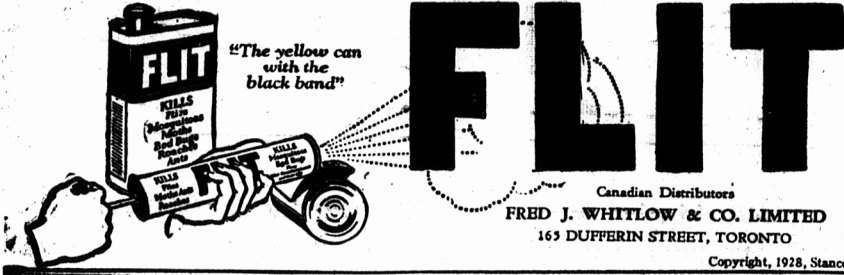


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Yukoner Back From A Trip To Eastern Home

FRANK GILLESPIE RETURNS TO CONTINUE MINING ON KENO

(Dawson News, July 19.) It had been thirty-four years since Frank Gillespie, brother to R. L. Gillespie, mining recorder at Mayo, had been on a visit to the outside until April of this year, when, after turning over valuable mining property on Keno Hill, he shook the dust from his mucktuks, boarded the airplane "Queen of the Yukon" and hit for the South. It was the first air ride that the veteran miner and prospector had ever taken and this first lap of his journey, when the plane was forced down in a snowstorm on Lake Laberge, proved excitement in itself. Upon arriving in Vancouver the Keno silver miner spent several days visiting friends and relatives before starting for his old home in Clyde River, Prince Edward Island. He was accompanied on the trip East by his niece, Miss Vera Gillespie, who was at that time residing in Vancouver. By easy stages they took the C. P. R. line to Moosejaw, thence to Chicago on the So. line, from Chicago to New York; thence to Boston, and finally to Prince Edward Island. Arriving in New York during the celebration tendered the German transatlantic fliers, the two Yukoners received the thrill of their lives in witnessing a crowd of over two million people all frantic in their greeting to the German fliers. Then came Clyde River, the Yukoner's old home. When he left there in the early days to stampepe for the Yukon there were no automobiles on the Island; in fact, they were prohibited at that time. Upon his return he found the country overrun with cars of all descriptions. Of course he found many changes—old familiar faces had long since passed into the great beyond, but there was the newer generation, the newer ideas, the newer customs and manners of living. It was one of the greatest revelations of the veteran Yukon sough had ever experienced. His niece was equally struck by the calm serenity of the old home town in comparison to the rush and tear of the big cities. After five weeks spent in the old home, the two visitors from the North began their trip back to the West Coast. They journeyed westward via New Brunswick, Ontario, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, North Battleford, and then made a side trip to Fairhome, where the well known Yukoner visited a brother who conducts a large and successful ranch. He also stayed for a week with another brother in Moncton, New Brunswick, but the visit in Fairhome proved the real "kick" of the homeward journey. The Yukoner's niece had never been on a real ranch before and it was difficult to get her to leave after her many thrilling hours spent in riding horses over the range and in viewing all the sights of a modern and up-to-date ranch. From Fairhome the Northerners traveled through Regina, Calgary, Banff, Lake Louise, and finally landed in Vancouver during the early part of the month. In the coast city the Yukon miner and his niece parted company and the old-timer booked passage for the North. In speaking of his eventful trip to his old home in Prince Edward Island, he says: "I never realized that such a change could take place in the intervening years. The people of the East, I should say, have progressed remarkably in keeping with the times. In my boyhood days Prince Edward Island was famed for its horses and fish. Today all the livestock is shipped from the West, while on every Prince Edward Island car there is a new slogan, which reads: "Prince Edward Island for the world's best seed potatoes and black foxes." Radios are installed in nearly every home, while nearly every citizen owns his or her personal car. A rather strange thing about the Island is that hardly anyone there smokes. I tried in several stores to procure a package of cigarette, but found to my amazement that there was not a single brand stocked. Outside of this there was only one other "complaint" that I could see fit to make and that was the Island's railroad. The same kind of train ran while I was there thirty-four years ago is still running. It still sticks to the old-fashioned square wheels and one can get the bumpiest ride in the world, as well as the slowest, on it, for it stops about every few minutes to let some passenger on or off, and each stop requires nearly twenty minutes before the train gets started again. There is no rush or hurry of any kind. Everybody seems to take life easy, and never seems to worry about whether the train takes an hour to reach its destination or a whole day. Outside of the train and the inability to procure a package of cigarettes without "doing" the whole town, I enjoyed my visit at the old home more than words can describe, but I am glad to be headed for the silver country again."

MY KITCHEN NOTEBOOK

by Mary Blake Domestic Science Counselor



How Much We've Learned About the Feeding of Babies

When I hear the young mothers of today discussing carrots and spinach and orange juice and cereal, I wonder how any of us of an older generation ever managed to live through our first two or three years, without the elaborate feeding programs which exist today. But much as these wise young mothers know that is new in the feeding of babies, there is one basic fact that doesn't change. For the baby just starting out in life, Nature has provided the perfect food in mother's milk. The breast-fed baby has a better chance from the start than the artificially-fed baby, and avoids the experiments that are necessary and the setbacks that so often occur in finding the best substitute for mother's milk. Take Your Doctor's Advice To find the right milk for your baby, let your doctor advise you. What may have worked for some other baby won't necessarily work for yours, and it takes a doctor's knowledge of many babies and their idiosyncrasies to guide you best. To make a milk safe for a baby the requirements are, naturally, stricter than for any other use. One dares not risk anything but the purest, wholes milk in the feeding of a tiny infant. Not only must it be of exceptionally high quality—and produced under the most sanitary condi-

tions—but the quality must be of controlled uniformity. Wide variations from day to day in ordinary milk may seriously upset a baby. All of these qualities you will find in a milk that has been the mainstay of thousands of mothers in the feeding of tiny infants. Carnation Milk has proved marvelously successful in so many instances that it may be just the thing your baby should have. Not only is it the purest of whole milk from selected herds, but it is so carefully sterilized, so free from germs and bacteria, and sealed so perfectly against contamination that no further pasteurization is necessary. You add pure water to restore that removed by evaporation and you have pure milk. A very important quality of Carnation Milk is its easy digestibility, due to the "homogenization" which breaks up the fat globules into extremely minute particles, very readily assimilable. Baby feeding is but one of the many important uses of Carnation Milk. In cooking it gives a smooth creaminess to soups and sauces, a fragile delicacy and exceptional keeping qualities to cake, a wonderful texture to candies and a rich velvety smoothness to ice cream that even the best of bottled milk cannot equal. Write for the free Carnation Cook Book, "My Hundred Favorite Recipes"—showing scores of ways to improve foods with this dependable, economical, convenient milk. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aymer, Ont.

HAMPSHIRE SCHOOL

The annual examination of Hampshire School was held on the twenty-seventh of June. A large number of parents and visitors were present, showing the interest the Hampshire people take in the education of their children. The pupils were examined in the various subjects by their efficient teacher Miss Florence Dockendorff and by the prompt and correct answers show they had been carefully taught during the term. The teacher then read a report of the garden committee showing receipts and expenditure of all their work for the past three years. After purchasing several useful things for the school still leaving a balance on hand 13 dollars which was handed over to the trustees for the purchasing of a new clock. Mr Daniel Fraser in a very capable manner acted as chairman and in his remarks, spoke of the kindly way Teacher, parents, and pupils had worked together and by so doing raised the standard of our school. He spoke words of good counsel to the children, and urged them to carry on their good work and their efforts would be crowned with success. Mr Charles Proud spoke of the good work done by the teacher both in the school and on the school grounds and moved a vote of thanks for the splendid report she had given, this was put by the chairman and was passed by an unanimous standing vote. Complimentary remarks were made by James G. MacLeod, and Cecil Stewart and others. Two pupils namely Margaret Diamond and Hammie Watts were rewarded Public School Certificates. Prizes for proficiency in class. Grade IX Mary Edwards. Grade VIII Hammie Watts. Grade VII Peggy Easter. Grade VI Clayton Tremere. Grade V Mildred Tremere. Grade IV Clifton Stewart. Grade III Verna Kitson. Grade II Frances Larter. Grade I Heath Larter. Prizes for attendance presented to Mildred Tremere. Prize for Attendance presented to Annie Stewart. All present were then treated to ice cream and cake; After which the meeting closed by the singing of the National Anthem. First Loafer—"I hear all the men have gone on strike." Second Loafer—"What have they struck for?" "Shorter hours." "Luk to 'em. I allus did say that sixty minutes was too long for an hour."



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Advertisement for Orthophonic Victrola featuring a large image of the gramophone and text: "Try it for a Night! Without obligation—your dealer will let you have a new Orthophonic Victrola for an entire evening's concert." Includes details about the sound quality and dealer information.

WELL, I GUESS I'LL GO HOME. I HOPE MAGGIE IS IN A GOOD HUMOR—BUT I GUESS THERE IS NO USE WISHING FOR MIRACLES.

OH, I'M SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET HOME SOONER. COUNT DE LIRIOUS WAS HERE AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH HE WANTED TO SEE YOU.

LOOK, HE LEFT ONE OF HIS CIGARS FOR YOU.

WELL, THAT WUZ NICE OF HIM.

NO WONDER HE LEFT IT.