of on cupboards and things, and had been conservatively in proximity to the gorgeous sun-set effects, the compositions would have been priceless. All these works of art, however, were more appreciated by those of our guests who were tempted (by the bracing air, perhaps) to stand on their heads.

The unfortunate circumstances of which I am about to relate, were the result of my inability to persuade the family to consider these landscapes from the same view-point. They object to artists, or anyone else, being required to stand on their heads. I remember, now, some furtive suggestions made even last year about changing the color scheme. If I had only recognized the Ominous Thing then, I would not have behaved so hilariously a couple of times last winter—at Christmas time and, again, at New Years.

This spring, after realizing the futility of further argument in defence of modern art, I collected odds and ends of left-over paint, including a new can of Nile Green. I now stood ready to create something of the eye-restfulness which the family demanded. Even though, at heart, I was downcast. The paint was mixed at the cottage and was finally approved, both as to color and quantity. The dried skin, on top of the older cans, was a bit bothersome and the thrifty attempts to utilize it were beginning to resemble the painting done over partly removed wall paper. The proportion of skin seemed to increase, rather than diminish. At last, the business of picking it out with thumb and finger began to cause anxiety as to the supply. We did not immediately notice the gobs which might have been rinsed off our pants, where I had thoughtlessly wiped my hands. But the timely discovery of an unlabelled can of oil, under the gramophone, proved a solution to that problem. You'll never know how many crinkle cronkles there are in antique chair legs 'till you go to paint them. You'd be surprised how far well-oiled paint will go. The majority of our family, being of the sex who properly, or improperly, are reputed to insist on having the last word are, however, thrifty in having the last little gob of paint used up on something. Especially well-oiled paint.

So, the last day there, we finished painting everything in sight. There was, now, not even a bed-room chair to sit on, no lawn seats, no beds or couches to sleep on and no table that we could eat off. But there was still blobs and blobs of paint, and quite a lot of skin. But I recklessly threw it all out and kicked some leaves over it—quickly.

With pardonable pride I locked the door on one of the finest little bits of workmanship that I had ever done, and joined my family who were quite impatiently waiting for me in the car.

The next week-end was wet, so the paint had two weeks to dry. Then, on the very instant of our arrival, our little Dutch guest, ever the impetuous female, in dainty new shorts, leaped from the car and skidded into an old fashioned arm chair.

She just said "Oof!", or something like that, as the family were telling her that the paint was dry. Then sticking up her arms, as if I was a hold-up guy, she said, "Far bein' from so." But, I ask you, how was I to blame?

Had the unlabelled can contained car oil instead of linseed oil?

Yes! It had.

I, very secetly, remembered now.

I could not appear too enthusiastic over the prospective restoration of our yellow "Van Goof" art treasures, you understand, even though it only required a couple of gallons of coal oil, some old bathing suits, table cloths, some window curtains and towels — and a lot of undeserved labor, to make the restoration complete. Or almost complete, I should say; I have tribulations enough now.

So, if you should drop into the cottage some time, will you try, kindly, to use a little imagination—well, enough to appreciate modern art —and, while I think of it, you might remark to the family (casually of course) about its value. And, so that you may better enjoy these masterpieces, remember, please, to stand on your head. On second thought, perhaps you'd better see me first; I'll be in the dog-house, out back.

### PREACHING FOR A CALL

A Walkerton minister recently gave the publisher of the Walkerton Herald-Times an account of his life work in the ministry and some of the humorous incidents that came to his attention. He heard a minister preaching for a call who delivered a very fine sermon from the text, "Art Thou He that should come or do we look for another?" Matt. 11:13. He did not get the call. In another town church it came to the last candidate on a long list of ministers. He thrilled his audience when he announced his text, "All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers," John 10: 8. He got an unanimous call.

After all, it isn't a bad idea to treat tourists as courteously as you would like to be treated if you were a tourist.

There is a saying to the effect that "every face tells its own story." Admitting that this is so, it must also be admitted that the girls do their share of adding a wee bit of color to the story.