

WARD'S ISLAND WEEKLY



Vol. 4, No. 8

WARD'S ISLAND, TORONTO

August 21, 1920

HELL-UP—HELL-UP!

Big Ben had just struck the midnight hour, and most Ward Islanders had removed the connecting link between Niagara Falls and their tungsten lights, and were sound asleep on bed and couch and floor, depending largely upon whether the visitors had stayed all night or not. The spiders were busy silently weaving silken entanglements for unwary flies and the mosquitoes were anxiously hunting up crevices in the tents through which they might enter and gorge themselves on the blood of well-fed Ward Islanders. But, hark! what is that? A dozen sleepers are aroused! A cry of HELL-UP, but, no, it must be some horrid nightmare. Again that blood-curdling cry is wafted across the waters, and now bowlers and baseball fiends are scrambling into pyjamas and frightened damsels emerged in their kimono's with hair in long braids, while some wives, seeing these visions of the night floating down the streets, think it best to accompany their husbands in an endeavor to rescue the perishing.

The life savers are now scurrying around the bay and strange sounds are heard from the deep. Ah, they are returning. The residents make a dash for the Life Saving Station. "Did you get them?" the Captain asks his crew.

Gentle reader, calm yourself,—some poor fisherman lost the wheel off his boat, or an oarlock, or something, so what more natural thing than to call on our noble Life Savers for HELL-UP?

PARAGRAPHS

Get in training for the land and water events. We want the sports this year to be the most successful and interesting, with lots of contestants and a fine spirit of friendly rivalry prevailing.

Ward Islanders can certainly put things over. The money that has been raised for the Star Fresh Air Fund is only another proof of what a fine organization we have and what a generous lot of people live at Ward's.

The adult masquerade was somewhat marred by the unpromising weather conditions, but notwithstanding proved the most interesting event, with some very clever original costumes.

Mrs. Lackey as an Italian dispenser of music, with Jim inside the piano as the works, well deserved the prize they received. Jim must certainly have felt wound up. Every time the handle turned he had to produce.

BIOGRAPHS

E. BALL.—The biograph to be presented to Ward's Islanders this week is that of Mr. E. Ball, the genial sailor, bowler, quoter and prize dancer. Mr. Ball, who improves with age, is one of the old stand-bys of Ward's Island, and he has always been willing to assume his share of work and a great deal of responsibility in connection with various sports. He has taken great interest in sailing and for several years managed the quoiting, when it was a very popular sport and developed keen rivalry between such men as Nat Mills, Walter Dodds, Al Inglis, Chief Roaring Bull and many others. When it comes to bowling, perhaps we could point to no more consistent man on any rink than the hero of this biograph. Nor should we forget to mention the fact that he is somewhat of a gardener, and even this year has produced excellent results from his little plot. It is stated on good authority that Mr. Ball made the first chewing gum ever produced in Canada. When you consider the continuous grind of jaws which have been in operation ever since, we do not know whether we should bless or curse him, but on second thoughts we think he deserves the right hand of fellowship for having saved many a man from a dyspeptic's grave.

BERT ADAMS: What shall we say about Bert? Nothing but good, we assure you. Bert is one of the nicest fellows on Ward's Island, and is a direct descendant of Adam, who lived in the Garden of Eden. He is the chap largely responsible for our new bowling green being an accomplished fact instead of a dream, or a nightmare.

Personally we would like to see Bert our next President.

Bert is fond of bowling, an occasional bath and a frequent smoke of his good old pipe. Bert is very popular with the ladies; we don't know of any reason for this unless this popularity is due to his winsome smile, which wins some smiles, believe me. Bert is a Metho—he is most

methodical, and this seems to be about all we are permitted to divulge.

The President has been away on a vacation, thus giving his family a well-earned rest.

SPASMS!

There is a fellow named Asm
Who often taketh a spasm;
When his verses don't rhyme
He has a bad time,
And very frequently has'em.

Mr. Kragg: "I don't see what you have to complain of. Haven't you had the best of everything since we were married?"

His Wife: "Well, I didn't marry the best man at our wedding."

The Residents of Ward's Island

and their visitors

are cordially invited to attend

A Short Service of Song

Every Sunday from 7.30-7.45 p.m.

Leader

Pianist

MR. ALEC GAY MISS JOHNSON

followed by

A Simple Hearty Service

from 7.45-8.45 p.m.

under Church of England auspices.

Preacher:- REV. D. B. LANGFORD

*"The gospel of Christ . . . is
the power of God."* Rom. 1:16.

We all need it—bring your visitors with you.

*"As for me and my house, we will
serve the Lord."* Joshua 24:15.

BOWLING NOTES

The ladies are getting along very well with their games, but unfortunately and unavoidably, the nights they are scheduled to play there is usually some other attraction on, such as a dance, a euchre or a concert. It would be a good idea if the ladies would kindly try and arrange to play off their postponed games during the afternoons, but not on the evenings the men are scheduled to play, that is, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, as they have the above nights reserved.

From score cards handed in up to Saturday, August 14, with five games scheduled. Mrs. J. B. Mill is leading her section with 3 wins, 1 loss and 1 postponed game. Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Knight are ties in Section B, with 4 wins each and 1 postponed game.

The Men's Section is drawing to a close and by the time we go to press the winners of the different sections will be pretty well decided. Some skips are still far behind in playing off their postponed games. Please get down on the green with your teams and play off some of these games.

Poor old Bob was handed a bad wallop this week by Dad Ball, score 32 to 5. Dad only allowed Bob to score on two ends. Eddie was sorry he did not see that game, as Bob trimmed him nearly as bad.

Bob and Art had a battle royal last Saturday night after the regular games, and some of the natives who had gone to bed early were awakened near midnight and, seeing the bright lights on the green thought it was morning. Bob got off to a good start but Art pulled off a 6 end and overtook Bob's big lead and won out in the last two ends. It was a great game and both were on edge. At the eighth end the score was 10 to 2 in Bob's favor, but Art's team came strong on end and won out, 16 to 11.

Art Saywell's team is still leading in his section, and looks like a sure winner.

TENNIS NOTES

The following are names of lady entries for Ladies' Singles. More names are needed. Those who wish to play, please hand in their names to J. H. Swain, Chairman of Tennis, or at W.I.A. office. Mrs. Fall, Miss Grace Armstrong, Mrs. Tasker, Miss May Wilson, Miss Lye, Miss Marion Anderson, Miss Marguerite Reid, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Cambridge, Miss Whale, Miss Madeline Lye, Mrs. Gastrel.



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you will be
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later**

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EST 1884

WARD'S ISLAND WEEKLY

Official organ of the

WARD'S ISLAND ASSOCIATION

Published weekly during the summer months.
Circulation reaching 2000 readers.

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	<i>Bowling</i>
JAS. LACKEY	<i>Base Ball</i>
ED. TOLLEY	<i>Dancing</i>
A. SAYWELL	<i>Entertainment</i>
C. JOLLY	<i>Junior Sports</i>
E. BALL	<i>Quoits</i>
A. KNIGHT	<i>Sailing</i>
JACK SWAIN	<i>Tennis</i>
BERT WRIGHT	<i>Basket Ball</i>

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

Well, our sailor boys went over to Rochester, taking with them fond hopes and handsome wives. They all had a good time and with few exceptions remained perfectly sober. At the moment of going to press, we are not sure whether Bill Reilly is going to carry off the Emmerson Cup, or leave it for another year in the Yanks' possession.

Bill Archer, the Sailor King of Ward's, justified our hopes by bringing home a Silver Cup. Congratulations, but say, Bill, how did you get such a conspicuous piece of silverware past the Canadian Customs?

Sunday night the boat was due at Charlotte at 10 p.m.—At midnight some Ward Islanders were still holding hands, sitting on a rail, waiting for the boat!—About 2 a.m. the ship hove in sight, and

our delegates were allowed to scramble on and sleep in their berths till about 7 a.m., when Ward's Island appeared on the horizon, and tired and weary, but victorious, they arrived back home.

PERSONALS

Will handsome blonde who came over to Ward's Island one night last week on the Luella, dressed in a mauve pullover, please send address to T. C., care of Editor?

If party who borrowed the lower section of advertiser's pyjamas off the clothes line does not return them at once, there will be domestic trouble.—P. D. Q.

Will stout, dark gentleman who so gallantly assisted young lady up gang plank last Sunday night, please meet the same boat next Sunday?

Adeline.

NOTE.—It looks to us as though the gentleman will be there.—Ed.

LOST—A ladies' white silk slipper. Can't just remember when, or where, or exactly how. Finder will be suitably rewarded.
Madam X.

JUNIOR BASEBALL

The W.I.A. Junior Baseball teams should really be allowed to use the large diamond occasionally. The games these boys are putting on are such as would be a great attraction to the Islanders. Certainly it would be a good idea to stage the final game in the contest for the Silver Cup, on the large diamond.

It's a real treat to watch the splendid playing of these lads. Their earnestness, and aggressive enthusiasm keep things moving all the time. In a few years these boys will be playing on the Senior teams and the game they will play will prove a real sensation.

Kick a dog and he'll yelp; pat his head and he'll lick your hand. Human beings are just as responsive as dogs.

CONCERT

Friday Night, August 20th,
8.30 sharp

The Ebony Minstrels

WILL BE THERE
WITH FULL CHORUS

FOREDOOMED.

Father's present to little Johnny on his eighth birthday was a beautiful book.

"And if you find any new words in it," said he rashly, "don't forget to ask me, sonny."

The cross-examination soon began.

"Father, what's an optimist?" burst out Johnny, before he had read to the foot of the first page.

"Er—an optimist!" replied father, thinking hard. "Oh, an optimist, my son, is an Englishman who buys goods from a Jew, hoping to sell them at a profit to a Scotsman."

He: "Do you know what I'd do if I were you?"

She: "No. What?"

He: "I'd marry me."

And she did.

Don't worry about what people say about you. Think what might happen if they were mind readers.

NOTHING LIKE THIS ON WARD'S

A Jersey commuter, missing his train one bitter cold morning, concluded he would spend the day with his wife. He went back to the house, 'round to the kitchen door and entered—there he found his wife leaning over the stove with her back to him. He came up behind her and kissed her on the back of the neck. Without looking, the wife said:

"Two bottles of milk and half pint of cream to-day."—Exchange.

Tramp: "I'm an orphan, sir, alone in the world, and ——"

Brookes (who has just bought his seventeenth niece a wedding present): "I congratulate you, my friends, I congratulate you!"

Willie: "Pa, what is discretion?"

Father: "Discretion is something that comes to a man when he is too old to benefit by it, my son."

W.I.A. MASQUERADE

It is certainly great that there is one night in the year when one may be just as crazy as one likes; and we are sorry more Islanders did not take advantage of it. However, those who did had a real time and some audience. Although there were not as many in costume as other years, on account of giving home-made costumes the preference, those who were there certainly showed a lot of brains, and that they knew how to use them, as every one was fine, and gave the judges all their work trying to pick out the winners, which we think was very good judgment on their part. We all thank them very much for their assistance. The characters, original and comic, were too numerous to mention, but it goes on record that one lady dragged her husband all over the Island. Jimmie sat on a nice comfortable stool in the organ, and certainly had a pie job. They say it takes 250 degrees to bake a pie; ask Jimmie if this is so. What an inspiring sight to see the beautiful Vamp, vamping all the masqueraders. He even got the nigger going, and had some Whale of a time. The Roulette Wheel as usual was sure some winner and the Original, Mrs. Katzenjammer, was there creating as much fun as she ever does in the funnies. The Clown was sure some cut up, and the Irishman did not forget his shillalagh or his clay pipe, nor the fisherman all his traps. In fact, everything was fine and a real good night for those who took part. We even had dog fights, and Mrs. Katzenjammer was throwing noodle soup from her pan at them to no avail. Someone was wondering if dogs ever commit suicide. Here's hoping some do on Ward's Island. After the dog fight, the judges got through with their strenuous work and decided as follows:

Fancy — Mrs. Marshall, Roulette wheel.

Mr. Whale—Vamp.

Original—Mrs. Lackie, Organ-grinder.

Original—Mr. Marshall, Fisherman.

Comic—Mrs. Pocklington, Mrs. Katzin-jammer.

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.*

Bulmer's Hotel

It Takes Only a Minute

to secure a record at our
**Ground Floor
Record Counter**

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.

Try this service to-morrow.

THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO.
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145 YONGE STREET.
Established 1849.

Ted Ward—Irishman.

Mr. Whale, attired in the characteristic modest attire of the modern vamp and adorned with a head of rich strawberry curls, was one of the sensations of the evening.

Other prize winners included Mrs. Marshall, in a clever roulette wheel costume, and Mr. Marshall as a fisherman carrying a net over his shoulders. To have made this costume a bit more forceful, he should have carried in the net a few fish with a rich sea odor.

DOG DAYS!

When a spell of hot weather comes along we refer to it as "Dog Days." Probably this is because the warm weather develops a feeling of snarlishness amongst our canine friends. As a result, last week we had several dog fights on the Island. Strange to say, not only dogs suffer this way, but men also have their "dog days," and snarl just like their four-footed brethren. Their bark is usually worse than their bite, of course, so we must not take these outbursts too seriously. During dog days it is just as well to let the dog have his bone, and the bowler any bias he likes on the green.

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
*140	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.

TORONTO FERRY CO., Limited.

A man owes his first duty to himself, and that duty is to be gentle in his acts and moderate in his judgments.

It is a sad business to persuade oneself that the test of truth lies in the multitude of believers.—G. Eliot.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute wisely and leave contentedly.

Sincere motives are the firm foundations upon which actual accomplishments are built. Conceited motives are the shifting sands upon which failures are built.—Winty.

The gentleman is the man who is master of himself—who respects himself and makes others respect him.

Get the habit of looking at things from another's viewpoint and doing for others without a thought of recompense.

Treat a man with as much respect as you would a picture—always look at him in the best light.—Emerson.

Your character may be ever so good—but your reputation depends upon how you appear to others. Be discreet.

Nothing is more rare in any man—says Emerson—than an act of his own. Most people are other people.

The man who measures his ability by his physical strength, cheats himself. He underestimates his working capital. He does not know what manner of man he is, and he fails.

Nothing makes the soul so pure as the endeavor to create something perfect; and a single grateful thought toward heaven is a most complete prayer.

Get in the habit of fearing nothing and of expecting that for which you hope.



SERVICE FOR ISLANDERS

Important from three standpoints is the service which Simpson's Island Delivery renders to summer cottagers—

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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Robert Limited

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