

Silence That is Not Golden...

THE MERCHANT who fails to "speak up" lets a lot of golden sales slip past his store. This lost business goes either to his competitor down the street or by the mail order route, to the big city stores.

People are often surprised to find that the goods they bought "unsight unseen" from a catalogue can be seen and examined in the local store.

Tell the buying public what you have. An advertisement in THE CHAMPION will invite the whole community to your store. And

People Shop Where They are Invited to Shop.

PLAN FOR WINTER NOW

The Provincial government has announced that in conjunction with the Dominion government it is the government's intention to continue assistance to municipalities in the matter of direct relief, by the payment of two-thirds of the cost, the municipality bearing one-third. It has been further stated that where the municipality considers it is unable to assume even this one-third of the cost of direct relief, representation should be made to the Municipal Board of the Provincial government for further relief assistance from the government. Certain municipalities have made such representations and have had their share of the cost reduced from a third to one-fifth.

It would seem that this is the opportunity moment for all municipalities to give serious consideration to this question of fall and winter relief and to ascertain whether they will be in a position to bear this one-third cost or not. It would be most unwise to wait until the cold weather is upon us, and the unemployed are in need of fuel as well as food, to then consider the matter. We may as well face the fact that unemployment will be with us just as much this fall and winter as it was last fall and winter. But if we plan wisely now, much of the confusion, delay and suffering experienced last year can be prevented. Municipalities should encourage strong committees to get to work now in an endeavour to raise funds for this work of relief, and with the object of laying plans for proper control and distribution.

Many of the unemployed have been busy cultivating the little market garden patch, and planting such things as potatoes, beets, cabbages, etc. We most heartily commend them for this and in all good faith would suggest to them that it might be wiser to store some of their garden produce for the fall, rather than to try to sell them now for the very low prices that are paid. So many persons are hawking the small produce of their little plot from door to door, prices are low. Things like potatoes, beets, carrots, etc., may, with a little wisdom be stored for the winter days ahead.

Eastern Summer Resorts

Cost of travel to Eastern Quebec and lower St. Lawrence is reduced in the Maritime Provinces has been deflated this summer in a cost revolution that has never been equalled in the history of the railroads. This reduction in fares works out at about 50 per cent. on the round trip to any of a score of glorious summer centres on Canada's unsurpassed Atlantic seaboard with proportionately reduced fares to many other destinations in Eastern Quebec and the maritime provinces, which are also in effect from stations in the Province of Quebec, Montreal and west and also in Ontario, Sudbury, Capreol, Windsor and Sarnia east.

This great concession by the railways of Canada are offering during the current month with a limit of 21 days, excluding the date of sale, from Sudbury, North Bay, Windsor, Sarnia, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, the fare and one-third rate is round trip to Annapolis, Charlotte, Chester, the Bras d'Or, Charlotteville, Digby, and the land of Evangeline, Fredrickton, Gaspe, Halifax, Moncton, Pictou, Riviere du Loup, St. John's, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Sidney and Charlottetown.

Tickets are good for stop off at any point in either direction within the limit of the trip, going and returning by the same route.

This brings the season of Canada's most delightful provinces and the beauty spots of the lower St. Lawrence in the "reach of the most modern" service, Canadiana will have the feeling they are spending Canadian money within the confines of the Dominion, where it will be accepted at par value, while hotel rates everywhere are reasonable.

Traveling from the far west of Ontario, from Windsor to take an extreme sample, is a cost for the return trip from Nova Scotia below \$25.00 and from Montreal is nearly half that amount. It is an opportunity that has not been offered to Canadians within a lifetime.

Dates of Rural School Fairs

Fisher's Corners	Monday, Sept. 23rd
Mt. Vernon	Tuesday, Sept. 24th
Trasfalar	Wednesday, Sept. 25th
Brookville	Thursday, Sept. 26th
Hornby	Friday, Sept. 27th
Lindsay	Saturday, Sept. 28th

We get ahead ourselves by helping other people forward.

Get your exhibits ready for Halton County's Big Fall Fair. It is going to be bigger and better than ever.

A better who confessed envying his employer's money says he lost it on "slow horses." They are the easiest ones to pick.

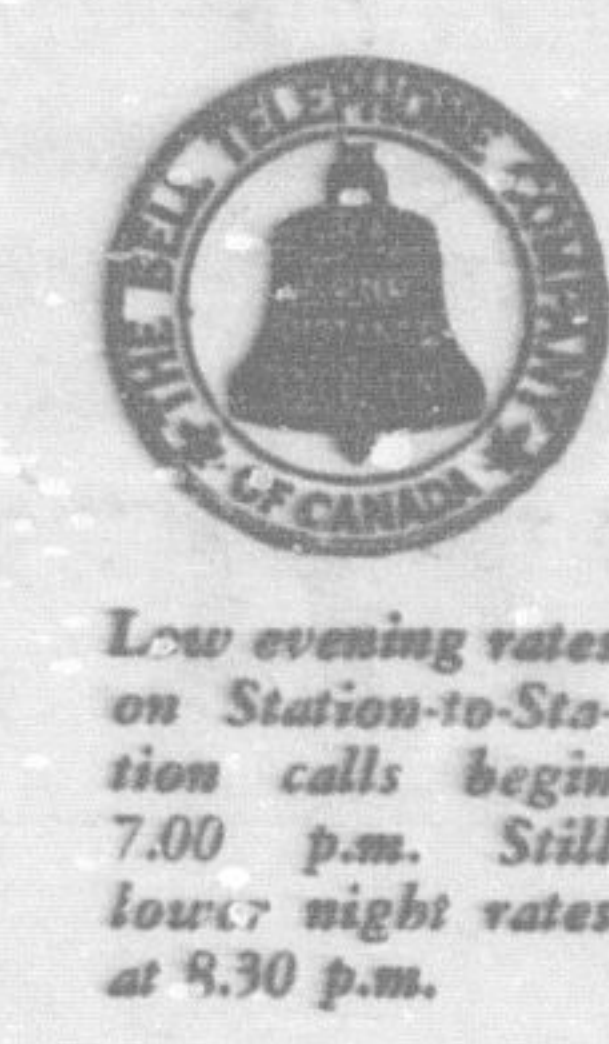


"It's lovely honey—how much do you want?"

All her neighbors wonder how Ed. Baker's wife gets such good prices for her honey. But Mrs. Baker's secret is simple. She sells by Long Distance telephone.

"It's lovely honey this summer," she telephones to the hotel in town. "Yes—I'll deliver by the end of the week."

Long Distance is quick, easy to use—and profitable.



Buy Blue Coal

Not a new coal but your old favorite D. L. & W. Scanton Anthracite.

Ask Your Dealer

YOUR FAVORITE ANTHRACITE DEFINITELY TRADE MARKED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

THE QUALITY GUARANTEES THE QUALITY

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Tommy Preston Takes an Interest

By JOHN FRANCIS

TOMMY PRESTON was laughing on the shady side of the porch at the Kingsbury Country club when Nancy Preston climbed up the steps, said, "Hi, Tommy," and flopped into a chair beside him.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" asked Tommy. "You look tired out."

"I am," said Nancy. "I've been following Ted Pearson and Sam Sharn nearly the lunka. What a game! Nearly everyone expected Ted to win easily, but Sam fooled us. He was three down at the turn, but on the last nine holes he came back beautifully and was at the eighteenth. But, boy! it was hot walking out there."

"You didn't have to be there," Tommy laughed. "You didn't see me out under that sun watching two guys chase a golf ball, did you? You just bet you didn't. I sat here in the shade, enjoying a nice, cool drink."

"I thought you were going to enter the tournament," Nancy said.

"I was," replied Tommy, "but then I decided it involved too much work." Nancy's face flushed. She was terribly in love with Tommy, but she could not stand his inactivity.

"Tommy," she said, half pleadingly and half angrily, "aren't you interested in anything?"

"You know I'm interested in something, Nancy," he said. "I love you and you love me, too. I know that. Nancy glanced up slowly. "You're right, Tommy," she said. "I do love you. But I won't marry you. Do you really want to marry me?"

"It's something I've done," she said. "It's partly that," said Nancy, "and it is partly something that you don't do. Shall I continue?"

"Please do."

"First of all, Nancy went on, "you have been going around town wearing an expression of superiority when you've done nothing to prove that you're a superior person. You've just lived on the money you inherited."

"Well," Tommy interrupted, "it is my money."

"I'll grant you that," Nancy agreed. "But I don't like your cynical attitude toward the accomplishments of other men. You never have won a club championship at golf, tennis, swimming or anything else. Yet you scold the boys who have."

"Those things don't mean anything," Tommy protested.

"They do mean something," Nancy insisted. "They at least show an interest in things that are going on around you. You aren't contributing a thing to anyone's life."

"That is pretty harsh," Tommy commented. "But just what do you want me to do about it?"

"Would you really like to do something about it?" asked Nancy.

"Go ahead. What is it?"

"Just this," Nancy went on. "If you want to marry me you have got to do these things. First, you must get a job, and you have got to hold a job through merit, not through your money. I'm not saying you must become a partner in the firm within a year, but you must be promoted at least once during the next six months. And, secondly, you must win at least one sports tournament here at the club. If you have done these things by six months from today, I'll marry you. Otherwise, why then you go your way and I'll go mine."

"But that isn't fair," Tommy protested.

Six months later, on a cold January night, Tommy paced nervously back and forth across the Kingsbury living room. A few minutes later Nancy, looking more beautiful than he ever had seen her, came down the stairs and approached him with a smile.

"Tonight is it, isn't it, Tommy?" she greeted him.

"I'm afraid it is," Tommy replied. "Yes, impulsively, "Nancy, won't you forget the conditions you made and marry me anyway?"

"Let's review the conditions before we talk about that," Nancy answered evasively. "You were supposed to win at least one sports tournament at the club. Did you?"

"You know I didn't," Tommy said.

"Golf was the only game I could play well enough to enter a tournament, and you saw Ted Pearson beat me at the last hole in the final. But you'll have to admit it was a great match."

Nancy just smiled again, and said: "And about a job? You did get a job, didn't you?"

"You bet I did, and I got two raises and one promotion as well," Tommy's eyes were flashing as he spoke. "Will you marry me, Nancy, even though Ted did beat me?"

"Of course I will, Tommy," Nancy replied eagerly. "I never cared whether you were a champion or a duffer. I just wanted you to get interested in something beside yourself. You've done that, and I'll marry you any time you say."

Twenty Hours of Sunshine

The great Alpine crags and hills except for patches of everlasting snow are a marvellously covered carpet of flowers, grasses and mosses, many of which are found only there. The sun is warm, sometimes very warm. Birds fly and warble everywhere. Brooks make merry music the living day and it is a day that lives longer than elsewhere, for the sun shines for about 20 hours out of every 24 and the remaining four hours are a highly luminous twilight. Waterfalls, big and little, tumble over scores of hills into the finest of lakes and over the heavily forested hills the most comfortable rest will carry you where you will.

Calvinism of Gordon

From Dawn of History

The idea of gardening is not new but has been familiar to most people since civilization began. From the flowers, water and manure were always to be had in some form or another, the garden was developed. The Bible describes many fine gardens in the story of Adam and Eve, being driven from the Garden of Eden.

Somehow, it is said that many of the wise men have been endeavoring to return to a garden state since then. In other words, there has always been a growing tendency to construct gardens in some form or other by the majority of people living in civilized conditions.

Landscape or garden architecture is the most profitable of the arts, and the only records of its greatest development are found in stone carvings and illustrations.

From this information we find that the wisest, wisest of the wisest times apparently drove their herds from place to place, stepping where pastures were favorable and the soil suitable for rough cultivation. As those stepping places became more permanent, the cultivated areas were fenced to protect them from wild animals and raiding tribes. Ancient history describes them as at a later date those of Egypt and Babylonia as the first gardens.

Tobacco Looked Upon as Gift From Heaven

With some of the Indian tribes, the planting of tobacco was an ancient ceremony, and in Virginia it was believed to be a gift from heaven. In the ceremony of adoration to the sun the medicine men stood in the center of a circle about which leaves of tobacco were arranged, minimizing the influence of any evil spirits that might be haunting around. For dried tobacco was not always used as a snuff, but was hung in the houses as a means of ending droughts and tempests; or tossed into the air as an offering to some spirit that had to be placated.

The medicine men used tobacco as a cure, saturating the patient's system with it. It had become interested and did not know whether he was sick or not—and probably was just cast. Records show that glorious dreams accompanied this treatment, such as acting in the councils of the gods and the like.

The Spaniards noticed that, besides the uses mentioned, the Indians took tobacco in various forms to overcome their ailments, and found it very effective. They tried the remedy themselves, and found it an unusually attractive type of "down and outer" who must, at one time of his career, have been possessed of great opportunities. Eva knew, by the keen look in his eyes, that the hang-dog glance of the gutter inhabitant would never be such a success.

His language, on the other hand, was simply atrocious. Eva thought he must have taken lessons in the expert brokering of the king's English.

Eva came very near hitting the mark in her surmise, for young W. Owen James had spent many troubled hours in an endeavor to master a diction that would put him on a speaking level, as it were, with the last element of human kind, which he was making a close study. His first play, produced on Broadway, had brought forth scathing criticism for his lack of characterization—the play itself being otherwise of great promise. Owen had closed his jaws with a click and gone about showing the critics that they could not say the same thing twice about his shortcomings.

His second play was nearing completion and before many days had passed James would cast off the physical and mental mire of the demerol and revert to his natural element—that of scholar and gentleman.

Eva, for some unknown reason, always hung on a cloak of armor when James approached the stall with his conferees. Perhaps it was to guard herself since she was at a loss to know just where to catalogue him in her gallery of demerols. She succeeded in baffling him as well as herself.

When rehearsals began for the new play, young James was forced away from the Battery by a need of his presence on Broadway.

Eva, too, had lodged the coffee-stall again with its rightful holder and repaired to her daily apartment with a fine plot for the movies. Her typewriter clicked incessantly. Her hand, too, when it had time, thumped a daisy dance when the eyes of a certain "down-and-outer" intruded into her fast-moving plot. She couldn't forget him, and wondered if he had been to lose her mind—pinning for it a bit of masculine driftwood from Battery park.

Eva went naturally, to the first night of the play by W. Owen James. The play received a ringing welcome. The author was called and stepped shyly out to thank his audience in words that prompted Eva to surmise that he had bathed his vocabulary in the limpid pools of the king's English so exquisite was his speech.

Turning his eyes toward the front rows, where all the critics seemed to have gathered, W. Owen James' speech suddenly halted, picked itself up and continued.

He had looked squarely into the wide eyes of Eva, an Eva in her rightful environment of intellect and chif-fons.

His next play was a collaboration with such play as was romantic woven into its successful lines.

Disturbed Water

"Fry tide" is the term applied to water roughened by cross currents.

Counting Hairs

A German scientist has numbered the hairs on a human head and found that the average brunette's total is 121,300. Blondes have about 20,000 more and red heads about 30,000 less. So, while a red hair is more conspicuous on a coat collar than one of the brunette persuasion, there are 20,000 less chances for a red one to find a resting place and that's a scientific fact worth making into consideration.—Indianapolis News.

WOOD'S-KHOSPHODINE.

Woods' Great English Preparation. Cures and prevents the whole urinary system, makes new blood, restores vitality, used for nervous debility, rheumatism, bladder and kidney troubles, loss of energy, prostration, etc. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c per bottle. One bottle at a time. New York, N.Y.

Romance Among the Down-and-Outs

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

EVA slipped out her diary after a week of low-inclined bliss, hung it in her wardrobe and took down a cotten frock of dusty brown. The letter was a work-travel note—she would come to her room tomorrow. She would come to her room tomorrow. She would come to her room tomorrow.

Eva had rented the coffee stall and the equipment for a month and she had not enjoyed a fragment of life she had not enjoyed. Not that she had always known a degree of affluence. Eva had worked long and hard for the possession of the coffee stall and its comfortable furnishings which she now enjoyed.

Eva wasn't disposing coffee because she loved being among the "down and out," but simply because she must change her scene for story writing. She wrote the type of stories that were gradually creeping into movie fields, and in return brought back increasingly large checks.

There was one other down in Battery park, also enlarging his mental outlook but his look was straying more toward the development of his romantic capacity. He was, in fact, casting many a glance of deep interest at the wide-eyed girl who seemed so thoroughly out of her element handing out coffee to the none too clean demerols who lined up at her stall.

He fell to wondering, as he consumed endless cups of her coffee, just what kind of fate had put her where she was instead of in an easily-furnished drawing room—a far more fitting background than the row of hot dogs clipped cups, and steaming coffee urns.

And the back of Eva's mind was not lacking in speculation regarding the young man in the shabby knickerbockers and fringed necktie.

She scoffed at the idea that he might be down there for the same purpose as herself—to study humanity in this stratum.

"Those things only happen in the movies and the lesser type of dime novel," she told herself, but she continued none the less her guarded study of him, telling herself firmly that she had chosen him as a type. She would catalogue him merely as an unusually attractive type of "down and outer" who must, at one time of his career, have been possessed of great opportunities. Eva knew, by the keen look in his eyes, that the hang-dog glance of the gutter inhabitant would never be such a success.

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Keep It Mysterious

The mounting and recording of the amount of milk given by cows has a much longer history than you might suppose, according to an article in the Farm and Stock Breeder.

"Milk recording is not a new-fangled thing in Wales. It was carried on in its entirety before the South Sea Bubble. The farmers of Wales used to measure the milk in a wooden bucket. They used to use the milk of their cows in a common churn, and they had to keep a record of it in order to divide the produce of butter and cheese satisfactorily. The cows were turned into wooden buckets and their milk yields measured—not weighed as in the practice today—and the produce of butter and cheese was divided according to what each cow had yielded on any particular day.

"The record was in accordance with what was known as the vendition measure, a vessel which was three thumbs across the bottom, six thumbs across the middle, nine thumbs across the top, and nine thumbs diagonally. A thumb was about an inch, so that the vendition measure held about a gallon of milk and a normal cow was expected to give about two gallons a day. Three-times-a-day milking was also well known in Wales in the Twelfth century, and the month of May was known as the month of three milkings a day."

Second Breeding Place of Blue Geese Found

Discovery of a second breeding ground of the mysterious blue geese on the dreary Southampton Island in Hudson bay is reported in the Auk, organ of the American Ornithological association, by Dr. George M. Sutton of Cornell University.

The blue geese are very abundant in winter about the mouth of the Mississippi but, until two years ago, its summer quarters were unknown. It seemed to disappear entirely over the northern horizon. Then a large nesting ground was found in Baffin land. On Southampton Island, 600 miles to the westward and with an area of 19,000 square miles, Doctor Sutton found an enormous summer bird population, many thousands of blue geese mingling with their close relatives, the lesser snow geese. The whole island has only about 14 Eskimo inhabitants, so the birds are little molested. Their nests are scattered through the grass ranges between the numerous lakes, generally close to the shore. As soon as the young are able to take care of themselves the geese move inland in family groups, feeding until late August when all resemble for the migration southward.

The blue geese family, Doctor Sutton found, is a rather stable organization, the male and female remaining devoted to each other and their young through the summer. Whether these families are broken up after the migration is unknown.

Wellington on Day of Downfall of Napoleon

Although Napoleon's mistakes served to heighten the disaster to the French at Waterloo, the allied victory never would have been possible without Wellington's cool, brilliant leadership and indomitable courage, writes Philip Guddala in his biography, "The Iron Duke." It was a miracle that Wellington came out of the terrific battle alive, he continues, for "as usual, he was everywhere, fighting his line along the ridge as a commander fights his ship in action."

"He rode 'Copenhagen' and all day long the chestnut carried him along the lanes of weary men. Each shift of the intermittent battle elicited a grunt of command or an order scribbled on a scrap of parchment. Late that night Blucher met in the road on horseback and clasped a weary duke. Wellington rode slowly back to Waterloo. There was no feeling of elation, and they were all exhausted. Besides, he had a solemn notion that, where so many had fallen close to him, he had somehow been preserved by Providence."

What She Meant

A young sea captain who lived on a small farm married a village maiden, Susan Margaret. Before sailing to his young captain advised his bride, Susan Margaret, while I am away have my mark, the bird man feed two quarts of middlings to the cow twice a day. Later the bride said to the hired man, "Frank, when you go to town get a sack of half-ways."

"What, ma'am?" asked Frank.

"Get a sack of half-ways while in town," the lady repeated, more clearly.

"I do not know what you mean," replied the bewildered man.

"My husband said, 'Feed the cow four quarts of half-ways every day.' As there are none in the bin I wish you to get a sack while in town," said the lady with much dignity.

When the man could control his voice sufficiently he queried, "Ma'am, do you mean a sack of middlings?"

Lewisior Journal.

Am't Markets

There is no city in the modern world which has as great a variety of markets as Paris. On Sundays the bird market is held in Place de la Cite, where hundreds of birds are "sold for a song." The horse market is held Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Next to it is the dog market. There are several flower markets—in the Cite Quai Wednesdays and Saturdays, and in the Place de la Madeleine. There is a postage stamp market on Thursday and Sunday afternoons in the Avenue Marigny, and, of course, the flea market of every conceivable article held at Saint-Ouen. At the diamond market previous stones are sold by hand-falls on the streets.

America Gets Relief

Many of the doors and fireplaces from the 300-year-old New Inn, Park Street, Windsor, were sold for shipment to America. The house had been demolished. In the room where the Beefeaters held their feasts a number of coins bearing the date 1800 were found. A concealed trap-door leading to a stable was discovered under the floor, and there a large quantity of old pattern live cartridges were concealed.

An oven found in the basement west of the British museum, as it is believed to be the only model of this particular type in existence.—London Morning Post.

CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

2 cups pastry flour
For 1 1/2 cups of bread flour
3 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoon shortening
1 egg 3/4 cup water

Sift dry ingredients; add shortening and mix in thoroughly with a steel fork; add beaten egg and sufficient water to make soft dough. Roll out on well-floured board. Cut out with large floured biscuit cutter, or half fill greased muffin rings which have been placed on greased baking pan. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 12 minutes. Split and butter while hot, and fill with hot creamed chicken. Make 6 shortcakes.

Try Miss Alice Moir's light, flaky Chicken Shortcake

"I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder," says Miss Alice Moir, Dietician of one of Montreal's finest apartment-house restaurants. "Magic combines efficiency and economy at the highest degree. Besides, it always gives dependable results."

In whole-hearted agreement with Miss Moir, the majority of Canadian dietitians and cookery teachers use Magic exclusively. And 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives use Magic because it gives consistently better baking results.

Who won't Magic outsell all other baking powders combined! Favour your family with Chicken Shortcake—made with Magic as Miss Moir directs. Note the delicate flavour, its feather lightness.

Free Cook Book—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked goods. Write to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.



ADMITTED THEFT

(Burlington Gazette)

On Sunday evening last, Frank C. Stover and his son, Frank, Jr., of Chicago, and Harry C. May, of Glenview, Ill., three American tourists, stopped at a camp about 4 1/2 miles east of Burlington to spend the night. The next morning they left for Toronto, and when Mr. Stover reached Toronto he found his purse missing, which he had left under his pillow during the night. The party returned to the camp, and inquired from Mr. John Bailey, who was in charge, as to whether he had seen the missing purse, which contained \$75.00. Mr. Bailey denied all knowledge of the purse, although he admitted he had made up the beds after the party had departed. Chief Smith and Highway Constable A. E. Smith were called, and accompanied the Americans to the camp. Mr. Bailey again denied he found the purse and money and the Chief and Highway Officer Smith immediately began a search of the premises. Finally, their efforts were rewarded, when the money and purse was located behind a window blind in the storehouse. Bailey was brought to Burlington and appeared before Magistrate Barr. He pleaded guilty, and was remanded to 24-hour jail for a week for sentence. The money was returned to the Americans and they continued on their way.

COUNTY FOLK ATTEND CHURCH MORE REGULARLY THAN CITY BRETHREN

According to Roger W. Babson, the folks in the smaller communities attend church more regularly than their city brethren. Here are his figures, computed from a careful survey. "In incorporated areas and villages under 2,500 population, the churches showed an average attendance of 71 per cent. This dropped to 66 per cent. in villages of 2,500 to 5,000 population. Towns of 5,000 to 10,000 showed an attendance average of only 46 per cent. In the cities of 10,000 to 50,000 the attendance was 42 per cent. Cities of more than 50,000 population could show an average attendance of only 20 per cent."

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