

The Walpole Township Council Minutes

(Continued From Page 4)
To the Reeve, Deputy Reeve and Councillors of the Municipality of Walpole:

Gentlemen:—We, your auditors, duly appointed to audit the accounts of the said municipality for the year ending December 31st, 1921, beg leave to submit the following report, believing the same to be correct:

RECEIPTS	
By Balance on hand December 31st, 1920	\$2095.92
By Arrears of Taxes	1726.75
By Grants for Schools	5401.40
By Debiture S. S. No. 3 Township of Rainham	805.14
By Loans from the Bank of Hamilton	5000.00
By Miscellaneous	465.18
By Taxes Collected	78027.47
	\$93461.86

EXPENDITURES	
To County Tax	\$42451.20
To School Payments	30286.98
To Salaries and Allowances	1335.35
To Repayment of Loans	5000.00
To Road Construction and Maintenance (W. J. Lindsay)	8117.69
To Debentures	1920.50
To Printing and Advertising	188.00
To Roads and Bridges	754.95
To Charity	46.00
To interest and War Tax	141.44
To Board of Health	232.75
To Miscellaneous	941.03
To Sheep Damages	54.00
To Selkirk Police Village	377.96
To Patriotic	72.10
To Balance on hand	1571.91
Total Expenditure	\$93461.26

ASSETS	
Cash on Hand	\$1571.91
Unpaid Taxes	2218.60
Road Machinery	500.00
	\$4290.51

LIABILITIES	
Debentures S.S. No. 1	\$1049.44
Debentures S.S. No. 3	15600.00
	\$16649.44
Outstanding cheques	\$116.75
All of which is respectfully submitted.	

Audited Feb. 3rd, 1922.
Signed, J. J. Parsons } Auditors.
Signed, G. L. Miller }

Shoup-Laidlaw — Resolved that Auditors' report be adopted. Carried.

Shoup-Laidlaw — Resolved that leave be granted to introduce a bill to appoint W. J. Lindsay, Township Road Superintendent, and fixing his salary, and that the same be now read a first time. Carried.

Bill read a second and third time and passed.

Saunders-Buckley — Resolved that we do now adjourn to meet Saturday, March 11th, at 10 a.m., in the Walpole Insurance Hall, Jarvis. Carried.

S. A. Thompson, W. G. Clark, Clerk. Reeve.

Everybody's Column

25 words or under, 25c. per insertion. Each additional word, 1c.

For Sale—Yearling Shorthorn Bull; bargain for quick sale. Also one Collier pup. E. W. Gowan, R. R. 1, Jarvis.

For Sale—Pure-bred Tamworth pigs, both sexes, six weeks old. Apply to A. R. Smith, R. R. 3, Watford. Phone 16-43.

See Barley—A limited quantity of good seed barley, O. A. C., No. 21. Apply to A. E. Doughty, Nanticoke, 5-6-7.

Farm For Sale—S. W. 1/4 Lot 14, Con. 6, Woodhouse; soil clay loam; 48 acres cleared, 2 acres woods; Barn 72x28 with 1 Shed 58x29; Pig pen and Hen house 28x17; Nine roomed house; all in fair state of repair. Never failing well 1/2 mile from school, 1/4 miles from store, station and Pure Milk Co. factory. Apply to Mrs. J. Culver, R. R. No. 5, Simcoe.

MEN WANTED—If you are looking for a position where you get paid for what you know, it would pay you to learn how to repair cars and tractors. There are too many handy men. We teach you so that you can be an Automobile Mechanic or Tractor Engineer. Write for a free pamphlet, 85, Cashiers Auto School, 22 Ontario Street, St. Catharines, Ont.

HELP WANTED

MEN and WOMEN—To sell to women in homes rubber-lined, waterproof Gingham Aprons for use in the kitchen. Can easily earn \$14 daily and more. Rapid seller and ready demand. Send 75 cents for sample apron and full particulars. Money refunded if sample returned. **BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY, 232 McMill Street, MONTREAL.**

Read The Record Advertisements

Mary's Porch Tea Room

By LAURA MONTGOMERY
(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Mary sat looking tranquilly from her chair by the great south window that looked down the village street. A serene smile played about her lips as she thought of the year that had just been finished. The occupants of the pretty, rambling house on the corner of Main street and the Lincoln highway had grown steadily poorer, but the village had not known of this except in a vague way until the death of Mary's mother, whose pension died with her. Then the whisper had gone about that Mary would be obliged to sell the house where she had lived her whole life, dismiss Aunt Chloe, whose faithful black hands had first handled her when she had been born and who had tended her ever since, have a sale of the fine walnut furniture and start life afresh.

"She has absolutely no income left, and she's too frail to work for anyone," Miss Pansy had commented pitifully, "but she's so proud and aristocratic-like that no one dares ask her plans or try to help her."
"I went to call, intending to ask her to move over to our house until she had made her plans. We have plenty of room, and I like her, but she acted awful stiff. I guess she doesn't like to be with people. She's lived alone so much. The doctor stopped his car outside and came up the walk, and I know he intended to stop and visit with her, but she just nodded, cool-like, and said she was feeling all right, and asked him to take a pot of lilies back with him for Mary Brown, who lives next door, and before he knew it he was just walking back that board walk carrying the flower pot."
Tabitha laughed shortly. "That would have been a match long ago if she hadn't acted so stiff; old doc is awful friendly, and likes to mix; she'd spoil his practice with her high-and-mighty airs. Folks about here like you to act common and nice, and let you help them. That ain't Miss Mary's way, though she's always ready to sit up all night with anybody who is sick or do for them that need it. What she ought to do is to be a taker, instead of allus trying to be a giver."

Although such conversations had not been heard by Mary, she had, nevertheless, been conscious of her neighbors' opinions, yet she had become so shy and self-absorbed that she had been unable to change. Aunt Chloe had repeated many stray bits of gossip to her as she had served her mistress in the cool, shaded dining room. It had been the fat blue teapot in her servant's hands that had brought about the great idea.

"Yassum, ma'am, that motor party wanted to know where they could get a good cup of tea. They admired your roses and said the place looked like a picture with the tall row of hollyhocks along the side of the house. I told them there was a hotel down street but they won't git no tea there. Not tea fit to drink." Aunt Chloe had chuckled as she poured out the clear amber tea into the frail blue teacup.

Miss Mary permitted her tea to grow cold as she turned the idea over in her mind. She had often watched with wistful eyes the gay motor parties that flashed past on the Lincoln highway and vantage up the ribbon of yellow road bordered by flaming maples, leaving only an echo of laughter on the summer air.

A week later the neighbors stared frankly as they lingered near the corner house. The narrow windows on the west end of the house had been torn out and a great plate-glass window installed. The rambler roses had been carefully lifted aside, and when the work was finished the trellises were replaced with their burden of dark green vines heavy with roses. The large gates to the grounds that were usually closed were propped open and a charmingly lettered sign apprised passing parties that afternoon tea was served within.

"Miss Mary's going to stay here; she's opened a tearoom. When I went past there were two big cars standing outside, empty, and I could see Aunt Chloe, in a starched cap and apron, passing little trays on the south porch," reported Pansy. "I wonder if Miss Mary feels very badly seeing strangers on her porch?"
Before the cool fall days had reduced the number of cars Mary had put away enough money to carry her comfortably through the winter months. More than that, she discovered, greatly to her amazement, that she had found contentment. Instead of looking on each day as a period of dragging hours to be lived through, she found herself rising earlier that she might lose none of the busy, happy moments. The mingling with the customers gave her a new interest in life, and after her first shyness had worn away she found herself talking eagerly as her guests demolished the plates of tiny delicious sandwiches.

One day Harold Sinclair, a devoted admirer of Mary since school days, called at the tea room.
"The interior of your home reminds me of an old southern home," Harold remarked as he looked about with approving eyes.
"My mother came from the South and brought all this furniture when she first married. She would be horrified at the thought of my keeping a tearoom, but do you know," Miss Mary's eyes were bright as she spoke,

"I have found so much happiness here. It seems as though the cutting of that great window had removed old illusions that hampered me and kept me isolated from my neighbors. Since I've gone into business I've found that it is pleasant to receive favors. The first day I opened up Mrs. Sawyer brought me six apple pies, to help out if you have a rush," as she said, "but I know why she brought them." Here the bright eyes grew misty with feeling. "She was afraid I didn't have enough in the house to prepare if I had any customers."

"You don't ask me to sit down," he remarked, looking at the deeply cushioned chair opposite hers. "You have time to chat with almost anyone except me, and I'm growing tired of being excluded. I used to think you liked to live in solitary grandeur behind your tall black iron fence, but now that you've thrown your gates open to the world and dispensed cheer through the spout of your fat blue teapot, I feel that I should benefit also."

The Dresden-china pink in the cheeks of Miss Mary became a swift crimson. "You like to joke," she murmured with a little catch in the voice she essayed to keep firm. It seemed to her that the deepening dusk had become golden with promise. "May I give you a cup of tea?"
"No," he decided with a sudden youthfulness in his voice, "it's taken me a long time to find out that you're not a recluse at heart; Pansy tells me that you actually borrowed some tablecloths from her. I don't want a haughty princess, Mary, but I do want a wife. The gates are open now. Want to come?"

Aunt Chloe, approaching with a question on her friendly lips, stopped short, looked a moment with joyful comprehension on her loyal face, then tipped away.

SEEM SOMEWHAT SET APART

Literary World Writer Asks and Answers His Own Question, "Are Teachers Really Queer?"

Well, if not out and out queer, at least queerish? A little odd or quaint, you know just a bit unlike the rest of us? Yes, you have to admit it; teachers are different. Their clothes aren't quite normal, and they wear their hair in curious lengths, or styles, or shades, and they tuck by themselves talking a strange jargon and laughing at invisible jokes and taking a grisly pleasure in the misfortunes of their victims—while if any man of affairs tries to join in their conversation they are awkwardly silent and seem helplessly out of place in ordinary social intercourse. They are like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, when they are safely ensconced in their classrooms and none too high to do them reverence; but in the outer world they are like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians. They are a race apart—unlovely, uncomfortable and unaccountable and probably unnatural, paying for over-development in one direction and by under-development in every other. They resemble Chinese ladies whose feet have been deformed by binding, except that they are misshapen at the other extremity—suggesting those unpleasant, old elongated skulls generously exhibited in the ethnological museums. They easily demonstrate that not every useful proposition is universally true, for, assuredly, they have "some element of strangeness in the proportion," and yet who on that account would dare to claim for them the Verulamian "perfect beauty"? says a writer in the Literary World.

MADE NAME BY ONE SPEECH

Bonar Law's First Essay in Parliament Established Him as a Man of Mark.

It is typical of Mr. Bonar Law, whose resignation from the British government created so much regret, that when he first entered the house of commons in 1900, he remained a silent and unknown member for some time. One night, however, he decided to make his maiden speech. It was a reply, curiously enough, to an attack which Mr. Lloyd George had made on the government. The speech gripped the house, and in half an hour Mr. Bonar Law had made a parliamentary name for himself.

Coupled with a charm and kindness, which have made him popular with men of all parties, is a quiet sense of humor. One of his favorite stories concerns an election meeting at which a speaker observed: "It is wise, and indeed imperative, that great public questions should be submitted to the sober judgment of the people."
"Sober judgment be blowed!" growled a man to his neighbor. "That means robbin' us of our beer!"

Why "Undershaw"

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the novelist, is about to sell his house, standing 800 feet above sea level, at beautiful Hindhead. Can any amateur Sherlock Holmes discover why the house is called "Undershaw"? The answer shows that Sir Arthur is a humorist and a philosopher as well. Years ago he had a parliamentary ambition, and put up as a candidate for the Higgwick district of Scotland. His opponent was "Tommy" Shaw, whose reminiscences are just now delighting the reading public. On the declaration of the poll Sir Arthur found himself defeated. He was, in fact, "under Shaw" by nearly 700 votes. He took the matter good naturedly, so much so that in naming his new house at Hindhead, he called it "Undershaw."

Whims of Hymn Writers

And Tragic Conditions Under Which They Worked

The recent report, since contradicted, that a number of hymns were to be discarded as being unsuitable for use in these modern times is a reminder that some of the more famous of these compositions were written in strange circumstances.

From a window-pane in a little village in Hertfordshire, England, to the pages of millions of hymn books, printed in many languages, is the remarkable distinction that befell the work of one writer, Harriet Auber. Confined one day to her house at Hoddesdon, she composed the words of "Our Blest Redeemer," afterwards amusing herself by scratching them on the window of her room, since when they have been sung by countless voices all over the world.

One beautiful spring morning many years ago a young woman, Jemima Thompson by name, was traveling by coach between Taunton and Wellington. Having nothing to do and little to think about, she took an old envelope and a pencil from her pocket and started to write down almost the first words that came into her mind. By the time she had reached her journey's end she had composed the words of the famous children's hymn, "I Think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old," which has long since become a classic in the hymn-book.

Cowper the poet, on being faced with the prospect of appearing before the House of Lords in connection with his appointment as Clerk of the Journal, became so nervous that he decided to commit suicide rather than face the ordeal. On the day before his appearance he drove by coach to the Tower Wharf, intending to drown himself.

The fact that there were too many people about thwarted him, and he returned to his rooms in the Temple. Here he tried to kill himself by falling on the open blade of a knife, which, however, broke in two. Fortunately, some friends appeared on the scene, and in their company Cowper forgot his troubles. Afterwards he became so full of remorse that he sat up all night and contritely wrote a hymn. It was "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," and it is sung all over the kingdom every Sunday, not probably one person in a hundred knowing how it came to be written.

"Jesus, Meek and Gentle," was composed almost unconsciously by the Rev. G. R. Prynce, vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth. He wrote the famous words one evening while his wife played the piano to him. The lines, he afterwards recorded, came into his mind without the slightest effort on his part, and he scribbled them down on the back of an envelope, without realizing that he had written a hymn which would long outlive himself.

The little fishing port of Brixham is closely associated with what is perhaps the most famous hymn of all—"Abide With Me."
This was written by the vicar of Brixham, Henry Francis Lyte, and it was his last composition. The hymn was the fruit of a stroll by the sea on a lovely Sunday evening after church. The vicar left the house for his customary walk and jotted the words down on a scrap of paper.

"Christians, Awake!" was a Yuletide present to a little girl, John Brown, the author, wrote the hymn for his small daughter, Dolly, who found it in manuscript form with the rest of her Christmas gifts.
A little girl, too, was the inspiration of that old favorite, "There is a Happy Land." Andrew Young, the writer, was spending his holidays in Scotland, where, in passing a cottage, he heard a quaint Indian melody being played on the piano. The tune took his fancy, and he asked permission to hear it played again. As he listened, it occurred to him that the tune would make a pretty children's hymn. Late that night he composed the words.

Plum Pudding Plunder.

To celebrate the Jubilee of George III the landlord of a tavern in Tothill street, London, England, made a plum pudding weighing 500 pounds, and put it up as a prize to be eaten for by teams representing the various callings in Westminster. Each team was composed of six members.
Tripe was the food provided, and victory went to a team of watermen, who cut up the wondrous pudding and distributed it amongst the poor of the neighborhood.

In May, 1718, James Austin, landlord of the Red Lion Inn, Southwark, invited his customers to partake of a gigantic plum pudding.
This gargantuan dainty weighed 1,000 pounds. When ready it was placed on a cart and escorted by a band to the Swan Tavern in Fish Street Hill. From the Swan Tavern the procession made its way in the direction of St. George's Field.

But the pudding never reached its destination. Its appetizing odor demoralized the crowd, and a sudden raid took place. There was a sharp fight, after which the aggressors escaped with their booty.

Paris Loses Piacres.

Paris is losing its taches, and this means of transportation is being replaced by the taxis. A few years ago it was computed that there were 8,000 of these small carriages moving about the streets of Paris, but at last count there were only a few more than 200.

Bread for Madonnas.

During the whole of the Christmas holidays the people of rural France leave a portion of bread out on a table night and day, in the belief that the Madonna may come in to share it.

Why Do So Many People Buy Furniture at Falls' During FEBRUARY? Simply Because It Pays

Buying Furniture, like buying anything else, is a matter of putting your money out to the greatest advantage.

The Falls' Great February Sale of Furniture

offers the greatest advantage for economy. It offers the best and most suitable merchandise. It is a sale of real, practical, serviceableness and helpfulness to people who want really good and reliable furniture priced as low as can be, without endangering its trustworthiness. The whole stock, from a single chair to a high-grade black Mahogany Diningroom Suite, is reduced in the February Sale.

A Great Many Men and a Great Many Parents Are Saving Real Real Money in the February of Overcoats and Suits

\$10.00
The Overcoats for Young Men that we are selling for \$10.00 make lovely business. They are in snappy styles and of "A-One" materials.

\$9.00
The Men's Suits at \$9.00 are not duplicated here or elsewhere when these suits are gone. Good solid materials in greys, browns and other mixtures. At time of writing there are all sizes to 44. If interested move quickly.

\$31.50
Men's Suits of dark grey worsted of a very superior quality. Finest tailoring and linings.

\$19.00
For any Man's Overcoat in stock—not nearly as many as last week to select from—however the choice is still pretty good:
Storm King Ulsters.
Fine Meltons in black and grey.
Soft Warm Fashionable Tweeds.
Choice, \$19.00

\$20.00
For very fine Tweed and Colored Worsteds Suits for Men and Young Men. If you know good clothes when you see them you will take advantage, as many are doing of this offering.



A City Store in a Town --- But not City Prices