THE WINCHESTER PRESS

VOL. XLIII — WINCHESTER, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1929 — NO 35

Season's Greetings

FENNELL & WALLACE, Winchester, Ont.

Poultry Wanted

Highest Prices paid for Dressed Poultry. All Poultry must be nicely dressed, and properly bled. Good quality only wanted. Call, Write or Phone for Prices. Phones 616r25 Winchester or 32r25 Metcalfe.

B. McKERCHER, Vernon.

"The Book Store"

Season's Greetings

A. H. DUNCAN, Winchester

DRESSED POULTRY WANTED!

Highest Prices Paid for all kinds of Dressed Poultry. Must be well-bled and Dry-Picked. Good quality only wanted. Phones—Bell 617 r 23, Rural 32 r 23

W. J. PORTEOUS & SONS, VERNON, ONT.

MEN'S WEAR - UTMAN'S - BOOTS SHOES

A Bright & Prosperoms New Year to all.

Our new lines of Ties individually boxed, $1.00 each

The very latest in Men's Bow Ties 50c each.

Broadcloth Shirts, individually boxed $2.50 each

Fine Silk Scarfs, new patterns, $2.50 each,

Fine Mitts and Gloves, Caps, Overshoes, Sweater Coats Oxfords and High Boots, Well Tailored Suits and Overcoats made to your order.

For the ladies we have Goloshes, Shuettes and fine Slippers. Drop in and look them over.

Telephone 65, A. F. UTMAN.



FREE ALCO-METER SERVICE

Stop and Have Your Car Tested

Maple Leaf Anti-Freeze is the best and safest preparation to put in your radiator for cold weather driving.

FOR SALE AT

MELVIN'S GARAGE, Winchester, Ont.

Our Column

Happy New Year.

Have you got the Christmas spirit.

And now the days are beginning to stretch out.

After next week you will be lifting your hat to 1930.

"A golden wedding is when a couple has gone fifty-fifty.'

The height of ignorance is thinking you know everything.

"No man is so good but a woman can make him better."

After all, with most people, it was a very happy Christmas.

There was a turkey gobble yesterday, but not by the turkey.

' The road to success is filled with women pushing their husbands along."

This winter is surely old-fashioned enough to suit the most ardent lover of old- time seasons.

One advantage the airplane has over the automobile is that it not held up with blocked roads.

Just remember that the horse, the cow, the dog, yes and even the cat would enjoy a little Christmas cheer.

Say, wasn't the joy of the kids the very best reward you can think of for any sacrifice you made to make them happy.

An English clergman predicts a war between sexes. Think how the masculine army will quail when the femine host cries "Charge it."—Brooklyn Times.

It ain't the guns or armament,
Nor the tunes the band can play,
But the close co operation
That makes us win the day.
It ain't the individual, nor
The army as a whole,
But the everlasting team work
Of every bloomin' soul. —Kipling

L. Macauley, M. L. A. for South York, has announced his intention of introducing a bill at the coming session of the Ontario Legislature which will compel the cancellation of the licenses of motor cars involved in breaches of the Ontario Liquor Control Act. At present, the power of cancelling licenses of persons guilty of L. C. A. violations is vested in the Minister of Highways but is purely discretionary.

Please Do

Will our merchants try and help us out for next week by sending in their change of Advt. not later than Monday. The holiday coming on Wednesday each week for two weeks, and publication day Thursday, means much to our limited staff, so please try and accommodate us.

We Are Thankful

For Messages of Christmas Cheer and Good Wishes, the Editor of the Winchester Press wishes to publicly express appreciation and thanks. They came by letter by wire, over the telephone and by mail, some personally but none by radio. To those who remembered us with little gifts we are very thankful. They all brought Christmas Cheer, and again we wish to express our thanks and appreciation.

A Big Egg

At this season when the biggest turkey is the center of attraction, the Winchester Press had a surprise in being presented with the biggest egg of the season. Mr. Chas. M. Barkley, of Inkerman, a few days ago laid on our counter an egg from a White Leghorn pullet of last April, that weighed ¼ of a pound and measured 6½ inches by 8 inches. It is perfect in shape and as white as chalk. In fact it wouldn't take many such eggs to outweigh the pullet that laid them.

New Years Greetings

Smile.
Shake hands.
Laugh if you can.
Forget you have a grudge.
Treat all persons in a friendly manner.
Don't remind your acquaintences of anything unpleasant.
If you owe a debt and can pay it-do so.
If you promised to pay a debt and can't do so, go to the person you owe and tell them.
Renew your subscription to the Winchester Press, and if you are in arrears see that they are settled before you begin 1930.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Before another issue of the Press, you will be writing it, 1930.

Morrisburgs new covered rink was opened on Saturday night last.

The Ontario Trade Boards will hold their annual Convention at Cornwall nect October.

Don't forget that next Monday night the Nomination meeting begins at 7 o'clock and closes at 8 o'clock.

We are sorry to learn of the sudden death of Arthur Dawson, of Syracuse, a former resident of Brinston.

The Boys Parliament meets at Toronto this week. Harold Beach is the member for Dundas. They will meet at Hart House, and it is expected that over 110 boys from all parts of the Province will be in attendance.

Dr. S. W. D. Frith of Edmonton, a former resident of Winchester, and a brother-in-law of Mr. Robert Mulholland, South Mountain, captured the highest honors, by winning the sweepstakes in hard wheat at the Toronto Royal Winter Fair this year. The Doctor owns a farm at Edmonton and is also a poultry fancier winning many prizes.

Catching her hand in the wringer of a washing machine which she was operating at her home at Morrisburg last week, Mrs. Frederick Duvaul suffered severe injuries to the member. Mrs. Duvaul, a middle-aged woman, was engaged in feeding clothes to the rollers when her fingers were caught and drawn into the machine. Twenty seven stitches were inserted in the injured hand, which was mangled to the wrist.

In the "35 year ago" column of the Smiths Falls Record-News last week appeared an item that stated that the week before Christmas Eastern Ontario was visited by one of the worst snow storm know "to the oldest inhabitant" and that the roads were so drifted full of snow that it makes it hard to travel them. So it would appear that the December of 1929 is not the only December of plenty of snow, zero weather and snow blocked roads.

Statistics gathered by an Insurance Company in the United States and Canada, show that the automobile is responsible for one-third of all the accident deaths. It has caused as many deaths as the four principal diseases of childhood—measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and diphtheria combined. In this class there has been one automobile fatality this year to every four deaths from cancer, to every three from appoplexy and to every seven and one half from heart disease, the leading cause of death. More than 2 per cent of all deaths from all causes are now due to automobile accidents.

Plenty of Poultry

Whether its because farmers are raising more poultry or because the people are buying less we cannot positively state, but not in many years has poultry been as plentiful or as low in price as this season. It is many years since turkeys sold at 35c and even less.

Christmas Concert

The annual Christmas Entertainment of the United Church Sunday School, Winchester Springs was held Friday evening, D c. 20. There was a splendid turnout of enthusiasts who braved the fearful weather and were well rewarded by hearing a programme of unusual merit rendered wholly by members of the school. At the close of the program a fine collection of gifts were distributed from the tree by Santa Claus. Altogether this entertainment was a most enjoyable affair.

Plenty of Snow

Truly this is what our grandmothers call an "old fashioned winter." There is a story told of the explorations of the early French pioneers who travelled up the Ottawa and through the forests of the Ottawa Valley, of a winter when the snow came in early November and continued until late in the spring, when the sun looked like a big dish pan in the sky, and when the temperature remained below zero all through December. Of course, that was long ago, but the present winter recalls the description of a Canadian winter by the historian. It is certainly a record December for snow fall and cold weather, and we may not have a change until the "January Thaw." The early snow has had a good effect on business in general, as people have been forced to purchase warmer clothing.

Need for a School Nurse

Dr. W. J. Bell, Deputy Minister of Health for Ontario, in addressing the Women's Institutes at Morrisburg, said, "The central point of the Public Health Nurse's activity in the community is in the local schools. First and foremost is the control of communicable diseases. Second, physical defects amongst children in the schools. Third, personal and community education carried from the school as a centre. Fourth, school sanitation." These four points cover the main activities of the Public Health Nurse in the community from the school as a centre, and the Morrisburg Women's Institute urges the need of a health nurse for the County of Dundas.

C. P. R. Efficiency

That the Canadian Pacific Railway officials are ever and always careful to look after the interests of the traveling public is well known. An incident of that efficiency and promptness occurred on Saturday last. A Winchester passanger from Kingston got off the afternoon train, and on arriving home discovered that he had left a parcel, entrusted to him, in the car. He at once telephoned the local agent, Mr. Boyes, describing the parcel. There was no name or address on it, but he asked if he would try and recover it. Mr. Boyes, in his usual obliging manner, said he would do his best. On Monday morning the gentleman was notified that his parcel had been located and recovered and would be at the depot here for him that evening. The news came as a very happy surprise as the gentleman had very little hope of recovering the package, and he is loud in his praise of C. P. R. efficiency.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

His many friends are pleased to see that Mr. J. A. McDougall is able to be about again after a prolonged illness.

The marriage took place quietly on Decemeber 18th, 1929, at the United church parsonage, Chesterville, by Rev. R. E. Newman, of Mrs. Nellie Froats, Nation Valley, and Mr. John A. MacLean of Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlington Reveler of Winchester, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ella Waunetta, to Mr. Edwin Johnston of Bath, N. Y., marriage to take place the 2nd of January.

Married in Toronto on Saturday, Dec. 14th, Lorraine Buchann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buchann, of Williamsburg, and Roy Hamilton, son of Mr. Ed. Hamilton, Brinston. The happy young couple will take up residence in Hamilton.

Apple Hill lost one of its oldest inhabitants on Wednesday of last week, in the person of Joseph Vance who dropped dead suddenly on that date. Up to the time of his death, Mr. Vance had shown no signs of illness. He was 70 years old.

Fire broke out in the lower part of Massey Hall, Finch, on Monday, damaging the feed store and contents and also the grist mill of Johnston & Nesbitt to the extent of $700. The Hall which is directly overhead was damaged to the extent of $200

A fire starting in the kitchen of the home of John A. Kennedy, farmer, near Spencerville, Christmas eve, completely destroyed the property. The family of eight escaped in their night clothes. One boy got confused in the smoke, but was rescued by the father. He was badly burned but will recover.

The death occurred in Kingston General Hospital on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 12th, following an operation for intestinal trouble, of a highly respected citizen of Iroquois, in the person of Mrs. Ellen Merkley, aged 63 years. She had been in falling health for several years, and while her death was not unexpected, nevertheless, it came as a shock to her many friends.

Gay ornaments and sparkling lights have been hung upon a large evergreen on the lawn at Cornwall General Hospital in accordance with the custom which has been followed for several years past. The tree serves as a "Christmas tree" for patients in the institution and radiates a Christmas spirit not only throughout the building but in the Hospital neighborhood. says the Freeholder.

On Tuesday, Dec. 17, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Deeks of Avonlea, Sask., entertained at dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gilroy, it being their thirty-ninth wedding anniversary. Mrs. Gilroy looked charming in a gown of [illegible] and carried a bouquet of sweeheart roses and carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Gilroy entered the dining room to the strains of Lohengrin wedding march and took their places at the table which was centered by a three storey wedding cake. After a sumptuous dinner the bride and groom were presented with a small gift and address of congratulation. The next half hour was spent in remeninesces of their early married life. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gilroy, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Deeks, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Deeks, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Deeks, Miss Winnie Deeks, Mr. Stewart Deeks, Mrs. Ted Gandy and Leland of Brock.

Remember the New Year's Entertainment by St. Paul's Presbyterian Sunday School, in Lannin's Hall on New Years Night, Jan. 1st, at 8 o'clock. Admission 35c and 25c. A pleasant way to spend New Year's Night.

Married

At the Presbyterian Manse, Winchester, on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, 1929, by the Rev. W. D. Turner, Mary Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John C. MacLean, to John Orton, eldest son of the late Robt. Rodney. Congratulations.

Town Finances

The annual financial statement of the Village of Winchester will be distributed this week. According to the treasures' figures the Council of 1920 will conclude the year with a surplus of receipts over expenditures of $540.54. But as $178.98 of that surplus belongs to the unexpended money set aside for Good Roads, the actual surplus is $361.56 which is a good showing considering the amount of work done, sidewalks built etc. The public are asked to give the financial statement their careful perusal.

Big Post Office Business

Postmaster Scott is one person who is glad that the Christmas rush is over. Not in his experience has the local Post Office handled as much mail in one period as during the past two weeks. With extra staff, and all working like mad, they could not possibly meet the demand at certain times, and especially when the trains were late, and the mails from east and west came in together. But they did not keep the public waiting long, and everyone was served in their turn, and always with a smile. Winchester has no complaint with its local Post Office Staff.

The Telephone Staff

The Winchester Press was glad to learn there are those who do not forget the telephone staff at the Christmas Season, and the young ladies who so pleasantly and promptly resond with "number please" when you ring in, fully appreciated those boxes of chocolates that were sent in. One sometimes wonders at the patience and forbearance of the young ladies who handle the switch board at a telephone exchange, and if the air could but register the thoughts of some of them when an old grouch calls them down, it would not be the pleasantest kind of interpretation. Anyway Winchester telephone users have little to complain of, and if there are complaints they are little complaints. The Winchester Press wishes the staff all the blessings of a New Years.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Hector Bell, Cornwall, spent the holiday at his his home here.

Miss Erma Beach of Ottawa, is spending the holidays at her home here.

Mr. Chas. Steinburg, of Prescott, is spending the holidays at his home here.

Mr. K. A. Christie, B. A., of Toronto, is spending a few days at his home here.

Mrs J. E. Hutt is spending the Christman Season with her daughtes in Ottawa.

Rev. Mr. Ostrom and Mrs. Ostrom are spending the Christmas season at Toronto.

Miss Ella McDonald of Windsor, is spending the holidays at her home in Ormond.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lawrence and son, Jack, of Toronto, are guests of Mrs. John E. Parker.

Miss Helen G. Agnew, B. A., of Belleville, is spending the holidays at her home here.

Miss Annie Sharpe of Perth, Ont., is spending her Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. Jack Boyes, Student at Albert College, Belleville, is home for the Christmas Season.

Mr. Cecil Dukelow of McGill University, is spending the Christmas season at his home here.

Mr. Keith Munro, of the Toronto Daily Star Staff, spent Christmas with his mother here.

Dr. J. R. Emery of New York, is spending the holidays the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ross.

Miss Belle Rae, for many years a resident of Chesterville, passed away at her home there recently.

Mr. Willard V. Faith, of the General Electric at Montreal, spent Christmas with his parents here.

Miss Marion Edwards, Stratford, and Miss Bessie Edwards, London, are home for the Christmas season.

Miss Lula Brown is spending the holidays at the home of her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown here.

Dr. R. C. McLaughlin of Paris, Ont., is spending a few days the guest of his father, Dr. P. M. McLaughlin.

Mrs. Charles French of Blanche, Que., is spending this week here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Earle.

Mr. Glen Raney, Physical Instructor in a Toronto School, is spending the Christmas Season with his sisters here.

Mr. Lockie Goodfellow, who is a Student at Albert College, Belleville, is home for the Christmas holiday.

Mr. Douglas Gemeroy, Physical Director of Y. M. C. A., Quebec City, spent Christmas with his parents here.

Mrs. Bowman and grand-daughter, Georgina, spent the Christmas holidays with her two sons in Canton, N. Y.

Dr Joe Gemeroy and Mrs. Gemeroy of Detroit, expect to make a flying visit home while in Canada for Christmas.

Miss Isobel Gemeroy, nurse-in-training in the General Hospital, Montreal, [illegible] week-end at his home here.

[illegible] in town Christmas Day, assisting [illegible] wedding of her cousin, Miss Minnie Earle.

Mr. Gordon McDonald of Kaladar, is spending the holiday season the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McDonald.

Dr. Muriel Fetterly, lecturer in Medicine in Cornell University of Ithica, N. Y., is spending the Christmas season at her home here.

Mr. George Edwards, who has been taking a course in the Edinburgh University, Scotland, arrived at his home here on Monday.

Miss Florence McLean, B. A., of Toronto, is spending the holidays the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McLean of Ormond.

Mr. and Mrs. Gemeroy received Greetings on Christmas morning, by wire, from Dr. Alex, Edmonton, Fraser of Calgary, Mary, Sally and Herbert of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon L. Flora, daughter, Ann, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Flora of Ottawa, Dr. Fred Flora of Toronto, spent Christmas with their mother, Mrs. E. Flora.

Misses Mabel Waddell and Evelyn Armstrong, Messrs George Elliott, Kenneth Annable, Bill Servage, Rupert Helmer and Bill Agnew, all students of Queen's University, Kingston, are spending their holidays at their respective homes here.

Mr. D. H. Christie of the Department of the Interior Ottawa, Mr. Harold L. Christie of the Head Office Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto, and Mr. Kenneth A. Christie, Barrister, of Toronto, spent a few days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Christie.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Barlow, Morrisburg and two sons, who were present at a family gathering at the home of Mrs. Bertha Parker on Christmas Day, had the misfortune of missing the train at Finch, and had to drive from Finch to Winchester. The most regretable part was that F. J. was not present at the first helping of the Christmas turkey.

HOCKEY MATCH FRIDAY

There will be a Hockey Game at the local Arena tomorrow (Friday) night. If Chesterville can't play, it is expected Brinston's will play here. Anyway there will be a game so don't miss it.

Lost Christmas Gifts

One day just before the snow blocked the roads a farmer living along the Nation and not many miles from Winchester, drove to Ottawa to sell a load of poultry. Having disposed of his poultry, he and his wife proceeded to make their Christmas purchases, which they placed in the bottom of their parked car, covering them with a blanket. They then went to complete their buying, and returned to the car without looking under the blanket. Imagine their surprise when on reaching home they discovered that someone had stolen all their purchases, and all they left was the blanket. It was a considerable loss, but they were able to duplicate most of the stolen property in the Winchester stores.

Season's Greetings.

Forgetting Business, let us renew our Wishes for your Happiness & Prosperity at this Season and also throughout the New Year.

FLORA'S
"Victoria" Independent Store.
Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

The Needlecraft Store

Great Opportunities for Christmas Shopping at the Needlecraft Store.

You will find the following Embroidered Models all very reasonably priced.

Pillow Cases $3.85 to $4.00
Bed Spreads $5.00 to $10.00
Towels $2.00 and up.
Buffet Sets $1.00 to $5 00
Coloured Centre Pieces, tatted trimmed, $2.00 and up.
Sofa Cushions $2.00 to $6.50
Table Runner $6.50
Glass Towels 75c to 85c

And over a dozen varieties of beautiful Aprons, Whoopee, Coveralls, etc.

We advise an early selection of our Hand Painted Christmas Cards

IDA F. GARDNER

For Sale

Nine room brick house, well built, hardwood floors, electricity, furnace, garage, barns, hen-house, 15 acres of land more or less, good fruit orchard; 10 minutes, walk to school, churches, stores. For further details, apply to

Allen Merkley
59 Brown Street, Rochester, New York.

CARD OF THANKS

We, the bereaved family of the late Mrs. R. Robinson wish to express our sincere thanks to the many friends who gave their kindness, sympathy and floral tributes during the illness and death of our mother.

34p. Nellie, Bessie and George

For Sale

One Bro[illegible] about 100 lb., French Colt, 2[illegible] Holstein Bull. Apply to

J. B. Mullen
34-5c Inkerman

WANTED

A housekeeper who is capable of taking full charge. No children in family. Must be honest and reliable. References required. Apply at Press Office 32tfc

LOST

Strayed from my premises a Black and White Heifer rising 3 years, horn with end cut and with pig ring in ear. Please inform us to whereabouts.

Eli Lamoureux
33-5p Cloverdale, Ont.

For Sale

2 pair of New Sloop Sleighs, also one pair of Knee Sleighs. Would exchange for cattle. Apply to Luther Deeks
Phone 608r23 Williamsburg, R. R. 1.
35-6p.

FOUND

A small sum of money on Louise St. on Dec. 25th. Owner may have by proving it and paying for this Advt. For particulars apply at Press Office.

Horses Wanted

One team of horses for bread delivery, for feed and keep. Apply to

G. W. Summers

Public Notice!

Notice is hereby given that a Public Meeting of the Electors of the Village of Winchester will be held in the Town Hall, of said village, on the evening of

Monday, Dec. 30th, 1929

at 7 o'clock, and remain open for one hour for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Reeve, Councillors and Public School Trustees.

Should a poll be demanded, notice is hereby given that a poll will be held in said village on

Monday, Jan. 6th, 1930

from the hour of nine in the morning till the hour of five in the afternoon, in the town hall, to receive the votes of the electors.

All persons interested will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

J. C. EMPEY, Village Clerk
and Returning Officer.
Winchester, Dec. 18th, 1929

Wall Street Crash

"Something Subtly Harmful to the Spirit of the Nation Occurs When So Many People Make So Much Money Without Earning it by Productive Labor

"It was announced by the Stock Exchange that the total market value of all stocks listed on the exchange has declined from about £17,414,600,000 on October 1 to £14,350,400,000 on November 1, a decline of £3,070,200,000. A high record value was reached on September 1st, with £17,933,600,000."

—Daily Telegraph New York Correspondent.

The weekly reviews of America, the organs of serious thought, are concerned about recent happenings in Wall Street. The "New Republic," in a searching article, says:—

"Is there anybody who would argue that the behaviour of the stock exchange during the past year has been a useful element in the nation's life? What good does it do for wealth—even paper wealth—to be won and lost so quickly?

"While the market was going up, the successful bulls and those who profited by their over-confidence loudly proclaimed, despite all critics, the virtues of speculation for the rise, but many of these same forces now console the speculators or their losses only by pointing out their folly. The question is insistent, what could have been done to prevent what has happened? What can be done to prevent its happening again?

"Some of the luxury trades will of course be hit, but they do not constitute the backbone of production and trade. Industry may now decline, but if this happens it will be largely as a consequence of tendencies which would have been injurious even if the market had retained its self-possession. The disturbance which the vagaries of stock speculation cause, in so far as it is economic, occurs as much during the rise of prices as after the fall.

"The diversion of savings and credit to operations in stocks has had unfortunate results. Anyone dependent on bank credit for normal operations has been having a hard time for at least six months. There are localities where even first mortgages, granted to home-owners on the safest of security, have been called or not renewed, where building operations are stagnant because of a shortage of loanable funds.

"If it had not been for the money which the Farm Board was able to lend for holding wheat and cotton, the stock crisis would have hit the farmers a body blow during their chief marketing season, first because people with money could use it to greater advantage in buying stocks or lending on security collateral than in financing crop operations, next because many of those dealings on the commodity exchanges liquidated their holdings in order to protect their shares.

"Many business men deserted their normal occupations because they could make so much more so easily by speculation. This must have affected the total of useful production and trade. Such a vast amount of energy and credit utilised in pursuing a phantom cannot be thought of as anything else than economic wastrel.

"The tax on the nation occurs when so many people make so much money without earning it by productive labor. Senses of values are upset. It is perhaps justifiable to defend our material culture on the ground that a competence of material things is necessary as a basis for leisure, security and appreciation of the finer flowers of human effort.

"But there is not net cultural gain in an economic order which dumps untold wealth into the hands of hundreds of thousands who happen to guess right and gamble well, but who do not thus create a single object or idea. And when the wealth is as suddenly withdrawn, a gaping hole is left. How much might this ingenuity not have accomplished, if it had not been applied so single-mindedly to evanescent personal fortune?

"This argument does not, of course, lead us to advocate either abolition of the stock market or personal renunciation of speculation, on moral grounds. In theory, the stock market is an useful institution in a capitalist order. It is supposed to furnish a place where those who want to buy or sell shares of ownership in productive resources can do so. Such buying and selling is essential, as long as private ownership exists. An industrial organization, let us say, needs capital to enlarge its production. It offers shares of stock.

"People who have saved money want to put it to work for them. They buy shares. It is convenient to have a central market where this can be done. It is useful to have a place where the interplay of buyers and sellers can determine the values of what is for sale.

"Even speculators may contribute, according to theory, to the usefulness of such an institution. By buying or selling according to their estimates of future value, they shoulder many of the risks inherent in such a market. They help to stabilize prices. The use of credit for lending to investors or speculators can also be justified. It helps to carry new securities until they can be absorbed by investors. It smooths over the rough places. If the stock market operated according to theory, there would be little complaint—until we could devise better ways to accomplish the same result.

"Nobody is entitled to say, without exhaustive investigation and discussion, what in particular can be done to plug the gaps in social control of economic processes which the experience of the past months has revealed. Clearly, however, there must be found some means which will adjust the issuance of securities more closely to the real needs of industry, not allowing it to depend on the profits of promoters and stock-selling in-

"There must be some social control of the use which private business makes of its surplus funds. There must be a good deal of popular education concerning the whole matter. We cannot hope to suppress the human instinct to gamble, but we may limit its capacity or harm in a realm which is so closely associated with the life of the nation.. We may do something to make the stock market serve the purpose it is supposed to serve."

Flies Head-Down In "Pea-Soup" Fog

Flying upside-down in a dense fog; cutting figure eights with a light plane without touching the rudder-bar; shattering a propeller by running into a flock of crows, and setting fire to an old ship as part of a Fourth of July celebration and watching the pyrotechnical display from a parachute, are among the thrilling and unusual experiences of Randy Enslow, noted cross-country flier and Lindbergh's former barnstorming partner, who has flown more than 4,000 hours in a 13-year aerial career.

"I have heard pilots tell of battling up 2,000 or 2,500 feet through fog without using their instruments," writes the aviator in the December issue of Popular Science Monthly. "I'm from Missouri. They will have to show me. When my senses tell me one thing and the little dials on the instrument board tells me another, usually the dials are right. I've never doubted that after one experience I had flying in California.

"The ship nosed into a big cloud at about 7,000 feet. The fog was so thick I could hardly see the propeller. The wings disappeared. The tail seemed to drop off. Sitting in the cockpit was like riding in a little bathtub a mile above the earth. When I dropped out of the cloud I looked over the side of the ship to get my bearings from the ground below. What I saw was blue sky and clouds. I had been flying upside down without knowing it.

"Not long ago I tested a little plane about the size of a mosquito for a man in the South. The tiny ship got off the ground in the length of two telephone poles. It was so light that, when I stuck my hand out one side of the cockpit, the plane turned, just as a boat turns when an oar is held in the water on one side. By holding out a hand first on one side and then on the other I made a figure eight without touching the rudder-bar.

"Once, while flying cross-country between two towns, I lost my way; I set the ship down in a field about the size of a handkerchief. But in barnstorming a pilot gets used to landing on a postal card and taking off from a stamp, so I wasn't worried. But just before I tipped the trees a flock of crows that had settled there was scared up by the roar of the plane's motor. The air became black. A dozen struck the propeller. It went to pieces, exploding like a firecracker. A black blizzard of crow feathers blinded me. The motor choked dead. I shoved ahead on the stick and down we came in a pasture beyond the trees. In landing we almost milked a cow and sat down straddling a barbed-wire fence. But after I dug pieces of crow out of the motor's air intake and put ten days longer, and all will be cleared on a new 'prop' the ship was ready to go.

"That was when I was barnstorming with 'Nick' Almgrim in Ohio. We had tagged along an old 'Jenny' biplane that was born before the war. At last we got tired of having the flying tumble-bug sed around. So, at a Fourth of July celebration at a little town near Columbus, we gave everybody—including myself—the thrill of their lives. We packed the old bus with excelsior dipped in kerosene. I took it up a couple of thousand feet, touched a match to it, and crawled out with a parachute. Floating down, I had a grandstand seat to watch the flying bonfire."



Head Waiter: "What's that chap at the corner table want?"

Waiter: "Says he wants a little of everything."

H. W.; Make it hash.

CHEERFULNESS

You get cheerfulness out of life in proportion as you put cheerfulness in. You cannot invest counterfeit coin and expect dividends in real money.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson



Banker's Rebuke To Young Duke

History of Coutts' Bank Tells Story of Famous People

ROYAL ACCOUNTS

London.—"My dear Sir, a thousand thanks for the gold dust," wrote Georgiana, the famous Duchess of Devonshire, to Thomas Coutts, the equally famous banker, in the days of Fox and Sheridan and the Prince Regent.

Georgiana, it will be recalled, canvassed Westminster for Fox at an historic election, buying votes with kisses (so it is said). She was also a gambler, and "time after time Coutts threatened to cut off her supplies, but relented."

The story about the duchess, and a host of other good stories about the world's most aristocratic bank and its customers, are told by Ralph M. Robinson in "Coutts'—the History of a Banking House," just published here. The material has been dug out, largely, from a vast accumulation of correspondence and other matter in the vaults of the bank.

Georgiana ran into debt with Thos. Coutts without the Duke's knowledge, and was afraid to disclose her position to her husband.

[illegible] know you are angry with me, but for God's sake give me credence for about ten days longer, and all will be cleared up."

DUKE'S REPUDIATION.

Eventually Georgiana was forced to tell the duke that she owed Coutts $75,000, and could not even pay the interest because of other debts. The duke borrowed from Coutts to pay the other debts first, and then paid Coutts his own. He, however, repudiated liability for interest, and Coutts left the matter over.

The duchess, however, "had a conscience," and deposited with Coutts a letter to her son, Lord Hartington, begging him to pay "this just and fair demand" when the old duke died.

Thomas Coutts sent a copy of the letter to the young duke, who was inclined to question the amount. A draft of Thomas Coutts' reply still exists at the bank. He was very angry.

I can boast (he writes), of as noble a descent from ancestors as Your Grace or any man in Britain, and cannot submit patiently to accusation. . .

The young duke paid his mother's debts.

Coutt's Bank still keeps an account that began in the reign of William and Mary. Its cheques bear the "Three Crowns" badge—three crowns, with a monogram, surrounded with the words "At the Three Crowns in the Strand—next door to the Globe Tavern," and, underneath, the date, A.D. 1692.

FIRST ROYAL ACCOUNT.

The first entry in the bank's ledgers referring to the Royal Family occurs in 1716—213 years ago—and Coutts' have been bankers for the Royal Family ever since.

It was in 1761 that Thomas Coutts joined the bank. Thomas was the most famous Coutts in its history.

He corresponded with all the Prime Ministers of his day, and was the banker of half the peerage and many of the "crowned heads of Europe."

When aged nnearly eighty he married Harriet Mellon, the actress (his second wife), who afterwards became Duchess of St. Albans. "His family," it is said, "were furious." He left Harriet "everything of which he might be possessed . . . absolutely."

Thomas Coutts called his bank his "shop," and the Coutts, England's most famous bankers, have never been ashamed of the word. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who knew the old bank in the Strand in the reign of George III. and lived to see the new bank opened in the reign of Edward VIII., towards the end of her life wrote: "I do flatter myself all my kind, dear friends in the old shop are pleased with me."

John Bull's Hat Is "In the Ring"

Britain Out to Regain Trade Lost to U.S. in South America

London—William Graham, president of the Board of Trade, at a dinner to diplomats of three South American countries, said that it was the immediate British task to regain the former trade position in South America, with all friendliness toward the United States, and to improve on it if possible.

[illegible] held important positions in the markets of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay before the war, but found after the conflict that the United States had largely stepped into his shoes. He referred with appreciation to the manner in which a recent British trade mission was received in those countries.

The Brazilian Ambassador, Uruguayan Minister and Argentine Charge d'Affaires were the guests of honor in the crimson and gilt banqueting room of Lancaster House. In addition to Mr. Graham, Foreign Secretary Henderson, Lord D'Abernon and Sir Ronald Lindsay, recently appointed Ambassador to Washington, were among the distinguished leaders present.

In proposing a toast to the prosperity of the three South American countries, Mr. Henderson referred to the gigantic strides made by them during the last century in agriculture, industry and education, and expressed the keen British interest in those developments.

Lord D'Abernon told of his recent visit on a trade mission and, with reference to the $45,000,000 trade agreement negotiated with Argentina, quoted Sir Malcolm Robertson, a former Ambassador to Buenos Ayres, as saying that this order was not only valuable in itself, but represented the beginning of "an enormous thing."

STRENGTH OF MIND

Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application, till he has tried. This is certain: he that sets out upon week legs will not only go farther, but grow stronger, too, than one who with a vigorous constitution and firm limbs only sits still.—Locke.

When people read they begin to reason, and when they reason they progress.

The Empire Movement

Johannesubrg Sunday Times: As briefly cabled at the time, the Trade Union Congress at Belfast was astonished to discover in its president, Mr. Tillet, M.P., of the Transport Workers' Union, an ardent disciple of inter-Empire trade. . . . Mr. Tillett's conversion to the practical (or commercial) aspects of Imperialism is the more remarkable owing to the fact that he was formerly regarded as a "last-ditcher," a firebrand, and agitator who sought to stir up class hatred, a man with "Fight at any price" as his motto, and one who was never so happy as when he was creating turmoil in the industrial world. If such a man can be brought to see the error of his ways—"Tariff barriers within the Empire," he said at Belfast, "should be broken down, not raised"—there may still be hope for some of those who, in this country, have elected hitherto to ignore persistently the buttered side of their bread.

The King's Representative

Capetown S. A. Review: There is the agitation that the next Governor-General should be a South African. There is no fault to be found with the idea provided that the right man can be found in the country. But surely this premature agitation is all indecent while the Earl of Athlone is still in office. There is much to be said in favor of a South African occupying the highest post of honor the country can bestow. But the post requires very special qualifications, and these are not likely to be best cultivated in the political field. It follows, therefore, that the post of Governor-General should not be considered a reward for having been a good Nationalist, a good Socialist, or a good Laborite. Political bias would be a positive vice in a Governor-General.

New Zealand Butter

La Patrie (Ind.): Canada, because of its climate, is incapable of producing dairy products in free competition with the Antipodes. For this reason, thanks to the new tariff, which is reduced to one cent a pound, New Zealand is enabled to furnish us with more than 20,000,000 pounds of butter a year. In Canada butter should of course be dearer in winter. But Australia and New Zealand are enjoying summer while we are in winter, so that unless we have a tariff which equalizes conditions, our industry cannot meet their competition during the cold season.



First Suffragette: "If you were running for office would you buy votes?"

Second Suffragette: "Not unless they could be exchanged or credited."

Cheer Up Verses and Random Rhymes

By ROBERT HENRY TODD

(Copyright 1929, by Robert Henry Todd)

The Village Church-Bell

Sweet-toned voices, gently calling
Simple ones to wend their way
To the chapel, night is falling;
Come, my children, come and pray.

Friends

The way to happiness, I know
Is this: Just choose your road and go
Along it, smiling cheerfully
To all the folks you chance to see.

Your smile some will return, and may
Desire your presence day by day;
Then, when the road seems rough, you'll find,
These friendly ones are helpful, kind.

Enemies

The Frost kissed a lily,
Away its beauty sped;
Grim death touched an infant,
Its tiny spirit fled.

Fire

A great-mawed monster, taking toll
For fuel to its blazing pyre,
And glorying when its smoke-clouds roll—
The never-satisfied fire.

Earth-Bound

Within the drifting clouds I trace
The outline of a much-loved face,
Imploring, but so far away,
To one whose soul is cased in clay.

Spirits

There's a cloud-like mist 'tween the moon and me,
And it swiftly floats thro' the silent night;
But I wonder if this fleecy thing could be
A concourse of spirits, from earth taking flight.

Lightning

Livid streak of glaring whiteness,
Piercing thro' the blackest night,
So is grace, the sin-besmirched
Gaze in wonder at the sight.

The Airship "Cookie"

I am "cookie" on an airship,
And I'm right up to the minute.
I can cook sweet patesserie,
That has naught but hot air in it.
And the soups I put together,
While on weight they may be shyer
Than the mundane soups, remember,
We must trim things on a flyer.

Now, my air-dream puff is famous,
'Twill arouse that slumb'ring hunger,
And my light-weight game is sure to
Make old stomachs feel much younger.
As we scoot beneath the heavens
Folks all say my grub's bewitchin',
Oh, I really am an artist
When I'm in my airship kitchen.

Radio Quit Rumor Started

Penguin Island, Believed Lost, Still Above Sea, Paris Learns

Paris.—One pleasant report reached the French government recently. The news came to the Ministry of Colonies that St. Paul Island, more commonly known here as Penguin Island, was still standing in the middle of the Indian Ocean, continuing to make a part of the French colonial empire.

Its fate has been worrying M. Tardieu's government and Paris public opinion, since nothing had been heard from St. Paul's inhabitants for more than two months. The suggestion was made that the island had been swallowed up by the ocean as a result of an earthquake.

It is true that news from that tiny bit of rock, somewhere between Cape Horn and Australia, never had been frequent. No boats called there except in case of emergency. Monthly radio flashes were the only contact with the outer world for the Breton fishermen living there..

But two months had gone, and no flashes had come through. The French authorities asked, therefore, that a steamer bound from Cape Town to Australia go somewhat out of its way to see what had happened to St. Paul. The Euripides found the island still rising out of the ocean on 38.4 degrees latitude, 77.3 degrees longitude.. All the fishermen were alive, indulging, as usual, in fishing for lobster, cooking it in the boiling springs and getting the tins ready to be carried back to South Africa and Europe.

The only trouble was that the radio apparatus had ceased to work.

WHAT IS DUTY?

What is duty? With regard to ourselves, it is to be independent of the senses, and with regard to others, it is to be untiring in giving help and support; help to live well; help by agreement and by opposition, by giving and by withholding, by firmness and by compliance, by praise and by blame, by silence and by words, by what is pleasant and by what is painful. Dwellers on the same earth, travellers of the same hour, and companions along the same road, we ought to help one another; and when we reach the resting-place, we shall have first to render an account of what each has done for the happiness of the rest—for joy, or for goodness. A kind look will win its reward.

OPPORTUNITIES

"Difficulties are opportunities," my old schoolmaster used to tell us, but he wisely left us to discover what he meant and to find for ourselves the answer to the question, "Opportunities for what?" He never allowed us to plead the existence of a difficulty as an excuse for leaving anything undone, nor were we permitted to hope to survive our trials in place of overcoming them. Probably this is why so many of his pupils have found a high place in every sphere of life. He was inflexibly opposed to the modern tendency to make everything easy and to banish the need of effort, with its disastrous effect of robbing us of the power to conquer circumstances.

Sponge Divers Attain Great Depth

Well Trained Man Can Remain Under Four Minutes

The nude divers of Calymnos and Syme, famed for centuries, have the world's record for depth. They descend, it is stated, even to 250 feet—the masters among them. well-trained sponge diver can remain under for four minutes; but two minutes is usual, and half-hour spells between plunges are needed, writes Charles Barrett in the Cape Argus.

Diving suits are commonly employed by the sponge gatherers of the Mediterranean, who, with few exceptions, are Greeks. The harpoon, resembling a trident, but often with five barbs, is used, and the search for sponges is made through water telescopes. Hooking is a new method of harvesting sponges. Dredging or trawling, much less sure than "machine diving," is carried on in the Mediterranean.

Divers in deep waters are liable to a curious disease, known as the "bends," caused by rapid pressure changes. Among the daring Greeks of the Mediterranean, many deaths have occurred from this caisson disease. During working hours the divers go hungry; they do not eat until after the last plunge of the day.

Sponges as we know them, of course, are skeletons. The catch is killed and cleaned, the "skins" and all soft, fleshy substance being removed, preparatory to drying, trimming, and other processes that make a sponge fit for sale and use.

Sponge species are numerous, even those of the commercial class, which includes wool-sponges, velvet, glove, grass, wire, hardhead, honeycomb, and elephant-ear sponges. Then there are the fine, soft, and highly elastic Turkey-cup sponges and the Turkey-toilet kind, often termed silk-sponges because of their delicate texture. Rarely, they are found in perfect cup form, and sold at fancy prices—as much as $50 has been paid for one choice specimen.

For the bath, the honeycomb sponges are much favored. Mandrukas, so soft to the skin, are described as the best of their class in a standard work, while Turkey cups are "used for the more exquisite purposes of the toilet.

Many secrets of sponge life remain to be discovered; our life history records are incomplete, in the cases even of commercial kinds.

Young sponges are produced from eggs, and after enjoying life for awhile as free-swimming organisms they decide to settle down, and grow into staid creatures. Their "permanent posts' may be at a depth of 500 feet or more; but many kinds flourish at 100 feet; others in the shallows.

How and what does a sponge eat? That's a question not easily answered in full.

MOMENTS

What moments can we not all remember in our lives when it would have been so much wittier and wiser to say and do nothing.—W. M. Thackeray.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

That Makes Everything Even.



The Prime Minister And Lord Dawson

Speaking at the recent dinner of the Royal Society of Medicine, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald told a story which speakers, when pointing out to young people the opportunities that life offers.

"It was the first time in my life I had been to Buckingham Palace," Mr. MacDonald said, "and as the great ones of this earth passed in their dazzling and gorgeous uniforms, a man of peculiarly striking distinction appeared and I asked who he was. I was told he was Lord Dawson. His dignity seemed to indicate that he had been born there. After the feast was over this man in an extraordinarily familiar sort of way held out his hand, and asked: 'Have you forgotten me?'

"When I told him that I did not think we had ever met before he reminded me that under this great cloak of dignity, title, and circumstance was a man whom I once knew as a medical student. The last time we had met before that occasion we had issued into Gower Street towards midnight after a most respectable supper. We were going the same way up to the north of London.

"Looking at each other, he said to me, 'How much have you got?' I, having taken a hurried glance at a few odd coppers, said to him, 'How much have you?' Our combined wealth was insufficient to save us from walking from the south end of Gower Street up to Holloway Station after midnight.

"After all your skill and all your forethought and all your capacity to forecast what is going to happen, if you had been a third that night, over 40 years ago, could you, whatever your condition, have said to both of us, 'Gentlemen, you will bid each other good-night to-night at the corner of Holloway Station, and it will be your fate not to meet again until you are invited as guests of his Majesty to partake of his hospitality at Buckingham Palace?'"

"The Prime Minister did not go on," comments the Evening Standard, "as he might have done, to draw the moral of this really remarkable reminiscence—that there is much to be said for the social system in which such a thing can happen.

"Perhaps we have not realized to the full the ideal of the 'career open to the talents.' But it would be hard to name any country in any period of history which has come closer to it. Closer, certainly, than was France when the phrase was first invented, for careers were then open only to those whose talents were recognized as such by the Emperor.

"Even in England to-day, of course, it may be an advantage to be born as a member of a rich or an influential family. But it may not be, and, what is really important in this connection, it is by no means necessary. The road of education to its very end has been thrown open to persons of the humblest origins.

"The slum-bred child who shows signs of brains at his elementary school may go thence by way of a secondary school to one of the older Universities, where all the honors and all the prizes and all the opportunities of later life lie ready to his hands. He may pass into the Civil Service and become Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, or he may be called to the Bar and become Lord Chancellor. No profession, except perhaps the Army and the Navy, now presents any insuperable obstacles to the entrance of a young man who seems likely to excel in it.

"To most observers this widespread scattering of opportunity will seem the most precious gift of our modern civilization. The adventure of life has been thrown open to all, but it remains an adventure, has been rendered indeed even more advnturous than it was, since the well-born young man of promise finds, as his grandfather did not, the son of the dustman in the field against him and no less well-equipped than he.

"Entrants for the great race are drawn from the whole population, and no accident of birth any longer prevents one competitor from starting or absolves another from the necessity of running his fastest."

Religion and Politics

"Good housing is not less 'religious' than the building of cathedrals. The regulation of the conditions of labor is, to say the least of it, as important as rules for the observance of Sunday. Honesty between nations is no less a desideratum in religion than honesty between man and man," writes Dr. F. W. Norwood, of the City Temple, on the subject of religion and politics, in the Daily Express.

"Between vested interests (whether secular or ecclesiastical) and justice betwen man and man there is ever a yawning gulf, but to do justice under obedience to a od of Justice is the saving principle either in religion or politics.

"All human life is a series of generalisations and compromises. Because there are so few who can put the cause of humanity above a particular system, there has grown up a distrust concerning the mixing of politics and religion. But the two are not irreconcilable: on the contrary, they are inseparable.

"The trouble is not confined to religion. I wish we could keep out of office ever man who mistakes a class for a nation of a nation for the whole family of nations. They are merely bitten by the same insect.

"Meanwhile we are likely to potter on as we are, until we learn in the fulness of time that God Almighty is greater than any system whatsoever, and simple justice is the crown both of politics and religion."

GREAT MUSIC

Great music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect; and such is the difference between what we are and that which the music suggests, that even in the vase of joy we find some tears.

Plain Tales From the Seas

In these days of rapid transport, when people move, live, and think at top speed, most of us have our little weakness for the "good old days" when things were a bit quieter—a bit more easy going. We look at the sixty-mile-an-hour express and hanker after the stage-coach, for instance.

The romance and glamour of those days call to us from books and pictures; but we sadly acknowledge that they are gone for aye. Even the great adventure of a sea-voyage is denied us now that liners start to the minute and arrive on the second.

The "Survivors'" Story

"Those were the days!" we sigh, when we read of smugglers, pirate kings, mutiny on the high seas, and other gory doings. To-day our smugglers are rum-runners, our pirates have their "opposite number" in the hi-jackers, and mutiny simply doesn't exist!

Well, that's where we go wrong. Mutiny isn't as much a back-number as we imagine. There have been cases of mutiny, just as desperate and bloodthirsty as any in the history of the sea, in this present century. Take the story of the three-masted barque, Veronica, of 1,167 tons burden, which sailed from Ship Island, Mississippi, for Monte Video, with a cargo of timber.

A forlorn group of men, picked up from an uninhabited island off the coast of Brazil, declared themselves to be the sole survivors of the Veronica, and told a terrible tale of fire at sea and the loss of the rest of the crew.

Spared Because He Could Cook

But one of the rescued was Moses Thomas, a negro, and his tale ran on different and still more terrible lines. The other survivors were four young Germans; Thomas swore that these four had murdered the captain, the mates, and the rest of the crew, and then fired the vessel. Thomas himself was spared because he was the only one who could cook!

"But for the grace of Heaven," he concluded, "I was murdered, too!"

The Germans made away with their victims one by one, the last being the first mate and the captain, who, though wounded, took refuge in the navigation-room, only to be brutally murdered later on, when the mutineers found it necessary to enter the room where they had barricaded their quarry. The cook's story, backed up later by one of the Germans, who gave evidence against his fellow-mutineers, reads like a lurid flight of imagination. Few novelists could have conjured up a more terrible tale. Yet this happened in 1902.

Murder for Murder's Sake

The story of the Veronica is graphically told in "Strange Tales of the Seven Seas," by J. G. Lockhart. Mr. Lockhart's book lives well up to its title. Indeed, as he himself says in his preface: "Reading them through in bulk, I find there is rather more bloodshed than I bargained for. As in the old-time 'penny dreadful,' there is a murder on almost every page . . . Mutiny is the theme of more than half my stories, and mutiny is a desperate, bloody business."

On February 22nd, 1864, five men were executed in a batch, after a trial at the Central Criminal Court, London. And so ended the story of the mutiny of the Flowery Land, a vessel which sailed from London in July, 1863, for Singapore.

Among her cargo were several bags of metal coins, polished to look like sovereigns, and actually worth about one penny each. Round these bags grew up a legend that the Flowery Land was a treasure ship, and this legend had a great deal to do with what followed.

The crew were a very mixed crowd, only five of them being English—the captain, John Smith, his brother George, who was a passenger, the first and second mates, and the ship's boy. The others represented nearly a dozen different nationalities.

There was much unpleasantness right from the start of the voyage, which culminated on the night of September 7th, when the ship's boy, Jim Early, who was at the look-out, heard the mate cry out: "Murder! Help! Captain Smith!"

Young Early, running courageously forward, saw the mate lying on the poop, with a half-breed member of the crew belaboring him with a "heaver," a wooden tool used for splicing ropes. From that moment the work of cold-blooded murder went ahead until only one of the officers remained.

When it came to sharing out the loot, it fell to the lot of this officer to tell the mutineers that the "treasure," which had caused so much bloodshed, consisted of worthless tokens. The Flowery Land was afterwards scuppered, the survivors escaping in two boats and reaching the coast of Brazil.

In so many of these tales of terror the motive is very small in comparison with the cost. Lives were taken regardlessly and ships burned or sunk for a few pounds gain. At times, it is true, there were "grievances" alleged by the mutineers; but usually it would seem to be just murder for murder's sake.

One of the most curious of these stronge tales recalls the case of a man who was forced by mutineers to walk the plank, and yet lived to tell the tale. He was Mr. S., who held an appointment in India, and embarked at Singapore with his wife in a vessel containing a large number of Chinese convicts. It was these men who mutinied and forced the British crew to walk the plank.

A Night of Horror

Mr. S.'s turn came at midnight. He could not swim a stroke, the sea was full of sharks, land was a thousand miles away, and the ship was in complete possession of the convicts. Yet he lived to tell the tale at a London dinner-party!

"In falling off the plank he caught a rope towing overboard. By this he hung, invisible, hearing successive victims fall, and distinguishing between the dead and living bodies by the absence in the former case of the last frantic struggle for existence. At length his chilled fingers lost hold of the rope."

But Providence was kind. As Mr. S. made his final effort to keep afloat his legs struck a hard substance. It was one of the ship's boats which was towing astern, half-submerged. So he managed to support himself till dawn came, when he was discovered and brought back on dack. Later he was confined to his cabin, but one or other of his captors came each day to inquire what he would like for dinner!

Foundered in Calm Sea

What spinner of "tall stories" has ever had an inspiration to match that? In the sequel, the mutineers were captured by a British naval boat.

Famous sea mysteries, such as the cases of the Mary Celeste and the Waratah, are touched upon by Mr. Lockhart, who quotes other cases of equally mysterious accidents where, however, there were survivors to tell the tale.

One evening, while the Trevessa was in the middle of the Indian Ocean, her holds began unaccountably to fill with water. The crew took to the boats, and most of them came safely through the ordeal; but not one of them could ever explain what caused the sudden and tragic leak.

More recently, in July, 1927, the Shahzada left Calcutta only to founder next morning on a calm sea just after entering the Bay of Bengal. The captain was roused by a strange tremor. Going on deck, he found water pouring over the rail on the starboard side. Everything possible was done to save the vessel, but in vain. There was not even time to get out the boats; the steamer sank with twenty-one men still on board.

A Marine Court, after hearing all the evidence available, decreed that "the cause of the foundering of the Shahzada was water finding its way into the interior of the vessel. What caused the water to enter is unknown."

As Mr. Lockhart adds: "We send our ships to sea equipped with all that science can provide for the safety of crew and passengers. Yet the incalculable remains; and the incalculable is at once the charm and the danger of the sea."

WHEN YOUR BABY CATCHES A COLD

In spite of all precautions little ones will take colds—especially during the changeable days of our Fall season. When the first symptoms appear—sneezing, redness of the eyes, running nose—Baby's Own Tablets should be given at once. They will rapidly break up cold and prevent more serious complications.

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the home always feel safe. In fact they are like having a doctor in the house. They are a gentle but thorough laxative that sweetens the stomach and regulate the bowels, thus driving out constipation and indigestion and relieving the baby of the many childhood ailments which are the direct result of a clogged condition of the bowels or sour stomach. They are absolutely safe—being guaranteed to contain no drug at all harmful to even the youngest babe. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good.

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs.

ISSUE No. 51—'29

Keen Old Gentleman Enjoys Youth's Sport



ENGLAND'S OLDEST MOTORCYCLIST

Sir John Orme, Wickford, Essex, Eng., now 80 years old, has ridden a motorcycle ever since they were invented. He has competed in innumerable races.

Ill-Fated Ring Placed on Exhibit

Tragedy Followed Use of Wedding Band by Rudolf's Bride

Vienna.—It is a popular tradition that marriage rings should not be used twice. That there is something in it is proved by the rings which were made for the wedding of Empress Maria Theresa to Emperor Franz I and used a second time at the wedding of Crown Prince Rudolf with Princess Stefanie of Belgium.

The eight years of Rudolf's married life were filled with matrimonial strife and ended with the drama at the hunting lodge of Mayerling, when the Crown Prince shot his friend, Baroness Vetsera and then made an end to his own life. These rings are shown in the newly opened "Ecclesiastical Treasury," whose famous collection has been enlarged by the "Treasure of the Capuchines," which hitherto was not accessible to the public.

The monastery of the Capuchines held a privileged position under the Hapsburgs, who were baptized by Capuchine monks and buried in the monastery's vaults in the Neuer Market in the heart of the city. In recognition of the many services of the monks to the Imperial family, the latter made them precious gifts, and individual Hapsburgers bequeathed them art works and sacred objects.

Sacred Relics on Display

In the monastery the gifts were added to the treasury to remain there entombed like their donors until after the revolution when the treasurers were handed over to the state, which has added them to the ecclesiastical exhibition in the former imperial palace.

Some quaint mementos, including the reliquaries of the pious Empress Anna, are in the collection. There is a tree of embossed gold, which bears as fruit little receptacles containing teeth and other relics of saints. The receptacles hold relics of the Virgin mother, it is said, also of St. Peter, the founder of the Church; St. Catherine, St. Joseph and St. Christophoros.

Another reliquary of the same empress has the shape of a miniature altar, richly ornamented with gold and set with precious stones. In the centre is a picture showing the flagellation of Christ and the setting up of the crown of thorns.

The picture, of elaborate mosaic work, consists of countless little patches of variquary, richly set with pearls and rubies, contains in a niche a thorn of the crown.

Christening Robes

In the course of the centuries the Capuchine monastery received from its patrons many precious church utensils and embroidered vestments, which are exhibited in glass vitrines. Most of the latter are the work of archduchesses. The christening of a Hapsburg was always a great event and surrounded by tradition-hallowed ceremonies.

The garments, which the newly born archduke or archduchess wore on such occasion, generally were elaborate miniature state robes with heavy gold and silver embroidery and fine lace. Several of these garments are to be sen in the Capuchine treasure, among them one worn by Francis Josef at his baptism. It served for a whole generation of baptismal candidates and also was donned by Archduke Maximilian, the later emperor of Mexico, by Archduchess Marie Anna and the Archdukes Karl Ludwig and Ludwig Victor.

Peers Surprised

"Eleven Peers who were members of the late Government were astounded at figures quoted in the House of Lords by the Earl of Midleton showing the bloated size of the War Office and Admiralty staffs," says the Daily Mail.

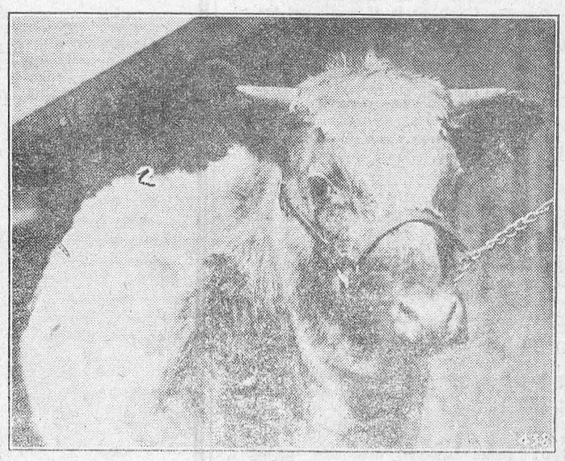
"In 1914, 1,514 men were employed at the War Office at an annual cost of £455,000. Now, to administer an Army smaller by 273,000 fighting men, 2,673 men are employed at a cost of £861,000.

"At the Admiralty a staff of 1,802 men in 1914 cost £484,000; now, to administer a much smaller Navy, 2,512 are employed at a cost of £1,187,000."

Search not who spoke this or that; but mark what is spoken.— Thomas A. Kempis.

Minard's Liniment for Distemper.

Royal York Buys Champs



In order to ensure a full larder for the coming festive season the Royal York Hotel entered the list of buyers at the Rayol Winter Fair, Toronto, and secured the special carload lot of champion steers which created a great sensation among cattle experts throughout the fair. This Champion herd of fifteen hand picked steers, bred and raised on the famed MacIntyre ranch in southern Alberta, weighed in at slightly under 1200 lbs. apiece and was heralded on all sides as the finest bunch of beef cattle ever to have been finished in Canada. It was quite a dramatic moment when the steers were brought into the Coliseum and herded in the center of the ring.

The managament also purchased the Grand Champion Wether of the fair and in addition the first prize carlot of ten lambs. A final purchase was the Grand Champion Steer, "Play Boy"—a perfect specimen of the Shorthorn Class—was raised by Ernest Robson, Denfield, Ont. The Royal York paid $1.25 per lb. or a total of $1,093. "Play Boy" weighed 875 lbs. He is shown in the above cut.

Are your hands shaky?

THE nerves are fed by the blood. Poor blood means starved nerve tissue, insomnia, irritability and depression.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will enrich your blood stream and rebuild your over-worked nerves. Miss Josephine M. Martin, of Kitchener, Ontario, testifies to this:

"I suffered from a nervous breakdown," she writes. "I had terrible sick headaches, dizziness; felt very weak and could not sleep; had no appetite. I felt always as if something terrible were going to happen. After taking other treatment without success, on my sister's advice, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now all these symptoms are gone, and I am strong and happy again."

Buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now at your druggist's or any dealer in medicine or by mail, 50 cents, postpaid, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ontario.

S29



50¢ PER BOX

Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS

"A HOUSEHOLD NAME IN 54 COUNTRIES"

M. Clemenceau

"As a country which knows how to value great soldiers, France may confer on Marshal Foch that distinction which belongs to one who 'won the war'; even so, with the name of Foch the French people must ever bracket that of Georges Clemenceau, who set Foch in the saddle."

—Birmingham Post.

The world admired M. Clemenceau for two things. He relieved France at a critical moment in the war when the nation was almost at the point of despair, and he was largely responsible for the character of Dreyfus being cleared, a triumph only gained after a bitter campaign. On this latter point the Times says:—

"His most famous period as a journalist opened in 1897 with the Aurore (of which he was appointed chief editor in 1903) and the beginnings of the Dreyfus case. He it was who gave to Zola's famous article in defence of the Jewish officer its famous title 'J'accuse.' Day after day he led the advance guard of those fighting for Dreyfus, weighing evidence and criticising documents with astonishing certainty of method and clearness of vision.

"On November 16, 1917, he formed his Victory Cabinet. It was singular in that, with but few exceptions, its members had not held office during the War. His declaration to Parliament of November 20 was well calculated to brace the flagging nervous system of the country. 'The War and nothing but the War,' was, he declared, his 'Government's one thought.' 'We have one sole, simple duty—to stand fast with the soldier; to live, suffer, and fight with him; to cast from us everything that is not for France.'

"When, during the successful advances of the German troops in the first half of the year 1918, the question of the defence of Paris or its abandonment was acutely discussed, Clemenceau's decision was: 'I shall fight, in front of Paris. I shall fight in Paris. I shall fight behind Paris.'

"At the Doullens Conference in March, 1918, he supported Lord Milner in making Marshal Foch generalissimo of the Allied Forces, although Foch, Like Poincare, had been a constant victim of his sarcasm and hostility. Throughout this period he showed himself everywhere and heartened all who came in contact with him, performing feats of almost incredible physical endurance for a man who had passed his 77th birthday."

"No life could have been fuller or more active than his," says the Morning Post; "and with him, decidedly, the end crowned the task. By nature he was an incorrigible and aggressive sceptic, as his philosophic treatise, written in post-War leisure, abundantly reveals.

"But the man who had renounced his faith in God and personal survival, retained a passionate faith in France and her destiny. When his rationalism has been forgotten as an irrelevance his heroism will be honored still."

The late Mr. T. P. O'Connor, just before his death wrote the memoir of M. Clemenceau for the Daily Telegraph, and thus commenced his tribute:—

"I first made the personal acquaintance of Clemenceau at Carlsbad some thirty years ago; and from that time forward we met as friends, sympathetic with each other in common ideas and a close approach to our tale of years, and therefore to common experiences and many common emotions.

"Like him, I had seen the Empire of Louis Napoleon in its zenith, as well as in its decay; like him, I had lived through all the horrors of the War of 1870; like him, I had seen and grieved over the tearing of Alsace-Lorraine from the bleeding side of devastated and conquered France; like him, I had lived through all the miserable interval of self-distrust that followed the great debacle of 1870; and, like him—though of course in all these events remotely—I had seen the many internecine struggles that marked the early days of the Republic. I had seen, like him, France pass from despair to self-confidence, from crushing defeat to crashing victory.

"Clemenceau was the embodiment and the epitome of a succession of epochs in the modern life of his country. Imagine some countryman of our own, like, say, the Duke of Wellington or Palmerston, who had survived to our own day, and could still talk of highwaymen on Hounslow Heath; of the morning duel in Hyde Park; of the orgies of Carlton House Terrace; of Gladstone's days of dazzling ascendancy and of Disraeli's early outbursts upon a scandalized but amused public; and then could talk to you of Asquith's best speeches and of Mr. Lloyd George's most recent combination, and you would have some conception of the enormous varieties of experiences through which Clemenceau had passed."

"It was during his war-Premiership," states the Daily Telegraph, in a leader, "that he wrote to a correspondent who had asked for certain details of his career words which give the key to the enigma of his persistent silence:

"'In so vast a drama, my dear friend, my personality does not count Whether I was right or wrong at this time or that interests me no longer, since it all belongs to the past. I have kept nothing of what I have said or written. . . . I desire only to see the day of the great victory; then I shall be rewarded far beyond my merits.'

"That reward was given in full measure to Georges Clemenceau, in whom the invincible spirit of the French Republic was embodied as in no other statesman since Gambetta."

"Four years ago," says the Daily Chronicle, "he prepared his grave on the old family farm where his father was buried.

"'If I die in the winter,' he confided to a friend, 'Poincare will have a long walk through the mud!'"

A grim joke, and one which Clemenceau must have chuckled over. But if comment is necessary it need only be said Poincare is ill.

For Toothache—Minard's Liniment.

The Dispute

"Thousands wonder,
Thousands ask:
Why the struggle,
Why the task?

"Why the burden,
What the yoke?
Is it all
The devil's joke?

"Why the bar,
And why the bond,
If there is nothing
There beyond?

"Head and heart
Quarrel and cry;
Head shouts: nothing!
Heart—you lie!"

—Philip M. Raskin.

Tragedy

We bought the swellest sale
And thought it a lucky catch,
But all the day she wept because
She hadn't a hat to match.

KNOWLEDGE

A merchant went to a sculptor and wanted to hire him by the day to carve a statue. "Wretch," was the ply, "I have been twenty-five yea learning how to make that statue twenty-five days."

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands

"Never play cards with a bad loser," is the advice of a famous sportsman. But that is better than playing with a good winner.

Classified Advertisements

SITUATIONS VACANT

MORE MEN WANTED QUICK, BIG pay easy work. Earn while learning barber trade under famous Moler American plan, world's most reliable barber school system Write or call immediately for free catalogue. Moler Barber College, 121 Queen West, Toronto

WET CELLARS

CEMENT CELLARS, LEAKY TANKS, cisterns made bone dry. Instructions free. Iron waterproofing. Agents wanted. Caulking Company, 116 Edith Drive, Toronto.

FOR SALE.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT, GOOD condition; with radio battery charger. Cheap. Peter Abrogast Mitchell, Ontario.

Saws repaired

SIMONDS SAWS

Old saws repaired and sharpened to give good work. Complete stock on hand of new circular and band saws.

Write us about saws

SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LTD.
MONTREAL TORONTO
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LUSTRE CREAM
FOR THE HAIR
Ask Your Barber—He Knows

We Pay the Highest Prices for
DRESSED POULTRY
Write for quotations
The Harris Abattoir Co. Ltd.
St. Lawrence Market, Toronto 2

That Irritating Cough

A half teaspoon of Minard's taken internally with molasses will stop a cough, and prevent complications.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

DON'T GO DEAF!
Deafness
HEAD NOISES
RUB IN BACK OF EARS - INSERT IN NOSTRILS...
Leonard EAR OIL
$1.25 All Druggists Descriptive folder on request
A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

PUBLIC NOTICE

TO EMPLOYERS OF LABOR

Attention having been directed to the scarcity of work in this City at the present time, employers of labor are asked to try and help to relieve the situation by engaging only bona fide residents of Toronto on any available work.

NON-RESIDENTS

Notice is hereby given that no assistance or relief will be given to non-residents of the City on account of their being out of employment.

SAMUEL McBRIDE,
Mayor.

Mayor's Office,
Toronto, December 12th, 1929.

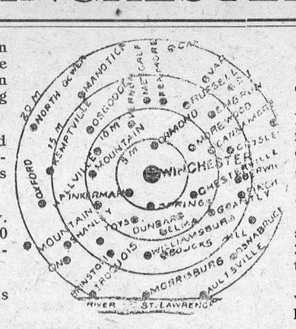
THE WINCHESTER PRESS

The Press has a guaranteed circulation of over 1000 in the district shown on the map to the right. It was established in 1887 and is today the Largest and Leading Newspaper in the County of Dundas.

Dundas, for its size, is the richest and most progressive County in Ontario. Winchester is the centre of the County and has about 1250 of a population.

The Press is published every Thursday. Subscription $1.50 in advance, foreign $2.00 Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

We invite inquiry and answer questions cheerfully Write or Phone 21



Advertising Rates

All local display advts. 16c per inch each insertion, by yearly contract.

Small advts. such as For Sale, Wanted Found, Lost, etc., not over one inch, 50c for first insertion and 25c for each subsequent insertion. IF NOT PAID FOR IN ADVANCE THE PRICE IS 60c and 30c

In Memoriam Notices 50c and 25c for each verse. Card of Thanks 50c.

Transient Display Advts. 40c per inch single col. If for issues without changes 25c per inch. Any advt. inserted for less than six months at above rates.

Legal, Municipal and Government advertising 12c per line first insertion and 6c line for each following. 12 lines to inch.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1929.

We wish all our readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

Ninth Instalment

What Happened Before

At a party in Palm Beach given by Mr. Cooper Clary, Leeson, an attorney, meets Lucy Harkness, known as Devil-May-Care because of her adventurous, eventful life. In a game in which partners for the evening are chosen, Lucy is won by Tim Stevens, who has a great reputation as a successful heart-breaker. Leeson is a bit jealous. Tim Stevens tells Lucy they are going aboard his boat, the *Minerva*, and she accedes in order not to be "a quitter." Asked if she is sorry that he won her company, Lucy says she is not and that evidently Fate has arranged it. Tim thereupon tells her to stop looking regretfully after Leeson.

Aboard Stevens' boat, the Minerva, Stevens tells Lucy of his love. When she replies with contempt for him, he grows violently angry and she becomes afraid of him. He says he will never let her go from the Minerva until she accepts him. To escape him, she leaps into the water from her cabin window, swimming a short distance under water.

Lucy reaches land and meets Dr. Fergus Faunce on an island. He takes care of her and takes her home. Everyone is worried about her, and when she meets Stevens he is frantic, regretful and still ardent in protestations of love.

Leeson informs Lucy that Stevens must raise a quarter of a million dollars or go to jail—"at five o'clock." Lucy goes to her bank and raises the sum.

Lucy goes to Stevens to help him, but he refuses to take money from a woman to whom he is not married. So Lucy marries this man that she hates, and promptly runs away from him, going to her staunch friend Dr. Fergus Faunce to tell what she has done. [illegible] Lucy.

Stevens sets out in search [illegible] launch Meanwhile, Dr. Faunce and Lucy [illegible] them on a new boat. A hurricane wrecks [illegible] and finds their first trip. Lucy is saved, wondering herself aboard the Minerva. [illegible] what happened to Dr. Faunce [illegible] the Minerva also.

Dr. Faunce is aboard Faunce unless Lucy quickly threatens to save Faunce she accedes, but expresses hate for Stevens. A few minutes later he startles her by saying he doesn't want her, and never will!

Leeson sees Lucy and in a burst of confidence tells her of a plot against her husband. Certain interests are to break down the bridges on his property, and make it worthless. She goes to Faunce's place, where her husband and Faunce are together, and tells of the plot. Preparations are made for a fight.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Faunce dived into his cabin; he returned carrying a double-barreled shotgun. And now Lucy noted a bulge in her husband's hip pocket; a delightful anticipatory shudder ran up and down her spine. This promised excitement. Well, she'd always thrived on it.

Over his shoulder, dog-trotting toward the waterway, Stevens called back to his two followers:

"They've probably blocked the roads leading down to the development, and we'd never get through the guard. [illegible] we sneak up in your rowboat, [illegible] kid, we'll beat 'em to the [illegible] or cause [illegible] intimacy [illegible] ght Lucy, had inspired, [illegible] aroused this apparent [illegible] between Tim and Fergus? Was it money, the surest bond of all? Did Fergus accept Tim because he hoped to be made wealthy? But that didn't seem like Fergus. . . .

Tim ceased rowing. Ahead could be heard the confused murmur of many voices.

"They're on the first bridge," whispered Tim.

"Then we're too late," she groaned.

She heard an inarticulate ejaculation from her husband. Then:

"Thought you wanted to see a fair fight, Lucy. Well, be patient." He leaned toward Faunce, yet in the calm night she heard his words.

"If I can keep one bridge standing, I'm all right," he said. "So . . . we'll throw 'em off this first one. All set? Aw-right!"

He dug his oars into the water, and the skiff shot around a bend; it was beneath a bridge before the men on it realized what was in their midst. Stevens stood up; his big hands gripped a bridge timber and he had climbed, like any huge cat, upon the bridge itself. She heard his great booming voice:

"Welcome, friends! Didn't expect you or you'd have had a better reception. But, surprised as we are, we'll do the best we can. Do you prefer to be pushed off this bridge or thrown off? We aim to please."

The skiff had drifted under the bridge, and now Faunce was standing up, gripping at the timbers above. She would not be left alone; rising, she stepped the length of the boat, and placed her fingers upon the planking of the bridge. She was standing by her husband just as a voice cried:

"Knock him over; he's all alone."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," commented Faunce. His shot-gun was slung across one arm.

From the shore of the stream another voice called:

"Three of them. Well, there are twenty of us—"

Tiger-like, her husband moved. There was a stifled cry, a choking protest, something whirled through the air, and a splash from the stream.

"Only nineteen now," his great voice boomed. "Who's next for the bath?"

There were four men upon the bridge, but as he moved closer, they shrank back.

"Wait a minute," cried a third voice. "I'm the sheriff of this county, and I came here to see that law and order is observed. These people expected trouble and called on me for aid. These men are all my dep'ties and I order you to cease resisting their lawful occupation and consider yourself under arrest."

"No one could put it more beautifully," laughed Stevens. "Getting a nice fat bribe, sheriff?"

"By God! don't you hint at me doing anything crooked!" cried the sheriff.

"Was I hinting? Didn't mean to. Let me state it again. I *accuse* you of being bribed. You're a nasty fat crook, and if you don't take your men to hell off my property I'll kill a few of you. Do you get me?"

The humor had died from his voice; it was menacing, ugly, fraught with deadly intent.

"Look here, Stevens. This is Clem Clary speaking." The copper magnate stood upon the bank, close to where the man hurled into the stream had clammered soggily ashore.

"Well, speak," said Stevens.

"The law's with us, Stevens," said Clary. "Better give in, or we'll rush you."

Stevens's answer was not made in words but in actions. He leaped forward; his big fist thudded on the jaw of one of the men on the bridge. The man went down, rolled over, and fell into the water. The skirmish ended there. The other three fled. Stevens pursued to the end of the bridge.



Stevens's answer was not made in words but in actions. He leaped forward; his big fist thudded on the jaw of one of the men on the bridge.

With Faunce at his elbow, he addressed Clary.

"I'm armed; so is Dr. Faunce. If one man puts his foot on this bridge we'll shoot to kill. Got it?"

"You're under arrest!" bawled the sheriff.

Stevens laughed.

"All right; come take me."

The sheriff moved toward the bridge, but stopped ten feet away.

"Go on, Maddox!" cried Clary. "Going to let him bluff you out of it?"

"The only way to find out if a man's bluffing is to call him," said Stevens, sweetly. "My chips are right in the center of the table. Who calls?"

"Resisting arrest, breach of the peace—"

Stevens cut short the sheriff's cries.

"I haven't resisted arrest, Maddox. In fact, I've invited you to come over here and arrest me. But you're such a shy little crook—" his voice suddenly broke in rage: "Maddox you're yellow! Your parents ran away from the Confederate Army and came down to the Florida swamps and spawned like the vermin they were. You'd lynch a nigger when you're a hundred to one, but one bandit laughs at a thousand like you. You shoot in the back and never face to face. You want to arrest me. Well, here I am."

He paused and turned to Lucy.

"Sorry; promised you a real fight, but it takes two to make one."

"You'll regret this, Stevens," said Clary.

"Not half so much as you're regretting it right now," retorted Stevens. "But you're not going to pull down this bridge this night, old man. Nor any other night. You may buy a sheriff or a marshal, but a judge is something else again, old top. And say, I'm getting tired of all this. The land you're on is my property, just as this bridge is. Get off it."

"Don't overplay your hand, Stevens," advised Clary.

"No? Much obliged for the advice. But when I gamble I bet all I have. Now I'm betting that there isn't a man in your gang that has the real sand of a rat. . . . Fergus, let's clean 'em out. Shoot the first man that hesitates."

Lucy had read of men dominating a mob, frightening them, but this was no mob that Stevens and Fergus overawed. These were obviously hired bullies, and among them was an officer of the law. Yet as Tim and Fergus advanced upon them the superior numbers retreated. Even old Clary, who stood ground until the last, suddenly turned and ran. What had promised great excitement, even tragedy, degenerated into farce, into burlesque.

And yet it had not been Tim's fault. The way he had tossed a man into the water, knocked another off the bridge . . . And Fergus had shown gallantry. These were two magnificent men, no matter what else might be said about one of them. As fighting animals . . .

They returned to the bridge.

"This midnight stuff is my justification," Stevens was saying. "But when they come back, in daylight, with a proper warrant for my arrest, I sha'n't have the excuse that I didn't believe Maddox was the sheriff. Fergus, we must have an injunction by morning. Now, Judge Leaming is in Palm Beach. He has jurisdiction over this territory. He's at El Verano Hotel. Wake him out of bed, get him to issue an injunction against Clary, against the sheriff, against the town officials, against *everybody*, ordering them to restrain from destroying these bridges. We've saved the others, you'll notice. They're afraid we mean business and will start shooting. Come back here. Round up a few people to make it look better. They might buck an injunction, you know."

He whistled gustily.

"Slip into the skiff; you'll have to wade or swim for it; see it down there, against the bank? Row back to Mango Key, hop into your car, and make your get-away. Of course they may be laying for you on the way, but show them the old shot-gun.

"We'll hope you make it."

"Why couldn't I go, leaving you two to handle them if they decide to try again, if they summon up courage enough," suggested Lucy.

Stevens frowned.

"They won't rush us, but they might try a surprise—block the way for a car, and when you stopped jump you. I don't like the idea of my wife in the hands of that gang."

"Mr. Clary wouldn't let them actually harm me," said Lucy. "He's a wicked old devil, but, after all, I'm a friend of his wife—"

"She's right, Tim," said Fergus. "I ought to stay here with you."

"How in blazes is she going to find her way back to Mango Key?" objected Stevens.

"I can row a boat," said Lucy, "and when I reach the mouth of the creek I simply turn north, to the left, and when the waterway narrows I'm opposite Mango Key. The moon's gone, but the stars give enough light. Of course I can do it, if you'll get the boat for me. I hate to be all muddy."

"She's right, Tim," said Faunce, again.

Stevens shrugged, then yielded. He fetched the boat, placing the oars carefully in Lucy's hands, and shoved her off.

"I think I owe you a lot of thanks," he whispered. "You certainly saved my bacon."

"You owe me nothing," she replied. "I owed whatever I did to you."

"How do you figure that?" he inquired.

"Because I believed you were engaged in a swindle. It seems that you were not. One should make payment for unjust thoughts. I've tried to pay."

"*This* time, then, I'm not a thief?" he said.

"*This* time you're not," she said.

"Much obliged," he said dryly.

His body bent and the skiff went whirling out into the middle of the narrow stream; she bent to the oars.

Judge Leaming descended to the lobby of El Verando and heard Lucy's impassioned statement of the case. The judge, no cracker, but a Southern gentleman, smiled sleepily at the pretty girl.

"Any man that's wise enough to pick you for a wife, Mrs. Stevens, is bound to get an even break in anything, because he's no fool. And he'll get a fair break with this court. You go home and get some sleep and I'll attend to the rest of the matter."

She could trust him, and so she went home, wild though she was to return to Seminole Creek and learn how Tim—and Fergus; Fergus was an afterthought—were getting on.

Continued Next Week

Watch This Space Next Week!



A. Sweet & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

Hardware Phone 135, Office Phone 1

Winchester, - - Ontario

The United Church

(Contributed)

Real Christmas messages full of inspiration and helpfulness were brought on Sunday by Rev. J. A. Waddell. His morning text was Luke 2;15. He said that the enduring attraction of Christmas is due to the fact that it can be looked at helpfully from so many points of view. It is universal. He dwelt upon the significance of the Christmas festival and the spirit begotten by its observation, as especially manifested in the home. He spoke to the parents and children on the importance of making home a happy place. Christmas is a social festival as well as a festival of giving, and the finest gift carries love with it. It is also a religious festival. "They found Christ" is the main note in the Christmas story.

The pastor urged that Christ be not crowded out in the midst of everything else, but that He be given the pre-eminence and then our lives will be purer, sweeter and better. If a man goes through life without Christ, his life is a failure.

The choir opened the evening service by singing that beautiful Christmas hymn "Nowell." A very fine selection of these hymns were sung by choir aud congregation, the pastor giving a brief talk on each hymn and author. "Night of Nights" was sung by the choir, and a beautiful Christmas solo by Miss Annie Walker.

The illness of the organist, Mrs. Dennis, was regretted, but her work was ably taken by Miss Edna Shaver, of Montreal. There was a full choir in attendance at both services and their contribution of music was greatly appreciated. "The First Christmas Morn" was well rendered in the morning.

Mr. M. Fader and family, placed a cyclamen in the church in loving memory of Mrs. Fader.

Reception

On the evening of Dec. 17th a few pleasant hours were spent in the honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Holmes, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Burleigh of Inkerman. Their many friends took this way to extend to them congratulations and best wishes for a happy and prosperous wedded life. Just before lunch was served Mr and Mrs.Holmes were called forward and the following address was read by Mrs. D. Hurly.

Inkerman, Dec. 17

Dear Buelah:

Your neighbors and friends gather here to-night in a social way to wish you and Jim Bon Voyage as you board the ship of the sea of matrimony. Some of us know something of the shoals of doubt and the breakers and reefs of misunderstanding that may be encountered by you as you continue the journey, but if the ship is sound and you have the right Pilot aboard and you keep to the course of true love and affection, you can weather all the gales and storms.

With your good partner Jim, we hope and trust that you will have a very successful voyage, and to assure you of our good wishes and fondest hopes we ask you to accept this Buffet and Table as a slight token of our esteem and friendship.

Signed on behalf of the Community

Mrs. Poirier, V. Burleigh

The presentation was made by Mrs. A. Hanes and Stanley Rennick. The bride also received many pretty and useful gifts

Droppo-Earle

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Earle, Winchester, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Christmas Day, 1929, at high noon, when their daughter, Minnie Geneva was united in marriage with Francis Harold, son of Mr. Wm. F. Droppo and the late Mrs. Droppo of Chesterville.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. John A. Waddell under an arch of evergreens. The wedding music was furnished by the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles French.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Emma Earle the groomsman being Mr. Harvey Barkley of Morrisburg.

The bride wore a dress of mid blue georgette with silver lace trimmings and a corsage bouquet of pink roses with maidenhair ferns. She wore also the groom's gift, a rope of pearls. The bridesmaid's dress was brown crepe and she carried a corsage bouquet of yellow roses. The rooms were attractively decorated in red and green, appropriate for the Christmas season.

A wedding dinner was served to about twenty-five guests after which Mr. and Mrs. Droppo entrained at Winchester for eastern points.

For travelling, the bride wore a brown velvet dress, a brown cloth coat trimmed with beaver de luxe fur, and a hat of the same shade.

Mrs. L. Drinkwater

The death occurred last Wednesday at Smith Falls, of Mrs. L. Drinkwater, widow of the late James Drinkwater, who passed away very suddenly at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown. She took ill very suddenly on Monday and despite all care and attention passed away on Wednesday. Deceased was born in Easton's Corners and lived there for some time. The family then moved to Winchester and sixteen years ago moved to Cochrane, where she resided until the death of her husband a year ago when she moved to Smiths Falls to live with her daughter and son in-law. She was in her 78th year. The late Mrs. Drinkwater was of a quiet, retiring disposition and inclined to spend much of her time in her home. She leaves to mourn the loss of a devoted mother, two daughters, Mrs. Brown of Smiths Falls, and Mrs. Cunningham of Moose Jaw, Sask., and four sons, Charles, of Smiths Falls, Percy and Lloyd of Fitzroy Harbor, and Stanley of Capreol. One sister, Mrs. J. B. Hill of Lindsay, also survives. The late Mrs. Drinkwater was a member of the United Church and the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Semple, interment to took place in the Union Cemetery, Easton's Corners.

Durant—McLean

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the Presbyterian parsonage at Ogdensburg, New York, on Monday, Dec. 23rd, at 6 p.m., when Verna Alma McLean and Ross Clark Durant were united in holy bonds of matrimony, the Rev. Wm. O. McIntyre officiating. They were attended by the grooms sister, Miss Mildred Durant and Mr. Henry Grareline. The bride's gown was of pale blue satin with hat, shoes and hose to match. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served at the home of the groom's parents. Immediately afterwards the happy couple left on the 7.15 train amid showers of confetti and rice for a short honeymoon. The bride is a daughter of Mr. J. A. McLean and the late Mrs. McLean of Chesterville, Ont.,

The bride was an Intermediate Student in the St. Lawrence State Hospital School of nursing.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Orren Durant, 513 King St. Ogdensburg, N. Y. The groom is at present employed at the Algonquin Paper mill. Congratulations are extended to the happy young couple.

Inkerman S. S. 6, Report

(Numbers denote percentage for the Fall Term)

Sr. 1V—Edna Brown 79, Helen Brown 79, Harold McMenomy 77, Keith Barkley 74, Lynden Robinson 72, Helen Kahala 67, Kathleen Hurley 54, Pearl Hanes 53.

Jr. IV—George Imrie 58.

Sr. III—Beatrice Crowder 81, Bruce Barkley 78.

Jr. III—R. L. Slater 78, Willena Hurley 76, Cora Bartholomew 74, Willie Martin 70, Dolly Martin 65, Beatrice McMenomy 60, Gordon Ennis 58, Evelyn Barkley 57, Helen Clark 51, Evelyn Thompson 42, Nelda McIntosh (not ranked)

Sr. II—George Ennis 63, Florence Timmins 62.

Muriel McIntosh, Principal

JUNIOR ROOM

II—Wilfred Crowder 81, Gordon Sutton 67, Willie Armstrong 66, Harold Thompson 60, Lillian Jannack 53.

I—Lyal Froats 75, Sydney Richmire 64, Evelyn Raymond 57.

Sr. Pr.—Helen Armstrong, Florie Martin, Dalla Froats, Delbert Thompson, Earl Bartholomew.

Jr. Pr.—Harry Armstrong, Donald Raymond, Clifford Raymond, Roy Burrell (absent)

Beginners—Vivian Timmins, Erma Rickmire, Edna Barkley, Angus Hurley, Tressa Raymond, Pauline Froats.

Olive B. Johnstone, Teacher.

Ormond Baptist Church

The Christmas services were held on Sunday, Dec. 22nd., being conducted by the pastor of the church. Both services were well attended. In the morning the Sunday School choir and the church choir rendered special Christmas music. In the sermon Mr. Lloyd urged the need of young people to give their lives to God's service. At the evening service a trio and a duet brought epecial messages by their singing.

It's Nothing

A Scottish farmer being elected to the school board, visited the village school and tested the intelligence of the class by the question:

"Now, boys, can any of you tell me what nothing is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat rose.

"It's what ye gi'd me the other day for holding yer horse."

Donald A. McDiarmid, a former resident of Maxville, died at Vancouver last week aged 56 years.

"Our Weekly Puzzle."

No. 71

WORD HUNT

(Trademark)

Copyright, 1929, Alexander Lichtentag. Patent Pending.

In the English language there are THIRTEEN WORDS (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters **D E A**

One of them is **D E A C O N**—An officer in Christian churches.

YOU supply the others.

2	D E A	To diminish in force. To dull; retard. To render impervious to sound, as a wall.
3	D E A	Fatal: mortal; implacable; deathly.
4	D E A	To make inaudible. To make deaf.
5	D E A	A trader; one who buys and sells goods. In card playing, the one who distributes cards.
6	D E A	More costly or expensive. Also, more highly valued, or esteemed, or loved.
7	D E A	In an expensive manner. Also, affectionately.
8	D E A	Scarcity; famine.
9	D E A	Deathly
10	D E A	(Chiefly folklore) Toward the right; clockwise; sunwise. Motion toward the right or sunwise
11	D E A	(Slang) A corpse. A tired-out person.
12	D E A	In a deaf manner.
13	D E A	(One of two forms) A little dear; a darling.

NOTE: Proper nouns, obsolete and archaic words, extremely unusual technical and scientific words, words that would offend good taste and those plurals or nouns and singular verbs that are formed by the addition of s or es, are purposely excluded from Word Hunts.

Solution to this Puzzle published next week.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE —No. 70

2 BRUISER	6 BRUSHED	10 BRUTIFY
3 BRUITED	7 BRUSHER	11 BRUTING
4 BRUITER	8 BRUSQUE	12 BRUTISH
5 BRUMOUS	9 BRUTELY	13 BRUTISM

We Wish You All A Happy New Year.

THE M. F. BEACH CO., LIMITED - - PHONE 3, - - WINCHESTER, ONT.

Best Wishes For A Happy New Year.

YULETIDE Joys and New Year's Prosperity attend our many old friends and customers, and also the new ones we have gained during 1929. We appreciate your patronage & pleasant relations in the past and bespeak their continuance in the future.

T. O. KEYES

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The Business of the
Late D. F. Sutherland
PRIVATE BANKER
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Having taken over the Insurance Business recently carried on by Mr. Harvey Nesbitt, I am prepared to take care of your risks. Best Companies and Reasonable rates. Phone 172.
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Ladies' hair-bobbing, shingling, waving, massaging and shampooing a specialty, done during open hours or by appointment.
Oscar Pierce, Proprietor

HAPPINESS

Happiness is the true end and aim of life. It is the task of intelligence to ascertain the conditions of happiness, and when found the truly wise will live in accordance with them.

Prosperity and Unemployment

Dulin Irish Times: In New Zealand unemployment has been rife for some years. The islands of the Dominion support as few people as a single Irish province, but it is so difficult to find employment for those few that successive governments have discouraged immigration. This state of affairs has occurred at a time when exports have risen to an almost prodigious figure—a time when the Dominion's produce is bringing good prices and when the banks are full of money on deposit. To the eye of the economist, searching ledgers and balance-sheets, New Zealand is prosperous; nevertheless, for a considerable proportion of the people there is neither work nor wages. The paradox would be perplexing if it were not repeated in other lands. New Zealand's difficulty is that her economy is organized for production of crops and cattle rather than for the support of men. . . . New Zealand, in effect, is discovering that mixed farming is the farming that supports a large population.

Want Ads.

(Not gathered from Exchanges that pass our desk)

Wanted—A man for hard work and rapid promotion, who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and three assistants.

A man who gets to work on time in the morning and does not imperil the life of others in an attempt to be first out of the office at night.

A man who is neat in appearance and does not sulk for an hour's overtime in emergencies.

A man who listens carefully when he is spoken to, and asks only enough questions to insure accurate carrying out of instructions.

A man who moves quickly and makes as little noise as possible about it.

A man who looks you straight in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A man who does not pity himself for having to dig in and hustle.

A man who is cheerful, courteous to everyone, and determined to make good.

If interested, apply, any hour, any place, anywhere to anyone.



"Neckers who don't want an audience should be careful where they park."

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Ottawa, Ontario
No school in Canada offers a better training, or ensures a more successful future. Henry's leads all others, and ranks among employers as "THE SCHOOL OF HIGHER EFFICIENCY"—a fact borne out by more than 600 pupils who have, since January, 1913, left other Ottawa Schools to come to it.
Therefore, it is not surprising that business men, in advertising for stenographers should specially say, "Graduates of Henry's School preferred."
For particulars about our course, write
D. E. HENRY, Director.
62 Bank treet.

Henderson Lodge, No. 383, A. F. & A. M., Winchester
Meets on Second Friday of each month in Sweet's Block, at 8 o'clock.
Visiting brethren always welcome.
H. L. Lee, W.M. H. Annable, Sec.

Winchester Lodge, No. 336 I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge Room, over the Bank of Nova Scotia, Main Street, every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.
G. Johnston, Sec. W. Carkner, N.G.
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Roll Bacon, Breakfast Bacon and Cured Hams.
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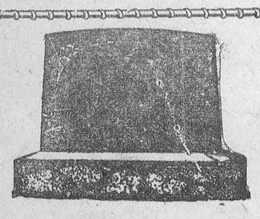
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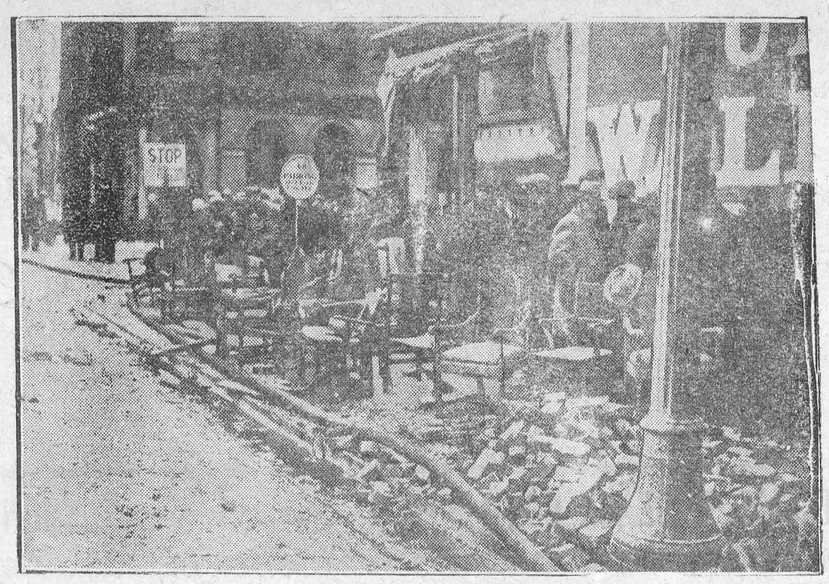
Old Town On the Thames Suffers Heavy Loss



HALF-MILLION DOLLAR BLAZE SWEEPS CHATHAM

All the furniture that was saved from the Garner Hotel, Chatham, after the fire of December 8-9, the worst in the history of the city.

When Greenland Was Tropical

Changes of Climate in the World's History

By Professor A. C. SEWARD

Is there good reason to suppose that the climate of the world was in former times different from what it is now? How do we set about trying to find out what sort of climates there were at different periods of the world's history? In order to obtain facts likely to throw light on what has happened in the course of hundreds of millions of years before man came into the world, and therefore long before there was any written history, we have to search among the rocks which form the surface of the earth and can be examined in quarries, in cliffs, in ravines and in mines and other places. Rocks are of many different kinds and of many different ages; they are the documents from which it is possible to follow in some measure the successive events which make up the history of the earth. Geologists have classified the rocks into several groups or systems, each of which represents, as it were, a chapter of earth-history: these chapters are known as geological periods and are called by various names. We gather information from the nature of the rocks themselves as well as from the remains of animals and plants which they contain.

Deserts in the Heart of England

Near the centre of England in the Charnwood Forest district of Leicestershire, there are low hills made of hard rocks like granite, which belong to a very remote epoch when there was little or no life. Some of the granitic hills of Leicestershire were once covered by softer material belonging to a later period and consisting of sandy mud which was originally spread out in layers as sediment from muddy water which had covered the country that is now Charnwood Forest. In course of time these newer layers of rock were removed by the action of air and water, by rain and frost; and parts of the buried granite were gradually exposed to view. In the hills thus exposed we have a glimpse of a very old landscape, a piece of the earth's surface as it was before the days when the mud and sand levelled the uneven floor of the older rocks. We can therefore form some idea of the state of the country which for long ages had been hidden. It was found that the exposed surface of the older rocks was smoothed and polished and in some places had been worn into broad grooves and rounded ridges: surface-features which remind us very strongly of those seen on hard rocks in deserts of the present day, and produced by storm-driven blasts of sand. This comparison suggests that at one period there may have been a desert in the region that is now Leicestershire.

But is there any other eveidence, are there any other facts which we can quote in support of the existence of desert condition? In Cheshire, Worcestershire, and in some other districts there are beds of salt and other substances, such as gypsum, reminding us very strongly of deposits being formed now in the Dead Sea and in other very salt waters in dry countries. It is important to note that these salt beds of Cheshire and Worcestershire belong to the same period of the earth's history as that which is recalled by the old grooved and storm-lashed granites of Leicestershire Some sandy rocks in various parts of England, which also belong to the same geological period, are made of small particles which remind us by their shape of the well-rounded grains in present-day deserts. Here, then, we have an example of the way in which it is possible, by piecing together different sets of facts, to reconstruct the past: we feel sure that during a certain stage in the past history of this country there were desert conditions where now there is a typical English scene.

Fossils as Thermometers

Let us next look at the fossil plants which have been found in rocks, especially in such rocks as sandstones and shales, which are simply beds of sand and mud or clay hardened by pressure in the course of a long succession of ages. It is common knowledge that in our climate it is impossible to grow out of doors many of the plants sent to us from warmer countries; they must be grown in hothouses. Can we then make use of fossil plants as tests of climate, as thermometers to enable us to follow changes in temperature in the past? We can to some extent, but only partially. In the first place, the plants obtained from rocks belonging to one of the more ancient periods, such as the Coal Age, are very different from any that are now living; and though we can learn something of the conditions in which they grew by examining their structure, we cannot say much, with any great confidence, about the climate which they required; they are too unlike any living plants with which they can be compared. But when we look at collections of fossil plants from rocks which were formed during periods of the earth's history nearer to the present, we find a much closer resemblance to plants which are living now, and it is therefore safer to make comparisons with regard to climate.

When Greenland Was a Tropical Country

Let me take as an illustration plants collected in Greenland: the rocks which furnished them belong approximately to the stage of geological history when our chalk was being formed on the ocean floor; this period is known as the Chalk or Cretaceous period, from the Latin word Creta, which means chalk. Halfway along the west coast of Greenland in Disko Island and in the cliffs and valleys of the neighboring mainland are sandstones and shales, which were no doubt formed at a time when what is now high ground on the western part of Greenland was the estuary of a large river. The river gradually built up a delta of sand and mud and, as we see in our rivers of to-day leaves and branches of trees being swept along in streams, so in former times samples of the vegetation growing on the banks were carried by streams and buried as fossils in sand and mud. The Greenland fossils are many of them broken pieces of fern leaves, and some of them are well enough preserved to enable us to recognize what sort of ferns they are. The commonest agree very closely with ferns, known as different kinds of Gleichenia, which are members of a family now widely spread in tropical countries south of the equator. There are no Gleichenias in Europe at the present day. What does this mean? It means that at one time—some millions of years ago—there lived in Greenland ferns which were members of a family that in the course of ages wandered far to the south from Arctic regions, and eventually settled in Central and South America, Africa, the Malay Archipelago, and farther to the East, several thousand miles away from its original home in the far north. If most of the living members of this family of ferns are now tropical, are we to conclude that, when very nearly related ferns lived in Greenland, that country enjoyed a tropical climate? It would be going too far to answer the question by a simple 'Yes.' We can only say that the facts lead us to suppose that Greenland in the Cretaceous period was much warmer than it is now.

With the fossil ferns are leaves and twigs of many other kinds of plants. Some of the fossil twigs and cones are very like those of one of the big trees in California, a tree which is often grown in our parks; it is known as Sequoia and is sometimes called by gardeners Wellingtonia. This tree now grows wild only in California; but it is certain that trees very nearly related to it once flourished in Greenland. There are also many leaves preserved in the same rocks which can be closely matched with those of the living plane trees; there are leaves of Magnolia, and many other deeply buried under perpetual ice and flowering plants. Without going into detail, it may be said that the majority of the trees which agree most nearly in their foliage with those which have left traces of their existence in the rocks of Greenland are now living either in the south of Europe, in the Southern United States, or in tropical countries.

Greenland To-day

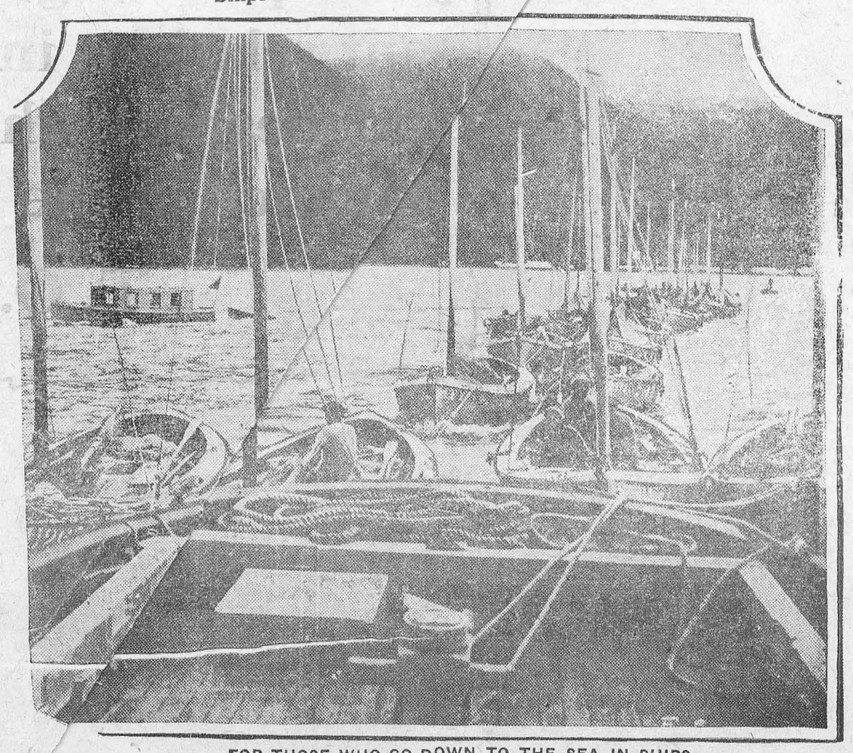
Let us next look at Greenland as it is: by far the greater part of it is is practically destitute of life. During the short summer, in June, July and August, there is a comparatively narrow strip around the coast with little or no snow, where flowers are abundant. In that part of Greenland where the fossils occur there are now no trees, only stunted willows and the dwarf birch growing close to the ground and rarely reaching a height of more than two or three feet. The hill slopes are in places covered with a vegetation reminding us of our own moorland, but there are no trees, and the familiar heather of the British Isles is replaced by another member of the heather family; there are many small flowering plants on the hills and in the valleys which are free from snow in the summer, and some of them are well known friends at home, especially on the Scottish mountains and in the English Lake district. In the Chalk period there was a rich vegetation made up of many different kinds of trees and shrubs instead of the low-growing plants of to-day; there were many ferns differing widely from the few which now grow in Greenland. In a word, the contrast betwen the forests which ave left their scattered fragments in the rocks and the vegetation which now produces attractive flowers in the short summer and lies dormant during the long, dark winter period, is about as great as it could be.

What Makes Climate Change?

There have been very many and great changes in climate in the course of the earth's history since the days when life first became abundant, and there is no good reason for believing that the world, as a whole, received much more heat from the sun millions of years ago than it does no. How, then, can we explain differences in climate between the past and the present? It is impossible to discuss this difficult question briefly: we know that from time to time the land has both risen and sank, places where there is now dry land were once under water, and regions now below the sea were at one time above it. Alterations in the position and size of continents change the flow and direction of ocean currents which, like the warm gulf stream and colder currents flowing from the polar seas, have a great deal to do with raising or lowering the temperature of continents and islands. The gradual lifting up of land by some gigantic force acting on the crust of the earth to form mountain-ranges also makes a considerable difference in the climate, and we know that there have been many such uplifts in the course of geological history.

It is, however, hard to believe that changes in the position of land and sea and in the height of land above sea-level would make enough difference in climate to account for the contrast between the present and the past.

Ships That Pass and Those That Trail Behind



FOR THOSE WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

The photograph here shows a portion of the salmon fishing fleet at Skeena, B.C., being towed out of harbor by ... boat.

This unquestionably is the finest green tea
"SALADA"
(GREEN)
JAPAN TEA
'Fresh from the gardens' 656

How Baden-Powell Was Neary Killed

Matabele Up Tree Missed Boy Scout Founder by Hair's Breadth

London.—One of London's most interesting December visitors is Major Frederick Russell Burnham; once described by Lord Baden Powell as "the greatest scout alive," and referred to by Sir Rider Haggard as "more interesting than any of my heroes of romance."

This American holder of a British D.S.O., and chief of scouts under Lord Roberts during the South African War, told the hitherto undisclosed story of how a single Matabele warrior, in 1896, nearly prevented the creation of the Scout movement.

Resting Under Tree

The then Major Baden Powell was resting with his officers under a big tree—"where he learned the lesson that a scout must look up as well as down," said Major Burnham, who continued.

That morning the Matabele warrior had seen the last great attack of his nation to capture Bulawayo and destroy the hated white man and it utter route and disaster. To avoid the charge of mounted white men he had climbed with his big gun into this tree, and they had swept by him. But strangely the white indunas incautiously chose his particular tree to stand under while they rested their tired horses and gathered their scattered men.

Suddenly the thought must have come to this Matabele—I hold the life of any one of these indunas in my hand. They are only a few feet below me, my nation is lost, my race is constantly defeated by the white. I will select the most commanding induna, kill him, and die.

The Chief Scout was the one selected to die, but the Matabele missed his victim by a hair's breadth. The next instant the Matabele lay crumpled at the base of the tree. Let us hope that as his soul sped from the black body some angel of solace relieved his despair. For, if he had but known, had he killed that induna he would have destroyed an idea that in due time will assuage even such hatred as he and his people had for the whites.

Scouting will enable his people and all his race to live without humiliation and have their proper place in the sun, yet not destroy the white man.

GRACES

It takes both grace and grit to get along pleasantly with people who never make mistakes.

WIT

Great wits are sure to madness near allied, and thin partitions do their bounds divide.—Dryden.

Sharpers Reap Big Harvest in London

Oxford Accent and Stylish Clothes Help Swindlers Win Victims

OLD GAMES SUCCEED

London.—The gold brick salesmen of this city, finding that their wares and modus operandi are, perhaps, becoming rather too well known, have forsaken the old rackets and produced some brand new schemes.

The performers retain the appearance of well bred, educated men about town. Their accent is of Oxford, they sport the ties of famous schools or crack regiments, and even the most astute Cockney would not think them anything but real "toffs."

In the bar of a good hotel a well-dressed man gets into conversation with some wealthy youths. When the party has progressed amicably for some time, and one or two rounds of drinks have been consumed, he offers to show his new friends a little trick. Rolling a piece of white paper into a pellet, he places it upon a table, covers it with a briar pipe bowl downward and states that he will change the color of the pellet from white to red.

A crowd is soon pressing round the table, and the conjurer carelessly drops his handkerchief on the floor. As he stops to pick it up another man—who is, in reality, a confederate—removes the pellet from under the pipe, winks at the bystanders, and bets $20 that the trick cannot be done. Many of the onlookers make the same bet.

"That's all right," says the trickster ronchalantly. "Wouldn't take your money." He then picks up the pipe—and there is a red pellet.

PELLET HIDDEN IN PIPE

It was secreted in the bowl, and a slight tap in picking up the pipe dislodged it. The show of refusing to take any money is quite safe, for the confederate insists on paying, and the others follow suit—care is taken that the victims are that class of men.

What may be called the three-finger trick is almost as remunerative as the fore...g.

The practictioner frequents a bar for a few weeks, until he is recognized as a regular and reliable habitue. One day he tells the girl who dispenses the drinks that he has left his pocket-book at home, and suggests that she lend him three pounds until the next day.

SIGNS MISLEAD GIRL

The girl replies that the manager's consent must be obtained. He then goes over to the latter, and asks if he may have three drinks on credit, at the same time gesticulating with three fingers for the benefit of the barmaid.

The barmaid sees her employer signal approval, as she thinks, of the loan of three pounds. The trickster gets the money, and is never seen in that "pub" again.

A presentable individual at a night club discovers that he is short of money and from a more or less casual acquaintance borrows $20, giving a diamond stickpin as security.

Not seeing the owner of the pin for some time the lender visits a jeweller, has the pin valued, and discovers that it is worth $200. His fears are thus allayed.

OBTAINS LARGER LOANS

The trickster later redeems the pin and repeats the performance with the same victim on several occasions. Then he borrows a larger sum, say $150, giving apparently the same security. This time, however, he does not liquidate the debt and a considerable period elapses before the lender finds that the security he holds is a cheap imitation.

Although these new catches are proving very profitable many of the old ones are still successfully worked. This is no doubt due to the reticence of the smart, worldly-wise citizen, who does not publish the news when he is duped but prefers to lose his money rather than earn a reputation of being simple.

It is remarkable that year in, year out, the mock auctioneers wax fatter and fatter. In spite of the fact that it must have caught thousands of Londoners and visiting firemen, their old standby, the simple operation of selling a man his own money still renders yeoman service.

VICTIM BUYS TWO WATCHES

The mock auctioneer, after much redundant verbosity, offers an allegedly gold watch for the modest price of ten shillings, and entices an onlooker to hand up the amount, While he has the money, and the purchaser has the watch, he proceeds in a leisurely fashion, safe in the knowledge that the victim will not leave.

"Show you what I'll do," he shouts. "Here's the gold watch. I'll put a solid gold, guaranteed lady's wristlet watch with it, and this ten shillings on top, and the lot's yours for a quid."

In almost every case the purchaser passes up the 20 shillings (if for no other reason than that he wants to get away.) It is not until he gets his purchases home, and thinks the matter over carefully in the long watches of the night, that he realizes that instead of getting the two watches, as he thought, for 10 shillings, he has paid 10 shillings each for them.