

# TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

It is some time since we have had a friendly chat about things in general, so let's have one now. After very warm weather it is a relief to have a cool, wet spell. To-day has been dull and showery and then bright for a short time and cloudy again. The thermometer has dropped many degrees. It is typical of the story of the little girl who said to her mother, when the weather turned quite cool after a few very hot days: "Mummy, it was a short summer we had, wasn't it?" By all reports you have had it much warmer than we have here. While the north was sweltering under a temperature of several degrees over a hundred, we have had it little above 90. There has been a breeze every moment of the time. It is practically unheard of for a sunstroke to happen in this state. Even Texas boasts of it being rare. The wind is high to-night but inland it is not alarming.

I should like so much to be in good old Ontario this coming Saturday for the ex-Weyburnite picnic held at La Salle Park between Hamilton and Burlington. I am sure many interesting items of conversation will come up. Then too, it is such a grand and glorious feeling to see old friends of other years.

The glorious twelfth is past once more. One would not know it here, except for the mention of William of Orange and the battle of the Boyne by the Baptist pastor yesterday morning in his very fine address of courage and challenge. Dr. W. A. Hamlett is one of the most interesting and well versed bible authorities in America, having spent many years in the old world. He has trod the paths where Jesus trod; bathed in the lakes; fished in them too; sat on the same mountain tops where Jesus sought solitude; walked in the garden of Gethsemane; lingered along the narrow pass where He travelled during His various trials preceding His Crucifixion. For a number of years after the World War, in which Dr. Hamlett took part, he represented a southern Mission Board in Palestine. While there he was invited to go on a big game hunt into the wilds of Africa, but unfortunately business reasons made it impossible at that time. But it is interesting to relate that the Prince who extended the invitation to him is now no other than Haile Selassie. I have met few who know intimately so many of the world's national figures as our beloved pastor here in Zephyrhills. Ill health some few years ago caused him to retire from active work for a period of time and when it was impossible for him to step into the pulpit again the depression was in our midst and large churches were not so easy to be found. Then too, his

health would not stand too heavy a task, so we are fortunate in having him here when he really should be in a New York Church. This morning the two week bible school got away to a good start with around sixty youngsters eager for the training. School has been out for over two months and the kiddies are glad for the chance of something interesting to fill their mornings. I am story-teller and it keeps me more than busy. One story which the kiddies liked so well this morning was the one about the various methods of travel and how these have progressed in the last two decades. Beginning with the first boat, the ark, we traced the story of navigation to the present, not extensively but briefly, coming to the Queen Mary and comparing the size and objective of each. A British publication has placed on the market a magazine complete in its story of the Queen of the seas. Every conceivable picture of interest of the ship, its crew, etc., right down to the smallest page boy, is there. I'm sure many wish that the late King George's yacht was theirs instead of seeing it find a watery grave. But thus is the British way of using diplomacy.

And now to-day's news tells us that our youthful King's life was threatened. The condition in Europe is a melting pot and the ingredients in the pot are poisonous to peace, progress and happiness. There are peoples who are trying their utmost to get England into a drastic situation. Conditions for her now are serious enough but they will no doubt be more so before they are better.

Then too, current events show a linking up of Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend and Smith of the Social Sharing idea. No doubt this announcement has come with the Townsend Convention in Cleveland. All melting pots are not in Europe. There is a boiling one in Washington, another in Canada. The future will prove the digestibility of the brew contained in them all. The trouble is that we may become nationally ill before we realize the rations.

## Gospel Workers' Church

Rev. A. Mills, Minister

Sunday School at 10 a.m. each Sunday.  
 Preaching Services at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.  
 The Sunday evening service will be conducted by the young people.  
 Prayer meeting in the Church each Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.  
 Cottage prayer meeting each Friday evening.

## Adventures of Jungle Club President

### Deep Sea Fishing and Jungle Camping

(By Billy March)

Have you ever seen a wildcat prowling in the dim moonlight for the scraps left from your picnic basket? Well I have. But listen Jungle Club folks, till I tell you how it all happened.

Steve and I are pals and we thought we'd like to go camping all by our lonesome. Steve is twelve and as full of life as anyone who ever hailed from Texas. Well as I was saying, we went camping and chose a spot on the banks of Crystal Springs five miles from town. It is there that folks in this community go swimming, in the clear sparkling water, surrounded by tall oak trees, from which long strands of moss hang almost to the ground. We went right after dinner and had a hike, then a swim and supper. We took along enough food for several days, but heck, it's half of the fun in going camping to be able to eat anything at any time. It's watermelon time in the south and gee whiz, but it sure is great to split open a big, ole, hefty one and put your face down in the middle of it and eat till you nearly burst. You can buy swell big ones for a dime. Well we took along a whopper and we took it into the pool with us and used it for a float. We played water-ball and threw it from the top of the diving tower into the pool below. Boy, what a time we had. Then as dusk came we made our bed in the pup tent we had put up. We had played so hard that we were glad to crawl in and fall off asleep. It was not long before it started to rain very hard. We ran for the dressing house and lay on the floor till it stopped. Then we went back to our tent about midnight. The moon came out between the clouds and we could see objects quite distinctly. Suddenly Steve sat upright and said "Listen, I hear a wildcat". I listened and sure enough I heard a cry which was much like a cat. We sat up in our tent and waited. Just what we were waiting for I couldn't tell you. But there was nothing else to do. I never knew the hours could be so long as they were that night. You brave guys at Markdale may think you wouldn't have been scared. But you just think wrong. There was no one near us and even if there had been we couldn't find our voices to yell. It got worse instead of better and instead of one wildcat, soon there were four. We could see them in the streaks of light, for it would have been bright moonlight except for the rain. They came so close to the tent that we could hear them moving. In trying to search for the food, which they could smell, one bumped against the tent. Steve sat with a hunting knife in his shaky hands and I had an axe with me but was too scared to move to get it out of my haversack. Of course when we go big game hunting in the jungle we will be prepared for anything that comes along, but when trapped as Steve and I were, it was different. We know they were wildcats by the tracks, and then it is common to have them steal chickens. They are not very cross so folks say unless they are cornered. But gee whiz, they had us cornered that night instead of us cornering them. It's sure enough easy to be brave when it's plenty safe. But I can boast about sumpin' anyhow. I have eaten rattlesnake meat and that's more'n you have I bet.

Speaking of watermelons, last week I was invited to a melon party. Jerry, another scout pal of mine, had grown a whopper. He took all the rest of the watermelons off the vine so this one would grow extra large. Then he made a hole in the stalk near the melon and through that hole sweetened water drained into the melon from a bottle. Sort of a bottle-fed baby wasn't it? Well, after ninety days of growing from the time it peeps above the earth, they picked that big ole melon. It was on view down town for several days, then they had a party and invited friends to come and have their picture taken with it. It weighed 105½ pounds and measured 65 inches around the long way

and 53 the other way. The seed it grew from came from a melon which weighed 125 pounds and which was a prize melon up in Arkansas. Jerry was offered five dollars for it but refused the offer. We cut it open and took pictures holding the huge halves. Then we sliced it and boy, I had a piece nearly as big as the melons we get at home. We all saved the seeds, for Jerry is going to sell them for a penny a piece.

To-day mother picked ripe figs from a tree at a dinner party in the country. They were sort of pink inside and the flavor was not so much like the figs we get at home, but they were real good.

Our yard is full of fruit trees, which are loaded with grapefruit and oranges. I can reach them from the window but they are very green yet. I cut one the other day and they are not matured on the inside scarcely at all. It will be over two months before they are ripe. It is peach and avocado pear time now. Wish I could send you some of the latter as they are good and very different from anything we have back north.

Well, old Jungle Club pals, why don't you get of you write to me? This is a letter to you all. Happy holidays.

## CEYLON W. L. VISITS BARRHEAD W. L.

The Women's Institute met at the home of Mesdames Ben and Allen White on Thursday evening with the president, Mrs. McNicoll, in the chair. After the opening exercises the secretary, Mrs. Allen White, read the minutes for approval. Letter of thanks was read by the Sunshine Committee. It was decided to accept an invitation to visit Vandeleur W. I. at their July meeting. A good report of the District Annual Meeting was given by Mrs. George Hill. The Ceylon members then took charge of the program which consisted of several short poems by Miss Sinclair; a contest, 'Articles of use in the Sewing Basket,' by Mrs. Udell; Mrs. Whittaker gave a most interesting paper on 'Life begins at forty'; a contest was put on by Miss Collinson. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Torry, a recent bride and groom, were then presented with a cut glass sherbet set by the Barrhead Institute. Mrs. Hatton read the address and Mrs. Smart made the presentation. Appetizing refreshments were served at the conclusion of the meeting and a social half hour was enjoyed by all present.



## IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to be COURTEOUS to other motorists

I ASK YOU to please remember, as you hurry along the highways bound for some distant point, that it costs you nothing to be courteous to other drivers and it saves you money.

- It costs you nothing to sound your horn on the highway as you are about to overtake a fellow motorist and it may prevent an accident and thereby save you money.
- It costs you nothing to give the other fellow a wide berth when you meet him and it may prevent a side-swipe and thereby save you money.
- It costs you nothing to hand-signal your intention to slow down, turn or stop and it may prevent a collision and thereby save you money.
- It costs you nothing to "nip" along at the speed of the traffic you are in and it prevents other motorists from having to "cut-in" in order to get "there" and thereby removes one of the greatest causes of costly accidents.
- It costs you nothing to be courteous and considerate of your companions of the road and it will prevent accidents and thereby save dollars and cents for everybody and prevent broken bones and broken hearts as well.

So I appeal to you from the standpoint of sheer economy to be courteous to other motorists on all occasions.

Practise and preach the golden rule of the road—"Show to others the same courtesy that you would like to have shown to you".

Sincerely yours,

B. L. Weston

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