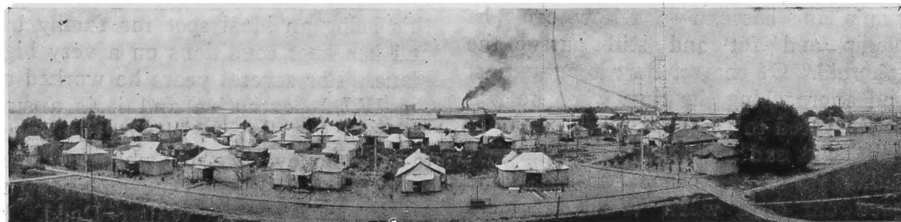


WARD'S ISLAND WEEKLY



Vol. 4, No. 6.

WARD'S ISLAND, TORONTO

August 7, 1920

Several of the leading and most distinguished residents of this Island purchased Palm Beach suits in anticipation of hot times ahead. We won't name them, but these unfortunate fellows are S-T-U-N-G-! Stung! Sure as you live! If they wear these suits this weather they get a pain "under their pinafores"—and if they don't don them, they are continually reminded of what nice things (and needful too) might have been purchased for the ladies with that money!

It certainly looks as though the children have a great pull with the weather man. About the only day in July that was really suitable for our masquerade was the one handed out last Friday, and the children certainly had a splendid time.

The most popular pair on the green seemed to be Mutt and Jeff, and we think that Jeff was just about the youngest masquerader. He certainly played his part well, and Mutt abused him just as he does in the daily papers.

The bowling green is increasing in popularity and it is a pretty sight to see the ladies bowling, dressed in variegated colored sweaters and wearing, of course, the most charming smiles.

No wonder Walter Windeyer won the race from the Rochester boys. You see, he is windier. We think he is entitled to feel somewhat puffed up.

The ladies did themselves proud, providing the most appetizing repast at the banquet tendered to the visiting sailors on Monday.

For the decorations at the Shelter we must give the credit to Art Saywell and Harry Hudson. The latter spent a great deal of time and thought on the lighting effects and thanks are due to him for the erection of the enclosed platform, etc.

It is to be hoped that Ward Islanders will be offered an opportunity this year to hear the Ebony Minstrels. These handsome fellows are assured a cordial welcome before any audience on this Island.

"It's a beauty! It's a beauty!!" and, as Mr. Bowl rolls on his untiring way, hits the umpteenth bump and angles off—against the Bias—towards the horse races, the optimistic skip again exclaims in accents sweet and long, "Itsabeauty—itsabeauty—it-sa-b-e-a-u-t-y"—then says what it would have been if it hadn't been something else.

BIOGRAPHS.

BERT WRIGHT is the original Sunny Jim of the Island. Notwithstanding the fact that he has been married several years, Bert is still lean and lank, but smiling. This is not because he's not well fed at home, but is due to Bert's mania for baseball—a fellow can't be plump and fat and still pursue the spheroid. Of course, Bert is aging fast and approaching the time when he will be relegated to the "has been" class. It will be a sad sight when he and Fat Miller sit on the bench and recall the good old days when Ward Islanders breathlessly watched their Tycoo plays.

Next to baseball, Bert likes silk shirts and dancing, also good cigars, about which he is most particular. No, it wasn't Bert who asked Bob embarrassing questions as to his brand of smokes. Bert's worst vices are eating ice-cream cones and drinking Frank Ward's orangeade.

W. F. DODD. If you want to know anything about the history of this Island, ask Walter. He helped to make it and so should you. His memory of things hereabouts goes back to the time when the Island had few inhabitants and was covered with bullrushes. In fact, Walter has been accused of being the little Moses of Ward's Island. He can tell you of the time when there were no sidewalks and the only source of illumination was either the moon or fireflies. In those days the water surrounded the edifice where Walter resides. The building was known as the Wiman Baths, named after Erastus Wiman of Dun-Wiman fame. We expect that he must often have sworn at Walter when as a kid he played tricks on poor old Erastus. After a while a few tents appeared, mostly along the waterfront, and then one day the recommendations which Walter had repeatedly made for years to the civic officials were acted upon and the Island laid out in sites, with board walks and Hydro lights. The locations were quickly taken up by many citizens, while the old campers sighed

as they saw all these modern improvements taking the place of the good old days when they had to carry water long distances and go to bed by candle light and were never wakened in the morning by the milkman jangling his bottles. With all these new tents Walter's duties increased. He has always insisted upon this being an ideal spot for family life and has kept conditions on a very high plane. For several years he worked on the W.I.A. executive and it is a sure thing that there is no one on the Island to-day who loves the spot more or is quite as anxious to help to make things run along smoothly as Walter Dodd, the Moses of Ward's Island.

ART SAYWELL'S second name is "Dowell," as anyone can see by the way he is handling the entertainments on this Island. Art is an ardent bowler and has a positive propinquity for a proximity to the kitty. Art is a worker, always in harness and enjoys a good cigar just as much as Bob. He buys them himself, too. If the weather man only gives him a show we understand he is going to pull off some great things in August.

Connie Mack says: "It is my candid opinion, and I have watched very closely for the last twelve years or more, that boys at the age of ten to fifteen who have continued smoking cigarettes do not, as a rule, amount to anything. They are unfit in every way for any kind of work where brains are needed. No boy can expect to succeed in his work and continue to use cigarettes."

A Ward Island millionaire, as he got out of his limousine, was approached by a newsboy. "No, I don't want a paper. Get out," he snarled. "Well, keep your shirt on, boss," replied the newsboy. "The only difference between you and me is that you are making your second million and I'm still working on my first."

BASEBALL

Brownies still lead their section with only one loss, while Dingbats have ousted Tigers for the position in their section.

Dodgers are leading in the Saturday Night League, with three wins and one loss.

Watch Otazel in the stretch.

Ward's play at Centre Island next Saturday. We want you all on hand. "Kingy" is sure playing 1st and hittin' 'em hard.

Abb was exercising his knee in left on Saturday night.

Our pres. is gathering in everything in left field. Oh! If he could hit 'em!

Let's shout for the home team, every time. Let's make the baseball team feel that every person on Ward's is behind them. Let us let them know that we are confident in them and let us make them feel that if, by chance, a player makes an error, that he is not condemned, that accidents are bound to happen even in league ball games.

And when the opposing team makes a good play, let's give them a hand. Then they will know that we appreciate good ball-playing, on either side. They will feel, too, that they are not on absolutely foreign ground.

And when—as has been the case lately—the home team proves victorious, let everybody, EVERYBODY join in three cheers for the losers. They'll go away feeling better!

THE DECORATIONS

"Armchair" Waters and his gang from Rochester were the judges of the decorations on the holiday. Bob Clewlo captured first prize, Bob Greeniaus second, Ed Tolley third, and Ralph Douglas fourth. Honorable mention was made of "Dad" Irwin's, Bro. Morris, "Red" Jack Wood's and Frank Staneland's. At the president's request, his palatial mansion was not considered, but his daughter might well be proud of the results of her labor. Everyone knows that our "pres." is too heavy for light work.

Many Ward's Islanders saw the Life Guards in action, on Sunday, when a dinghy upset at the outer entrance to the Eastern Gap. The speed with which the rescuers got to the scene of the accident was indeed commendable. The unfortunate young man who was handling the dinghy got nothing more than a soaking.

Yes, as some have already remarked, it's a mild winter we're having this summer!



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independent
later

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WARD'S ISLAND WEEKLY

Official organ of the

WARD'S ISLAND ASSOCIATION

Published weekly during the summer months.
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Editor:

WM. T. GREGORY

Business and Advertising Manager

J. C. CAMBRIDGE

Ward's Island Executive for 1920

A. P. INGLIS—*Past President.*

JAS. G. WILSON—*President.*

W. T. GREGORY—*Vice-President.*

E. HOWARD—*Secretary-Treasurer.*

Chairmen of Committees

E. A. LYE*Bowling*

JAS. LACKEY*Base Ball*

ED. TOLLEY*Dancing*

A. SAYWELL*Entertainment*

C. JOLLY*Junior Sports*

E. BALL*Quoits*

A. KNIGHT*Sailing*

JACK SWAIN*Tennis*

BERT WRIGHT*Basket Ball*

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION

To promote clean, healthy sports for all members.

To provide recreation and amusements for all members irrespective of age and inclination.

For protection of and to secure such service as will benefit all members.

To make Ward's Island the most enjoyable summer resort for all members.

EDITORIAL

It was certainly a pleasant sight to see Ward's Island in gala attire. Those good old British flags are certainly an inspiring sight and it would be a good idea to have them more often in evidence. We think that perhaps another year we should have one of the holidays, perhaps the 1st of July, for Decoration Day, and offer prizes for the tents that have the best display.

They've got to quit kicking our ships around! First the "Luella" has internal trouble and then "John Hanlan" gets a swift kick in the stern so that he could not rest at anchor. Since this cowardly attack "Clarke Bros." was disabled, and the passengers taken off in a launch.

Oh, this is an exciting life!

It was too bad that Com. Sharpe was not permitted to be present through the entire meet. He is a real fellow, and we certainly regret his accident.

The sickness of George Roat is also to be regretted, for while it might have made a difference in the result, he himself did not think so. He is a real sailor, and made many friends by his unassuming manner.

"OH! WALLIE."

There was a Ward's Island chap

Who had an awful mishap,

When walking along

His feet they went wrong,

And kerpunk he slipped in the Gap!

INSIDE AND OUT.

If you take a great deal of pride,

In the tent where you reside,

And a nice prize would win,

You must fuss up within

As well as upon the outside.

ME FOR THE SEA!

Cherry pie and ice cream,

Oh, boy it was great

The way the ladies loaded

Every sailor's plate!

Oh, I shall sail a dinghy

Just twelve feet long,

And at the next banquet,

I'll join the festive throng!

It all started by one of the guests at The Hotel setting the pace. Now, anything may be expected. He calls them "ice-cream trousers"—and they look nice, too!

I never knew a night so black
Light failed to follow on its track.
I never knew a storm so gray
But failed to have its clearing day.
I never knew such bleak despair
That there was not a rift somewhere
I never knew an hour so drear
Love could not fill it full of cheer!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir,—You told us to register all our complaints with the President of the Association and he would make us happy. Nachurally I cannot refuse this opportunity to complain. I'm shure this matter touches each and every one of us.

It's about breakfast in the morning. I would like to meet the man or woman who can rise at a respectable our of the morning, eat a substantshul breakfast and catch the boat. If you rise at a respectable our and eat a substanshul breakfast you jes nachurally miss the boat. If you eat a substanshul breakfast and catch the boat, you gotta hop out of bed long before the milkman clashes his bottles. And if you hop out of bed at a respectable our and catch the boat—well, I guess most of us do it—you simply leave the toast and the eggs and bacon steaming behind you. And it's heart-rending.

Now, my suggestion is, Mr. President, that breakfast be served on the boat. (All those in favor raise the rite hand.—Motion carried!!) I'm shure a little self-service cafeteria would be well patronized. And think of the benefit to all concerned. And talk about promoting general good will and association spirit! Nothin' like hot tea and toste obord the Luella.

This is just the jerm of my idea. In can give you details as to how to develop this divinely-inspired suggestion later on.

What do Ward-Islanders think of the plan?

Yours for as much sleepe as is possible on a rainy morning.

“Sweet Marie.”

Dear Sweet Marie:

Your letter is very timely and a cafeteria aboard ship, so that Ward Islanders could dine en route to the city, is a splendid idea, only I do not know that the Luella would be the best vessel on which to instal it. Of course, if some of you girls would go to bed earlier it would not be so difficult getting up in time to have a decent breakfast. If this idea of yours

was adopted, however, it would have to be understood that everybody paid for their own breakfast, or else first thing we knew the expenses of the young men on the Island would rise very rapidly, because they not only would have to take a girl to the show and buy her a supper, but would also have to start the day by getting her breakfast.

Speaking of the toast and eggs and bacon which you leave steaming behind you, we have never tried steaming bacon. It sounds rather good to us. Before taking any official action upon your suggestion could the editor not have the pleasure of breakfasting with you?

Ed.

Y'um, y'um, y'um—Leming Pie! Discreetly handed to a handsome chap from the east side of a certain verandah, on a certain thoroughfare, on a certain evening. But then, he gave everybody else a bite—so all's well that ends well.

Some people are beginning to call The Hotel the “Glass House.” However, nobody throws any stones, anyway.

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

“It's all right,” said the host, “don't you know the proverb, ‘Barking dogs never bite’?”

“Ah, yes,” said the Frenchman. “I know ze proverbe, you know ze proverbe, but ze dog—does he know ze proverbe?” —Exchange.

A man left his umbrella in the stand in a hotel with a card bearing the following inscription attached to it: “This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds. Will return in ten minutes.”

On returning for his property, he found in its place a card inscribed: “This card was left here by a man who can run one mile in four minutes. I shall not be back.” (Was this George?)

SAILING NOTES

Well, the four big days are over and Ward's Island was raised considerably in the estimation of the sailors, both local and visitors. The races were close, and not a complaint. The entertainment was up to the usual Ward's Island standard, and to cap it all the Canadians kept the cup.

We are not going to publish the results, as you are all familiar with them, as our own boys including: Boyce, Windeyer, Irwin, Warde and Reilly were all in the money, the rest being close up.

The Committee wish to take this opportunity of thanking everyone for the way they helped entertain our visitors, and to assure them that all they did was very much appreciated.

Special mention must be made of one or two, and we think you will all agree when we say Harry Hudson heads the list. He was simply wonderful, and put the life into the entire party. Thanks, Harry.

Then come the ladies who so kindly helped with the dinner, which was the best ever. Also those who loaned cots and bedding; all of which we appreciate very much.

Jimmy Lackie also deserves special mention with his helper, Frank De-Guerre, for the strenuous work in providing sleeping quarters for the Rochester boys.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Reilly and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hurst for placing their homes at the disposal of the visiting ladies.

You were all simply grand, and we must say the Island sure put on a holiday appearance. The decorations were great, and even if you did not get a prize you sure did nobly, and left an impression on our visitors which they will never forget.

Walter Windeyer is a boy we can all be proud of. He is a great sailor, a good ball player, and as the ladies say "a perfect little gentleman." His crew is also a real fellow and will, we hope, some day be defending the cup himself.

Our ICE CREAM : PARLOR :

is on the Island to serve you with the highest quality refreshments. Ice cream in bulk and bricks—take home a brick for tea.

We carry a big assortment of high quality groceries. The grocery department is at your service—let it serve you.

*Have Sunday Dinner in
the Hotel Dining Room.*

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Just drop in some evening on your way to the boat and "Jeff" Ford, a Ward's Island "Old Boy" will fix you up.

All the latest issue Victor Records are available at this counter and no time need be lost.

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What did you think of the Shelter? We simply did not know the old place, and it only goes to show what can be done by real live men.

Say, can that bunch of Yanks eat? Well we will say so, especially such food as was supplied by Mrs. Baker and her little band of helpers.

Altogether it was a real time, and the visitors were highly impressed with the community spirit prevailing on Ward's, and more than one compliment was paid to President Wilson along this line.

Now let's get ready for Rochester on the 14th and 15th. Let's go.

Bill Boyce's speech showed his real sportsmanship, but the circumstances could not be helped, Bill, and if you profited by it no one is sorry, but no one regretted the incident more than the officers of the day.

The talent on Ward's is great, and gave a real programme Monday night. Art Saywell is some little chairman of entertainments.

That Doug Cup was a peach, and sure tickled Chick Rambeat. He thought we were kidding and were going to pull a tin cup on him. The surprise put him down and out.

Toronto Ferry Co., Ltd.

TIME TABLE

Bay St. to Ward's Island.		Ward's Island to Bay St.	
6.50 a.m.	3.40	7.05 a.m.	3.55
7.20	*4.20	7.30	4.35
7.50	5.00	8.00	5.15
8.20	5.20	8.35	5.35
9.00	*5.40	9.15	5.55
9.40	6.15	9.55	6.25
10.20	7.20	10.35	7.35
11.40	8.00	11.50	8.15
12.20 p.m.	8.40	12.30 p.m.	8.55
1.00	9.20	1.25	9.35
*1.40	10.00	1.55	10.10
2.20	10.30	2.35	10.40
*3.00	11.00	3.15	11.10

*The trips marked thus are cancelled in bad weather.

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First—We have arranged to have several representatives on the Island who will take your order. Thus you are saved the trouble of coming over to town to shop if cottage duties, picnics or busy times in general delay you.

Second—Once your order is given, your worries are at an end. No running out near meal-time for supplies and panting up the path with your arms full of parcels. If you desire, you need not leave your cottage verandah all day long. Simpson's delivery brings you supplies right to your very door the day following that on which your order is given.

Third—Last, but by no means least, you are able to take advantage of Simpson's splendid money-saving opportunities in personal and household needs from day to day. Particularly in the matter of meats, vegetables and groceries, which are the best and freshest obtainable, and offered at a minimum price.

But, if you do prefer coming over to town to shop, be sure to make use of another "Simpson" service—the Transfer Card. You obtain it with your first purchase—no waiting for change or parcels—and you simply pay in once at the Basement Cash Office.

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