

ELOCUTION

Thornhill

Miss

Marguerite Boyle

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The Women's Nook

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In Search of Health

We have boiled the drinking water, We have sterilized the milk, We have strained the prowling microbe

Through the finest kind of silk, We have bought and we have borrowed Every patent health device, And at last the doctor tells us That we'll have to boil ice!

Signs of the Times

Sign Painter—I understand you want some painting done. Editor—Yes. I want a notice painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read as they are leaving, and as they generally light on their heads you had better paint it like this Don't Slam The Door.

Another Household Hint

How to keep fish from smelling—cut off their noses.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul

They say it's all right to rob Peter In order to settle with Paul, But some of us merely rob Peter, And Paul never sees us at all.

Lady (engaging cook) And why did you leave your last place?

Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and mistress used to quarrel, Mum.

Lady—What did they quarrel about?

Cook—About the way the dinner was cooked, Mum.

A NEW VIEWPOINT

Sometimes when everything seems to go dead wrong it is a good thing to step aside, as it were, and look at these things from a different angle.

This was brought to my notice once in our early years of farming. It was a day of mishaps which began early in the morning and lasted well into the afternoon. One small misfortune piled on top of another until they loomed before me like a mountain. Now looking back across the years, I can hardly remember the things which seemed so overwhelming at the time. I have a faint recollection of a line full of dingy looking washing, done in too great a hurry of cross children and a crosser mother and of threshers in the neighborhood likely to swoop down on us at any time, like a swarm of locusts as it seemed to me then; of a hot day and a garden which drooped in the scorching sun. And of an untidy house which I hated—hated completely and desperately with everything and everybody therein.

So after dinner I put the baby to bed and gave the other two children bubble pipes and a bowl of soapsuds. And I ran away. I seized a hat and with a berry pail for an excuse I ran blindly through a field, stumbling along as tears of self-pity rained down my cheeks; threw myself face downward in the long grass on a little hill and lay motionless while my brain raced and throbbed like an overworked engine.

After a long time I got up and, still feeling very sorry for myself, began to pick my berries. Then I happened to look down at the home I hated and—how lovely it looked! I had never, in all my berry-picking wanderings up this hill before and the view of my home was so different it made me gasp with astonishment. How pretty it looked, shining white against the dark cedars, the vine clambering over the verandah and the sun setting behind it, throwing long, soft shadows across the garden. I could see the children playing happily with their bubbles, their nerves quieted simply by the removal of my own frazzled nerves and the washing, fluttering from the line looked from that distance white enough to fill me with housewifely pride. The whirr of the threshing machine which had filled me with dread now changed to a gentle humming which told me that threshers were only neighbors who were coming in the good old fashioned way to help us prepare for winter. I picked enough berries for tea and strolled down the hill through the garden where now in the cool of the day the flowers were raising their drooping heads—their troubles like my own had only been temporary. The children forgiving little things, were delighted to see me, the baby was awake, rosy and smiling after her long sleep. The old house welcomed me, it was still untidy of course, but as if it had been one of the children lifting a dirty face for a kiss I loved it because it was mine. I soon had a fire in the stove and a simple meal on the table—a dinner of herbs, as it were, but love was there. And until my children read this they will never know they were once deserted by their mother who ran away from them with hatred in her heart, left that hatred in a little hill in a field and came back to them in a few hours loving them more than ever.

This just shows what a new view point will do. If you can run away from your troubles for a little while climb a hill and get a good look at them from a new angle you will find that they are very small and perhaps have vanished altogether.

MORE ABOUT THE TWINS

Children's Story

For twenty-four hours after Jeanie and Jock picked up the Poison Ivy Aunt Madge watched them for signs of rash, but when at the end of the day their skins were still cool and pink she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, you are lucky this time, twinnies, but don't ever try putting that stuff in a bouquet again. Now what are you going to play to-day?" "Could we play in the creek all day and have our lunch down there?" they asked eagerly.

"And build a new dam?" added Jock.

"And wear our bathing suits all day?" said Jeannie.

It was a nice warm day so Aunt Madge packed a lunch basket for them and off they went. The stream wasn't far from the house, in fact Aunt Madge could see them from the upstairs windows as they played, and they were soon busy at their dam.

This was a favorite game of theirs. They built a dam about once a week as each big rainstorm would fill the pond so full that the whole thing would be carried away. They hammered in stakes across the little stream and piled rocks and sods behind them until the dam kept the water back and the pond began to fill. What fun it was to watch the water rise inch by inch, then launch little boats made of chips and watch them dive over the falls and sail away down the stream.

They ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree and then went back to make clay marbles on the bank and dry them in the sun.

"Won't we get nice and brown being in the sun all day like this?" said Jock.

"Mother will be glad because our doctor says that a good coat of tan does children more good than all the nasty tasting tonics in the world," said Jeannie.

At last when the sun was getting low and they heard Uncle John calling the cows they collected their treasures and went home. They hurried into their clothes and began doing their little chores around the barn. But oh, how funny their arms and shoulders felt! They held whispered consultations in corners but decided that they wouldn't tell anybody about it until morning. But when Aunt Madge went to kiss them goodnight she found two eight-year-olds sobbing into their pillows.

"We kept our hats on so our heads wouldn't get sunstruck," sobbed Jeannie, "but we never thought about our shoulders getting sunstruck."

"Old Mr. Sun did his job too thoroughly," said Aunt Madge, "but we can soon make you more comfortable."

She went down the cellar and got a saucerful of cool, thick cream. Then with a piece of absorbent cotton she spread it gently on the red burning shoulders, arms and necks of the twins. When that dried she put a thick dressing of vaseline which kept the air away from the burn and helped them to get to sleep.

When Granddad heard about it in the morning he smiled sympathetically.

"I am too busy now," he said, "but some day soon I will tell you a story about a little boy who made clay marbles by that same creek more than fifty years ago and who got sunburned just the same as you did."

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Stains may be removed from the inside of teacups by rubbing with salt.

To remove stains from a white sink sprinkle dry chloride of lime in the sink and leave over night.

Mustard water will remove odor of fish or onions from the hands.

The stains that black cherries make on the hands may be removed by rubbing with the juice of sour red cherries. To remove from cloth stretch the stained part over a bowl and pour boiling water through.

To cut fresh bread without its crumbling the bread knife should be dipped in boiling water for each slice.

Life's a mirror, when we smile Smiles come back to greet us, If we're frowning all the while Frowns will always meet us.

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FOR INFORMATION APPLY

J. R. HERRINGTON

TAXES

The second installment of taxes for the current year is due on

AUGUST 1st

To secure discount of five per cent payment must be made at the Clerk's office on or before

AUGUST 15th

Richmond Hill, July 29th, 1926.

A. J. HUME, Clerk

Printing that Satisfies!

THE FIRST THING TO CONSIDER IN PRINTING— IS QUALITY OF WORK

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We're proud of our work—the kind of work that has brought to us many an unsolicited testimonial. It the sort of printing that has produced results.

While quality is the important issue with us, our unusually low prices also are an inducement for you to have your Printing done here.

We have "got out something" for hundreds of people, but not before we have been all over the preliminaries. Our "somethings" have been—letter heads, envelopes, bill-headers, statements, reports, pamphlets, posters magazines, labels, catalogues—all kinds of things made from printed paper.

IF IT CAN BE PRINTED ANYWHERE WE CAN DO IT.

"The Liberal"

TELEPHONE 9

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO

SEASONABLE RECIPES

Cherry Compote

Three quarts currants, 3 quarts red raspberries, 2 quarts cherries; Add an equal measure of sugar, add 6 oranges cut as for marmalade and 1 lb. raisins seeded and chopped. Boil all together until it is thick like jam and put in jelly glasses.

Spiced Currants

4 pounds currants, 2 tablespoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons cloves, 2 pounds brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup vinegar. Remove the stems wash currants, add remaining ingredients and boil twenty minutes. Keep in stone jar.

Cherryade

One pint cherries, boil until soft in two quarts of water. Strain and sweeten to taste.

Cherry Duff

Put 2 quarts cherries, 2 cups sugar and 1 teaspoon vinegar in bottom of buttered baking dish. Cover with batter made with 2 cups flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt and scant cup of milk. Steam for forty-five minutes and serve in dish in which it was cooked.

Spiced Gooseberries

Take 6 quarts of gooseberries and 9 pounds of sugar. Cook an hour and a half. Add one pint of vinegar and two tablespoons each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice and boil for five minutes longer. Seal when cold.

Just Like Poor Pa

Small Boy—Ma, come out to the barn, quick, Pa's hung himself. Ma (disgustedly)—Well, ain't that just like your Pa! Hung himself and the chores not done yet!

Nothing the Matter With Him Suitor—I want to marry your daughter.

Father—No, absolutely NO. Suitor—Why, what's wrong with her?