

## TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

On the banks of the River Grand in mid-western Michigan, with music in the air, the gentle breezes from the rippling water, the warm sunshine making folks think of sunny days in the south and hundreds of happy people who have a great common interest—that of seeking health and happiness in a carefree, vagabond life reaping the harvest of their youthful days of toil—that's where I longed to be and that's where I am to-day. There are hundreds in camp now but more are thronging in as the hours pass by for this is the opening day of the regular convention week. As the large school bell at the gateway tolls it is announcing to the campers that new units are arriving and folks who are expecting their friends to-day flock to the entrance to see the new arrivals. Then perhaps it is an old-time member and cheers of welcome ring through the air. Home again, for isn't this the summer home-coming of the Tin Can Tourists of the world.

Grand Rapids has been very generous and they extend a gracious welcome to one and all. Municipal Park is located in the outskirts of the city on the banks of the Grand River. The Municipal Soldiers Home is nearby. To-day, being Sunday, radios are sending forth their programs of religious services and the city folks are here in dozens seeing the sights and marvelling at the conveniences and luxuries of the tourists. And truly it is a sight worth seeing. Almost every conceivable form of trailer and house-car may be seen. It is a city within a city. Groceries, ice, milk and the newspapers are delivered right to your door. Business firms uptown have signs of welcome in honor of the T.C.T. There are cabins for rent, trailers for sale, and you should see the gaily decorated hall where the dances and programs are held. The colors are green and orange giving an air of festivity. There will be a church service with fine music for the campers this evening. The carefree abandon with which the tourists play and visit is better for the physique than medicine could ever be. Worries are left at home or lost by the wayside. Faces gleam with smiles. This life is a real vacation, one where the cares of routine are laid aside, where the strain of keeping abreast with times can be shelved for the time being. Money is forgotten and everyone is everyone else's friend. A tour of the camp proves the comfort in which one can travel to-day. One unit has been photographed for a travel magazine. Let me give you a word picture if I can. The car is a shiny black Marmon coupe equipped to represent a railway engine. There is a screen over the radiator, a brass nose sweeps the roadway as the engine sweeps the tracks. The hood of the engine is made with a group of objects such as a bell, a smoke stack, etc., these of course not so high in proportion but quite sufficient to give the desired effect. The trailer is a dark red and is very spacious. The owner, Mr. Cummings, is an elderly gentleman who is suffering from a severe case of dropsy. He has a capable helper, who is cook, secretary, chauffeur and etc. The rear of the trailer is equipped just like the end of an observation coach. And what a sensible thing it is, to spend the remaining days of life travelling in comfort instead of being cooped up indoors, where the fresh air and sunshine cannot reach one so abundantly. Then too, one's spirit is so much lighter and life itself takes on a different appearance when one can mingle with the friends of days gone by. Last night the registrations showed that twenty-two States and several Canadian Provinces were represented. By tomorrow night there will be undoubtedly folks from several others. During the past week programs were presented by several organizations and each night this coming week there will be fine variety of concerts, with a dance following. Many new members have been initiated daily and the total membership of the vast organization has grown into the many thousands. All the present officers of the organization have been in camp for some time and regulations are sailing smoothly.

Arrangements have been made for

a broadcast over station WOOD of the address of welcome given tomorrow evening by Mayor William Timmers and the response by Dr. Dick-ey, past royal chief.

For today I shall sign off and resume my story tomorrow, as the executive are meeting for a conference. Till then—adieu.

Friday has come and what a busy week I have had. The days fairly fly. I wish I could tell you in detail all the interesting things which happen. I have been encamped in the officers section, sleeping in my car for two nights as the friends I intended to visit were away when I arrived. However they returned on Sunday and I was welcomed. But they live on the opposite side of the city and it means more than a half hour ride after the night performance. Yet it is so peaceful and quiet when I do reach there and that counts a lot when one is very tired.

There are several of my Canadian friends in camp and we are boosting for good old Canada. I've been told by several elderly men, Americans, who own much property in United States that if they could get rid of that property they would come over here to live where conditions are much more pleasant. While in Detroit I was amused and interested in the tactics of the "pickets" in the foreign sections where they were stationed in front of the meat markets. They carried posters stating they were asking for twenty per cent off the meat prices. Those prices were too high of course, much more so than here. But the actions on the part of these emotional pickets, going so far as to take the parcels of meat from folks who wish to buy meat in the picketed stores, is surely going to drastic lengths. In some cases the purses were grabbed from the buyer's hands and trampled on, as was the purchase. The appearance of the women was enough to tell one that they were strongly

the foreign type which believes in forcing their wishes in a sort of Hitlerism manner. Many of them landed in police court and others closely escaped. Down town too, in front of the largest department store, a man walked with a poster stating—"Do not buy here at ..... store." People paid little if any attention to him and I was told that he had been doing that for months.

But let me get back to the Tin Can Tourists of the World, folks who are happy and not causing any disturbances anywhere. One could not desire to meet any finer class of people than these travellers who love the wide open places.

Tuesday night was Lions night and that Club literally roared its way into the hearts of all. Their program was fine and every moment of it was entertaining to the nth degree. Kiwanis night was next and it too, was well worth attending. Thursday evening was Rotary International night and the Grand Rapids Wolverine quartette sang many delightful numbers and every one could have listened to such singing till dawn. Dr. Barker, international Rotarian lecturer, and formerly physician to the late President Taft, gave a wonderfully fine address. He spoke on the religions of the world and stressed the point that just because we happen to believe one particular form of it is no reason why it must be the only correct form. He pointed out that only because we happened to have been raised a Catholic, Protestant or Mohammedan, etc., do we believe the way we do. Likewise for the same reason of birth and tradition are we Jew or Gentile or of a certain race. He closed his inspiring remarks with the gladness he had that he had long ago overcome the habit of worry. He stated that folks could and should worry over everything except two things, namely, the things which we cannot help and the things which we can help. Those two make up everything in life, so there are no other things left to worry about. That is good philosophy is it not?

Then after his talk he called upon the Wolverines again to sing. He

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has made arrangements for them to sing the "Last Round-up" at his funeral no matter where it is held. That song from their lips stirred one to the depths. Then they closed with "Home on the Range."

I indeed felt very honoured to be called upon after such words and music, to extend an invitation to all those in camp to visit the Canadian National Exhibition this year. It was appropriate to give such an invitation on an international program and the audience felt the significance and responded accordingly.

Fifteen hundred Tin Canners in session for their summer convention means just so many happy folks who have a dream, a realization of that dream and who have much to thank the Tin Can organization for, in bringing more friends and acquaintances into their lives. It is the largest and the first organization of its kind on this continent, if not in the entire world. Its magnitude is unlimited and is growing continually, as new members may be initiated if two officers are present. It has very fine rules and by-laws and the rights and pleasures of others are predominant. Once a Tin Canner always one. The love of the open road grows and the attraction of following it (especially when it leads to meeting once more with old friends) grows stronger each year.

Later I shall tell you of the ideas and experiences of some of those

folks in coming across the border to Canada. They are learning more each year the attractions which we have over here. Some day that summer convention is coming to our Province, for I have foreseen that for some time now, and have worked steadfastly so that it might.

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#### In Memoriam

HALL—In loving memory of dear father, Mr. James Hall, who entered into rest August 25th, 1912.

Nothing can ever take away  
The love a heart holds dear,  
Fond memories linger every day,  
Remembrance keeps him near.  
Ever remembered by daughter,  
Annie

#### In Memoriam

HEATH—In treasured memory of our dear parents, who entered into rest: Wm. Heath, who died Dec. 1926 and his beloved wife, who died Aug. 19, 1926.

To-day we are thinking of someone  
Who was loving, kind and true,  
Whose smile was as dear as the sunshine,  
That someone, dear parents, was  
you.

Daughters.

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Angler Salmon .....	2 for 19c
Kellogg's Corn Flakes .....	3 for 23c
Buyasik Flour .....	98 lb. for \$2.50
Buyasik Flour .....	49 lb. for \$1.25
10-lb. pail Clover Honey .....	for 75c
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White Sugar (with any order of \$2.00 or over)	10 lb. 50c

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