

# Sentenced to Pay \$5000.00 And Costs

THEFT

He was driving carefully along a country road when suddenly a horse and buggy driven by a lady came out of a farm lane. The animal took fright and swerved suddenly throwing the driver and her son aged eight, to the ground.

The boy struck on a stump and injured his back causing him to be disabled for life.

The jury agreed that the car owner was responsible and sentence was passed.

However, the car owner smilingly left the Court for he had paid \$19.25 to us a few months ago and our Automobile Policy was protecting him for the full amount of the decision.

The above is an example of what MAY happen any Motor Car driver in this Province. Will you be protected if your turn comes.

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CHARLOTTETOWN

COLLISION

PUBLIC LIABILITY, PROPERTY DAMAGE, TRANSPORT

## Hints for the Motorist

By Albert L. Clough Editor Motor Service Review of Reviews

### Putting in Gaskets

They require "Following Up" After Replacement  
GASKETS ARE NECESSARILY made of somewhat soft, compressible material. It is very difficult to make a permanently tight joint by the first tightening of the bolts, which draw together the parts between which the gasket is used. The new gasket squeezes into the joint shape only gradually and it is thus usually necessary to tighten the bolts once or twice, at short intervals, to guard against their working out. This is particularly true of gasketed joints subjected to heating and cooling, such as the cylinder head. A quite common practice is to coat the gasket with shellac, and to tighten it so that it will stick to the surfaces between which it is placed. This procedure is seldom necessary. It may be all right to do the gasket on one side only—preferably the side which is placed on the more massive of the two parts—but it is seldom advisable to do both sides as this makes the destruction of the gasket almost certain when the parts are later separated. Shellacking one side leaves the gasket in place, and the parts are again to be assembled. As the use of a new cylinder-head gasket is worth while saving, precautions should be taken against damaging it, especially as the head has been removed rather frequently. The best method seems to be to shellac the cylinder-head—if shellac is to be used at all—and before fitting the head, to thoroughly smear its upper surface with heavy grease which is very effective in stopping water leaks and prevents the head and the gasket from sticking together, thus facilitating head removal without damage to the gasket. After an overhauling, the owner should find that gaskets develop and has some tightening in the head. Valve springs, the carburetor flange, the cylinder head, the water pump flange, the branches of the water-outlet manifold and a connection of the intake and exhaust piping, are the points most likely to need attention.

### CYLINDERS PROBABLY OVALIZED



It is a common complaint that the engine is running. Where is the trouble located? Answer: If the spark occurs between the breaker-points, it is most likely due to the condenser having become disconnected, but it is a high-tension spark, it may be that the insulation of the slip-ring, from which the current is taken to the distributor is insufficient. You can readily have this magneto tested out in a few minutes at any of the service stations of its make, where they have special testing apparatus and all necessary repair parts.

### BODY MAY BE LOOSE ON FRAME



T. W. writes: On ordinary rough going there is very little rattle about my car but I notice that when it has passed over a very bad bump, there is a distinct noise upon the rebound of the springs. The sound seems to come from the rear, but I can find nothing wrong with the rear springs. What causes this? Answer: It is pretty difficult to say with certainty, but it occurs to us that the bolts that hold the body to the frame, at the rear, may be somewhat loose so that, when the car throws upward violently, this movement is developed with the noise that you describe. We suppose that the floor boards are all tight and that there is no looseness at the spring-clips.

### MAGNETO TROUBLE

J. S. B. writes: My high tension magneto misses, although new breaker-points have been put on. By arranging a mirror at the breaker box, I can see that there is a spark in the magneto itself, when

Questions of general interest to the motorist will be answered by Mr. Clough in this column, space permitting. If an immediate answer is desired, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

### HOW IT STARTED

'Twas not by Afion's rippling tide, (Where Burns held hands with various lassies) That first the fatuous golfer pined His cleaving cleeks and busy brassies. The Dutch devised the royal sport The Scots observed it, apprehensive, So grand a game, by all report, Would be expensive.

Not till a Scot had won a cup (Which brought in Holland, one pound sterling, Did Caledonians take it up;— They stuck to whuskey, war and curling. But when the laddie showed his pound, And told how easy 'twas to win it, The game of golf, all Scotland found, Had something in it.

They laid out links on dune and brae, From Afion's brow and bonnie bankle To where the gentle bannocks stray Across the pass o'Killikranke, And soon the sons of Ayr and Perth, With clubs of sundry shapes and sizes, Were in all quarters of the earth, In quest of prizes.

Today if you would play the game, You'll find it of some huskey person Who burrs his "r's" and has a name Like McEntaggart or McPherson. The hand of golf is on the land; No power is strong enough to stay it. Because, as you will understand, It pays to play it.

### "A DREAM OF HOME AND YOU"

Last night, dear, I dreamed of home and of you And the dear days of long ago, Again we wandered by Kelvin's clear stream, In the calm of the sunset's glow I saw the old home and you, dear, were there, And you sang as you used to do The songs that I loved; the old old sweet songs Of love and of lovers true.

I lived o'er again the joyous days, when The future was rosy and bright How happy were we, how cloudless our sky, And radiant with love's golden light.

I wake from my dream, far from the Old Land, Between lies the great ocean deep, Far from the old home and far, dear, from you, And lonely I sit and weep.

It cannot be that we have parted for aye, Oh, some day my dream must come true, My heart is so full of longing to-night, To see the old home and you.

—Isabella B. Watson

### CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



**DON'T DO THIS!**  
**LEONARD EAR OIL**  
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For sale in Charlottetown by H. W. Toombs & Co., The Two Macs and Reddin Bros.

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

### POSTIE

Upon his weary treadmill round, Day after day he goes, A knapsack on his shoulder bound, Weighted with joys and woes. Letters of sorts and sizes, all, From stranger, foe and friend, Some indecipherable scrawl, As mortal ever penned.

Through Winter's snow and Summer's heat, Autumn or slushy Spring, In drenching rain, or sizzling heat, Postie our mail will bring. He deals out letters of good cheer— Others the soul that grills, Fond greetings at the glad New Year, And also the dunning bill.

Perchance a black-edged missive tells, Of dear one passed away, Another, tells of bridal bells, Or festal natal day, Sometimes (at least so gossip says), He brings a billet doux To the fair maiden o'er the way They guess who sent it too.

An anxious lover may await (Kind word from lady fair Till Postie and relentless Fate Plunge him in deep despair, From office seeking candidate He brings a flattering note, Solicitous to learn our state, Yet more to win a vote.

No partial favor Postie shows, But with scrupulous care, On each and all alike bestows Just their own rightful share; If, chance, our mail we miss 'tis true, Poor Postie we abuse, Yet many a time we bless him too For bringing us the news.

—Mrs. A. F. Calder, Peterboro, Ont.

### TRUST.

A Poem of Help and Power I would my life were like the swallow's flight— A dauntless pilgrimage from zone to zone. Brushing with fearless wing the dizzy height In windings onward, known to birds alone.

I cannot mark so plain my distant goal, Envisaged by past seasons' journeyings; Less steadfast is my motion's swift control, All unforeseen the change each hour brings.

Rather, I know not but the way thou knowest: Clear as the swallow's flight my course—to thee. It is enough, I take the way thou goest— Better thy guidance is than sight to me.

Rubie T. Weyburn.

### MAKE THE BEST OF IT

(By Norman R. F. Tucker)  
In life you'll find there's every kind Of care and all the rest of it, The only way to make life pay Is to smile and make the best of it.

To those in pain, advice seems vain, Yet sometimes they are blest of it, It's hard to bear an extra share; But try to make the best of it.

If things are bad, don't look so sad, Cheer up! and make a jest of it, It's worth your while to force a smile, And, smiling, make the best of it.

With some intent all grief was sent, And this is but a test of it, Life's not too long, You'll not do wrong To always make the best of it.

Unclassified

"Yes," said the snobbish young lady, "I realize that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and I can say I am very glad I am not one of them."—American Legion Weekly.

## Your Grocer

thinks well of King Cole Tea and confidently recommends it. He has intimate knowledge of its persistently increasing sale, and his experience tells him that back of this must be genuine merit in the tea itself.

"You'll like the flavor"

### Money

The congregation sang out of a recent hymnbook: "Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of Heaven, I would enter the fold."

They all lied. Every one of them cared for riches. The cash-girl on \$5 a week wanted \$6, and the man who owned one railroad and wanted another, all cared for money.

The minister in the pulpit had to have money next day to pay the grocer, and the leader of the choir was not unconcerned with the problem whether he could get enough money out of his singing or must devote part of his time to other work.

The man who says he does not care for money is untruthful. Every man ought to care for money.

But there are some things that money will not buy. And they are the best things in life. Sunshine and fresh air come free.

Lowell wrote: "For a cap and bells our lives we pay, Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking, 'Tis heaven alone that is given away, 'Tis only God may be had for the asking. No price is set on the lavish summer. June may be had by the poorest comer."

People who quote these lines commonly omit the last couplet, thus restricting the lesson, by inference, to things of the soul. But the summer as well as the soul is of the things which money cannot buy.

Let us have no cant about it. We need money, if we are to live and pay our honest debts. Samuel Johnson who had little money himself was a wise philosopher to say that few men are so harmlessly employed as when they are making money. But love and sunlight and the joy of June come free.

You cannot buy health with money, and your health is more valuable than money. You cannot buy back lost opportunities of friendship and the hearts of those you love. Care for money? Yes, certainly; but in proportion to the real worth.—Exc.

### LAUGH WITH US

There recently entered the employ of a bank in a western town a watchman who had come with splendid letters of recommendation. The president of the bank sent for the new man and proceeded to post him as to his duties. "Well, Richard," he said, "this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?" "Yes, sir," "Your duties must be to exercise vigilance," "Yes, sir," "Be careful how strangers approach you," "I will sir," "No stranger must be allowed to enter the bank at night under any circumstances whatever," "No, sir," "And our manager—he is a good man, honest and trustworthy; but it will be your duty to keep your eye on him," "But it will be hard to watch two men, sir, and the bank at the same time," "Two men, how?" "Why, sir, it was only yesterday the manager called me in for a talk, and he said you were one of the best men in town, but it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you, and let the directors know if you hung about after hours."

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### THE SICK WORLD

Although we've long been clasp- ing the snowy flag of peace, the world is sick and gasping, and horrors never cease. Sad tales of famine reach us from many stricken lands, for aid the starved beseech us, and raise despairing hands. By many an ancient river, on many a palmy plain, the people ask for liver, and ask for it in vain. And there are endless plotting and there are ceaseless striking; the Petes are always warring and being slugged by Mikes. And ousted kings are planning to try another throw, forgetful of the cunning they got some time ago. And nations are pursuing old paths, with martial brags, and governments are chewing all kinds of futile rags. The Germans still, denying the justice of their debt, are evidently trying to wretch on every bet. The Russ still raises thunder, the Greeks scrap with the Turks; the world is rent asunder, there's carbon to pieces; it's records' one of crimes, as I have told my nieces a hundred thousand times I weep when I am reading the daily grist of news; the world is sick and bleeding, and Peace is full of booze.—Walt Mason.

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There are no long delays in waiting for special lenses. PROMPT SNAPPY SERVICE, is the motto of our establishment.

G. F. Hutcheson  
Optometrist & Optician

IF SOMETHING MUST SHAKE (Christian Register.) A notorious gossip one day went to Dean W. D. Wilson, burning with indignation: "Oh, doctor have you heard the disgraceful news? The young people of your church are going to have a dance, they say. How shocking! What do you think about it?" To which the saintly scholar responded sweetly: "Madame, I had rather have them shake their legs than their tongues!"

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