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COPPER TOES

(Mt. Forest Confederate)

We thought that for many years past copper toes on boots had gone out of date, but we noticed a short time ago that children of some foreigners in the Canadian West wear boots with copper toes. Along about 1860 and later they were generally worn by country boys in this part of Ontario. Our boots would get kicked out at the toes and the piece of copper would prolong the life of boots and shoes. We have heard that the inventor of the device was a Mr. Summerville, who had a factory east of Toronto at a point that still bears his name, and who made a fortune out of the invention. We can remember wearing the long boots with copper toes and red tops, of which we were boyishly proud.

Some time ago the Peterborough Examiner, of which A. R. Kennedy is editor, had an editorial dealing with the Days of Copper Toes. It says:

"We noticed where one merchant was advertising 'A line of sturdy footwear for sturdy boys. The kind they can't kick out.' This is a remarkable age and it may be the merchant has exactly what he claims—boots that a sturdy boy cannot kick out.

That was what used to be said for the boots with copper toes, and we believe there was much truth in the claim of those earlier days. We doubt if there was a boy of school age along the Tenth Concession who did not wear boots with copper toes. It was just a little piece that fitted on at the front at the end of the toe-cap, exactly in the spot where a boy would kick a tin can or any other thing. It may be the makers of automobiles first received the inspiration to put bumpers on the front of cars from the principle which caused the copper-toe boots to come into existence—something out in front to take the wear and tear.

We are told that boys of today would not wear copper-toed boots. They want something better, something with a bit of style and an air of refinement. It cannot be claimed that the copper-toed boots were refined, because we do not believe they were, nor were they very stylish, but they were the outward symbol of that ruggedness which caused the boy to give vent to the exuberance which moved within him. If he wanted to kick a tin can he could give it a good resounding kick and no injury would be done. If on a cold morning he wanted to kick the water dish in the hen house where it had become frozen to the ground, then he could give it a sound kick which would cause it to move quickly.

When the folk went to the village store for the day's shopping, it was not difficult to find boots with copper toes. They used to rest in a basket at the entrance to the general store. But they rest there no more for the simple reason that they are no longer made. A man in the business conveyed that sad news to us not long ago.

Pioneer museums should have in them some pairs of the copper-toed boots, if such can be found.

A MOTHER

(By Wilma J. March)

What song can be so sweet,
What heart can truer beat,
Than that of a mother?
What voice in the stillness of night,
Can banish thy childish fright,
But that of a mother?
What love is ever so deep,
And o'er thee a vigil doth keep,
But that of a mother?

Religious Forum

"Come unto Me and I will give you rest"

(By Mrs. Alex. Ward, Birsay, Sask.)

Dr. A. T. Schofield, for long known as a famous Harley St. specialist, author of "Nerves in Disorder", and numerous medical works, was converted when a boy of fifteen, at Rhyll, North Wales. His story, as told by himself, is as follows: "As a new school boy I went upstairs to get ready for dinner and found my bed room. There were two beds and the boy who was to occupy one was dressing. Hearing me enter he turned around and having asked me if I was the new boy, said, with no further preamble, 'Are you a Christian?' I answered without hesitation, 'No I am not.' The boy stared at me, 'But would you not like to be one?' he asked timidly. 'It's no use liking', I said, scornfully. 'I know well I never shall be a Christian.' As I had a slight cold I went to bed early, while they were all at the meeting. When my young mentor returned I shamed sleep for I wanted no more of his talk, so, saying his prayers, he soon turned in, and off he went to sleep. 'That's all very well, my fine fellow', I said, glancing at him, 'you can go to sleep and I cannot for you are all right and I'm all wrong.' So I lay and tossed thinking it all a strange thing that God should look down, as truly I believed He did, into that little room and saw two boys on two beds, one all right and the other all wrong. I tossed about with uneasy snatches of sleep until nearly 2 a. m., asking myself why I could not quietly rest like that boy? Suddenly there came to my consciousness, rather than my mind, the words, 'Because you can't take it.' And then came my heavenly vision, which, after all, was rather prosaic. 'Take what?' I said, and as I lay I saw in my mind that I was very sick of a mortal disease and that by the bed-side was a table and upon it a bottle of medicine, which I was perfectly sure would cure me. And there I was asking, 'Why am I not cured?' 'Why am I not cured?' And the answer was 'Because you won't take it.' 'My word,' I said, 'if that is all, I'll soon be well, for take it I will and now.' And then I saw that my sickness meant my state and that this alone was the cause of my sleeplessness. The remedy was clearly belief—true, personal belief in Christ, my Saviour. 'Well, if that's all', I said, 'I won't wait another moment.' But how was I to do it? Of course I had known the Gospel story since I could speak, but it had never seemed to me the least good. I could not take it as I could medicine, then I saw that taking it meant believing. But the Spirit of God was hovering over that young boy, for I thought I cannot do better than settle it now. So I knelt up in my bed and solemnly and from my heart, said aloud, 'O God, I take Thy Son, Jesus Christ to be my Saviour this night', and feeling I could do no more, I dropped asleep.

Next morning I went downstairs to breakfast, the boys having left, and I was alone with the master. 'We were praying for you last night,' said the Master: 'I am sorry you are not a Christian'. What was I to do? I was in a terrible dilemma, when, in a moment, the Holy Spirit flashed into my mind the words—'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved. Romans 10:9. I had clearly done the second and it only remained for me to do the first. So without one particle of feeling, I said, 'But I am one'. 'You a Christian?' the master said incredulously, 'But you told us you were not'. 'No more I was last night', I said. 'But when did you become one?' he said, completely puzzled. 'About two o'clock this morning,' I replied. 'But who spoke to you?' he asked. 'No one', I said, and then, after a pause, 'Unless it was God.' 'But what happened?' So I told him all, and then demanded if that made me a Christian. 'It does', he said, and immediately I was filled and flooded with a wave of joy perfectly indescribable.

Recipes for Standard's Cook Book

CRUMB CAKE

2 cups flour
1 cup white sugar
¾ cup butter
Rub to crumbs. Take out one cup of these. Mix the rest with:
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 egg
1 cup raisins
1 cup currants
Spread in pan and sprinkle remaining cup of crumbs on top, then put in oven to bake.
Mrs. Wm. Walsh
R.R. 2, Markdale.

GINGER BREAD

1 cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
½ cup butter
2½ cups flour
1 cup warm water
2 teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons ginger
½ teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon and allspice
2 eggs
Cream sugar and butter, then add molasses. Dissolve soda in warm water and add to first mixture. Sift flour and spices into above. Lastly add two beaten eggs.
Ellen Wood,
R.R. 2, Markdale.

MOUNTAIN CAKE

1 cup sour cream
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon cream of tartar salt
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon lemon extract
Cream sugar and sour cream. Add well beaten eggs. Sift flour, cream of tartar, salt and soda into mixture. Flavour with extract.
Ellen Wood,
R.R. 2, Markdale.

BANANA CAKE

1 cup sugar
¼ cup butter
¾ cup milk
2 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream sugar and butter well. Add beaten eggs. Sift flour and add alternately with the milk. Flavor with vanilla. Bake in layers and put sliced bananas between when cool. Use any desired frosting.
Belle Irwin,
R.R. 2, Markdale.

I was glad to read in a recent number of The Markdale Standard the testimonies of quite a number of young people in that district to the Blood that never loses its power. So I gladly add mine. Let us hear from others. It will help you unto glory. And eternity alone may reveal how many "others" it may help to lead to Him, Whom to know a-right is life eternal. There is no joy on earth equal to that of leading souls to Christ. We need to live very, very close to Him so that our friends in our conduct His likeness may see.

Wishing The Markdale Standard still greater success, I remain a weekly reader.

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DENTISTRY

L. G. CAMPBELL, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dental Surgeon. Graduate of Ontario College of Dentistry and University of Toronto. Office over the Post Office. Office hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Appointments made by phone.

DR. J. A. McARTHUR, Dentist. Office in the Artley Block, over the Perkins hardware store. Entrance at south-west corner of building, Toronto Street.

FRATERNAL

L. O. L.—Markdale L.O.L. No. 1045 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m., the first Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Clifford Hutchinson, W.M.; L. E. Turner, Rec.-Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—Hiram Lodge No. 490, G.R.C., Markdale, meets in the Masonic Hall, Reburn Block, at 8 o'clock p.m., on the second Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. E. Harris, W.M.; A. E. Colgan, Sec.

R. B. K.—Victoria Preceptory No. 282 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m., the third Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren always cordially welcome. G. W. Littlejohns, W. P.; A. E. Colgan, Registrar.

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