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BARNARDS

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MILTON, THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1939

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—GOING WEST—
9:27 a.m.—Daily, flag.
6:15 p.m.—Daily.
12:28 a.m.—Daily except Sunday, flag

—SUNDAY—
Going East—7:31 a.m., flag, 1:02 p.m., 9:32 p.m., flag.
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Nantucket Once Sold for \$150 and 2 Beaver Hats

Once upon a time, when the country was very young, Nantucket island, one of the most popular vacation lands of the country, was sold to a group of Puritans from Salisbury, Mass., for \$30 (\$150 to you) and two beaver hats.

Today, the 30,000 acres of sand dune and bayberry patch, flowers, bays, and beaches that go to make up this vacation island, constitute one of the most priceless heritages the country has left of a past whose charm and simplicity have been largely blotted out.

This air-conditioned Eden, riding the bowsprit of America far at sea off the Massachusetts coast, became prosperous during the whaling days of early America. From 1790 and on into the Nineteenth century, when American architecture was at its lovely best, the delightful old frame houses of Nantucket were built by seamen and whaling captains who fished and sailed their whaling ships in the waters off the island.

The whaling industry fell on evil days around 1870, just at the time when the simple good taste of American architecture was bogging down under the influence of the Victorian, or Early Woolworth, style of home-building. The whalers, unfortunately for them, happily for us, were too broke at the time to follow the country's lead in tearing down beautiful old homes in order to replace them with Victorian horrors, and, miraculously, the lovely homes of Nantucket stood safe through the night of American architecture.

On the streets of this charming town, twined around the heart-strings of thousands of vacationists, it is easy to imagine oneself back in the days of the Puritans. Along narrow, winding lanes are inviting old rose-covered cottages, pretty Georgian doors beckoning, many of them more than 200 years old. Elsewhere, each one of these houses would be a prized landmark—in Nantucket they fit together to form a memorable whole.

Within a month a mushroom town had sprung up near Rufe's strike. That was the beginning of Lirio.

At first, of course, the settlement was composed mostly of tents and a few hastily constructed board shacks. But presently a more substantial and permanent town began to be erected, and one of the first all-wooden buildings of any consequence was Nate Paxton's El Alhaja.

El Alhaja was a saloon and gambling den. The reason I mention it is because it was here that Rufe Drake spent most of his time.

There was a reckless streak in Rufe, a sort of weakness, a quality of abandon that was in direct contrast to the rest of his character.

He loved gambling. The element of chance fascinated and intrigued him. Perhaps you can't understand or appreciate what that means. Perhaps you've never had the feeling. Well, let me tell you it's a worse affliction than either the drug or liquor habit.

Anyway, a syndicate bought out Rufe's claim. They paid him \$50,000 for it, and incredible as it might seem, the morning after the deal was consummated Rufe was broke. He'd lost every cent in the gambling rooms of the El Alhaja.

Every one felt sorry for the old boy, but Rufe would have none of their pity. He was old and didn't take life as seriously as some folks.

And so with a grubstake provided by Nate Paxton (Nate felt worse than any one about Rufe's run of ill luck and would have returned some of the money if Rufe would have let him) he set out for the hills one week. Three weeks later he was back.

He'd struck color again, and this new strike was even richer than the first.

Well, another rush began, with Lirio as its base.

Nate's claim was appraised at \$75,000 and the same syndicate offered him that amount of money.

He sold out and immediately headed for the El Alhaja.

There's no need to go into details of what happened. Rufe was as unlucky with the goddess of chance as he was lucky in finding color.

Two days later he was broke once more and Nate Paxton was \$75,000 richer.

You'd think this would have cured him. But it didn't. It made him worse.

He swore up and down that there wasn't any reason why he couldn't beat the games. The thing became an obsession with him. But he was broke again and there was nothing left to do but hit for the hills once more.

A month passed and then Rufe showed up in town one day with his pockets bulging with samples of his new strike.

Well, it was hard to believe, because hundreds of other prospectors had traveled over the same territory without unearthing a glimmer of the wealth that Rufe revealed.

It was about this time that Rufe and I became acquainted.

I was married at the time and my wife was ill. We had three kids and I'd had a tough break in investing in one of the mines, and was down and out. Rufe heard about it and came over to see me. He insisted that I take a couple of thousand dollars to tide me over. (He'd received \$60,000 for his new claim. We got pretty friendly after that and I urged him to give up the gambling habit. But he only grinned and a curious glint came into his eyes.)

I saw that arguing wasn't any use, so I asked him why he didn't spend some of his wealth for a good purpose—such as donating it to public enterprises, before beginning his usual session at the El Alhaja.

He thought this over and decided there was a good idea.

Lirio had grown tremendously in size and needed a public benefactor. So Nate built a school and a church and gave them to the town. Paid for the whole works in cash, but before construction on either one was complete he was broke again.

Well, a lot of things happened in the next few years. Rufe made another strike and the result was the same as before.

The thing got to be something of a joke.

Folks might have been openly contemptuous of the old man's

LADY LUCK

By VIC YARDMAN
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

IN LIRIO, N. M., the name of Rufus Drake is a byword, a legend. There are numerous buildings named after him, a street, a park, and a museum.

Strangers are apt to get the idea that Rufe was once quite a figure in and about Lirio, and indeed he was.

His is rather a sad story, yet curious, too. I will repeat it exactly as it was told to me by Boris Avery, Lirio's oldest inhabitant and Rufe's one time closest friend.

Rufe Drake (Boris began) was a gold prospector. And his luck in finding color was the most astounding thing this side of the Rio Grande. He was old when he first took to the desert, past sixty, and inexperienced, yet five days after he'd been out he struck it. He came plodding into town with his samples and had them assayed. Then he recorded his claim and went over to the Silver Dollar to spread the news.

This time I didn't argue with the old boy. When he sneaked off a week later and headed for the El Alhaja I let him go. Later I strolled down to the saloon and as usual I found a crowd of curious there. Word had been spread around that Old Rufe was playing the games and they were there to see the show.

At four o'clock the next morning Rufe pushed his way out into the street. His face was white and there was a wild, fierce expression in his eyes.

In less than six hours he had gambled away nearly \$10,000. It was hard to believe.

The crowd gawked at him. They grinned and shook their heads.

If ever an old fool lived it was Rufe Drake.

I took him by the arm and we walked silently back to my cabin. Inside I lit a candle and brought out a jug of whisky. And then I sprang my surprise.

"Rufe," I said, "for once your luck has held good with the games. You're richer right now than when you started six hours ago."

"Don't rub it in, Boris," he swore fiercely and poured himself a drink.

"I'm not rubbing it in," I told him. "I mean it. You're not broke. You didn't lose your money." I paused, savoring the moment.

I bought it with my share of the money this afternoon. It's decided in your name. Nate has been having a poor run of luck himself lately, and he was only too glad to sell. Everything you lost, you won!"

Boris Avery paused in the telling of his tale and sighed. After a moment he went on.

"It's hard to believe," he finished, "but the moment Rufe realized he owned the El Alhaja and began to work as its proprietor, the place started losing money. Every son-of-a-gun with 50 cents in his pocket who went in there to play, came out a winner. Rufe's luck with the game of chance never changed.

Within a week he was cleaned out. And the day after he set out for the hills again—and never came back."

Clay 'Skyscrapers' Rise

In Ancient Arabian City
First photographs of a six-century-old skyscraper city that towers above the surrounding desolate landscape of the Arabian desert have been brought to the United States by a party of German explorers headed by Hans Helfritz.

With a population of 7,000, ancient Shibam is the oldest of several cities in southern Arabia which are filled with apartment-like homes and modern American metropolises. The buildings, made of clay, range from 10 to 14 stories in height.

It is because there is probably no other place in the world where there is so little rainfall that the Arabian desert skyscraper cities still exist.

Real rains come only once in decades, fortunately, for recently when a cloudburst descended on one of the towns, six houses collapsed.

Reversing the American custom, the people of Shibam go out daily to their "suburban" farms to obtain their living and "commute" at night to the congested tenements of their canyon city.

Shibam is situated nine days' journey from the Arabian sea in the Wadi Hadramaut, fertile valley that provides a livelihood for its inhabitants. The "wadis" of Arabia are dry river beds with undercurrents of fresh water, which transform a few narrow valleys into a paradise of vegetation.

Underground passages connect the fortress-like structure, which lacks even the most elemental comforts and conveniences. Camels, donkeys and men all are employed to trample great piles of mud, to which great quantities of straw are added, as the first step in constructing a house in the Hadramaut. Then the mixture is formed into great flat bricks which are left to bake in the sun. No framework is used when the towering structures are built.

Croquet, Golf Game

Nicknamed "croif," a new game combines features of croquet and golf. The game is played with regulation golf clubs and balls on putting greens. Four sets of croquet wickets placed around each hole on the course serve as hazards through which a player's ball must pass before it drops into the cup.

French Fishermen First To Explore Newfoundland

Newfoundland was already well known and frequented by French fishermen when Cartier headed there first. He came too early in the spring, though, and had trouble with icebergs. Sailing on, he mistook Magdalen and Prince Edward islands (now British) for the main coast, and so traveled north, exploring every harbor and bay.

A mirage led Cartier to believe that one large river mouth to which he came was a bay, and he wasted much time trying to map this supposed harbor.

Cartier made friends with some Huron-Iroquois Indians and kidnapped two to take back to France. These Indians told him he was in the "kingdom of Canada," though "Canada" was their word for "village."

The next year Cartier did his bit for history by discovering and naming the St. Lawrence bay and St. Lawrence river. He went up the river as far as the present city of Montreal. Returning to the coast he prepared to winter there, but soon his men came down with scurvy.

Out of 110 men more than 25 died, and fewer than 10 were untouched by the epidemic. At last the Indians gave Cartier a cure for the disease.

Cartier's third trip was an unsuccessful attempt to colonize the new land he had discovered (he thought it was northeastern Asia). Some historians say he made a fourth trip after that. The last 13 years of his life Cartier spent in St. Malo, acting as technical adviser to other expeditions and as a Portuguese interpreter.

Atomized Aluminum May Banish Feared Silicosis

Finely atomized aluminum inhaled into the lungs may banish silicosis, dread lung disease contracted by those who work in spheres of silica dust, according to a patent (No. 2,156,378) issued to James J. Denny and Wilmot D. Robson of Schumacher, Ont., who are research workers at a large Canadian mine.

The aluminum powder, assert the discoverers of the treatment, neutralizes the silicosis-producing properties of silica. They explain that as a result of experiments it has been "proven that when fine particles of silicious materials are brought in contact with alkaline fluids a chemical change in the silica particles takes place. The fluid in the lungs of humans being alkaline, the inhalation of such silicious particles results in a chemical change in the lung cells which produces a toxic condition causing the death of tissue cells and the production of fibrous (scar) tissue, resulting in fibrosis of lung structure."

Inhaling aluminum powder in small amounts of 1 per cent checks this chemical reaction which results in toxic acids that destroy lung cells, it is said.

In factories the aluminum dust would be disseminated by the circulating fans. In mines, when blasting rock, cartridges of the pulverized aluminum would be exploded at the same time as the rock-shattering explosive, so that aluminum would be disseminated in the rock dust raised.

The inventors have reported their discovery to the Academy of Medicine at Toronto, it is set forth in the patent.

New Form of Insulin

Is Patented by Doctor
Alum-insulin, a new, improved form of insulin for treating diabetes, which is said to be slowly absorbed in the system, thus avoiding shock, and which is stable and non-toxic, has been developed at the Israel-Zion hospital of New York, according to a patent granted to Dr. Lazar Rosenthal and Jonas Kamlet of Brooklyn.

When injected in a diabetic patient, alum-insulin has been found to function as a "supply depot," slowly liberating and yielding substantially constant and uniform amounts of insulin available for absorption by the blood stream. One injection a day is all that is required for treatment of diabetes.

The alum-insulin is simply prepared by adding an aqueous solution of alum to an acid solution or suspension of insulin. The result of the mixture is the formation of a patent precipitate which is a new compound of alum and insulin. When suspended in water it may be injected in the blood stream.

Tests carried out at the Israel-Zion hospital on diabetic patients indicate the superiority of the alum-insulin over plain insulin; and protamine insulin, the patent papers claim.

Black Beetle Has Four Eyes

Many insects have compound eyes or eyes composed of a multiple number of facets. One family of beetles includes species with four eyes. These are the black beetles which float lazily on the still surface of ponds and quiet streams or, when alarmed, swim dizzily about on the surface of the water in active motion. We call them whirligig beetles but the family name is Gyrinidae, from gyros, a combination of Greek words meaning ring and circle.

The beetles are rather flat and as they float on the surface of the water one pair of eyes is above the water and one pair is below. It is believed that both adults and larvae feed upon other smaller insects and water creatures. When diving they carry a bubble of air down with them by means of hairs on the body. The adults hibernate in winter and in summer fly freely, frequently being attracted to lights.

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CANADIAN COW WINS AT WORLD'S FAIR

Of 150 carefully selected Canadian and United States cows at the New York World's Fair, an Ayrshire owned by W. H. Coverdale of Kingston, Ont., has been named Elsie, the living embodiment of a commercial artist's conception of what a cow should be. . . Elsie, who was known as Star Beauty in the eight years of her life at the Lemoyne farm of the Canada Steamship Lines president, is a great producer and her good manners have made her popular with the agricultural college boys who are her attendants at the fair. She is milked three times daily and on two of her daily visits to the famous rotating milking machine operated by the Borden Company she does a solo act which attracts hundreds of observers. The exhibit of the 150 cows was arranged by Ayrshire, Jersey, Holstein and Brown Swiss breed associations of the two countries, the milk company providing the building, equipment and staff for the cow-to-ultimate-consumer exhibit.



Names and addresses of clerks—L. R. Knight, Milton; J. John Chambers, Belleville; R. C. Thompson, Georgetown; A. R. S. Ramsay, Ayrshire; W. O. Riddiford, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury 6th June and 5th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 14th of April and 13th of October, 10 a.m. and 10 o'clock at other times as may be required for the disposal of business.

Adults of Criminal Justice Act, 5th January, 6th April, 6th July, 5th October, 10 a.m.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace

COUNTY OF HALTON

1939 - LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR - 1939

Place of Sittings	Day of Sittings	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov.	Dec.
1 Milton	Friday	6	7	8	28	8	26	5
2 Oakville	Friday	10	7	2	27	12	7	9
3 Georgetown	Friday	4	1	3	29	6	8	3
4 Ayrshire	Friday	5	2	4	30	7	9	4
5 Burlington	Friday	11	8	1	31	11	6	10

Mr. Jans and Mr. Jans' Court will open at 9 a.m. standard time. All other Courts at 10 a.m. standard time.

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