

# THE TREASURE CHEST

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

## Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more,  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.  
Wail not for precious moments passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day,  
At sunrise every soul is born again.  
When deep in mire wring not your hands and weep;  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can";  
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,  
But yet might rise and be again a man.  
Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,  
And find the future's pages white as snow.

—Walter Malone

Every one now believes that there is in man an animating, ruling, characteristic essence, or spirit, which is himself. This spirit, dull or bright, petty or grand, pure or foul, looks out of the eyes, sounds in the voice, and appears in the manners of each individual. It is what we call personality.

## The World's Needs

So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
While just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The sum of wisdom is that the Time is never lost that is devoted to work.—Elbert Hubbard.

## Silences

I love the great silences. There is the silence of the still spring night, when all earth holds its breath for fear it break the spell, so still you would not even whisper lest your echo wake the night. Then the wind stirs through the thin-clad boughs, measuring the stillness by its gentle sigh.

There is the silence when a roaring, crashing storm has passed. The last peal of thunder has died away, and as you lie weary from noise and clash of elements, in the dark stillness you hear the splashing of flood water down the rocks.

There is the midnight silence when you waken suddenly, wondering amid all this hushed quietness why you alone should be looking up at the stars, tracking them as they noiselessly steal by. And then you know how very still it is when you hear the long train that at noon was rattling its iron bones so raucously, glide away in the distance, slipping down into nothing with a farewell moan.

There is the silence when all the world is blanketed in snow, and never a footfall breaks the white hush, as men sleep. Was ever silence so still as this, you ask, as you hear flake patter upon snowy flake like wee white leaves called down by the first frost. Patter—silence—patter, patter. How dare you draw your breath in such silence?

But these are all night silences. I think the most silent of all silences is the forest-depth by day. You choose a moist, moss-covered rock to rest upon, because your very footsteps on the fir carpet break in upon your mood. No human sound for miles around only the wind swaying tall trees. No sound of man or man's devices can reach you here in this wild spot with a forest of blue mountain tops beyond the stark black balsams on the ridge. Now would you know how deep is the forest silence? That is the hermit thrush tuning his wild cadenza in the symphony of silence, thin and sweet like far-away music of the spheres. Its beauty chokes you. Was ever such silence before?—Elizabeth Peck.

## From Life and Death

So he died for his faith. That is fine,  
More than most of us do.  
But, say can you add to that line  
That he lived for it, too?  
In his death he bore witness at last  
As a martyr to the truth.  
Did his life do the same in the past  
From the days of his youth?  
It is easy to die. Men have died  
For a wish or a whim—  
From bravado or passion or pride.  
Was it harder for him?  
But to live—every day to live out  
All the truth that he dreamt,  
While his friends met his conduct  
with doubt  
And the world with contempt.  
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,  
Never turning aside?  
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived—  
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby

## These Things Endure

These things endure: the memory of a smile  
That once lit up your true love's eager face;  
The glory of the western sky, the while  
The sun sinks slowly to its resting place,  
The laughter of a child, its cry of pain,  
The sighing of the night-wind through the trees.  
The soft and gentle music of the rain,  
The magic spell of starlight. . . .  
These  
Endure. So, too, love's soft, sweet melodies  
Bring back a fragrance from a far, dim youth,  
Singing forever, while their harmonies  
Bridge o'er the years with beauty and with truth.

—Stephen North

## Either Side the Border Line

(Conducted by Wilma J. March)

The papers are filled with the rumors regarding the quintuplets. Some folks are always wanting what is not. Some are leeches ready to live off the other fellow if they can possibly get the chance. The gambling market is trying to find its way into the picture too. Well it might be very wise to leave well enough alone and avoid the risk of much trouble.

Princess Barbara Hutton has managed to go through \$13,000,000 in a year we are told. Some of us would like to see thirteen hundred in cash sometime before we die, let alone thirteen million.

Prospects for the cross-state canal for Florida are rather bright according to the statement of Harold L. Ickes, Secretary for the Interior. It will be one of the proposed relief projects. It has been discovered that such plans were under consideration more than a hundred years ago. In 1835 government engineers surveyed four routes across the peninsula.

The Senate house conference committee has authorized an immediate 40% increase in the standing army of the United States.

E. E. Richardson of Arcadia, Fla., recently found teeth and bones of a mammoth animal near the banks of a creek where he was fishing. These remains show that the animal inhabited the earth between four and eight millions of years ago, according to the statement of C. W. Gilmore of the Smithsonian Institute. The ball and socket joint of the shoulder blade is about twice the size of a man's head and was found in almost perfect condition.

Henry Ford has been entertaining Sir Malcolm Campbell and Lady Campbell on his yacht at Ormond Beach. Quite natural that they should have a common interest.

The highways leading northward are kept hot these days with the traffic heading for the cooler climes. The great tourist throng will soon be back home for another year. The

money left in Florida each winter is in the many millions. Canada can have more of the tourist millions too if she caters to them. But no advertising—no business.

## The Clothes Line

By Wilma J. March

Hats are large and hats are small. Hats are straw and hats are cloth. But the queerest hat of all is the hat of cellophane, braided to give it substance.

White and colored linen cases for your envelope purse makes a variety and a change of accessories for each costume. Then too they are washable. Hats to match are quite the rage.

Men are wearing straw and composition helmets on the golf courses, the beaches and playgrounds. Many

brown, grey and tan flannel and tweed sport coats are worn with cream trousers.

Listen boys, the latest fad is to wear your felt hat turned upside down with the top of the crown dented in just enough to hold it on the side of your head at a rakish angle. That's a Miami style—so be sure and try it. Then when some one tells you that you are such-and-such-a-thing just raise your eyebrow, the right one of course, and say haughtily My-am-I? (Miami).

Here's another tip too. Ransack the stocking bag for a discarded silk stocking of any shade, the brighter the better, and also the bigger the better. Tie a knot in the toe and pull the top on your head like a beret. Sounds crazy doesn't it but I'm telling you it's done just the same, not only by boys but by men at the beaches.

Well enough about hats and heads. Let's talk about purses, the thing which furnishes all the styles. They are every color, shape and material. A shiny sort of celluloid forms a very attractive envelope style and it is made in every hue. Best of all, it is washable. Beaded purses of wooden beads are most popular. Cloth ones of material to match your suit or coat are the top-notch of fashion.

## House of Refuge Services

April 5th—Rev. H. S. Warren.  
April 19th—Rev. A. Mills.  
May 3rd—Rev. T. O. Miller.  
May 17th—Rev. C. O. Pherrill.  
May 31st—Rev. H. S. Warren.  
June 14th—Rev. A. Mills.  
June 28th—Rev. T. O. Miller.  
July 12th—Rev. C. O. Pherrill.

# Bank Loans

to FARMERS

and MERCHANTS

Applications for loans from responsible farmers and merchants needing credit for business purposes are welcomed and promptly dealt with by the Bank of Montreal.

This Bank's approach to any credit problem is helpful and constructive. If you require banking accommodation, you are invited to talk over your ideas with our local manager.

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Markdale Branch: A. G. ROBERTSON, Manager

Chatsworth Branch: R. T. DUNLOP, Manager

# Cream—Good Advice to Cream Producers

The dairy herd, in the future as in the past, is the main source of livelihood for the farmer. With spring here and another cream season at hand our advice is to keep up and increase your dairy herd, as we are looking for fair cream prices during the coming season. As to the marketing of your cream, we feel sure that there is no distant market that can give you as good or better results than those received at our creameries.

The following are the reasons we are asking for your full patronage during the coming season:

1. Because our prices are always Market Highest.
2. Whether you bring your cream in yourself or ship it in with our trucks our service is uninterrupted and best by none.
3. Because your cream is weighed, graded and tested immediately on arrival.
4. The main reason why you should patronize our creameries is because, by doing so you are helping us to maintain the above practices which we feel sure are to the interests of the local farmer.

Sell to us and benefit by it. Correct Weight and Correct Test Guaranteed.

THE CREAMERY WILL BE OPEN SATURDAY NIGHTS

Markdale and Dundalk Creameries

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