

G. W. V. A.

(Incorporated)

During months July, August and September, meetings will be held on the 1st of each month. Next general meeting will be held on Friday, August 6th.

LIVEN UP THE LIVER

PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS

A HIGHLY EFFICIENT CORRECTIVE FOR REGULATING THE ACTION OF THE LIVER AND ASSISTING THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS TO PERFORM THEIR FUNCTIONS AND ELIMINATING IRREGULARITIES IN THE DIGESTIVE TRACT.

JOYFUL EATING
Unless your food is digested with the stomach troubled with over-acidity, the joy is taken out of both eating and living.

KI-MOIDS

are wonderful in their help to the stomach troubled with over-acidity. Pleasant to take—relief prompt and definite.

MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAZELNUT OIL

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. At all druggists, 50c a box. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

BE SUSPICIOUS OF TENDER GUMS

Be suspicious of any tenderness or bleeding of the gums. This is usually the first stage of Pyorrhoea—an insidious disease of the gums that destroys the teeth and undermines bodily health.

Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame, then shrink, thus exposing the unenameled tooth-base to the ravages of decay. Tiny openings in the gums form gateways for disease germs to enter the system. Medical science has traced many ills to these infecting germs in the gums weakened by Pyorrhoea.

They are now known to be a frequent cause of indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious conditions. So watch carefully for that first tenderness or bleeding of the gums. Try Forhan's immediately. It positively prevents Pyorrhoea (Riggs' Disease) if used in time and used consistently.

And in preventing Pyorrhoea—it guards against other ills. Forhan's (For the Gums) cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U.S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send price to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

FORHAN'S, LTD., Montreal

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

Straw Hats

Bargains all this week, or while they last.

White Footwear
AT REDUCED PRICES.
H. A. Buck
General Merchant,
SYDENHAM, ONTARIO.

Canadian Pacific Railway earnings for the week ending July 7th, 1920, were \$3,773,000; increase, \$653,000.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Clan of North America

The Automatic Light
FRANCIS KEES-WHEELER

"You see, it was like this," said Paul Croth, the First Guest of the Independent Camp, to his excited and expectant audience. "Off where I live on the Atlantic Coast, there's a bad shoal, as bad as any on the coast. I guess. Lots of ships have been wrecked on it. An automatic gas buoy burns over it. That's all there is to warn ships to keep off.

"This night I'm talking of, there was a storm blowing up. Right about dusk, looking out to sea, I saw the gas buoy wasn't burning. 'Way off to the southward I spotted the lights of a steamer. With bad weather coming on, and no light, I figured it likely might get wrecked. My uncle, he's in the Lighthouse Service, and I've stayed with him, so I knew that light had to get burning somehow.

"Dad had the boat away and there was no saying when he would get

back. So I put some matches in a tin box with a tight lid and swam out. I had to bust the machinery up some to get the gas to flow, but I got the buoy lighted anyway. 'Dad didn't come back next day, and I was afraid if I swam back in the morning, I couldn't get out again the second night. I was about all in. So I just tied myself with my belt to the buoy that night, and all next day and all next night, and around daybreak Dad came out and fetched me. It wasn't anything to make a fuss over. I couldn't stand on the shore and see those ships wreck themselves, could I?"

The roar of applause that followed told just what the Campers thought of the brave deed, and this was redoubled when Pierre stepped forward and pinned on Croth's coat the Clan Medal of Honor.

"Say, fellows," said Croth, "this ought to be pinned to the boy! I only kept it going for two nights. All the rest of the year it lights by itself."

(Tomorrow: The Swimming Contest.)

BUD DOES THINGS

He Drives a Horse.

Ever since I was a little guy about six inches high I have wanted to drive a horse. Lately I have transferred my affections to the more luxurious automobile. However, one of my ambitions has been realized. The other day I was going along the street when one of those wagons came along which was just made for hooking-on. I hooked-on. The man who was driving it seemed to know where he was going but he was not in any hurry to get there. Soon he turned around and asked me if I would like to sit on the box with him.

After I had climbed up beside him he asked me if I had ever driven a horse. When I told him I had not, he said that it was time I had and gave me the reins. It was easy. Just like steering a wheel. Every time you wanted to go to one side or the other just the slightest little touch and there you were. It was great fun for a while but I got tired of it at last. It was not near so hard as riding a wheel and only about half as fast, so I told him this was where I got off and jumped down. I said, "Thanks," and he said, "All right, Johnny."

The Boy and His String of Fish.

Home he comes with a string of fish. A barefoot boy with a freckled face. And a grin as wide as a king might wish; Home he comes from his favorite place, Triumphantly trudging the village street, Envid by all he may chance to meet, "Hey there, Buddy!" an old man cries, "Let's have a look at the fish you caught!" There's two or three of a decent size; I'll bet there was fun in the way they fought. Gave you much trouble—I'll bet they did; Well, you surely are a lucky kid!"

Home he trudges and well he knows That all eyes follow him down the street; Some will stop him wherever he goes, The richest man he may chance to meet. Will look at him with a wistful eye And envy him as he marches by. For he has been where the air was pure, Where no one battled for gold or fame, He has lived a day where his joy was

sure, And comes with the trophies that all would claim; And each of us now could we have our wish, Would be a boy with a string of fish. —Edgar A. Guest.

Sun and Storm
And the Memory Man said:
A violent quarrel broke out one day between the Sun and the Storm-Wind, as to which of the two was the strongest. They determined to test the matter on the first traveler who passed.

Presently a man came along, wearing a heavy coat. The wind blew with terrible force, and brought snow, hail and lightning, but the traveler only clasped his coat tighter and plodded on.

"You have lost," said the Sun, "let me try!"

So the Sun came out and shone hotly and still more hotly until the traveler began to perspire, and to relieve himself he took off his coat and hung it over his arm.

Persuasion will often win where force fails.—R.W.

Your Hairbrush

"Is this the brush you use for your hair, Una?"

"Yes, Gertrude, why?"

"It looks so peculiar, with those bristles, all uneven. Does it brush well? I should think it would break the hair."

"On the contrary, it is made just so as to avoid that. You see, the unevenness divides the mass of hair much better, penetrates deeper into it, and each individual hair is reached thoroughly by the bristles. If you use such a brush, you won't need a shampoo so often, a thing which weakens the growth of the hair. Nothing can replace a good brush, which daily removes dust and dandruff, and, at the same time, gives a little massage to the scalp."

"So that's your secret, Una! I've often wondered why your hair was so silky."

—GROUETTE BEVINS.

Daily Twelve-Syllable Rhyme.

Those too quick To suspect Find the ill They expect.

It was a Scotch editor who declared that "half the lies told about him are not true."

A boy who had been accused by his father of going to a baseball game on Sunday instead of learning his Sunday School lesson, responded promptly:

"I didn't, Dad, and I've got the fish to prove it."

Indian Chiefs Yarns

Rain-in-the-Face
JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ.
Author "With the Indians in the Rockies"

I got this tale of Rain-in-the-Face, the great Sioux war chief, from my friend, William Jackson, the Custer scout.

In 1875, near Fort Lincoln, a soldier was killed by some of the Sioux, and Rain-in-the-Face was said to be one of the slayers. Gen. Custer sent his brother, Capt. Thomas Custer, with Jackson as interpreter, to arrest the accused Indians.

Rain-in-the-Face was taken by surprise and captured before he could seize his rifle or draw his knife. He denied that he had taken any part in the slaying of the soldier. Long afterward his statement was found to have been true.

Upon his capture, Rain-in-the-Face said to Capt. Tom Custer,

"You have seized me, treated me as a dog, humiliated me before my people! I tell you now, only your life can pay for it. Some day, not far off, I shall kill you!"

Tom Custer laughed in his face, and when, later, the Indian chief was in the guard-house, Tom Custer would frequently drop in and chat with him.

"Well, Rain-in-the-Face, here you are! How about killing me?"

Rain-in-the-Face always repeated his threat.

One night, the Indian overpowered his guards and escaped from the fort. A year passed. Came the day of June 26, 1876, when Gen. Custer and his men were hemmed in by Sioux and Cheyennes on the Little Big Horn River. There Rain-in-the-Face led his Warriors, and warned them that to him alone belonged the life of the Long Hair Chief's brother. On that day, he took it.

(Tomorrow: My Town Advertisers. The Junior Police.)

Good Night Stories

THE DISCONTENTED LITTLE PEA-BOYS.

"Oh, dearie me," sighed the largest little Pea-boy. "I do wish Mother or Plant would hurry up and call us, it seems ages and ages to wait."

"Move over and stop complaining," growled the little Pea-boy next to him. "Just because you're growing restless is no reason for you to take up all the room."

"Yes and both of you keep still, and let the rest of us sleep," piped the tiniest Pea-boy in the little green pod.

"Well, it's alright for sleepy heads like you," snapped the largest Pea-boy, "but we fellows who are wide awake are ready to get out of bed."

"You'd better be content to lie still a while longer," sighed the gentle wind as she swayed the little pod-cradle. "Mother plant will call you soon enough."

"Oh, but it seems so terrible to be shut up so long," cried the largest Pea-boy. "I'm dreadfully tired. I want to see what the world looks like."

"So do I!" cried another.

"Of course you all do," laughed the gentle wind. "But it's far better to make haste slowly this time. The air is cool and no telling what might happen."

"Pooh! Pooh!" cried the largest Pea-boy. "What do I care how cool the air is? I'm tired of lying so snug and still in this old green bed."

"Still, nothing!" cried the tiniest Pea-boy. "You haven't been still one second since you heard that robin sing about the beautiful world the other day."

Mother Plant heard them quarreling, but try as she would she couldn't make them hush. They pushed and shoved, and fussed and fretted, until early one morning the little pod-cradle burst and out flew the six little Pea-boys in six different directions.

My, such a jar, as they hit the ground. But before the four largest of them could make up their minds just what happened, two big red hens gobbled them up. The other two little Pea-boys rolled down in two hollow places in the dirt and there they stayed until the hot sun

dried them up and that was the last of the six little Pea-boys.

Mother Plant sighed and wiped a tear of regret from her pretty eyes. She was careful to tell all the others the fate their brothers had met, and begged them to be still and snug until time to be picked.

"Then your mission will be fulfilled," said Mother Plant. "Pea-boys were made to grow and grow and grow to please the kind housewife who planted the garden. The more perfect you are the happier you will make her, and that's what counts most, after all. Live to make others happy and your life will be well lived."

The other Pea-boys who heard Mother Plant's kind words, listened and wondered.

It was the cry of delight which greeted them as they rolled out of

the Pod-bed under the housewife's hand that paid them for the long tiresome wait until they'd grown so big they were the finest in all the gardens around.

Words of Wise Men.
Ask for an inch and take an ell. A dull ass near home needs no spur.

The fall of a leaf is a whisper to the living.
Whatever is common is despised.—Dr. Johnson.
Lambs don't run into the mouth of the sleeping wolf.—Danish Proverb.

Half the world is on the wrong scent in pursuit of happiness. It thinks it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. Happiness consists rather in giving and in serving others.

Clover's Great Growth.
Brookville, July 13.—Clover has made a remarkable growth under the influence of the frequent rains the past two weeks, according to the statements of farmers in Brookville yesterday. In many of the meadows along the highways out of the town, it was stated, luxuriant fields of clover may be seen, now ripening and almost ready for harvest and filling the air with the sweet perfume of the blossoms.

Reject Villa's Proposals.
Mexico City, July 13.—The Government has decided to reject the peace proposals of Francisco Villa, General Francisco H. Serrano, Under Secretary of War and Marine, told the Associated Press. Only unconditional surrender, he declared, would be accepted.

Convincing Proof

from an unbiased authority which further demonstrates the fact that

CROWN DIAMOND PAINT

is a thoroughly practical and most serviceable paint for all purposes.

A manufacturer is liable to favor the quality of his own products in any statements he may make, but when these statements are substantiated by a disinterested authority they are bound to be convincing.

There is no more unbiased authority on paint, in Canada, than Mr. Job, of Milton Hersey Co., Limited.

He is consulting chemist for some of the largest railroads in Canada and the United States. He is also closely connected with the various exhaustive tests conducted in the States regarding the wearing qualities of paints. Mr. Job has also prepared many of the paint specifications for the Government. He is in no way connected with the paint industry and favors no special brand of paint.

We have submitted our Crown Diamond Paint formulas to Mr. Job for his opinion of its quality and durability.

The letter shown above speaks for itself and verifies the truth of the statements made in our recent advertisements regarding the purity and durability of Crown Diamond Paints.

For your next painting job demand Crown Diamond Paints.

M. ARTHUR IRWIN, LTD.
Established 1842 MONTREAL

DISTRIBUTORS OF CROWN DIAMOND PAINTS—Stewart & Wood, Limited, Toronto; W. B. Dalton & Son, Kingston; Crowell Bros., Halifax, N.S.; Robertson, Foster & Smith, Limited, St. John, N.B.; Ferguson & Gill, Vancouver, B.C.

White Pine

White Pine stocks are scarce, but we have secured a good supply and our prices are right.

Allan Lumber Co.

Phone 1042. : : : : Victoria Street

Drink Charm Black Tea

Sold in Packages Only
GEO. ROBERTSON & SON, Limited

SOWARDS' COAL CO.

Until further advised, and subject to change without notice, the price for COAL will be:

Stove	\$15.00
Egg	\$15.00
Nut	\$15.00
Pea	\$13.50

Carrying 50c. extra.
PHONE 155. ALL SALES FOR CASH. Phone orders C.O.D.

PURITY

TABLE SALT

THE SALT THAT SATISFIES—MADE IN CANADA

Gas Ranges

You will find on our floor a very complete stock of GAS RANGES at prices from \$17.00 to \$70.00

We invite your inspection of these.

LEMMON & SONS

187 PRINCESS STREET : : KINGSTON

The Serbian Relief Committee

Appeals To You To Pay Your Tribute To-Day

To the memory of the many thousands of heroic Serbian men who died that Liberty Might Live. They have left behind them

600,000 HELPLESS, STARVING LITTLE ONES

For humanity's sake will you not answer the call from these destitute

W. P. PETERS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Flour, Feed and Seeds

Wholesale Warehouse, foot of Princess St.
Phone 51.

Retail Store . . . 117 Brock St. Phone 217

Out Flew the Six Little Pea-Boys.