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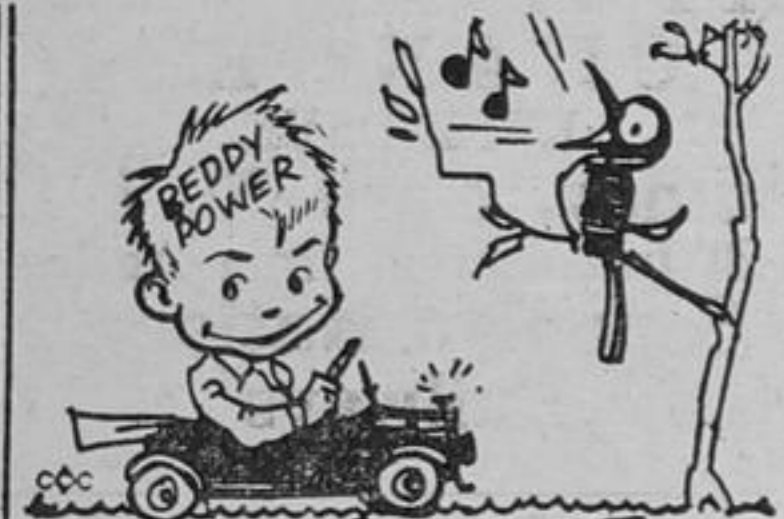
From the laboratories of vigor ous, forward moving Canada—comes this new relief for nasal disorders. Thrusting aside all old, outworn ideas, researchers in Canada made a thorough study of the entire question of head colds, sinusitis and hay fever, affecting men and women of every age and circumstance, living and working under every kind of modern condition. As a result of their extensive research, they developed Canadian Nasal Spray, a totally different and uniquely efficient remedy that works just ONE way—helps relieve head colds, sinus trouble and hay fever promptly. Canadian Nasal Spray refills cost only 35¢. and can be used in your own atomizer — or your druggist can supply you with the complete package, including Canadian Nasal Spray and a genuine DeVilbiss atomizer — both for one dollar. This new remedy is now obtainable in Canadian drug stores from the Maritimes to British Columbia.

The Vatican radio on April 4th accused Germany of imposing on religious institutions of occupied France conditions which made it difficult for them to exist. The speaker said the Catholic press had been suppressed except for brief diocesan bulletins.

**Notice to Creditors**

All persons having claims against the Estate of JOHN D. WILLIS, late of the Township of King, in the County of York, Farmer, deceased, who died on the 20th day of June 1940, are notified to send particulars thereof to the undersigned on or before the 26th day of April, 1941, after which date the Estate will be distributed having regard only to those claims of which the undersigned shall then have received notice.

DATED this 31st day of March, 1941.  
CHRISTIAN WILLIS,  
Administratrix, by her Solicitors,  
William Cook & Gibson,  
912 Federal Building,  
85 Richmond St. West, Toronto.



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RICHMOND HILL

**Reminiscences of Army Life**

By "Steelback"

CHAPTER 20

In September 1886, there were rumours of a change of station, and in the early part of the following month we went to Preston, Lancashire. Proud Preston is sometimes called. Preston is essentially a soldier's town. What I mean by this is that we had no competition. The Navy was too far away. In the Services, honours are about evenly divided, (I am referring to popularity). It must be acknowledged that in such towns as Portsmouth, and other seaports where the naval ratings get paid off, the blue coats have a decided edge on the red coat. This is a friendly rivalry and seldom leads to quarrels.

During our stay in Preston the regiment became very popular, and credit for a great deal of this popularity must be given to the band. Its co-ordination was splendid. Each member of the band was a musician. Concerts given by the band were received with great enthusiasm, and their performances would always receive the plaudits of the audiences and laudatory reports in the press.

The youngest member of the band was a boy from one of the training ships. He was a marvellous piccolo player and never failed to get an encore.

Preston is the home of the well known and formidable football club —Preston North End—the playing fields of which are not too far from town and being easily reached from barracks were well attended by the fellows from the regiment.

On the other side of the barrack square is the depot of that famous old regiment the 47th — The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. It is not out of place here to remark that this is the only regular infantry regiment in the army entitled to the word "Loyal" as part of their proud title. In 1757 it helped to add Canada to the British Empire by being at the capture of Louisbourg and Quebec. In the latter action it became known as Wolfe's own.

There was another barracks in the rear of the one we were in. A battery of artillery occupied them.

The Lass from Lancashire is no myth. I can safely say that the lassies of Preston would be hard to beat for beauty of face and form, the latter, of course, was merely conjecture (they wore plenty of clothes) but now-a-days conjecture would be in the past tense and it would be easy to assert now that for face and form the Lancashire girls would be hard to beat.

Clogs and shawls didn't make any difference, they added, rather than detracted, to their natural comeliness.

The soldiers were not bashful in responding to the bright eyed glances of the lassies, and a lot of them invaded the barracks.

I must make it plain that these girls were not forward in any way. They were just comrades, that's all. They were allowed in the barracks on Sundays and made themselves useful by darning our socks, mending shirts, and sewing on buttons for the men, and both sides played the game. Our eccentric old Colonel, when he heard of it, remarked "It will do more good than harm." He spoke the truth.

The third month of our stay in Preston was saddened by the suicide of one of our men. He was a Pioneer. The Pioneers are a few men, in charge of a Sergeant Pioneer, who lay claim to possessing some trade, or other qualification. They are banded together and are known as pioneers. In peace time they are responsible for the cleanliness of barracks or camps. They are equipped with axe and sword. This sword has a sharp edge on one side and sawlike teeth on the other. They are the only men in a regiment allowed to grow whiskers. When the regiment is on the line of march the pioneers, in charge of the sergeant, lead the way. When the regiment is ready to step off—"Pioneers to the Front" is the order.

The man who committed suicide had, as far as I could learn, no trouble. In fact, it was said that his death was an accident. He had to attend church, which, by the way, was in barracks for the Protestants. He belonged to this sect. He was shaving, and stood in front of a glass when it happened. I saw him myself. He looked all right to me. He was very popular with the girls and at his funeral there was a large number of them followed, in orderly fashion, the funeral party all the way to the cemetery.

We had several amusing episodes happen whilst stationed in Preston

all owing to the absurdities of Private W. Wallace (The last of the Wallace's).

I have previously mentioned that he was a soldierly looking man when he was fully equipped in marching order, and he was often told to take two paces to the front so that the other men could notice his smart and tidy appearance. When parading for guard mounting he was invariably picked out for commanding officers orderly. This was considered an improvement on doing sentry duty, although the waiting there was more tiresome than a straight two hours on sentry.

A soldier had in his valise, when in marching order, the whole of his kit. Brushes, towels, socks, boots, knife, fork, spoon, razor, comb, shaving brush, button stick, tin of blacking, pair of laces, pair of trousers, and cape, and the carefulness used in stowing these things away the neater the appearance of the valise.

The first time that Wallace was picked out for Commanding Officers Orderly this officer found Wallace so stupid that he took upon himself the job of showing Wallace what to do. This story was told to me and I am not going to vouch for its truth, but knowing both the parties in this little farce, I should say, that anything was possible.

The Colonel asked Wallace for his cane, and told him to call out "Come in" when he knocked at the door. The Colonel went out into the passage, closing the door after him. Then he knocked on the door.

Wallace said "Come in". The Colonel stepped into the office, walked over to the desk, put the cane under his left arm, and raised his right hand to his cap saying "Commanding Officers Orderly, Sir."

Wallace, who sat in the Colonel's chair gravely watching all this solemnly replied, "Very well, I shall not want you any more today."

The Colonel was so surprised that it was a moment or two before he recovered sufficiently to yell Sergeant Major.

When the Sergeant Major came in the Colonel gave him an order to put Wallace in the guard room.

How far from the truth the story is I do not know, but the Sergeant Major concerned was not considered the kind of man to tell an untruth, and he was responsible for the story.

It's believable, when we think of the eccentric old Colonel, and the un-concerned Wallace, but unbeknowing to the latter his nemesis had decided to take a hand towards deflating his bubble of nonchalance.

The next time that he paraded for guard he was again put out in front so that some young soldiers could see what a smart soldier looked like, but the Adjutant went one step further this time, and told Wallace to lay out his kit so that the others could see how carefully it was packed. What Wallace's thoughts were when he heard that order will never be known, and it would only be an old soldier that would ever guess what they were. I have an idea, and after reading what follows you may be able to get near the truth as to what he was thinking. It made the matter worse because he dare not put his thoughts into words.

Wallace took off his equipment and emptied the valise of its contents, and a great variety of unwashed socks, towels, and bits of rag were exposed to the gaze of the adjutant, the remainder of the guard, and the orderly sergeants of the companies furnishing the men. To the guard room Wallace went again. His equipment and the unwashed socks and other rags, were taken charge of by the orderly sergeant and were produced the following day as evidence.

The Colonel awarded Wallace 48 hours cells and 14 days to barracks. The first day that he came out of cells he went to the officers quarters—the Colonel was a single man—and knocked at the door of the Colonel's room. The Colonel came to the door and Wallace expounded his idea of getting seven days leave of absence to go to his home and see his mother, who he said was ill. He said that he could do his pack drill when he came back. The Colonel let out a yell. The Officers Mess Sergeant, and some of the kitchen staff, of which I was one, rushed up stairs and saw Wallace talking to the Colonel. To the guard room Wallace went again. His punishment was increased, and from that time on Wallace was treated as a nuisance by the men of his company. In a smart regiment there is great rivalry between companies and this regiment was no exception, so it will

**Thornhill United Church News**

The Parsonage, Thornhill, Ont., Monday, April 14, 1941.

Hello, friends! Isn't the weather grand? Well, there is no doubt that it is most certainly appreciated. Very soon now the trees will be breaking forth into leaf and the landscape will be covered with a carpet of green. Already the lilacs are bursting into leaf, and the crocuses here and there, are making many a lawn most beautiful.

And now for a brief review of Sunday: We were disappointed to see the rain just at the hour of morning worship, but that did not deter one hundred and forty-six from coming to the service, and a happy service it was! Over twenty came into membership on the profession of their faith, and several others by transfer from other churches, and there were both young people and adults in both cases. It is now a happy fact that practically all our young people are members of the church and fully aware of what their becoming members involves. Yes, the morning service was most worthwhile, and we really did feel happy about it all; the music was certainly most beautiful, and in keeping with the occasion, the flowers were most tasteful and in the right quantity, thanks to the Young Ladies' Guild and our S.S. Superintendent, Mr. Neil McDonald, and Mrs. W. Wesley. The congregation was large, weather considered, and the service itself was most inspiring, because of those coming into membership. All in all, and without saying more, it was a lovely Easter morning service.

The Easter evening service was just as lovely, but of an entirely different nature. Our choir did exceedingly well, judging by the comments of those present, and if you were not present to be thrilled by the message they brought in sacred song, you will have your opportunity by going to Newtonbrook United Church this coming Sunday evening, where the Cantata will be repeated. There will be no evening service in our own church; you are invited to go to Newtonbrook. Our choir and our organist, Mr. Floyd Davies, and his good wife, who presided at the organ on Sunday evening last, do indeed deserve credit for the excellence of their work; the preparation for that Cantata was long and arduous, but because of the full and wholehearted co-operation of so many, it proved to be outstandingly successful and eminently worthwhile, and the congregation did enjoy it.

It is understood that the idiocy of Wallace was having a damaging effect upon the company's reputation, so he was black-balled. No one would speak to him or drink with him. This hurt him most.

The Colonel had a kit inspection one day. The kits were laid out on the barrack square, and when all was ready, he started at the leading company, going down the front rank from left to right. Up to the rear rank from right to left. As he would pass a few men in the front rank a whisper would come from some man in the rear rank.

"Bill, chuck us your brass brush." "Jack, lend me your button stick." And so on. The Colonel was aware of this. He said, "I know they are doing me," but he didn't do anything about it.

Preston had a gala day when the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit. The reason for the coming was to open some large building.

Our regiment furnished the guard of honour and lined the streets.

We had the colours of the regiment with us and as the Prince and Princess Alexandra came up to them we, the escort, presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem. They stopped and looked at the colours. The colours had been present at many a hard fought battle and were badly torn. On the face was inscribed the names of twenty battles in which the regiment had been engaged. Since that time more have been added to the list. The Prince, taking the folds of the colours in his right hand said, "Dear old rags." "At the first opportunity I will give you a rest. New colours shall replace you." Four years later he fulfilled his promise.

On their way to perform the opening ceremony, they had a good opportunity of witnessing the genialness of the rugged Lancashire folks. Good honest people, that gave exhibition of their joy at the thought that they had the Prince of Wales and his beautiful wife in their city. It was a splendid reception.

After the ceremony we marched back to barracks and had the rest of the day to ourselves.

Lastly, we must tell you of the wonderful time we had at the last Fellowship Period of the season, because it was, indeed, a happy occasion. Everyone was in happy humour, everyone sang happily and with a will. Mrs. Vera Keith assisted with the singing of two lovely numbers, everyone looked over and sang from our new Hymn and Song sheets, many young people assisted in prayer, and then came refreshments, with everyone talking to someone else and all having just a delightful time. It was, indeed, a happy time, and a fitting climax to our many weeks of singing, study, worship and fellowship together. This is certainly a brief review of the day's activities, but it does serve to inform you of what took place on Easter in and around Thornhill United Church, and we conclude by saying that it was just the most delightful and worthwhile day we have yet enjoyed. Incidentally, we do hope you read over and appreciated the Easter Bulletin which was distributed last Sunday, and we want you to note the beauty of the cover and to recognize its Easter symbolism, as expressed in six different ways.

This coming Sunday morning we are going to observe the Communion of the Lord's Supper, and we invite you to be present. In the evening we go to Newtonbrook, as before observed.

From the end of May this column will be discontinued until after the holiday period. Between now and that time, however, we wish to say that we are going to have some most delightful services of a most worthwhile, colorful and helpful nature, and we do wish you to continue to read these few lines each week until that time arrives.

"The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, virtue, and God is most unflinching. I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude whose names are never heard."—Channing.

WHAT OUR CHURCH SHOULD BE Our church should be a friendly

place, Where men from every class or race Would feel at home, and know that they

Were welcomed in a Christ-like way.

Our church should be God's dwelling-place,

Revealing to the world His grace; Where souls would feel increasingly The challenge of eternity.

Our church should be—ah yes, but wait!

'Tis well for us to hesitate And ask this question searchingly, Is our church all a church should be?

And, with this final bit, a 'thought for the week', we will close this brief letter and say goodbye until next week: "He who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now."

Sincerely,  
Your Minister.



**Canadians did not invent colds, but they certainly know what to do about them.**

CANADIAN NASAL SPRAY is so bland that it has never injured the most delicate child, yet so effective that there is nothing better for adults.

At the first sneeze, sniffle or sign of a cold use CANADIAN SPRAY; it helps to open nasal passages and allow free breathing. Does not contain ephedrine or adrenalin; and will not injure the delicate living tissue of the membrane of nose or throat.

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**PITY THE POOR CROW!**

From Ottawa to Toronto is only 223 miles "as the crow flies."

But the crow, according to experts in Natural History, flies only 30 miles an hour. Even the swift carrier pigeon makes only 40 miles an hour.

The telephone covers the distance — well, you might say, instantaneously. The sound of your voice, changed to electric waves, travels with the speed of light.

And it's the same between any two cities of the continent. Whether your message is to Halifax, or Vancouver, New York or San Francisco, the telephone makes possible an immense speeding up — distance is hardly a factor any more.

Whether for the great emergencies that war brings, or for every-day business, the telephone meets the need for quick completion of every detail.

On Active Service  
Giving Wings to Words