

SCHOOL BRITISH WHIG

FIRST YEAR

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1920.

NO. 118

CAPTAIN EARNEST HILL, of Portland, Me., who says he was not able to report for duty before taking Tanlac. Declares he feels like a new man now and is on deck every day ready for work.



"I feel just like a new man since I began taking Tanlac and I am not only willing, but I am anxious to tell other people what this medicine has done for me," said Captain Ernest H. Hill, Portland, Me., recently. Captain Hill is in command of the Ben Hur, plying between Portland and Casco Bay. He has been in the service for ten years and is held in high regard as an officer and citizen by all who know him. "I have suffered from indigestion and stomach trouble for the past eight years," continued Captain Hill, "and at the time I started taking Tanlac I was in such a weakened condition that I could hardly stand up. When I walked I would actually stagger like a drunken man and, at times, would have to hold on to something to keep from falling. After every meal I would simply suffer torment. My food would sour and I would swell up so with gas I could hardly get my breath. I would also have awful smothering spells at night and sometimes I would have to get up to get my breath. Lots of times I would have to open the windows and doors to let in fresh air, or go out into the open air in order to get my breath. I could not find anything to do me any good and along toward the last I became so weak and nervous I could not do my work. "Five bottles of Tanlac have made a wonderful change in my condition. It helped me from the very first dose and now I feel as good as I did when I was twenty years old. I sleep fine and have a good appetite and just feel like a new man in every way. I am now able to be on deck every day ready for duty." Tanlac is sold in Kingston by A. P. Chown and by the leading druggists in every town. —Adv.

For Boys to Make Handicraft

Xmas Ball Scarecrow

GRANT M. HYDE "Birds are not only curious-minded but their curiosity can be measured. Moreover, they reason, so far as bird-reasoning goes. So, if you want to scare them away, you must overcome that curiosity and out-guess that reasoning. "That's why," continued Uncle Bob, "scarecrows don't scare crows very long. When birds find that a scarecrow doesn't shift its place and doesn't harm them, they'll ignore it. But I saw a scarecrow, once, that kept the birds guessing all summer and gave the garden truck a chance to grow. "It was a very simple device to make. The principal part of it was a red glass ball, about six inches in diameter, about the largest size that is hung on a Christmas Tree. It was hung from the end of a 12-foot pole, a few feet from the ground. Some streamers of colored cloth, such as are



used for a kite-tail, added to the mystery. "That'll keep the birds away for a week, anyway. After that time, move it to another point in the garden, or elevate it slightly. In any case, do something to it that will show that it has changed its position. Do the changing at night, after the birds are asleep. (That will scare them more than ever, for they will reason that anything which can move around must be alive. Even a wise old crow—and there is no more impudent bird than a crow, or his cousin, the jay—will sit with his head on one side, eyeing that glittering ball suspiciously, and decide not to take any chances. Or, if the garden be large, string a piece of wire about ten feet from the ground, fasten the ball on a curtain ring so that it will slide on the wire, the string to both sides of the curtain ring and lead the strings to the poles on either side on which the wire is stretched. From time to time, pull a string one way or the other. Such a moving thing will scare anything with feathers except a chicken, which hasn't sense enough to be scared." (Tomorrow—What Betty Started.)

LETTER FROM UNCLE SL

Letter From Uncle Sl.

Dere Children: Ez I was sayin yistiday, a feller called Irving once sed that a woman's tongue are the only edged tool what gets sharper the more it is used. That there statement uv a fack aint no lie. Fer instance that woman which wuz on the street car in the eddyfying city uv Kingston last week. She wuz only goin down to the market an got on the palashul speedster, what sum people has the nerve to call a common ordinary street car, bout three blocks from her dustynation. Wal, she set down partly, beside me an mostly on top uv me an rested her basket on my watch chain. I dident mind that but ml ribs is ribs under ml watch an I'm offtully tikkelish. After doing a lot uv kweer tricks with a pokket-book which was big enough for the hole Rockyfeller family, she turns to me an rekkins it shure in a fine day. I maid the mile-uv uv agreen with her an say, me young trends, inside three and one quarter minnets I new the histry uv all her people an her nabors fer a distince uv three miles from her dore. I went home an told it, as much as I cood remember, to ml missus but ml coz it will give her sumthin else to tok bout sides ml shortcummins. Yurs trooly, UNCLE SL.

Victoria School.

Jack Minor. Very few of us know about Jack Minor, so I will have to tell you. He is a great naturalist, a farmer, a lover of birds. He now lives in Kingston, near Windsor. When he was quite young, he used to go out with his brother and shoot birds. He was

Pencil Twister

CAN YOU CHANGE THIS FISH INTO A NEWSBOY?



Woodcraft for Outdoor Boys and Girls

Watch Your Dog

FRANCIS BOLT-WHEELER You've got a nose, eyes and ears. So has your dog. But take him on a walk, and watch him. Watch him closely. You'll be amazed to note what a number of things he hears, and sees and smells that you don't. You may have gone over the same ground the day before, or the week before, and it's old stuff to you. It isn't to him. Watch him. All sorts of migrations and changes have taken place over night or during the week. He sees or smells signs of them. Every walk is an exploration to him. It ought to be to you. There are more surprises on half-a-mile of trail than in half-a-mile of newspaper. If you are keen in woodcraft, you'll find them. But, if you need a guide, let the dog find them. When the dog becomes excited concerning a bush, or a clump of weeds, you

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a crack shot, and unlucky was the individual who crossed Jack Miner's path. Wherever he went shooting, he left a bloody trail behind. One day he was hiding behind some bushes waiting for any of the air-fowl. At last two geese came along and, espied him, which instantly sent them away again. He said to himself, "Wouldn't it be greater if I made friends of the birds instead of enemies?" After that he has been a great lover of birds. He has a farm of 200 acres; when he got so that he loved birds he made two ponds in one of his fields. Every year geese and ducks came by thousands to his place. No guns are allowed on his premises; therefore, his bird friends are safe from all harm. He said the geese come in there in the spring in greater numbers than in any other time of the year. The reason is they come there before they fly north for the summer. Ducks, he said, come in autumn mostly. There is a story that one year a gander with its family, including mate and goslings, flew on the ground near his door. He threw them an ear of corn. As he threw it the birds flew up in the air, and as nothing happened flew down again. He repeatedly threw them corn until at last the gander knew he could be trusted. He then trapped the gander, and while his wife shut the door he put a clamp or tag on its leg. On the tag was Jack Miner's name and address with a request to return the tag, for which one dollar would be paid. In this way he could tell if such a bird had been there before, and whether it had been killed. He let the gander go (he called it Sir John Moore), who soon came back with its young and mate. A year later four tags came to him, one of which belonged to Sir John Moore. When he comes to Kingston I hope to hear him speak.—Herbert Hamilton, senior III.

School News.

The inspection will soon be here and the cadets will soon have their uniforms. Some of the Rifle Club are disappointed because they have been waiting quite a while for the pins they have won. The company sent our principal a letter saying they were out of stock. There is not as much shooting now because of the baseball games. We expect to win the baseball shield this year. (Contributed.)

As Pat was going through a field a bull chased him. When he was in the next field he saw a calf. He picked up a stick and going toward said, "I'm going to kill you for what your father did to me."—H.H.

Riddle. Your Bob owes our Bob a bob, and if your Bob doesn't give our Bob the bob that your Bob owes our Bob, our Bob will give your Bob a bob in the eye.—H.H.

Easy Work. Foreman to Pat—"Pat, go down and get me the round square." Pat, after a fruitless search, comes across Mike. Mike—"Pat, there is no such

thing as a round square, go on with your work or they will laugh at you." Pat—"No, man, it is easier to look for a round square than carrying bricks up the ladder."—Contributed.

Of course, if you have to go from here to there in a given space of time, go. But, if you haven't, take your dog for a model. Does he walk in the middle of the road? Not much. He darts here and there, with something to interest him at every point. A good dog-walk, with a dog as guide, will teach you more woodcraft in half-a-mile, than a tiring hike, with your eyes on the ground, for a dozen miles. Try it! (Tomorrow—Get the Hook!)

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Good Night Stories

Bobby and the Fairies of the Winds. Bobby held tightly to the string of his little sailboat as it danced out across the stream. A stiff breeze caught the sails and almost turned the little boat over, and when it righted itself again Bobby saw four tiny fairies seated in the prow. They waved and laughed merrily as they spied the astonished look on

This labor unrest is spreading. In Tokio laborers threaten to tie up industry if they do not get eighteen cents a day. Women called their Easter hats love hats, because they would only last a few weeks.

Bobby's face. "Come on up, Bobby," laughed the tiniest fairy of them all, "and we'll go for a sail." Bobby looked at the tiny sailboat and laughed merrily. "Why, I'm too big," he said. "I'd sink the boat and all you fairies, too." "Listen to him," laughed the four fairies, pointing their fingers at Bobby's feet. Bobby looked down at his feet and laughed with them, for instead of being a big boy, Bobby found he had

become so very tiny himself that the grasses which had been under his feet before now rose like great, tall trees above his head. He lost no time clambering aboard the sailboat and bowed to the four tiny fairies. "We were having a discussion just as you came along," said the smallest fairy. "You see, I am South Wind and these are West Wind, North Wind and my other sister, East Wind, and we were arguing which is the best loved by my little folks. Now North Wind here thinks that she—"

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed North Wind, the largest fairy of them all. "But I did say that you never heard a child complain when I brought them snow." "I should say you don't," laughed Bobby. "Why, that's just why I love winter. I love the ice and snow, though it's terribly cold sometimes. They're always welcome." "See! I know it, sister mine!" cried North Wind proudly. "He likes me." "Not the best," laughed Bobby. "I love you all for the good you bring to the world. Now, grandma tells me that we would miss East Wind terribly if she failed to visit us, for she brings the cooling showers that soften up the ground after old Winter has crept back to his bed. And West Wind, I love you because you make the fruit trees grow so we can



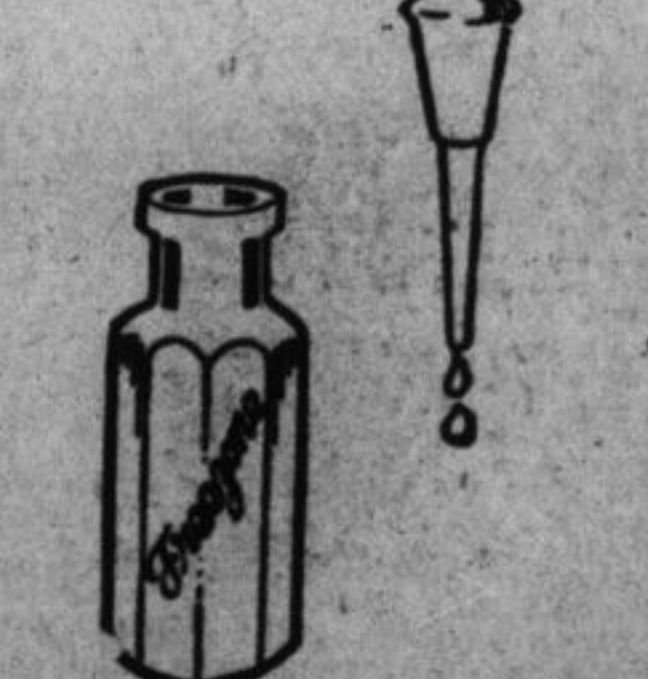
LIEUT. COL. M. BOAK, D.S.O., of the R.C.H.A., who has commenced his duties as general staff officer at Toronto, in succession to Col. Bickford. Col. Boak is an ex-Boyal Military College cadet of Kingston, and before the war was the adjutant of the R.C.H.A., Kingston.

Trotzky Left for Front. London, May 12.—Leon Trotzky, the Bolshevik war minister, has gone to the Polish fighting front to assume direction of the Soviet's campaign of defense against the Poles.

A lion may be beholden to a mouse.—Aesop's Fables.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers—No pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic! A tiny bottle of Frezzone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation. Frezzone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

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B.C. Fir Timber A carload due to arrive this week. All sizes up to 36 ft. long. For strength and lasting quality, B. C. Fir is second only to Oak Timber. S. ANGLIN & CO. Woodworking Factory and Lumber Yards, Bay and Wellington Streets, KINGSTON, Ont. Office Phone 68. Factory Phone 14.5.

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