

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: I was over to Jakes house for the p. m. & Jake was wanting to quit skool. He told his Pa the teacher 1 time sed 6 & 6 is 12 & a nother time sed 8 & 4 is 12 & what can you lern from a dum teacher like that.

Monday: Now Ive got a quarl with Ant Emmy & haft to look for sum way to get even. She had to up & say at brekfast this a. m. it is wonderful at how erly a age a kid will lern to use a charge acct. at a grocerie store.

Tuesday: Unkel Hen wont ever lern modern ways it looks like. He was upp to the city 1 night recent & when the hotel clerk ast him did he want a inside or a outside rm. he sed inside he bleaved as it lookt stormy. Can you beet that.

Wednesday: As I sed I wood do I got even up with Jane agen. I ast her did eneyboddie tell her how wanderful she are & when she sed no then I sed where do you get the idear then.

Thursday: Blisters were a tellen me about it today. He sed as he were excoiting Elsy home from the partie last nite he kep on beging her for a kiss & she kep on sayen no and etc. Dont you like kissen, he sed he sed, & she replide Mebbly, but I dont like beggers, I like cave men.

Friday: After supper tonite Pa sed to me Come in to the living rm. I want to tawk about sum of the grater things of life. We went in & shut the door & then I sek weiky Pa what is it you want to no from me, & then the gathering ajurnded & broke up.

Saturday: I sed in the noosepaper whair I siggaret is good for my dygeschen & a nother is ezey on my throte. My throte dont need bein ezey on & I dont bleeve eaten siggarts wood be good for my indygeschen. So I can use none of neether.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

THE NIGHT OF JULY 3RD

By Genevieve Forbes Herrick

The storm blew up suddenly; one of those violent New York State thunderstorms that rend the blackness of night with tearing slashes of blinding brilliance that claw across the sky and open the arteries of the firmament.

George Akers sat snug in his kitchen. He congratulated himself on his weather-wisdom. "I told Mary it was going to blow and rain," he was thinking as he tidied up the table, seaped with the odds and ends of supplies they had brought with them.

"I told her I saw it coming in those low-lying black clouds. Darn those low-lying black clouds. Darned good thing I shoved my foot down on that throttle and kept the speedometer nosing around sixty-five all the way. Gee! Listen to it pour! Hate to be caught out in it."

This was the holiday to which Mary and he had looked forward. Their first really. And it promised endless delights. The lush greenery of the New York State countryside in the Finger Lakes region had been a motion picture all afternoon of always new and newer loveliness.

They had stumbled on this treasure entirely by chance two summers before and determined to own it. No neighbors. No towns. No swanky clubs and no din and blare of motor traffic. A house so big that they could have parked most of the friends they cared about in it. No furnace, but fireplaces everywhere. Solid, honest house with huge ceiling beams and walls as thick as a Spanish convent's.

The whole countryside must be swarming and crawling with interested Americans. But the people were slow to friendship. Stolid conservatives mostly, which pleased George and Mary no little for they could stand their share of solitude, too. Mary was upstairs asleep, worn out from the long drive. George told himself that he would go to sleep pretty soon, too.

But the pipe was pleasant and the contemplation of his own creature-comforts in a storm-tossed world was pleasanter. He raked up the logs in the stove again, elevated his stockingless feet to the kitchen table and gave himself up to solid comfort. A sound at the back door startled him. He shoved back his chair. Surely there was the noise of steps making itself perceptible above the swish and roar of the storm.

"Who's there?" he cried. He saw the knob turn slowly and then the door was pushed slowly inward. A man stood before him, closing the door behind him, slowly, while the tempest's fury tried to force itself inside.

His visitor leaped hard against the door and it closed noiselessly, shutting out the driving storm. He was well past middle age. He walked with a slight limp in his left leg and was hunched over. His face was gnarled and pinched. His hair iron gray. He wore a suit of shapeless homespun and a peaked and vized cap, also woolen and of the same indistinguishable dirty color as his coat and trousers. His shoes were heavy brogues.

Two items in the man's appearance stood out to George's eyes—his eyes and his hands. The eyes were dark and a sort of gleam shot from them, and the expression that came with the gleam was a pathetic one. The hands were white, not the whiteness of careful manicuring, but rather the pallor of death or grave illness.

George observed that the fingers of both hands kept working in and out spasmodically. He thought his visitor must have been stricken with a fever or an ague—and small wonder. What manner of man would choose a night like this to be wandering along a remote highway?

The man stepped slowly into the room, shading his eyes against the glare of the electric light. Shambled, rather is the word. His gait was awkward and his manner semi-apologetic. "Sit down, won't you, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Thankee, I will that." He cast a look of dumb gratitude at George, his voice carried a plaintive note. "Great night for ducks," George remarked absurdly. "Ducks? Ducks fly in the spring and the fall. This is the season when the crows devour the corn and the buzzards flee the eagle. This is the season when the swallows gather in the evening and the meadowlarks sing in the furrows at dawn. Ah—I remember—I remember—"

He staggered into a chair. George poured him a stiff three fingers of Scotch. "That'll take the chill out of your bones."

The man sat stolid and silent and made no move to drink. His clothes were dripping. The vizzor of his cap hung dejectedly over his forehead. George was at a loss to know how to continue the conversation. "I suppose you are one of my neighbors?" he ventured finally. "Eh? Eh? Neighbors? Few enough of them. Krehtha is the name. Jacob Krehtha. Oh, but it's sweet to hear the sound of a human voice."

Krehtha. The fellow was a neighbor, all right. Doubtless one of the clan that had given its name to the creek that swirled behind George's timber. The creek would be so swollen from the rain there would be no fishing for a day or two. "I suppose it does get lonesome up here in the country so far away from everything and everybody."

Joab Krehtha sent him a sharp glance. "Tain't that," he said. "Tain't the lonesomeness. No. No! I tell you it ain't lonesome. There's too many folk I can't get away from. I see them—I see them! Men, women and children. Yes, children. Little ones. The woman and the children," he finished, his voice trailing off, "had the longest hair."

George Akers felt a sudden sensation of alarm, as if he had found himself, suddenly in the presence of a maniac. The man's words certainly heightened that impression. Then Joab Krehtha's face broke into a smile, pathetic and resigned. "Excuse me," he said. "You don't see what I see. You don't recall what I do. I keep forgetting that."

"Was there something I could do for you, Mr. Krehtha? Is some one in your family ill, perhaps? If you need a doctor—"

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"Was there something I could do for you, Mr. Krehtha? Is some one in your family ill, perhaps? If you need a doctor—"

"Every year," the old man said. "Every year now for one hundred and well nigh sixty years. Last year nobody was here. I sat alone in this very kitchen, and it was dark. The moon was shining. It was like that other night—"

"The Fourth of July, eh?" George broke in. "That's right, it's tomorrow. I'd almost forgotten."

"The Fourth of July? No, you're wrong. It was the third of July. Do you think I could forget? No. No. I tell you! They won't let me."

"I guess you mean the Fourth of July, Mr. Krehtha."

"The Fourth of July." His voice was low and pitiful again. "The Fourth of July. What's that? Nothing—only ashes and black stumps—and horror! Horror! But all day on the third—"

"You talk like an unreconstructed Tory," said George. "Tory? I am a Tory. God bless our King. But I hate the Iroquois! Savages!"

"Well, I daresay you've nothing to worry about on that score," George remarked tolerantly. Quite evidently this Krehtha was a harmless lunatic. "They butchered, they slaughtered, they burnt, they scalped, they murdered—and I watched them! What could I do? It was red hell let loose—and I loosened it. That's why I come back here each year on the night of the third of July—to repent, yes, to repent."

Joab Krehtha leaned forward with head bowed, staring. His white hands clawed at his knees, his thin lips worked convulsively, and his gleaming eyes seemed to see that which George Akers could not see. An eerie sense of apprehension took possession of George. He felt uneasy. Suddenly, Joab Krehtha got up. He bowed ceremoniously to his host, moved to the door, turned the knob. The howling wind threw the door wide open, and the whipping, stinging, tempest-driven rain beat in. Joab Krehtha kept walking. The night and the storm swallowed him.

Joab Krehtha. Krehtha creek. What was the connection? Finally George knocked the dottle out of his pipe and stole upstairs to bed. Mary was up long before him. When her voice woke him the morning sunshine was streaming across his bed. "Hurry up, darling! It's the Fourth of July."

In the kitchen she told him she had a treat for him. A breakfast of good farm eggs and bacon. "I drove to a farmhouse four miles away. And George—we live—imagine it!—in a haunted house!"

A vision of Joab Krehtha floated into his mind. "What?" "Isn't it thrilling? The lady who sold me the eggs told me about it. It seems the man who built this

house settled here before the Revolutionary War. He was against the Colonies, and they say he was the one who incited the Indians and trapped the settlers in the Wyoming valley massacre. And now his ghost walks around these parts every year on the anniversary of the massacre! Oh, George, do you know what date it was?"

"July third—I forget just what year."

"How did you know? I'll bet you looked it up."

"No." George's voice was strangely solemn. "What was the man's name, Mary?"

"Oh, I don't remember. Something funny."

"I'll tell you. It was—Joab Krehtha—wasn't it?"

"Smarty! How did you know?"

"Joab Krehtha told me," George Akers said.

HEALTH

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DISCHARGE FROM THE EAR — JUST A NUISANCE?

"Why worry about a discharge from the ear? If the ear is kept clean and a piece of absorbent cotton put in it for a cork, one can forget about it. It is true the ear may be deaf but if the other ear is all right one can hear enough for practical purposes. Just put up with the discharge as long as you have no pain."

But possibly the discharge is important—maybe we shouldn't disregard it. If we find water seeping through a wall into our house, do we keep mopping it up and covering the wet spot with a picture or piece of furniture? In haste a plumber is sent for. We want to have the leak found and fixed even if it is necessary to tear down the wall.

With few exceptions a discharge from the ear accompanied by some loss of hearing in that ear, means deep seated disease. This disease may appear very innocent but when least expected it may flare up with disastrous results.

Not long ago, John, who had been apparently in excellent health, complained of a headache and not feeling up to the mark. Simple reme-

lies were tried, but the headache got worse and John became very ill indeed. The doctor was called in but could find nothing to account for John's illness, except a discharging ear of long standing. In desperation the patient was sent to hospital where the doctor's fears of Meningitis were confirmed. Heroic measures were attempted, the ear was operated on, transfusions given and the most up-to-date serum treatment tried without effect. John died in agony. The surgeon had done his best but the deadly bacteria had already infected the brain coverings—the horse were closed after the horse had fled."

One might well ask—"Is this the fate of all patients with discharging ears?" Of course not, but wouldn't it be wise to find out if your bad ear is dangerous? The discharging ear should be examined by a competent surgeon. He is able by various methods of examination to diagnose the true nature of the trouble. He is able to say whether simple treatment is sufficient or whether operation is necessary. Operation does not always stop the discharge, but it will reveal the true nature of the infection and should prevent the dreaded Meningitis.

One has ample time usually, to seek advice and help for the discharging ear but to procrastinate is often fatal.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

There isn't going to be much privacy in this old world any more. A scientist now claims he can photograph people's thoughts.

Wife—It's nearly six weeks now since the baby was born. Have you been to the court house and told the registrars yet?

Husband—No, if they live within five miles radius of this house, they won't need to be told.

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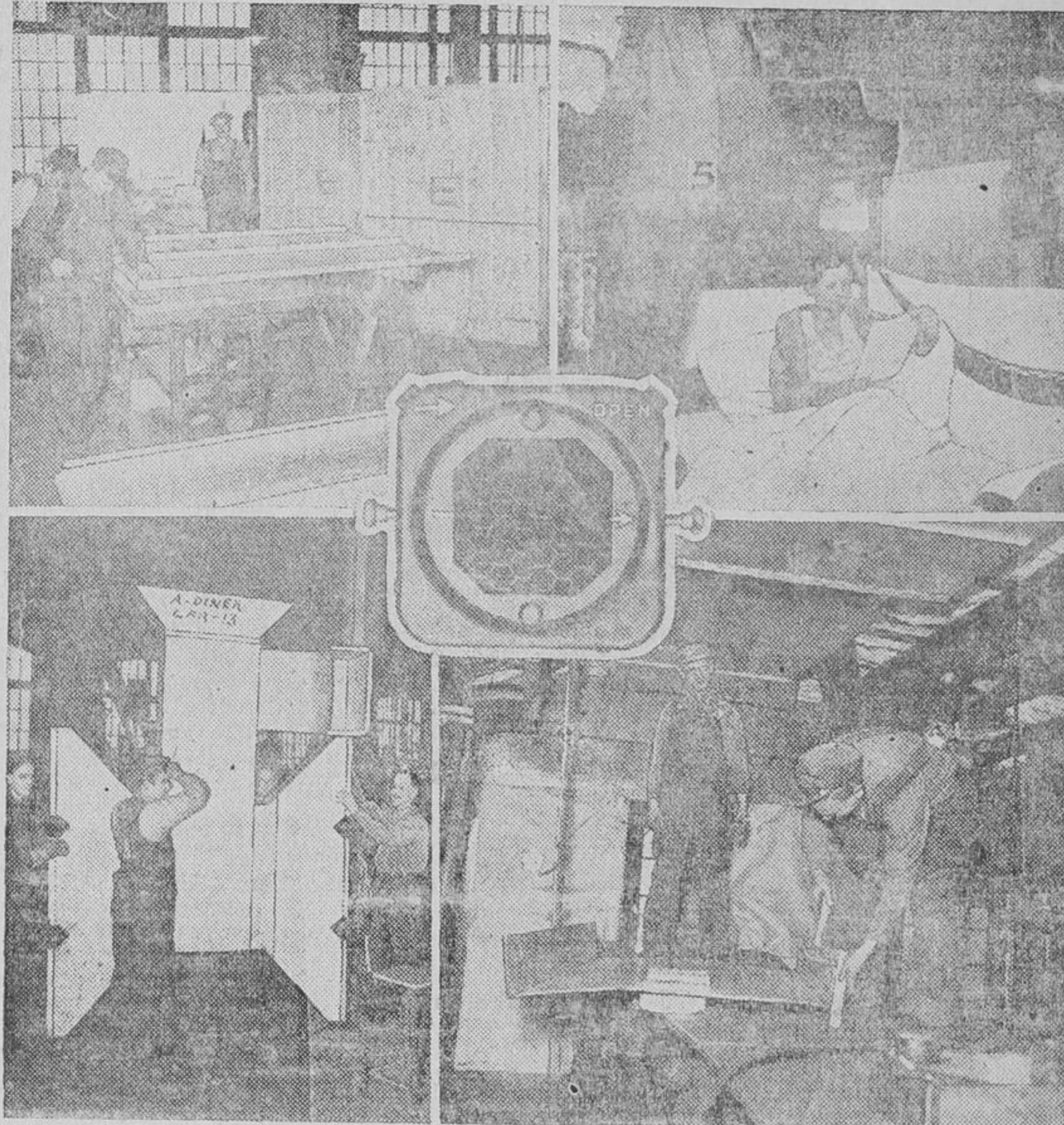
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Canadian Pacific Extends Air-Conditioned Service



The Canadian Pacific Railway Angus Shops at Montreal are humming with activity these days as the Company continues its comprehensive programme of air-conditioning. In the current year, air-conditioning equipment will be added to 136 cars, including standard sleepers, dining cars, tourist sleepers, parlor cars, and day coaches, and these, in addition to the 130 cars air-conditioned in 1936, will permit a very considerable extension of air-conditioned services throughout the Dominion. Provision is made by the 1937 programme to provide air-conditioned dining cars on all trains carrying air-conditioned sleepers or parlor cars, besides additional

sleeping and parlor cars for use on trains between Montreal and Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, Toronto and Ottawa, and trains 39 and 40 between Montreal and Saint John, N.B. Air-conditioning of tourist cars for use on the transcontinental trains between Vancouver and Montreal and Toronto is a new and interesting feature of the 1937 programme. This will supplement last year's services which allowed air-conditioned standard sleepers, compartment-lounge, bedroom and parlor cars to be used on transcontinental trains between Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver; the Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Chicago services; and the night trains between Montreal and Boston. Air-

conditioned sleepers and lounge cars were also provided for the "Mountaineer" service between Chicago, St. Paul, and Vancouver. Some idea of the work connected with air-conditioning is given by the pictures above. Cars are stripped, as in lower right, and insulated to keep out heat, cold, and dust. The pictures at the left show some of the material being placed in the cars. The satisfaction written all over the face of the young lady, in "Lower 5," expresses the public's feelings toward this new type of controlled comfort. In the centre is a close-up of the control equipment, by which, as the arrows indicate, the individual can regulate the volume and direction of the flow of air.