

MAMMA'S LESSON

You have taken the boxer apart, dear,
And very learnedly told
The name of each part, from root to
Pom-pom cap in crown of gold;

But say, do you think my darling,
How much you have learned,

Who have taught you to treat lovely
Dowers so?

God will see to that again?

You chased a butterfly, love, this morn
By catching it at your play,

You only hunted and brushed the
down.

Pray me, my marvellous wings away;
But could you not be a darling?
Re-set those delicate limbs,
Or restore the beautiful, golden bloom

That you spurned in your little womb?

One butterfly, love, this morn
Once brushed from your soul away,
Or an impure word, will leave her near
That will last for many a year.

—Kate Lawrence

HOME CANNING FULLY DESCRIBED
IN NEW BOOKLET

Bank of Montreal Issues Valuable Hand-book for Thrifty Housewives

Did you know that meat and vegetables must be packed and put away for winter just as successfully as fruit? This is one of the most useful and remarkable discoveries of recent years, and the process is fully described in a handbook which has been issued by the Bank of Montreal for free distribution by the Bank of Montreal.

In recent years the Bank has issued a whole series of handbooks for farmers. The latest booklet, entitled "Home Canning," is addressed particularly to housewives, but the farmer should help materially by giving the advice and method of canning, but to widen its range and add to the prosperity and health of rural families.

Simple realities, such as the progress that has been made in recent years in storing away the products of the summer season for use in winter. There are many preserves, jam and marmalade, the only preserve that can be the preservation of whole fruit in syrup. It was only four years before the war when methods were discovered for the canning of vegetables, and now that we have them, how there is hardly any perishable food which cannot be stored away in cans of plenty for use when need arises.

Simple realities, such as the progress that may now be stored, the following are some to which the directions in this booklet apply: Tomatoes, string beans, peas, carrots, asparagus, carrots, onions, rhubarb, turnips, carrots, plums, peaches, pears, chicken, beef, pork, soup and fish.

The containers to be used are glass jars and the cans, the tree from the danger of poison, which is described as "hangover from the days when soldered cans were used."

For those who like the books, how exciting can give the following winter, how the fresh-meat-in-hot-weather problem can be solved; how food that would otherwise be wasted can be saved; how fast and easy to can meat, ham, chickens, pigs and calves when they are ready; how the housewife may always have at hand food for unexpected company, etc., etc., and how the food bills may be reduced. The cost of the booklet may be obtained at the local branch of the Bank of Montreal.

THE GROWING OF WATER LILIES

Water lilies are among the most beautiful and attractive flowers that grow in Eastern Canada. Visitors generally look upon them as rare flowers as they seldom see them in their native countries. They will transform a water hole or swamp into a flower-decked pond of green leaves and pink and white blossoms that are matched in their perfection.

There are eight important species, with two hundred named varieties. The following seeds were planted in June, 1910, in a garden plot near the experimental Station buildings at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island: Nymphaea Alba; Nymphaea Alba Gigantea; Nymphaea Odorata; Nymphaea Odorata Lucana; Nymphaea Marliacea.

The water lily root stalks were placed in the ground in two feet of water. Many roots were found in the baskets and they quickly established themselves. In 1918 the six groups cover twenty-five feet diameter. Some varieties are sterile, others produce seed which is carried by currents to other parts of the pond. The surface of the pond is covered with these flowers and beautiful blooms in 1929. The seeds planted were hardy-day-bloomers which usually open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. throughout the summer, from June to October.

The rootstocks can be divided in the spring and should be set out just as active growth begins. When satisfactory fresh water is available, the water lily will grow in a tub set in the garden. Tender varieties grown in this way can be wintered over in the cellar or in a frost-free place. Once established, water lily requires very little attention. They should have clear fresh water and an abundance of sunlight. The root stalks will be found in a pond where the water rises and falls so that the rootstocks embedded in the mud bottom will not actually freeze.—J. A. Clark, Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

SMART AND TOO SMART

"I am a dog now, too smart?" We think so. It begins in the following story of two and three which a correspondent sends us: makes a most distinction between cleverness that is common-sense and cleverness that is reprehensible. We begin the third day, he was wet and cold, and he foisted the others, dogs, who wouldn't make room for him. As for the second—"Never for a bone." What a smart little trick you played on poor old grandpa!

One night many years ago, writes our correspondent, a weary traveler and his dog stopped at a hotel. The dog was wet and was very uncomfortable near a fire, but when they stepped into the lounge room there were no fewer than seven dogs sprawled round the stove and the floor. The dog lay down upon the four-footed strangers ran to the door and began to bark furiously. Up came the other dogs, and out the door went. In a moment the shivering dog was beside the fire, feeling himself comfortable.

A similar story is that Jagger, a big sheepdog, was the owner's favorite playmate. One day he came home tired, and made his way to the door. Unfortunately, the door was in the snow knitting. Jagger had sat on the couch, looking out the window and barked several times. Grandma gathered up the knitting, but also was no more than out of the chair before Rover was in the snow knitting.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



He was here 3 months. It is a point to spend her life here, and how good it was! How we both enjoyed it! Since she has gone to heaven, where all good mothers go, I have had a sad day in my heart, and prayed that heaven will earth indeed our forth a birthday song in one vast hymn to motherhood.

PIPE VACUUM AGO THIS WEEK

I am quite certain that a number of those who read this column from week to week remember distinctly the death of the Rev. George Brown, the editor of the Toronto Globe, and his son, George, who was a highly regarded employee, but few will recall that his death occurred fifty years ago last Sunday.

A serious accident of short duration occurred on March 22, 1879, at the office of the Globe, then located on King Street, Toronto, the injured man being George's father. The records show that no words can describe the pain and wrenches that the greatly esteemed patient passed through during this period. At intervals the poor young man's life was lifted, and he was resuscitated, clinging

with his family and friends. He was a sincere Christian man, as well as a skilled journalist, and a honored and endearing member of the community.

On the morning of May 9, the life-stream of this great man ebbed away and he passed over to his reward.

He was born at Edinburgh, on November 29, 1819, and was in his sixty-second year. He attended the Southern Academy, Edinburgh, and came to America with his father, who was also a journalist, in 1840, and removed to Toronto in 1842. He entered the House of Commons of Canada in 1851, as member for Kent. George was defeated in the present Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Lyon MacKenzie, the grandfather of

the present Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Mackenzie King.

He was a member for

the Bank of Montreal, and in 1872 was called to the Bar.

He gave a sketch of the life and

death of our motherland.

—Madeline Macom-Macneil.

LADY HUNDRED-MILE MOTHER'S DAY

Last Sunday was Mother's Day and what a day it was! Memories of mother everywhere. There were flowers in profusion in the homes, in the churches, in the houses, every body was a mother to their children, and it was here that Mrs. McNeil last year paid to his reward.

Attention was given to the providing

of hotel accommodation in those days, half a century ago. The Park Hotel was the best, and the Royal Exchange Hotel was the best.

On, that all men might kneel before

Heaven and earth pour forth a

birthday song to the Queen of

Motherhood.

—Madeline Macom-Macneil.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY

There is one golden day in all my year,

That is the most dear—so consecrate and pure;

That heaven opens wide and from the

angels' whirr of wings and breath of angel-song.

Upon this day, in a most blessed year,

To lay cool hands upon our troubled

heads and weave a spell of sweetness as she passed.

Count a shrub, a flower, a leaf,

Now there is hardly any perishable food

which cannot be stored away in cans of

plenty for use when need arises.

Food products may be stored, the following are some to which the directions in this booklet apply: Tomatoes, string beans, peas, carrots, asparagus, carrots, onions, rhubarb, turnips, carrots, plums, peaches, pears, chicken, beef, pork, soup and fish.

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The Old Man

you'll

find that Kellogg's Corn Flakes

are ideal for the children's

supper. Wholesome. Easy to

digest. Packed with flavor and

crispness! Millions of mothers

prefer

crisp Kellogg's, every day.

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Fashions for the Smart Woman.



PROCK FOUNDATION

For the princess silhouette, which is a basic fashion, however it is not the natural and essential corollary. Its importance as a factor in the smooth, youthful lines and rather difficult to find, but the Prock foundation does it. The Prock foundation is the secret of the deep and lasting trimming illustrated.

THE NEW WORD

Beatrice, stopping at a chum's house on the way back from a shopping trip to the city, plunged herself into the most intimate conversation, to the chum's consternation, which it shocked, and declared with emphasis: "Never again will I invite any girl to spend a week with me until I have a room of my own."

Colle gathered the fallen bag and parcels from the floor and was still curtailed in a deep sigh, but he turned to the chum and said, "I have learned a lesson from that horrid, horrid Ophelia Murdoch. Oh, I know, and you are right, but I am not the like that. She is horrid! I don't care how charming she is, she is horrid!"

"Again why?" asked Colle. "I thought she was lovely, and so did all the girls. I suppose her visit was a grand success."

"To do it," admitted Beatrice ruefully, "just now, it wasn't, and I tried, and I thanked you for it, and I'm afraid I've done it again for the heavenly heaven's sake."

On that all men might kneel before

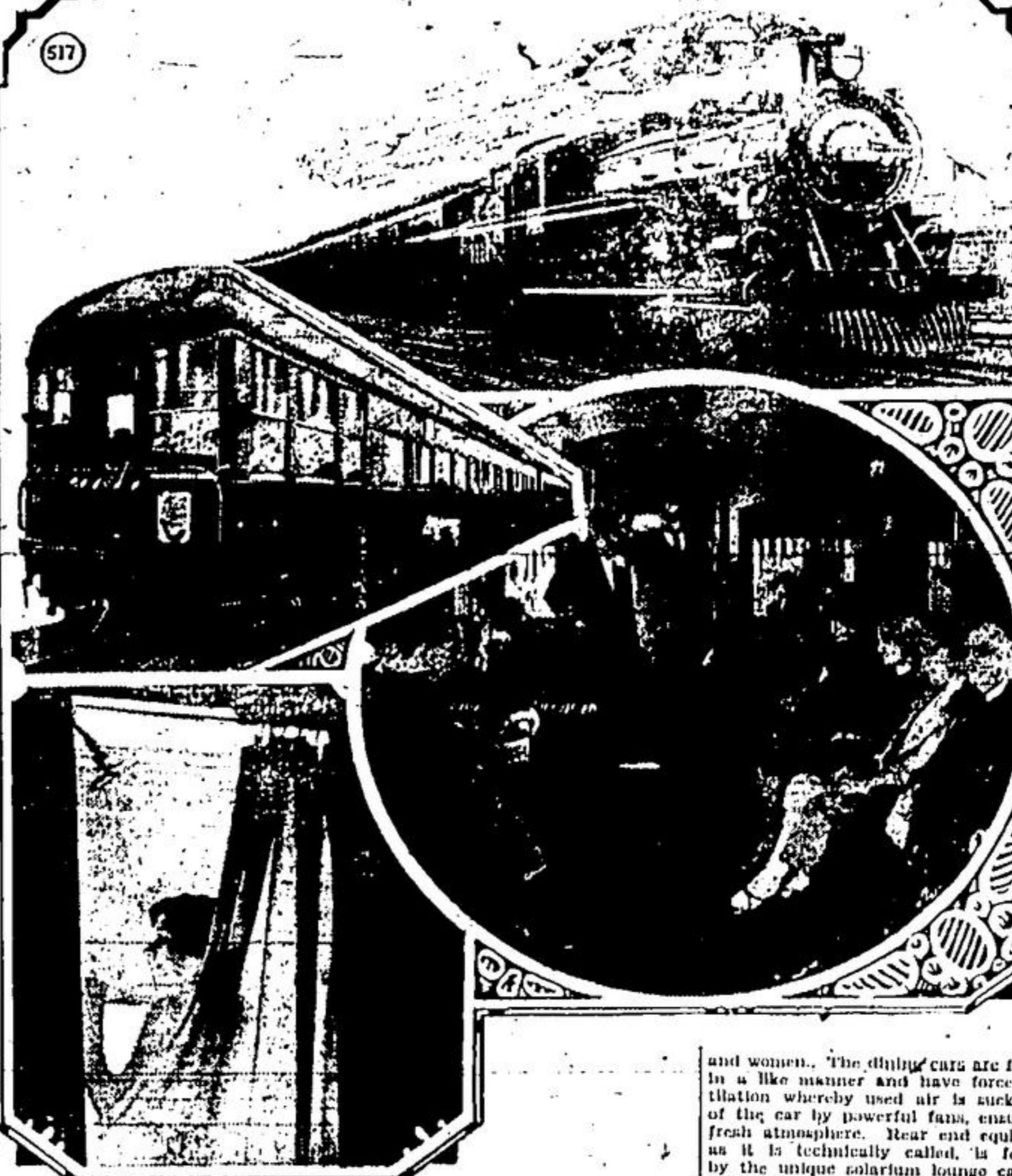
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birthday song to the Queen of

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—Madeline Macom-Macneil.

TRANS-CANADA STARTS SEASON



Eight million dollars have gone into the cost of equipment for the Trans-Canada, and this service will absorb 12 train crews and 24 engine crews.

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