

**THE LADS WE USED TO KNOW**

Oh, what's become of every lad  
Our village used to know—  
The care-free brats—so blithe and glad?  
No matter where I go,  
Tis not a one I see at all,  
Tis not a one I meet;  
And silently the shadows fall  
Upon an empty street.

A score at least, a score at least  
Of Berkshire lads I know  
For hungry eyes a goodly feast,  
I watched them as they grew  
From little chaps, so shy and small,  
To lads of business and of trade;  
And there was not one of them all  
I loved not as my own.

Oh, not so dim my falling eyes  
They see not looks of pain,  
And not so deaf my ears that sighs  
I cannot hear again,  
But what's become of all the youth  
That made our village gay?  
Ah, and what's become of them all—  
Those lads are gone for aye.

The war took many a one—the war;  
In foreign soil they lie,  
Save laughing Richard, who's afar,  
Not laughing at his eye;  
And some have turned them sailors,  
—And sail on distant seas;  
But more are gone and our ken,  
And oft we pray for these.

Ah, what's become of all the youth  
That made our village glad?  
In war, alas, there is no ruth,  
And waiting hunger grow and  
Hawthorn may spill their bloom  
about,  
The cuckoo call, but oh!  
Can it be ever without  
The lads we used to know?  
—Ernest H. A. Home.

**REMEDY FOR POISON IVY  
HAS BEEN DISCOVERED**

University Doctor Announces an Absolute Cure Found in Saponin.

Poison ivy being an American contribution to the world's flora, it was not reported until long after this continent had been discovered by Columbus, or by the Norsemen, as seems likely enough, was Captain John Smith, the Englishman, and here of the adventures with Pocahontas, who made the first published note about it when he wrote:

"The First Note  
"The poisonous weed, being in shape but little different from our English yew; but being touched causes redness, itching, and lastly blisters, the which, however, after a while they pass away of themselves without further harm; yet because for the time they are somewhat painful, and in appearance dangerous, it hath gotten itself an ill name, although questioned of no very ill nature."  
From the extreme mildness of his language it is to be inferred that Captain Smith merely heard about the poison ivy or viewed it from a distance. Had he made an actual contact his observation would have been changed by more fire. We presume that for many generations before his time the Indians had been trying to find a cure for the stings and blisters of the weed, with no success, as we do not know. Medical science for three hundred years, off and on, has been trying to solve the problem, but without much success.

Ferris Chloride  
It is announced on the authority of Dr. James B. McNair, of the University of Chicago, that a cure for poison ivy has been discovered. Hitherto the most popular lotion with the victims has been a solution of lead in alcohol, but this was at best a palliative. The absolute cure is a five per cent. solution of ferric chloride in a half-and-half mixture of alcohol and water—if the alcohol can be separated by glycerine and water. If the hands and face are bathed with this solution either before or immediately after one comes into a poisonous ivy neighborhood no ill-effects will follow. The ingredients are cheap and easily obtained, and with this knowledge available there should be no more suffering from ivy poisoning. We do not know whether a recurring poisoning such as torments many people will yield to the same treatment, but we should expect the relief to be the same. Dr. McNair has been investigating poison ivy and other plants for some years, and has now been able to isolate the poisonous element and find an antidote.

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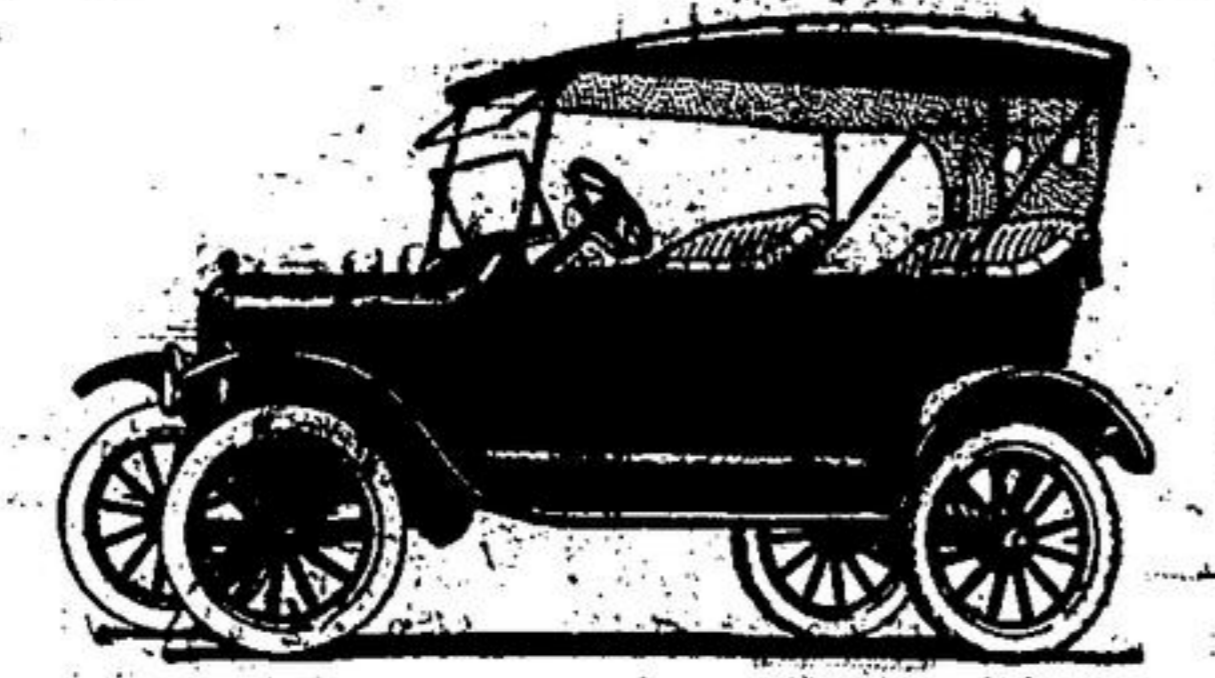
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**The White Little Stolen Church at Windermere**

One can tell at a glance that the little church at Lake Windermere, British Columbia, has had a just—and proud of it, too! Nestled among great pine-clad ranges of mountains, on the shore of a silver lake, it is proud of its beautiful site, but prouder still of the way in which it came to be called the "Stolen Church."

How it earned this very unique name is recalled in a recent number of "The Mentor," by Mary Graham Bennett. It is a strange story of simple, devout people who so loved their church that they stole it, and carried it away for over a hundred miles.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway moved its divisional point from Donald to Golden, the inhabitants of Donald packed up and moved, too. Some of them went to Golden, but a few followed the former construction engineer of Donald up the Columbia River to a place he insisted was Heaven. It was pretty near it, anyway, this Lake Windermere with its shimmering waters reflecting the magnificent mountains. Here they settled, and built their dwellings, but in spite of the great beauty of their new home, they could not be completely happy. They missed their little church on the windy hill back at Donald. Plans had been made for the construction of a new worshiping place at Windermere, but they knew that no other church could fill the place of the old one, so dear to them, now sleeping and forsaken, in the deserted village of Donald.

Up spoke the engineer, the leader of the little colony. He knew what they could do. They would steal it. Move it away at night. Nobody wanted the little church but them; the people of Golden did not love it as they loved it.

So the church was stolen: unshingled, bound up and carried away one night—guided by train, thence on the river "boat" to Windermere. The steeps and the bell, however, had to be left behind, and by the time they had returned for them, the people of Golden had wind of the affair, and they were nowhere to be found.

The bishop at New Westminster, too, learned of the theft of the Donald church and was moved to righteous indignation. He wrote a letter to Windermere commanding the communicants to return the church, or suffer the consequences of the episcopal wrath.

But at Windermere, they were far too busy, every one of them, and too happy, to pay much attention to His Grace's admonition.

Windermere has grown since the Canadian Pacific Railway ran a line through from Golden and built a bunkhouse camp nearby, and the automobiles pass by in their thousands from Banff and Spokane, and the communion roll of this primitive little church has swelled considerably. It has a steeple now and a bell, too, but until this day, it still proudly bears the name of the "Stolen Church."

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**STORY OF MISSING HEIR**

JUDGE TELLS STORY OF A WARNING TO JUNIOR BENEDETTI

Large Amount Added to List of Unclaimed Estates Every Year Owing to Mysterious Disappearances—More Publicity Wanted.

An amazing amount of money is added to the list of unclaimed estates every year through mysterious disappearances, says an Old Country paper. Persons vanish as completely as if they had stepped over the edge of the world, and funds to which they are then or become later entitled remain dormant for decades, and in the end may be recovered by those to whom they belong, misapprehended by family trustees, or completely forgotten.

To facilitate the distribution of such funds it is often necessary to apply to the court for leave to presume the death of a certain person. Usually this is granted, even in cases where the evidence is slight. A man who had a reversionary interest in \$4,000 disappeared, leaving no definite trace beyond his overcoat, which was subsequently found on the side of a cliff on Clifton Suspension Bridge. Nine years afterwards the death of the man was presumed as occurring on his date of disappearance.

In similar circumstances the death of a baronet's son was presumed fifteen years after he had vanished. He left London by the Irish mail for Kingstown, and nothing more was seen or heard of him. Next morning his bag and umbrella, as well as a book belonging to him, were found on a steamer, but his ticket was never picked up.

Another man disappeared in Australia, and subsequently his two "wives"—one of whom he had "married" in Australia and the other in New Zealand—went to England, and stayed in London for several years. He was successful. The death of the man was subsequently presumed, and his estate was divided between his two sisters.

But many applications to presume death are refused as "too previous." Madame Tildon, the famous singer and tragic actress, left her large fortune to a relative, Peter Tieljen, who had disappeared three years previously. He had then left Cardiff, where he had lived for some time, with the expressed intention of going to South America; but whether he did so could not be established.

Periodically the next relatives, with a view to obtaining the actress' wealth, applied for leave to presume Tildon's death. Nothing was heard of her years later, however, was it directed that it, after proper advertising, appeared in several newspapers. On the face of things this was conclusive. But no yacht of the name given was registered.

Two years subsequent to the disappearance, moreover, the lady who was to have married the gentleman received by registered post an envelope, addressed to a strange hand, containing £500 in notes, with a visiting card bearing the words in her fiancé's handwriting. "Was true to you."

Several applications have been made to presume the death of the vanished gentleman—unsuccessfully. The court apparently holds the view that he is still in the land of the living.

Some judges are averse from presuming death too easily, because they have had experience of the dangers of this. One used to tell a strange story as a warning to younger members of the Bench.

In connection with a sum of money in Court, an application was made to him to presume the death of a man who had gone abroad in some thirty or thirty years previously and had completely vanished. Not being quite satisfied with the evidence, the Judge ordered the case to stand over, stating that if anything could be produced to corroborate the strong presumption that already existed, he would attend to it. Additional affidavits were accordingly filed, and ultimately the death of the missing man was presumed, and his lordship made an order for the division of the fund.

This order was taken to the proper office to be entered, and the clerk to whom it was handed was the very person whose death had been presumed before it was made. In his early days, being in some difficulty, he had fled the country. Then, after effacing himself for some years, he had returned and assumed his name.

A singular feature of this incident was that he had no previous knowledge of the money being in court, and that if the order had been given to another clerk, instead of to him, he would have been deprived of his right to it.

In another case, which occurred only a few months ago, a man, who was legally presumed to be dead, announced from South Carolina that he was very much alive. The publicity given to the application had brought him to life again.

Sometimes, however, there is no hint in presuming death. Perhaps the most belated of all such applications was one made in 1909 in regard to a Chanery fund of £700, which was awaiting distribution among those entitled to it. The person whose death was then presumed had been born in 1755.

Still, any uncertainty with regard to the fate of missing people, where money is concerned, is very unsatisfactory, so it is desirable, as Lord Merrivale said recently, that greater publicity should be given to inquiries for persons wanted to "bear of something to their advantage."

Myopia.  
Extensive tests are stated to have proved that short sight, or myopia, is neither caused nor increased by reading or any other form of near work.

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**AUGUST ROD AND GUN**

Useful information for sportsmen is contained in the August issue of Rod and Gun in the game laws, corrected to date, for the provinces of Canada and Newfoundland. This excellent sporting magazine in the current issue, contains a very attractive line-up of reading matter as well as information.

An interesting account of duck shooting on the St. Lawrence is told by Wingate McArthur. The scene of an article on hunting the mink, from the well-known pen of Bonnycastle Dale. British Columbia is dealt with in "The Young's" story of an outing in the Valley of Grantbrook and in "A. Bryan Williams" "Breeds from the West." Ontario is represented in "A Canoe Trip Through the Timagami Forest Reserve."

In the monthly "Outdoor-Talk" department, Volney is W. C. Motley's principal theme. "Fishing for the day and ammunition contains a variety of accounts and information of interest to the angler and the gunner."

Rod and Gun is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ontario.

**Accident, Not Suicide.**

The adjourned inquest on the body of Luigi Sorrenti, aged 25 years, of Respelto, who was killed on the C. P. R. track near Guelph Junction, at 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon last, was held in the court house, Milton, on Friday. There was no evidence to show that he had intended to take his own life, but on the contrary, he had told his friends the day before he was killed, that he was greatly pleased to know he was out of debt, and able to save money. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, with no blame attached to any one.

**Destroyed by Flames.**

A spectacular blaze which drew large crowds from the surrounding countryside near Oakville on Thursday night, when a barn on the farm owned by Sir Joseph Flavelle was completely destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown. The alarm was put in to the Oakville fire department at about 11 p.m. and the brigade was on the spot in a short time. The fire, however, had gained headway rapidly and all efforts to save the property were fruitless. The building, which was filled at the time with farm machinery, is valued at approximately \$4,000, part of which is covered by insurance. The farm lies on the main highway about two miles east of the town and is run by the manager, A. Lafontaine, who was at home when the fire broke out.