

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

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All over baby's face. Came in water blisters and then formed a solid scale. Began to itch and burn so he had to bandage his hands as he wanted to scratch. Face was badly disfigured. Trouble lasted 4 months. Began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Used one cake Soap and one box Ointment when he was healed. From signed statement of Mrs. Albert Ellis, Westburg, N. S.

For every purpose of the toilet Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets are supreme.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold everywhere. The Dominion, Canadian Drug Co., Toronto, Limited, 51, Front St. E., Montreal.

Of the 4,571 new recruits accepted for the London (Eng.) police since the armistice, over ninety-nine per cent. are ex-service men.

Our Dogs

The Peeks From Pekin
FLORA MERRILL

"I was the royal dog of China, and now I am just the western woman's fad. The Imperial family of China guarded me carefully, it was not until 1860 that five of my ancestors were found by the English soldiers. These Pekingeses were sent to Great Britain, and one named 'Lottie' was given to Queen Victoria.

"We palace dogs used to be 'regular fellows'. We never amounted to much in size, but in the East this was an advantage, as our masters carried us in their sleeves. Thus the smallest of us are often called 'sleeve dogs'.

"In the Orient we were prized highly, but My Lady of the Western Hemisphere pampered and spoiled us.



The Clan of North America

Camera Day
FRANCIS BOLT-WHEELER

Thursday having come around again, the Campers wondered what would be the community work of the day. Imagine their surprise when the order was given for every one to bring his or her camera. And, next morning, they found that Jack had been to town and borrowed some kind of a camera for each camper who did not have one.

"Go out, two by two," announced Director Pierre. "Each one is to fill a six-exposure film. No photograph is to be taken within three miles of the camp. Choose your own subjects. Prizes will be given for the ten best photos, and the fifty best will be published in the Camp Year-Book."

We are no longer a strong and hardy little race—instead, we peer out on the world from behind a limousine window, a foolish diet is our daily bread, and we are lugged hither and thither by women who coo over us and always speak in Baby Talk. Even their names for us are degrading. Imagine one who has a long and honorable ancestry being addressed as "Chop Suey!"

"Other dogs scorn us. When I am on the sidewalk, I challenge the dogs who pass my way. The big ones look at me with positive gentleness in their eyes. The little ones merely yelp back in an amused fashion. It is both infuriating and disheartening.

"They say this is the Land of the Free—but not so for your Chinese plaything. We have come a long way to you, but neither time nor custom have made us lose our identity in the Occident. You have made us a fad, but we would rather be just dogs."

(Tomorrow: How I Got Into Big Baseball—"Rabbit" Maranville.)



The Campers scattered to the four quarters, each carrying a lunch, and each couple chattering and discussing what subjects to take. As the general average of all six pictures was to be judged, as well as the individual pictures, there must be no double exposure, and none taken in wrong lights.

Many who had taken photographs before, in a hit-and-miss fashion, satisfied to get one or two pictures out of a roll, now wondered at the interest which photography held, when every picture must be carefully studied. Matters of composition, of lighting, of the proportions of figures to background, of color values and a thousand other things impressed themselves on the careless. They had thought six pictures an absurdly small number for a whole day, but the more careful realized that six good pictures in a day is a good day's work.

(Tomorrow: The Widow's Gang.)

The Just Caliph
And the Memory-Man said:

Once, in Bagdad, a Caliph built a magnificent palace, but in order that its main entrance should be imposing it was necessary to pull down a small laborer's hovel. The vizier was ready to destroy it, but the Caliph ordered that the poor old man who dwelt there should be paid for his hovel.

"I will not sell," said the poor man. "My forefathers lived and died here, I wish to die here. Tell the Caliph I said so. He is just."

The Caliph considered long, when the answer was brought him, and then he answered.

"Let the hovel stay. There is no gate so splendid, that I could raise to my palace. If people saw a gate blazing with gems they would say only 'The Caliph is rich,' but if they should see the hovel, they could cry, 'The Caliph is just.'"

Justice is greater than riches. R.W.

Daily Twelve-Syllable Rhyme

Character
Quickly flies
From one who
Tells small lies.

Camp Night-Dresses

You told me the other day, Violet, that you would show me how to make that new kind of camping night-dress. I'd like to have a few ready for next week.

"Nothing easier. Get good flannel for it is the only camping material that is hygienic. Measure your length from shoulder to feet and get double length for each night-dress, for they must be long. Sew each side together from the bottom upward to within fifteen inches from the fold. Cut the sleeves out of a piece 20 inches wide and the length of your arm. They will thus sew easily into the arm holes, the seam of the sleeves joining that of the gown. Cut a slit lengthwise in the middle of the top for your neck. Hem the raw edges and your night-dress is made. They are airy and warm at the same time and yet look well, when one gets up in the morning."

—GEORGETTE ROBERT.

Why He Was Nervous.

Referring to his early experiences of railway management, Sir Eric Geddes recently told an amusing story concerning an action for damages brought against the owner of a horse and trap which had been run down by a train at a level crossing.

The most important witness for the defendant company (said Sir Eric) was the signalman in charge of the crossing.

He stuck tightly to his story, in spite of a severe cross-examination. He persisted that he had waved his lantern frantically, but in vain, to the driver of the trap.

"You did excellently, Tom," the superintendent told him afterwards. "It was a bit afraid at first you might waver."

"Not me!" said the old man proudly. "But I felt a bit nervous lest the lawyer bloke should ask me if the lantern was lighted."

Long Distance.

Here is a story with a moral for telephone users. Hon. James Duff was in the habit of shouting into the receiver, and one day Sir James Whitney, who was in the office nearby, asked what all the racket was about.

"It is Mr. Duff, sir," replied a clerk. "He is talking with his wife up in Simcoe County."

"He is, eh?" said Sir James. "Well, why on earth doesn't the telephone her, instead of yelling across the Province like that?"—Boston Transcript.

Not Yet Filled.

The inhabitants of a certain village in the south were given a post-office. Their pride in the acquisition was at first unbounded. Then complaints began to come in that letters were not being properly sent off. The department then ordered an inspector to go down and investigate these complaints. The postmaster was also the grocer. "What becomes of the letters poster here?" demanded the inspector of him. "The people say that the are not sent off." "Of course they ain't," was the starting response as the postmaster-grocer pointed to a large and neatly empty mail sack hanging in a corner. "I ain't sent it off because it ain't anywhere near full yet!"

All He Could Book.
Captain (speaking to raw recruit, trying to drill): What was your occupation before entering the army?
Rookie: Travelling salesman, sir.
Captain: Stick around; you'll get plenty of orders here.—The American Legion Weekly.

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Salt Boiling Pork... 30c. a lb.
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Choice Western Beef Roasts... 25c. to 30c. lb.
Hamburg Steak... 20c. a lb.
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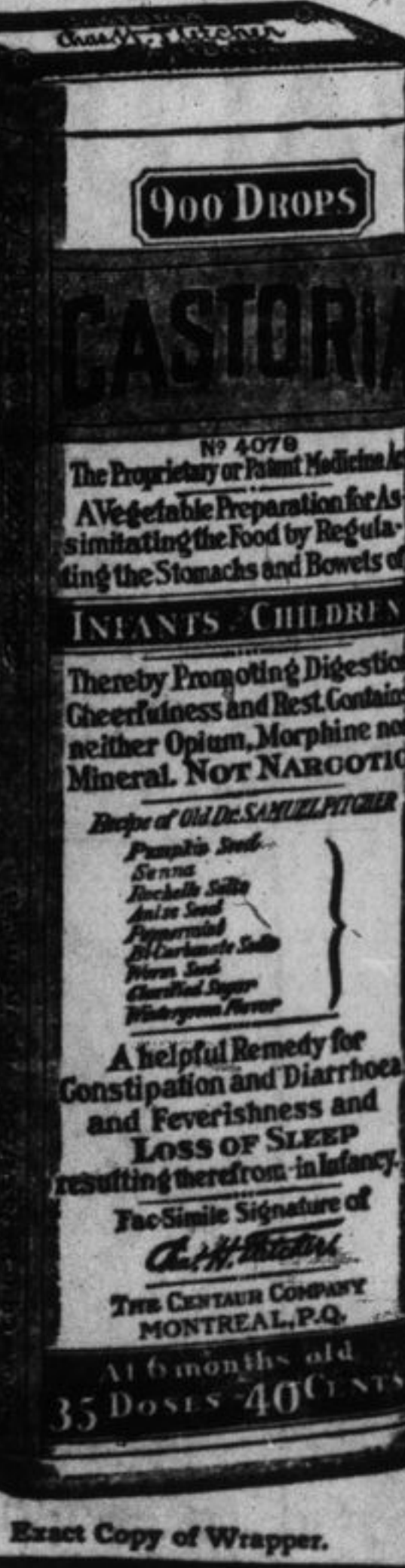
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FAMOUS "WITS" OF HISTORY

Little Stories of Men And Women Whose Sayings Are Still Remembered.

By Mark Stuyvesant

Some of the Ways Oliver Cromwell Proved That He Appreciated Humor.

While Oliver Cromwell may not commonly be thought of a wit—indeed, many of us think of him as the sternest and most solemn of men—there were moments in his life when he was not only playful, but witty in his own way.

While Cromwell was winning England by force of arms, and afterward, when he ruled the land with iron hand, he was fond of playing practical jokes. It is recorded of him that the sternness with which he usually faced the world sometimes melted

A Mr. Jerry White was appointed chaplain to the Protector. White was a young man, and possessed those requisites which generally please the fair sex. Very soon he won the affection of Cromwell's daughter. But as nothing could happen anywhere in the house or in the commonwealth which was not seen by one of Cromwell's many spies, the news soon reached Cromwell's ears. The informer to watch the two closely, promising he should be as well rewarded as White should be punished. It was not long before the informer hastened to Cromwell with news that the chaplain was then with the lady. Hurrying to her apartment, Cromwell discovered the unfortunate White upon his knees kissing the lady's hand. Cromwell roared his displeasure.

"What is the meaning of this posture before my daughter?"

With what he thought was great presence of mind the chaplain replied: "May it please your highness, I have for a long time courted that

STRANGLER AT YARKER

BODY OF BABY FOUND IN THE BENJAMIN FLUME.

Inquest To Be Held After Investigation—Many visitors Are Finding Weather Cold For Camping.

Yarker, Aug. 4.—The body of an infant was found in the flume leading to the power house of the Benjamin Wheel Co., by Stewart Alton, on Tuesday. It had evidently been strangled and thrown in the river, as tied in a knot and doubled around the neck, was a piece of twisted dress goods. Coroner Cowan, of Nananee, was notified of the finding of the body. On arrival here a jury was imppaneled. The facts of the finding of the body were laid before the jury by Contable James Warner. The case was adjourned until next Tuesday, pending investigation by the crown.

The junior ball team journeyed to Odessa for a game and were defeated by the score of 2 to 1. Yarker senior team lost another game to Sydenham Saturday last by the close score of 3 to 4.

Miss Dupuis, Kingston, was in the village recently calling on friends. The Misses E. and M. of Montreal, are visiting at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. J. Emberly. Miss E. McKim, Nananee, is with her grandmother for a few days' vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson and children, Paisley, Scotland, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Main on Tuesday and will make their home here in the future. Mr. Cole, Guelph, is visiting at the home of R. Wilson.

D. Silver, of the C.N.R. spent the week-end with his family here. Mrs. P. Thornton and daughter, Marjorie, of Toronto, are holidaying in our midst. The Misses Wartman, Toronto, are at the home of their father, John Wartman, for a few weeks. Master Charlie Holden is visiting at Echo Lake during holidays. Miss Vera Lee has returned home again after visiting friends in Odessa and other Western points. Mr. and Mrs. Holden and little son motored to Tamworth on Sunday last and spent the day with friends. Henry Walker and son, Almer, Odessa, are spending their vacation with friends and relatives here for a few days.

Frank Simpkins and family spent the week-end in Marlbank. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eagle, Port Hope, are at the home of her sister, Miss Babcock. Mrs. George Truscott spent a week in Belleville with friends. Ernest Smith, Toronto, is visiting his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Peters, Kingston, were Sunday visitors. Mr. Lee's, also Mrs. Gossage and little daughter. The campers are complaining of the cold weather of late and many have returned to their homes for the balance of camping season. Mr. and Mrs. Lake spent a week at Little Creek. Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Edgar spent Sunday at Centerville. Tracey Smith and brother, Ernest, spent the week end at Odessa, with friends.

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and ordinary corn flakes.

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Best Corn Flakes Made

Canadian Postum Cereal Co. Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario.



"If Any Trooper of Mine Had Missed Such a Shot!"

into playfulness as careless as a child's. For instance, he thought it a huge joke to steal away the dinner prepared for his officers at the very minute they were ready to sit down to eat it. Of course, he gave it back to them, but how he laughed at their looks of dismay!

In John Pinkerton's "Treasury of Wit," published in 1786, an incident is recounted of Cromwell's presence of mind and wit in the face of personal danger. The happening occurred while Cromwell was carrying on the war in Scotland.

He was riding at the head of a body of horse. A scotch soldier planted on a high wall took the opportunity to fire at Cromwell, and missed him. Without slackening the pace or drawing rein; Cromwell turned round and said:

"Fellow, if any trooper of mine had missed such a mark he should have had a hundred lashes!"

Then, laughing, Cromwell turned and urged his soldiers to greater speed. He didn't even order his assailant seized, but let him make his escape.

A more intimate view of the practical-joking, witty playfulness of Cromwell is found in an incident that occurred in his own household, and which touched his daughter closely.

young woman there, your daughter's maid, and have not yet won her consent. I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

Cromwell turned to the maid and smiled:

"What is the meaning of this? Mr. White is my friend, and I expect you to treat him as such."

The maid, perhaps not unwilling, and surely anxious to save her mistress from parental wrath, replied:

"If Mr. White intends that honor, I should not oppose him."

"Call Godwin," Cromwell shouted to the guard at the door. Then he turned to the hapless Mr. White, and eyed him with eyes that twinkled.

"This business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."

And so the chaplain and the maid were married. To show the bride that he was pleased with her for having helped him carry out the scheme born in the flash of the instant, Cromwell gave her five hundred pounds sterling.

It is said the bride and groom lived together fifty years. "But," the chronicler observes, "Jerry seemed not to relish the joke even after the lapse of half a century."

"Where will you reside?" asked the reporter of the young bridal couple. At the Old Manse," replied the bride. And this is the way the item appeared in the local paper a month later: "Mr. Hardup and his bride, formerly Miss Millions, have returned from their honeymoon. They will live at the old man's."

Forty per cent. of blindness is said to occur after the age of forty-five.

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