

If They're not **COWAN'S**
They're Not **MAPLE BUDS**

THERE are many cheap imitations of Maple Buds on the market. People who buy them, not realizing that they are imitations, naturally think that Maple Buds have deteriorated in quality and flavour. This is not the case. The standard set by the real Maple Buds over fifteen years ago, has always been maintained.

Ask for Maple Buds. Look for the name "COWAN". It is on every Maple Bud.

If They're not **COWAN'S**
They're Not **MAPLE BUDS**

Hand the dealer back his substitutes



IM MEMORIAM

MR. PHILIP MCKENNA

Seldom has there been such a shock or gloom cast over a community as when the accident which befell Mr. Philip McKenna, of Conway, Section Foreman, on Saturday, April 22nd. Having received a fracture of the base of his skull, when his trolley car left the rail, throwing him with considerable force on the track, and terminated in his death Sabbath morning, April 30th, aged 69 years, having served fifty years as a railway employee. Forty-seven years of which was served on his section, who had to his credit (which seldom or ever is the fortune of any so employed) that his first and only accident to occur in his section, was to himself. Philip McKenna was a man among men, as was evidenced in his life's work, and as he was laid aside practically in his

first and last illness, the beautiful floral wreaths, the large assemblages of people day and night and the many silent tributes of respect, testified to the exemplary life lived. We know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise, assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies. He was attended by his Pastor Rev. Leo Herrill, who administered the last rites of his church. His remains were conveyed by train to Tracadie, his birth place, on Wednesday, May 3rd, and laid in the family plot, beside the remains of his son Frederick, who predeceased him four years, where a large concourse of people assembled. Rev. J. B. Melutye, P.P. officiating in the Church and at the grave. Besides a sorrowing widow (nee Elizabeth Burns) there are left to mourn the sons and daughters, namely: Bernard and John in California; Mrs. Otto Murphy of Freehold; Laughlin and Walter in Berlin, N.H.; Mrs. Eric Sankey and the Misses Bessie and Edith of Winnipeg, Man.

and James at home. To the many relatives and friends, especially his mother aged 98 years, his beloved partner and wife and the above mentioned family, much sympathy is extended. May Guardian Angels comfort and sustain thee in all the way thou goest, is the prayer of their host of friends. (Island papers please copy.)

MISS JESSIE MACTAVISH

Died at Newtown, Belfast, May 5th, after only a few days' illness, Jessie MacTavish at the advanced age of eighty-nine years, leaving three sisters to mourn their loss, viz. Mrs. Nicholas Ball of Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Margaret Gillis of Garfield and Mrs. Mary Smith of Denver, Col. The funeral which took place on Sunday afternoon at Belfast cemetery was very largely attended. Rev. J.W. MacKenzie officiated at the house and grave. Patriot please copy.

School Department

TEACHING LITTLE CHILDREN

Selected by Daniel J. Shaw
A popular belief prevails in many rural districts that any teacher can teach the smaller children. When the amount of supplement for next term comes before the annual school meeting, it goes to the following tune:

Any person can teach our school next term. The children are all small and not advanced. It is quite true that any teacher possesses the required information, it is not true that all teachers possess the knack of giving that information to the little children. To have the knowledge is another factor, but to get it from your mind into the child's is quite another. The one needs previous training, patience and experience and the greatest of these is experience. Grade One and the primer class are the most difficult to teach and the attention of the whole school goes to the little girl or boy who is spending his first day in school. In many schools, a new child in the primer starts in at first of term, another at Xmas, another at Easter, with the result that as sums too hard for one or too easy for the other, the teacher must break one grade into two or more classes. Because no teacher can leave exercises for them to work out unaided as she can do with the older pupils, because the little folks soon get tired and restless, it becomes a necessity that the teacher keep an eye on the tots and their busy work. The parents watch the progress of their children who are in the primer class with great care. To do so is the parents' duty. They should also watch the older pupils' progress. Members of the profession like a good reputation as well as anyone else does so they need to take particular care with their smallest pupils. A habit once formed is hard to break. The younger child the more easily it forms new habits. How important then it is for the younger children to form splendid habits.

Therefore a teacher must know how to go about it in order to develop in the child those habits which will be beneficial in later life.

Where these little tots attend same school and are in same grade the teacher must exercise as much diplomacy as if she was the British Ambassador to the United States.

A Padre in the Great War

(Continued From Page 9.)

Our battalions were once more in their old billets in the neighborhood, and as we were still at rest I had many opportunities of visiting them. How well I remember going about and delivering my lecture on our leave trip to Rome. As I look back upon my war memories I think that those talks were the most delightful experience I ever had. I really had nothing to say, but I knew that anything which could occupy and amuse the minds of those brave lads who were daily preparing to hurl themselves against the enemy, was worth while. I would go to the C.O. of a battalion and say, "Colonel, I would like to come and give your men a talk on our leave trip to Rome." He would always take the matter very seriously, thinking I had some learned discourse on architecture or some other ostensibly futile subject to give the men. But being too polite to tell me to go to Jericho, or somewhere else, he would say, "Yes, I am sure it will be very interesting." Then he would say, "How long will the lecture last?" On my replying, "About two hours and a half," his countenance would fall. He was struggling between his fear of offending me and his fear of doing something which would bore the men. Sometimes colonels would say, "That's a long lecture." But I urged them to take my word for it and to let the thing go ahead, and if I saw I was boring the men I would stop. So the lecture would be announced. I suppose I must have given it to something like twenty thousand men. I would arrive at the battalion headquarters in the afternoon, have dinner with the C.O. and Adjutant in their billet and then walk over to some pleasant field on which a thousand men were drawn up in line, presenting a most proper military appearance. The sun would be setting behind the trees, and after telling the Colonel and other officers to keep in the background, I would go over in front of the battalion and tell them that the Colonel had handed the parade over to me and that they were to break ranks and sit on the ground as close as possible.

AN INFORMAL LECTURE

At once military stiffness was dispelled, and amid much laughter, the men would crowd round and squat on the ground tightly packed together. Imagine what a picture it was. Splendid stalwart young men, they were, hundreds and hundreds of them, with healthy merry faces, and behind them in the distance the green trees and sunset. Of course smoking was allowed, and I generally had some boxes of cigarettes to pass round. Then, I would tell them of our trip to Rome and of my following out the injunction of making the most of a fortnight's leave by turning it into three weeks; of my puzzling the R. T. O. in Paris by asking for transportation to Rome via Marseille, as we had abandoned the idea of travelling via Calcutta on account of the submarine menace; my being unable to enter the casino at Monte Carlo because officers were not allowed in in uniform and the only mufli I had brought with me was my pyjamas,

which I had left at the hotel; of the two casualties in the Paris barrage of the time I gave C.B. to "Yorky" when I saw he had partaken too freely of coffee and of the delightful memories of Italy which we had brought back with us. The talk was not all humorous. I managed to get in many little sermons between the lines, or as I put it, "the lecture was impregnated with the poison of morality." Men assimilated that poison more readily when handed out to them in such doses. Then the sun would set and the evening shadows lengthen and finally the stars would come in one before me would merge into one great hazy light which sent up, nevertheless, roars of very merry laughter. What appealed to the most was the cool way a padre and forty-four wild Canadians, in the biggest war the world has ever known were able to break through the Hindenberg line of army red-tape.

Our machine gun battalion was quartered south of the St. Pol road at a place called Averdoint. It was a lovely little village, very quiet and well away from the line with pretty orchards and a stream at the back. When it was only possible to have a voluntary service in an evening, I would get a group of men as a body guard and start off down the village to the quaint old church, halting at every farmyard on the way and calling out to those billeted there, "Come on, you Heathens, come to the volunteer church parade." In the most good-natured way, dragging their reluctant pals with them, men would come out and swell our ranks until, by the time we reached the church, there was a good congregation. There against the wall of the building I would plant a table borrowed from the Cure's house, make it up to an altar, distribute hymn books, and start the service, while the evening lights in the sky tinged the scene with a soft beauty.

When we were in the line the machine gunners were always split up into small sections over the front, their guns of course being very carefully concealed. In consequence, just when I thought I had reached an area which was quite unharmed, I would stumble on some queer little hole, and on calling down it to see if there were any men there the answer would be, "The machine gun battalion" and I would find myself among

of friends. At Averdoint they had one of the best rest billets they ever had and they enjoyed it thoroughly.

(To be continued)

IM MEMORIAM

JOHN McDONALD

There died at Mt. Mellory, L.I. 38, on the 30th April John M. McDonald, aged 73 years. The deceased was twice married, first to Catherine McDonald, by whom he had three children, all of whom predeceased him. His second wife was Mary McLellan, sister of Rev. A. P. McLellan, St. Andrews. She and an adopted son, Thomas Brazil, survived to mourn their loss.

Mr. McDonald was a man of sterling character, always foremost in any movement for the general good of the community. He died

fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church, of which he was a devout member. His funeral to St. Andrews Church, on the 2nd inst., where interment took place, was largely attended. The funeral Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. A. P. McLellan. The Rev. A. McAuley, St. Peter's and Rev. Joseph Rooney, Morell, were present in the Sanctuary. May his soul rest in peace. (Patriot and Examiner please copy.)

MR. ALVIN HUESTIS

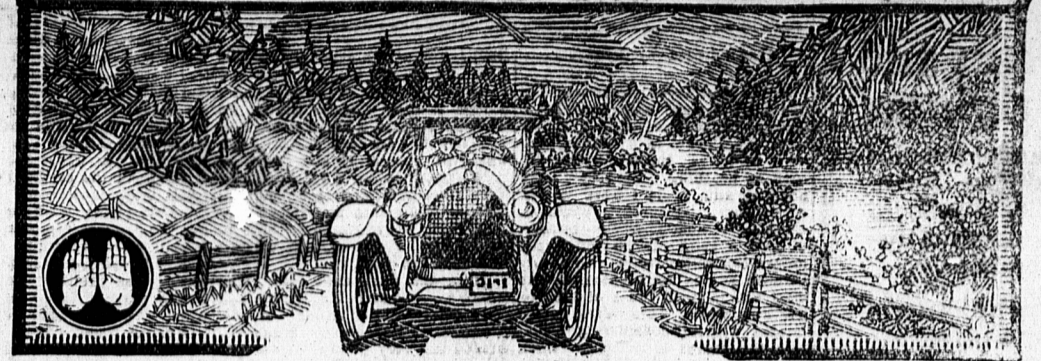
The residents of Unionvale and O'Leary were shocked by the sudden death of Mr. Alvin Huestis on Wednesday, May 2nd. Although Mr. Huestis had been ailing for some time his condition was not considered serious until a few days before his death, a heavy cold developing to pneumonia, and although given the best of medical skill and tender nursing he passed to the great beyond at the early age of 31 years.

The late Mr. Huestis was for several years driver on the West Point mail route, where his genial disposition and obliging manner won for him the esteem and friendship of all those with whom he came in contact with.

As evidence of his popularity upwards of 150 carriages and autos attended the funeral, which was conducted at the house by the Rev. Mr. Smith and at the grave under the auspices of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of which order he was a past Grand and active member.

He leaves to mourn his widow, formerly Miss Jessie Ellis, his former and mother Mr and Mrs. H. B. Huestis, his sister, Mrs. Nelson Palmer Conway and Mrs. Tuplin of Boston, to which the sympathy of the entire community is extended. The floral offerings consisted of a pillow from his wife, wreath from family, The Three Links from Verdun Lodge, wreath Mr and Mrs. Pate, circle from Knutsford, wreath Mrs. Dougherty.

DUNLOP
CORD TIRES FABRIC



LOOK TO DUNLOP FOR "CORD" SUPREMACY

A man who owns three cars and who has driven an automobile almost since the inception of the "gas buggy" remarked to one of our directors the other day:

"I have been getting such dandy service from Dunlop Tires that I think your claims about mileage are far too modest. As far as my experience goes, you cannot talk too big."

1922, 1921, 1920, 1919—Dunlop Cord Tires came into existence in 1919, and the transformation in mileage year by year that followed their use by motorists has been most striking. 1920 surpassed 1919 to be, in turn, surpassed by 1921; and here's 1922 producing testimonials like this:

"I have just returned to you a 37x5 Dunlop Traction Cord Casing which has gone 24,500 miles. The Casing was used on the rear wheel of one of my Cadillac cars, covering 11,000 miles, and was then transferred to the front wheel and covered 13,500 miles after the change was made. I consider this exceptional mileage, indeed, and, needless to say, am more than pleased with the service rendered."

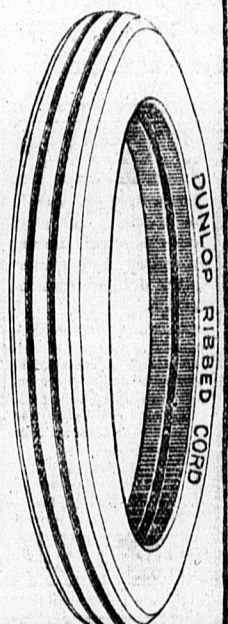
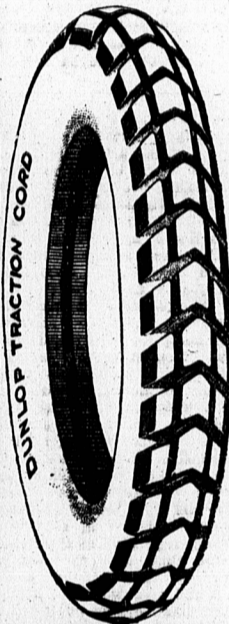
It is important to note that the tire referred to above was on a livery car, and, therefore, could not possibly have been subjected to a more severe test.

Buy Big Mileage in your Tire Purchases—Name Dunlop "Traction Cord" at any Garage or Tire Dealer.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited

Head Office and Factories: Toronto.

Branches in the Leading Cities.



The Retailer

Who centres his Corn Flake trade on The Flake that's thin with the flavour in, Will win not only pleased customers but a fair profit on his turnover.

Quality Flakes

London Flaked and Kellogg Baked

are only put up in the red, white and green package with these distinguishing marks



"Made in Canada" and "London Ont." printed in red

on the face of every package

The Hall Mark of Quality

Our up-to-date Plant and Ovens—the best in America—have a capacity to always supply the trade with fresh flakes. No necessity to "load up". Keep your stock fresh and order often as required.

Consumers should insist on getting the best and refuse the "Just as good," the "Cheaper" and the "Try 'em" variety.

Behind these quality flakes is the prestige of the premier Canadian Toasted Corn Flake Makers. All Canadian Capital, incorporated in 1907.

THE BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., LIMITED

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MACDONALD'S Cigarettes



The Tobacco with a heart

10 FOR 15¢