

SELDOM SEEN

Mrs. Jos. received a parcel in the mail the other day. We were puzzled when it turned out to be a phonograph record, and at once thought someone was playing a joke. A note along with the disc however told the story. It was a recording from a girl friend of many years ago who is now living in the U.S.

We got the old phonograph going, and Mrs. Jos. heard the voice of her girlhood friend just as though she were standing in the room. This particular friend had been one of the closet friends while the pair attended the rural school,

and they always planned a big reunion which never came off, and the years are slipping around.

Right in our living room we heard that woman's voice. It was a thrill..... a living letter..... or so it seemed. The disc has been played so many times now that it's getting pretty scratchy but you can still identify what she is saying.

That record set me thinking and as often happens in such a case, I ran on to something else which tied in quite closely with it. In an American magazine there was an ad for a new device for recording. You slip a paper thin disc on a machine, turn it on, record your own voice and then fold the recording up and mail it off. The party to whom it's sent, opens the letter and unfolds the disc, and then plays it on their own machine.

What a boon that would be to a lot of people! Lovers, separated by miles, can now pour out their sweet words without the dampening effect of having to write it down. Each word can convey the subtle meaning so easy to put into it with the voice. Wives can now send a scorching missive off to husbands who are away and possibly keep them on the straight and narrow path of duty.

Young parents can also record the first words of their children and send the magical recording off to doting relatives. I suppose a court of law might even have to admit a recording if it contained the last will and testament of a person, given with the human voice.

A machine turned on in the heat of an argument might have both a good and bad effect. Can you imagine anything more embarrassing than having to listen to your own voice in an argument but set off a worse one about the whys and why-nots of destroying the damaging evidence.

We may even be entering the "canned voice" era!

From Me To You

Dr. Blunt's afternoon office hours are 2 to 4. To most country people, that is merely another item in the weekly paper. At 5.15 the old doctor paused at the open door, as he watched the last patient going down the walk. At the side the snow, honey combed by March winds and sun, looked rather like ragged and dirty lace. On the pavement, patches of grey made islands in uneven black pools. As he turned to go in, a bright gleam from a grey maple down the street caught his eyes. Sure as you live, the lad next door had it tapped, and a shining tin pail hung on it.

Habit of many years took his steps past the now empty waiting room and into the office, where he sat down behind his oak desk. But the blotter, appointment pad, desk calendar, a neat pile of type written letters he didn't see at all. Nor anything else around him. In a moment, he was back in the old sugar bush on the farm, helping his brothers with the tapping, tasting the first fresh sweet sap of the season. Changing scenes came before his mind: the little chickadee he had coaxed to eat crumbs from his hand—how its little beak touched his palm so quickly and lightly; then of lying on a heap of hay, beside the old mare, after he and his brothers had eaten all they could of the lunch his mother had sent. What a good cook his mother was! Nobody nowadays could prepare food like that. Oh, well! Perhaps that wasn't it. Just then his wife's voice recalled him to the present, and he thought gratefully of the cup of tea she would have ready, and then the possibility of a few minutes rest on the chesterfield.

No, not this time.

"The hospital just called and they want you right away." He reached for his hat and coat.

"Molly Simpson, you know, you operated on this morning." The doctor picked up his worn satchel. "Hemorrhaging," said his wife as she opened the door that led to the garage.

"I'm leaving," he said. "I did," she said, as he got into his car.

Mrs. Blunt's face showed her concern, as she went into the living room. The china teapot, with its bright, knitted cosy, the doctor's big blue cup and saucer, her own small one, the fat pink cream and sugar set, flanked by a small plate of raisin bread, freshly buttered, and another of the doctor's favorite oatmeal cookies, all waited on the antique brass tray.

"Might as well take it back to the kitchen," she thought.

It must have been that indefinable something that comes when it will, on a March or April day. Her mind flew back to the spring time of so many years ago, when she lived in that rosy cloud, which surrounds happy brides. How unreal it seemed now, her visions of her own future as a doctor's wife. Her childhood and girlhood, amongst her lively sisters and brothers, and friends, had been so unlike the first few months of life in this strange town, lonely and homesick. She'd hadn't thought her husband would be away so much. Her secret tears had overflowed because when he did come home he was so often grave and pre-occupied, or fatigued. And she had never thought how exacting the calls of telephone or door bell. How many meals her inexperience had laboured over, that she had cleared away, after trying vainly to keep them appetizing till the doctor came home!

"Why what trifles I used to fret about!" she thought, and her usual sunny smile broke through. "I had forgotten I ever had such quaint ideas about life. I love this dear old town, where I have known so much kindness and friendship. How glad I am for the rich opportunities that are mine, in sharing the joys and sorrows of this community."

Her heart lifted, and she committed her burdens to One who alone has power over life and death. Then she sat down and poured one cup of tea.

A few miles away, a grey team and sleigh, loaded not too heavily with hardwood, drew up at the back of the evaporator house. A snow-capped pile of four-foot wood, nearby, testified to last fall's preparation. From inside the building, the sound of whistling and rattling of hardware might be interpreted to mean that "Joneses" were intending to tap and young Bob Blake, who was home now, was helping them. More over, if you lived around there, you would identify the grey team as belonging to a neighboring farmer, whose work on his fifty-acre-farm was always well under control, enabling him to do a bit of work in the bush if he felt like it. Usually, he did. Hard working, slow speaking, meticulously honest, Sam's philosophy is simple and his disposition cheerful. As a rule, To-day he too was affected by the spring weather.

The two men unloaded the long wood, to be cut in four or five foot lengths, and thrown into the fiery belly of that monster of the maple

bush, which in spring emits clouds of vapour, as well as smoke and sparks, and whose black length stretches fifteen feet. Sam looked down at the darker blue of that part of his overalls above the heavy bushman's socks and extending half way to his thighs. Men work in bush in the coldest winter weather, without discomfort, if they are dressed for it. But when the strength of the sun begins to soften the snow and while it is still quite deep, then until trails are made, anyone who walks in it gets wet.

"I'm not so young anymore," said Sam, "and I was just thinkin' as I was tugging them old trees up with the team, what fools you and me are to be working here for Jones. He earns his money a lot easier, riding around in that truck. Why the other day he went to a sale and bought a lot of stuff. Took some to the stockyards next day. mind you. Bet he got a big thing out of it."

"Maybe he did," said Bob. "Guess he needed to. That was one of those stormy days. Broke an axle and reloaded to another truck."

"That right?" said Sam in a much more cheerful voice. "Giddup Maud 'n Prince. That dead birch, on the side hill that's down, otta burn."

About 6 o'clock Jones' truck came along past the bush, on its return from the city. The young fellow was driving, and Fred Jones, sitting beside him, was planning how to catch up on to-day's work along with to-morrows. Funny thing how some days everything seems to go wrong. "Just get my truck out of the garage for a full day. Decide what load can't wait and what I can get near, with these roads. (Nearly every place they have to haul the stuff to meet me.) Truck refuses to start. Hitch the team and draw. Lose about an hour. Call garage-man. Start, but everybody along the line waiting, or else gone back in again. Detour for closed roads. We miss our dinner, but grateful to Mrs. B. for giving us sandwiches. Cheer up a bit. Discover one pig is missing. Back to the corner. Well! now where?"

The driver began to laugh. "Say," he said, "we were lucky that fellow ran up the road to tell us where the pig was. Did you know it's the 17th? She was headed for Ireland!" Both laughed, and then they were home, and went into supper.

Later in the evening, Fred Jones said with a twinkle in his eye, "It's easier to rejoice in tribulations when you're not in 'em, the thick of them. But our tribulations are small, after all."

Anna Maria Brown

PAINT WILL DO THAT

Man makes some mighty heavy demands, at times, on some of the products he has learned to take for granted. For instance, he puts a coat of paint, a few thousandths of an inch thick, on his house. He anticipates that for the next three or four years that thin sheathing will cling to the surface on which it was placed, with enough elasticity to expand and contract with the material on which it was placed yet with sufficient toughness to protect the surface against blazing sun, driving rain, wind, sleet and snow, rot and decay.

And the funny part of it is, that few thousandths of an inch of paint does just what he expects of it,—if it is good paint, which is rather hard to get.

OLD HORSES \$15
We will pay you \$15.00 for your old horse at your farm.
Phone Agincourt 18J12 Collect
CHAS. CAMBELL
Agincourt — R.R.2



HEAR LEONARD W. BROCKINGTON ON COAST-TO-COAST Radio Address

Mr. Brockington will speak over the Dominion network of the CBC from the Banquet Hall of the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, on the occasion of the 100th Anniversary of the Massey-Harris Company Limited.

MARCH 28th CIBC - 8:30



SAMPANS OVERTURN IN NANKING STORM — More than 130 persons were drowned at Nanking, China, when about 20 sampans, similar to those seen above, were overturned by the collapse of two floating pontoons and the bridge spanning them. Only 20 persons were rescued out of more than 150 who fell into the water. The pontoons were said to have collapsed following a sudden storm.

MT. ALBERT HORSES SHOW BETTER PRICES

The farm auction for Evans Bros. at Mount Albert was a great success, says Auctioneer Farmer. Horses, he states indicated a "come-back" to what he considered nearer their real value. The black team 2 and 3 years old sold for \$300, gray Percheron 5 years \$167 and a yearling cold \$70, while one rising 2 fetched \$100. Young heifers ran from \$50 to \$55, and the farm tractor brought \$800 from a northern

buyer. Grain prices indicated the fear that feed is going higher. Mixed grain went for \$2.05 a cwt., buckwheat \$2.17 cwt., and oats 80c a bushel.

RUMACAPS
The 2-Way Treatment
Stimulate the Kidneys
Bring Quick Relief from
RHEUMATIC PAINS

Storey's Drug Store
Stouffville Ontario

MASSEY HARRIS IMPLEMENTS

We have our quota of Machinery for this year. Come in and see us now about your requirements for this summer, and also have a look at our new show room and parts department.

HENRY OGDEN & SON,
Stouffville, Ont., Phone 25402.

DALY'S TEA
is delicious
DALY'S ORANGE PEKOE TEA

IT PAYS TO USE -
C-I-L PAINTS
CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Painters know that it pays to use a quality paint — one that will stand up stoutly to wear and weather. That's why so many painters use — so many leading dealers sell — C-I-L PAINTS.

It takes no more time to apply a good, dependable paint than it does to use an inferior product. And time — not the paint itself — is the chief cost item in a painting job. So when you paint — whether a chair, a room or a house — choose a paint which will give you lasting beauty and protection.

SEE YOUR C-I-L PAINT DEALER



W. F. RICHES

C-I-L PAINTS

SEE BETTER LONGER
KEEP AN EXTRA SUPPLY OF
HYDRO LAMPS
1500-HOUR
OBTAIN THEM AT YOUR HYDRO OFFICE
HL 489

Danforth Automotive Supply

Tom Dobson, 705 Danforth Ave., Toronto, Phone HA. 0931
PARTS, ACCESSORIES & MACHINE SHOP SERVICE

CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

For best results ship your cream to Stouffville Creamery

We pay two cents more per pound butter-fat for cream delivered to the Creamery

COLD STORAGE LOCKERS
Fast Freezing Facilities

STOUFFVILLE CREAMERY CO.

To have Our Truck Call Phone 18601

You'll Enjoy Going by Bus



LEAVE STOUFFVILLE
(Standard Time)

To TORONTO To UXBRIDGE

a. 7.15 a.m.	a. 3.50 p.m.	b. 12.25 p.m.	7.05 p.m.
b. 9.25 a.m.	b. 8.20 p.m.	c. 2.40 p.m.	b. 11.40 p.m.

a. Daily except Sun. & Hol.
b. Sun. & Hol. only
c. Sat. only

Bus Connections at Toronto for

BUFFALO - DETROIT - CHICAGO
NORTH BAY - NEW YORK - MONTREAL

Fares are Low

Round Trip — Tax Included

TORONTO — \$ 1.90	DETROIT — \$12.35
BUFFALO — \$ 7.60	NEW YORK — \$20.85
MONTREAL — \$17.30	CHICAGO — \$20.95

Tickets and Information at

Ratcliff & Pipher — **Stouffville Motors**
STOUFFVILLE — PHONE 170