THE WINCHESTER PRESS

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GOOD POULTRY FEEDS

Laying Mash is considered a very important feed for laying hens.

Our Mash is giving good results. Try it and be convinced.

OTHER FEEDS as follows:—Wheat, Buckwheat Scratch Eeed, Cracked Corn and Western Oats, also Meat Scrap, Meat Meal, Bone Meal, Charcoal, Oyster Shell and Gritt.

FENNELL & WALLACE, Winchester, Ont.

"THE NEW CHEVROLET"

The New 1928 Model Chevrolet is on our Show Room Floor. Before placing your order we invite you to look the Chevrolet over.

"It Is A Beauty."

MELVIN'S GARAGE, Winchester, Ont.

THE CROWN BAKERY AND GROCERY

Pnre Lard—3 lb. pail 70c, 5 lb. pail $1.10, 10 lb. pail $2 00

Creamery Butter 45c per lb.
Raisins 2 lbs. for 25c
Large Sized Prunes 2 lbs. for 25c
Potatoes $1 75 per bag.
Spanish Onions 8c per lb.
Sunkist Oranges 60c per doz.
Fresh Ground Coffee 70c lb.
Pumpkin 18c tin. Sauer Kraut 18c tin.

Don't fail to try our Bread, Buns, Cakes and Doughnuts. They are delicious.

We deliver goods promptly to any part of the town. Telephone 24J

J. E. JACKSON, Winchester.

CHECK THAT COUGH!

CREOPHOS will do it. Deep-seated bronchial coughs saps strength and weaken the system.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY!

The firm of Nyal, for quite a while,
Has made a preparation,
Called CREOPHOS, well known across
The width of our great nation.
From coast to coast, they proudly boast,
It's helped drive out the flu,
While colds and chills and countless ills
Have met their Waterloo.
No more we boobs with bronchial tubes
Bark through the livelong day,
We sit at ease and let Disease
Go grumbling on his way.
So tell the tale o'er hill and vale,
Yes, put the whole world wise,
That 'tis because of CREOPHOS,
We're doggone healthy guys.

NYAL CREOPHOS

Builds strength, increases weight and acts directly upon the bronchial area healing inflammation and driving out disease germs.

Price $1.00 per bottle at

SMITH'S DRUG STORE

Our Column

The ice crop is being harvested, and it is a good crop.

The curling rink is the scene of some lively matches these nights.

No, ladies and gentlemen, this is not a winterless winter, but a real old timer.

Two hundred and sixty million people speak the English language—statisticaliy speaking.

Telling something that somebody is said to have said is what starts war in small towns.

The province of Saskatchewan now stands fourth amongst the provinces of Canada in dairy production.

When you get through telling of the faults and failures of your neighbors, just take a backward glance at your own conduct, and see how you compare. And don't be a hypocrite.

It must have tickled the hearts of some of those wives and mothers who watched the men gathering up and washing the dishes after the congregational meeting in the United Church last Friday night.

Miss Edna Shaver, nurse-in-training at the Montreal General Hospital, has successfully passed her final examination and is entitled to her medal and diploma. Edna will be finished with her course in about three weeks.

Believed In Advertising

Dorothy had been praying each evening at bedtime for a baby sister. The other day her mother, while reading the paper exclaimed: "I see Mrs. Smith has a little daughter."

"How do you know that, mamma?" Dorothy inquired.

"It says so in the paper, dear."

"Read it to me."

Her mother read: "Born on July 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a daughter."

Dorothy thought a moment and then said: "I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to stop praying and begin advertising."

Winter Joys of Old Quebec

Old King Winter seems to put on a cloak of benign joviality in the hospitable atmosphere of Ancient Qnebec. His brusque blustery ways seem the very essence of good fellowship and you thrill to his touch while jingling sleigh bells play their sweet accompaniment.

On the Citadel, the Terrace and fields and roads around the city, you may enjoy winter sports as never before. The very air seems like wine and adds zest to every sport. Skiing, tobogganing, skating, sleigh drives, glorions, health-giving frolics in the snow, are part and parcel of this carnival of winter enjoyment.

For real oldtime winter fun, there is no place like Quebec, and Canadian National train service will take you there in comfort.

For full details of train service, etc., apply to any Canadian National Agent.

Town League

On Friday night last, the first game of the Town League was played at the arena. On this occasion The Royals managed by H. Keyes were defeated by the Speed Boys managed by Alex McDonald. The score was 3-1 and the game was very exciting throughout. Then on Tuesday night The Thistles managed by H. Bell, played a tie game with The Rovers managed by A. Johnston. This game was closely contested and neither team was superior as the score indicates 4-4. The standing at present is

	W	L	T	P
Speed Boys	1	0	0	2
The Rovers	0	0	1	1
The Thistles	0	0	1	1
The Royals	0	1	0	0

A Tow..'s Troubles

The town of Renfrew is getting considerable advertising just now, but not the kind that towns care for. The new Municipal Council wanted to cut down expenses, but they started at the wrong end, and then they started something. They refused to continue the annual grant to the town band, and wanted to dispense with certain very useful officials. As a protest one councillor resigned. Then the fun began, and someone pointed out that not one of the councillors or the Mayor should continue in office because they neglected to take the necessary declaration of office within the 30 days prescribed by law after their election. Renfrew held its elecion on Dec. 4th, so then the whole council resigned, and a new election will be held. This will put the town to more expense than the annual grant to the town band. Any Council that refuses to encourage and assist a town band ought to resign.

Hockey Notes

The town league is sure showing some class of hockey, (note: this is not the comedy) but for real polish it takes the Speed-Boys with their cold tea, red blanket and coloured trainer.

One outstanding feature of the town league is the clean brand of hockey that is played Why the refree never has anything to do as far as ruling a player off for dirty playing is concerned, unless he wants to bore the spectators by stopping the play for some trivial thing like knocking the goal-tender down with a stick or throwing the puck at the opponent's head

It might be interesting to know that "Cognawoga Jake" has been voted the title of the cleansest player in the league This man has never been known to have intentionally played dirty hockey in 25 years. Interesting if true.

Bill Carkner won the decision over "Red" McLean in their bout at Winchester Square Gardens on Monday night last when he knocked "Red" out for the count in the last round. The blow was a stiff upper-cut to the chin. Most of the spectators agree that the count was a trifle long but the decision of the refree is final in this case and the bout went to Carkner.

It has been rumoured that Hart Melvin will give up the garage business shortly and enter professional hockey. This man is sure playing a neat defence this year for the Rovers.

It has been rumoured that Morewood Juniors are eliminated from the play-downs in the C. O. V. J. H. league due to the fact that they did not hand in their amateur cards to the proper authorities. If this is a fact it means that the Winchester squad and the Chesterville team figure in the play-downs.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Mr. Chester Merkley, aged 66, Chesterville, died suddenly on Wednesday.

The many friends of Mr Nelson Docksteader will regret to hear of his illness.

Mrs. Merrill's many friends here will be pleased to know that she is gaining strength, although slowly. She is able to sit up for about 15 minutes each day now

Chevrolet Cars

Mrs. E. G. Marshall, of Clevelend, Ohio, in a letter to her father, Mr. Robt. Rennick, said she had visited the great motor show in that city, which is second to none on the Continent, and speaking of the car, writes "Chevrolet has first place. This year the highest sale record, in the volum of money, goes to the Chevrolet Heretolore the honor was held by the the McLaughlin-Buick, but this year the Chevrolet captured it. Tell Hart Melvin he ought to do a big business with the Chev. this year."

Big Church Destroyed

The great Metropolitan Church, now the United Church, but built in 1869 as a Methodist Church at Toronto, was completely destroyed by fire on Monday morning last. It was the outstanding Church in Toronto, valued at nearly half a million dollars. Now nothing remains but the blackened walls. The insurance is less than $200 000. It contained one of the finest pipe organs on the continent, and its memorial windows were the finest in Canada.

First Curling Match

The first curling match ever played in Winchester was played in the rink here on Tuesday afternoon, when eight stalwarts, chaperon d by Rev. Father Harris and Rev. P C. Eakin, came over from Metcalfe, and gave the Winchester novices a very pleasant afternoon sport. The ice was keen and fairly trickey, but on the whole not too bad. Twelve ends were played, and on the whole Metcalfe stood two points to the good. The rinks were as follows:

Metcalfe	Winchester
S. Thompson	L. Mills
S. S. Latimer	E. Summers
J. P. Dow er	B. Carr
Dr. J. C. Byres	H. L. Lee
Skip 16	Skip 8
R. L Boyd	R. Kennedy
J. P. Grant	D. H. Weir
Rev P. C. Eakin	J. H. Ross
Rev. Father Harris	W. Leonard
Skip 7	Skip 13
23	21

Died at Vancouver

Old time residents of Winchester will regret to learn of the death at Vancouver, B. C., on December 26th last of Andrew Brown, a son of the late James Brown, of this place.

The deceased was born in Winchester, on March 31st, 1854, where he spent the greater part of his life on the farm now owned by Ernest Steele. Later he moved to Walla Walla, Wash., and in 1911 settled in Vancouver, B. C.

The funeral service was conducted by the Masons, of whom Mr. Brown was an honored member, and was a most impressive one.

Mr Brown was an active member of St. Paul's Church during his residence in Winchester and later identified himself with Knox United Church of Vancouver In politics he was a staunch Conservative of the old type. A man of firm convictions and sound principles he made lasting friendships wherever he lived and his passing will be deeply regretted by all who knew him.

He is survived by his widow and four children, Donald, Mrs. Carrie Prushaw and Mrs. Bessie Herr, all of Vancouver, and Dr. Wm. G. Brown, of Powell River, B. C. Four sisters, Mrs. Anne Irving and Mrs. Charlotte Keeler, of Prescott Mrs. Mary Shaver, of Ottawa, Mrs. Louise Suffel, of Calgary, and Mr. Wm Brown of Sacremento, Cal., also mourn his loss.

Saying Farewell

Mr. G. A. Dixon, who with his family, leave this week for Grimsby, Ont., where he has just purchased a Furniture and Undertaking Business, was presented with a beautiful club bag, by his fellow Masons of Henderson Lodge, at the close of a regular meeting Wednesday night. Mr. Dixon is a Past Master of Pendleton Lodge and is now Senior Warden of Henderson Lodge. At the close of lodge, after refreshment had been served, Rt. Wor. Bro. A. Sweet called Wor. Bro. Dixon forward and read the following address.

W. Bro. G. A. Dixon,
Winchester, Ont.

Dear Bro. Dixon:—

Learning that, for business reasons, you have decided to remove from Winchester, where you have spent so many years of your life, and where you have made so many warm personal friends, your Brethren of Henderson Lodge feel that they cannot allow this occasion to pass without some expression of the high esteem in which you are held, not only by your Masonic Brethren, but by the Community as a whole.

We ask you to accept this Club Bag packed full of Good Wishes for the health and prosperity of yourself, your good wife and your family.

While you will no doubt make many friends in the new home to which you are going, we feel sure that you will not forget the old ones you are leaving behind.

Should you ever become lonely just pack your grip and come east for a few days and feel sure of a warm welcome among the Winchester people.

Signed on behalf of the Lodge:

W. Bro. J. F. Gibson, W. M.
W Bro. A. H. Annable, Secretary

Winchester, Ont., Feb. 1st, 1928

After the presentation and singing, 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' Bro. Dixon made a feeling reply, in which he thanked his brother Masons for their thoughtful kindness, and said that he would never forget this occasion, and the many good friends he was leaving in Winchester.

Short addresses were then given by Revs. G. C. Graham and J A Waddell, W. Bros. H. Nesbitt, A. Christie, K. Guy, H. Masters of Mountain, T. A. Scott and others. The proceedings were presided over by the W. M. J. F. Gibson in his usual happy manner. The meeting closed with all joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The going away from Winchester of Mr. Dixon and family is a decided loss to the community, and is much regretted by their numerous friends. They carry with them the very best wishes of all for their future prosperity and happiness.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Mr. W. H. Reid, who has taken over the insurance agency here recently held by Mr. Albert Dixon, moved into town on Tuesday, and is occupying the house on Church Street recently occupied by Mr. Dixon.

The Scholl Mf'g Co., Foot Specialists, will have a demonstrator at Sweet's Store on Tuesday, Feb. 7th, where he will give free examination and advice on the treatment of tired feet, fallen arches and any kindred troubles. You are invited to call and see him

A Matter of Days, not Months

White flannels, tennis, golf, the joy of a headlong plunge into tepid ocean waters, the lazy luxury of basking on sunlit silver sands and all the delights of the open road are days away, not months Canada,s Pacific Coast and California are revelling in summer pleasures while we freeze. Flowers are blooking, birds are singing, the cry of "Fore wafts o'er the breeze.

Go to the coast and shed your overcoats and chilblains Nature is always gentle to this, her favorite daughter, and those who woo her share in the gentleness. Lush green grass, roses, orange blossoms, valms. Just think of it, while you gaze at that sub-zero mercury.

Canadian National Railways train service puts Vancouver, Victoria and all Pacific Coasts within easy reach. Full particulars may be obtained from any Canadian National Agent.

Mrs. Lough

Early on Thursday morning, Jan. 26, 1928, Mrs. Christena Lough, relict of the late John Lough, passed peacefully away at the home of her son Emerson, after a brief illness. Although she had been in failing health for some time the news of her sudden passing came as a shock to the community and especially to the members of her own family.

Mrs. Lough, who was in her 71st year, was a daughter of the late Alexander Campbell and his wife Janet Ferguson, pioneer settlers of the Ormond district. In July 1879 she married John Lough and went to reside on Lot 1, Con. 12, Tp. of Winchester, where she continued to reside until her death. Four children were born of this union viz., Emerson C., Margaret Edith (Mrs. A. B. Cinnamon, Norgate, Man.) Jessie Ethel (Mrs H. W. Cinnamon, Harmony) and Mabel (Mrs. Thos. A Docksteader, Cloverdale.) She is also survived by three brothers and four sisters viz., Charles and John F. Campbell, of Winchester Township and Robt. A. of Franklin, Man. The sisters are Mrs. Robt Cinnamon, Harmony, Mrs Nehemiah Carkner, of Winchester, and Cathrine and Margaret, who live on the Campbell homestead near Ormond.

Deceased, who was of a quiet and retiring disposition took a deep interest in all good movements both in the Church and in the community and always was willing to contribute to all worthy causes. She was a kind and loving mother who found her greatest happiness in the family circle amongst her children and grandchildren.

The funeral, which was largely attended, was held from her late residence, on Saturday, Jan. 28th, at 1.30 p. m., deceased's pastor Rev. J. A. Waddell of the Winchester United Church officiating at both the house and cemetery. The pallbearers were R. W. Carkner, Herbert Poole, Henry A. Cinnamon, Wm Biccum, W. J. Docksteader and J. E. Docksteader. Floral offerings were. A Pillow from the Family, Spray from Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cinnamon and Mrs. Robt Cinnamon, and a Mound from the W. M. S. of United Church, Winchester.

Successful Year for Winchester United Church

The annual congregational meeting of the Winchester United Church of Canada, which was to have been held on Wednesday evening of last week, but was postponed, because of the storm until Friday evening, was very largely attended and one of the happiest gatherings in the history of the church. Rev. J. A. Waddell presided. After the usual opening devotional exercises, reports of the various organizations in connection with church work were given, and each one showed progress, not only financially, but spiritually and in increased membership. Particularly is this the case with the Sunday Schools, there being six Sunday Schools in outlying districts connected with the church. The Winchester Church has a membership of nearly 650, and 300 families, or nearly 1100 persons under pastoral care. Owing to the Conference Year ending with the Calendar year, under a new system, there were only nine months to report in the past conference year, which made it rather hard to bring all financial matters up to date. But the reports showed that were all subscriptions paid there would be more than enough to meet all obligations. New Stewarts and Elders were elected, and the large congregation by a standing vote endorsed the resolution of the Official Board in tendering Rev. Mr. Waddell an invitation to remain pastor of the Winchester Church for another year. The church organist, Mr. Potter and the members of the choir were tendered a hearty vote of thanks for their services during the past year. The congregation, on invitation of Mr. W. J. Cass, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, then adjourned to the S. S. rooms where refreshments were served by members of the Official Board, who had themselves made every arrangement for the entertainment of the congregation. It was something new for the ladies to sit about in a social way and watch the men hurry about with trays of sandwiches, doughnuts and jugs of coffee. But the men proved capable, and not only did they dispense the eatables and coffee, but good cheer and sociability. During the refreshments the S. S. orchestra played with great acceptability, and their efforts were much appreciated, After the refreshments Mr. Cass again took charge and he called upon the following gentlemen, who responded in brief but brilliant and witty speeches, Messrs A. Sweet, A. Christie, F. M. Eagleson, M. Bailey, Jas Patterson, T. A. Scott and W. R. Potter. Then, while those appointed to do so, were wishing and putting away the dishes, Mrs. Waddell moved, and Mrs. F. F. Davidson seconded a hearty vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had so generously, ably, affiably and splendidly prepared and served refreshments and provided so pleasant an entertainment for all. All of which the men accepted with becoming grace and characteristic modesty.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Chester Timmins, after a prolonged illness, is again able to be about,

Mr. Elmer Johnston and son, of Depot Harbour, are visiting friends and relatives in Winchester.

Mrs. Morley Shortt returned home on Tuesday after spending a couple of weeks with friends in Toronto.

Miss E. M. Bush has returned to Montreal after spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fawcett and children, of Cloverdale, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser A. Fawcett.

Mrs. H. Fitzsimmons of Bearbrook, Ont., and Miss Elizabeth Barclay of San Jacinto, Cal., are visiting at the home of their sister-in-law Mrs. Eveard Barclay, town.

Heard Many Distinguished Speakers

Listeners-in at the radio on Monday night, were especially treated in the matter of hearing distinguished men speak. President Coolidge of the United States was heard early in the evening through Station W. G. Y., and later in the evening through C. N. R. O. Premier King, Hon. R. B Bennett, Mr. Gardner, Progressive Leader, the two leaders of the Canadian Senate. Then came President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State, Hon. Peter Heenan, Hon. Mr. Fitzgerald. The reception was exceptionally good, and the several addresses heard with as much distinctness as though in the place delivered. Wonderful indeed is the radio.

Mrs. James Ker

One of the pioneer settlers of Dundas and Carleton Counties has passed in to Immortality in the person of Mrs. Ker, in her 87th year, widow of the late Mr. James Graham Ker, who predeceased her twenty-two years ago Mrs. Ker was enjoying excellent health until suddenly stricken on Jan. 16th with acute pneumonia in both lungs. Her wonderful vitality withstood the ravages of this dread disease for nine days, then a merciful God took his faithful, humble servitor Home to a re-united family.

The funeral service was conducted for Mrs. Ker, on Saturday, Jan. 28th, at her late residence, Laureate Hall, 435 West 119th Street, by Dr. John Falconer Fraser Pastor of the Central Baptist Church, New York City. The favorite hymns so frequently sung by the deceased were rendered by Miss Wood, Soloist of the Central Baptist Church. A large concourse of friends assembled to testify to the high esteem and respect accorded Mrs. Ker in the city of her adoption. The remains were accompanied from New York City to Winchester by her daughter, Miss Leona M. Ker, by Mr. James McConkey, Presiding Elder of Bethany Presbyterian Church, and by Mrs. James McConkey.

The final obsequies took place in the Winchester Baptist Church, Monday, Jan. 30th Mr. Thomas Christie, father of Mrs. Ker, was one of the Deacons who organized this church in 1869. The funeral services were conducted by her life-long friend, Rev. Robert Carkner, assisted by Rev. John Waddell and Rev. Ernest Butcher. The favorite hymns of the deceased were feelingly rendered by Mrs. Hazel Hutt. The floral tributes testified to the place which Mrs. Ker had won in the hearts of all, the New York Scottish Society, the Caledonian Club, the Canadian Club, Columbia University, the Board of Education, the Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Women's Professional Club, the Central Baptist Church of New York City, the Winchester Baptist Church, relatives and sympathizing friends, all united to offer floral homage and tribute to a life which had been an example of high courage, true humility, helpfulness and service. The passing of Mrs. Ker was a triumph of the Christian Faith.

The nephews who bore her so tenderly to her last resting place in Maple Ridge Cemetery beside her husband and child were, Mr. Howad Nesbitt, Mr. Thomas Mundle, Mr. Grant Gray, Mr. Hector Munro, Mr. John Irwin Ker, Mr. Kenneth Nesbitt, Mr. Robert Rennick, Mr. Ernes Gray and Mr. Frank Nesbitt She leaves to mourn her loss an only daughter, Miss Leona M. Ker, of New York City, a brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Ker, of Montreal, a sister, Mrs. Coons of Ottawa, and many nieces, nephews and sympathizing friends.

I have known ancient ladies who were quite
As lovely in their old time grace
As silver birches clustered on a hill
Against the sky's bright face.
They have a tranquil sanctity that clings
About each quiet deed or thought,
As chaste as sleeping moonlight in a pool,
Or stars in tree tops caught.
They have the dainty beauty of old lace
Or gardens fringed with dewy sod—
For here 'midst worldly things they seemed to win
Companionship with God.

For Sale

A mow of good stock hay on lot 3. con. 8 Winchester Tp.
40-2c Apply to Geo. Dixon.

FRESH FISH and OYSTERS

Herring, Salmon,
Dressed Pike, Halibut,
Strip Codfish, Fillet,
Sealshipt Oysters.

You will be surprised when you see them—More surprised—and delighted—when you taste them.

Take a pint of Sealshipts home with you.

L. FLORA, Winchester
Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

Winchester Baptist Church

PASTOR—Rev. Ernest Butcher.
SUNDAY, FEB. 5, 1928
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Service at 11 a. m.
"Simply to Thy Cross I Cling."
Service at 7.30 p. m.
"Joseph and the Stolen Cup."

Strangers and Visitors always Welcome.

The Needlecraft Store

Call and see our stock of Silk Hose with inter-lining, just the kind for this cold weather. They are going fast. Also silk and wool hose and all pure wool ones, these are splendid for skating in.

Now that the Christmas rush is over why not start embroidering a pair of pillow cases, dresser scarf or some other bit of fancy work. Everything the latest.

IDA F. GARDNER

For Sale

15 Shoats, weighing about 60 lbs each, also 50 steele fence posts. Apply to R. J. Empey,
40-41c Main St., West

Notice

I buy all kinds of old hens at highest market prices, also doing moving, etc, with my truck at reasonable rates. Apply to Morris Ross
16tfc Phone 171

1928 CAR LICENSE

We are prepared to issue 1928 Car Licenses. Cards and Markers always on hand at my office on south side of Main St., opposite Town Hall. Get your license now before the Spring rush.

Expert skate sharpening continued for smooth skating. Scissors and knives sharpened to please you. All kinds of Rubber Foot Wear repaired and resoled. Boots and shoes repaired. Hand sewn or nailed. All work guaranteed. Prompt Service and Moderate Prices,

W. WORKMAN,
Main Street.

For Sale

One single rubber tire buggy, one pair of light sloops with tongue and shaft one pair of heavy sloops.
25tfc Melvin's Garage

Cream Wanted

Highest prices paid for sweet Cream at factory. J. W. Ault

For Sale

1 Brood Sow due to farrow second litter about Mar. 6th. 1 Brood Sow due to farrow third litter about Mar. 10th.
Irwin Haggerty,
Phone 612-23 Winchester Springs.

SKATING RINK TIME TABLE.

DAY	PUBLIC SCHOOL	HIGH SCHOOL	JUNIOR O. H. A.	TOWN LEAGUE	PUBLIC SKATING
Monday	4 to 5	5 to 6	6 to 7	7 to 8	8 to 10
Tuesday	3 to 5 Public Skating for Ladies, also Children under 13 years.				7.30 to 10 BAND
Wednes'y	4 to 5	5 to 6	6 to 7	7 to 8	8 to 10
Thursday		4.15 to 5.15 H. S. Girls			7.30-10
Friday	3 to 5 Free Skating for Ladies, also Children under 13 years		6.30 to 7.30		7.30-10
Saturday					7.30 to 10.30

NOTE—The Band will be present every Tuesday Evening and on Friday and Saturday alternately. Afternoon hockey games by arrangement with caretaker, $2.00 per hour. Out of town teams please note. Skating parties of 10 or more, not season ticket holders, 20c per skater. Keep this notice for reference.

LORNE KINKAID, Caretaker.

SOMETHING IN COMMON

Or, The Little Matchmaker

By IRENE STILES

Little Coppernob, as they called her, had been in the children's ward at St. Luke's for a very long time. So long that it was a standing joke that she was part of the hospital furniture.

Everybody loved her—partly from habit, but mostly because of her capacity for smiling in the face of pain. She was a busy, generous little soul, too, and, when health permitted, you would find her sitting up in bed knitting gorgeous and terrible ties for the house surgeon.

She divided her heart between him and one of the ward sisters; having, as she told them, two hearts to divide—a home heart and a hospital heart. They, as she repeatedly assured them, had the whole of the latter.

The ward sister was very pretty, "with lovely rosy cheeks," as Coppernob was always telling her. She seemed, indeed, the very personification of health and youth, as nurses often are in spite of an abundance of hard work. She was also the daughter of a famous surgeon, but didn't bother very much about that.

Coppernob loved her, too, because she had cool hands and a low voice, and sometimes, when she had been on night duty and Coppernob could not sleep, she had stroked her hot head and hands and whispered to her, telling her stories.

The house surgeon shared her admiration for the pretty ward sister, but that was to be a secret, he said.

"But wouldn't she like to know about it?" Coppernob asked when first he told her. "She always likes it when I tell her something nice about herself."

But the house surgeon shook his hear.

"She might," he said doubtfully, "but it wouldn't be right to tell her."

"Why ever not?" Coppernob wanted to get, at the bottom of this. "You tell me that you like me nearly every day."

He bowed to his little patient with mock gravity.

"But that's because you bribe me with ties and things. I have to be polite to you." He smiled into the doubting eyes. "Besides, you're ill," he added.

A secret is a burdensome thing for a little girl, especially a little girl who is ill and cannot play like other little girls. And soon enough it was no longer a secret, for one day, when the ward sister looked a little pale and sad, Coppernob imparted the heartening news that the house surgeon thought her too wonderful for words.

The ward sister, being caught off her guard, blushed, seemed terribly interested, then pretended that she wasn't. Indeed, when she answered she spoke quite sharply.

"Don't be silly, Coppernob. He just thinks I'm good at my work because I go on and never complain, and that's only because I'm younger and stronger than the others. Everyone's wonderful here, I think."

"But—" Coppernob hesitated, then went bravely on, putting a final match to her burning boats. "He thinks you're ever so much more wonderful than the others. You ought to hear some of the lovely things he's said about you."

But the ward sister was silent, so silent that Coppernob thought she must be very sad. She adopted a more coaxing tone.

"Don't you want to hear the lovely things he said about you? I thought you liked him as well as me."

"Of course." The words came slowly, almost unwillingly. "I admire him very, very much. He's so kind and good to everyone. But that sort of thing—the sort of thing he's been telling you—why, if he wanted me to know, he should tell me himself."

"Oh, but he says it wouldn't be right," said Coppernob. "Do you know why it wouldn't be right?"

The sister shook her pretty hear.

"I don't know," she said slowly, "but I expect I can guess." She paused, then, seeing the child's inquiring eyes, went on: "You know in fairy tales how funny the poor princes and until they've done some brave deed or perhaps found a fortune—"

Coppernob nodded.

"Well," the ward sister sighed, "it's a bit like that. I expect."

And so it came about that Coppernob's very own fairy story had not reached a satisfactory conclusion, even by the time Coppernob was quite well. She was very happy to be going home at last, but for just one reason she hated to leave the hospital. She liked stories which ended "happily ever after." She liked her princes and princesses to marry and have lots of children.

The only satisfaction she had had was the knowledge that the war sister and the house surgeon had gone to the hospital dance together, and that he had been invited to a party at her father's house. Poor comfort that for one who was dealing in castles, coronations, and sumptuous wedding breakfasts!

Coppernob was leaving the hospital on no ordinary week-day. Her departure coincided most conveniently with the hospital flag day, and this news she had greeted with the utmost glee. Many and varied had been the stories told her of the students' pranks on flag days—how they blacked their faces, how they dressed up in funny clothes, and how they made everybody laugh.

"But you want to be out in the streets to see them, 't'he house surgeon said. "Why, they even make the policemen laugh."

So out in the street Coppernob made up her mind to be. She was ready to go very early in the morning—her little bag packed, her little face shining with the virtue of hospital soap and water.

But her poor, overworked mother was late in coming to fetch her, and there in the hospital waiting-room sat a fidgety, excited Coppernob, every minute growing more sure that she was missing all the fun.

When at last she arrived, Coppernob suddenly remembered that she had not said "Good-bye" to the ward sister. She had not been able to find her when she had gone round saying good-bye to everybody else. And still she was nowhere to be found.

Up and down the hospital corridors Coppernob ran, torn between her loyalty to her beloved ward sister and her desire not to miss the fun outside. At last she got news of her.

"She's gone off in a hurry to sell flags," they told her. "The nurse who was to do it has been taken ill. She's on the hospital pitch quite near by."

They gave Coppernob a penny so that if she saw her she could buy a flag.

Outside the hospital hundreds of people were passing up and down. Coppernob held her breath and gazed once again upon the world. Standing at the foot of the hospital steps she seemed for the moment like one in a dream.

Then suddenly she squealed with delight and wrenched free from her mother's restraining hand.

"I must buy my flag!" she cried, as she sped across the road.

* * * *

They carried her back again into the hospital not so many minutes after she had left. For Coppernob had been unversed in the mysteries of "one-way traffic." She had been in the hospital too long for that.

At first they could not joke about it. She was too hurt and ill again for them to say that she was, after all, only part of the hospital furniture. And she would not have heard them, anyhow.

But at last, when health crept back, the house surgeon dared to tease her once again.

"You never intend to desert us, I'm beginning to believe." And then it was that Coppernob dared to ask about somebody who appeared to have quite deserted her.

Then the house surgeon remembered that she didn't know.

"Why, she's been very ill herself, and all on your account," he said. "She saw you coming that day when you ran to buy your flag, and she it was, young woman, who dragged you from the greedy jaws of the dragon Omnibus. She saved your life, and nearly lost her own in the process."

At this poor Coppernob almost dissolved in tears.

"And isn't she as better as me?" she asked.

The house surgeon nodded.

"Oh, she's quite, quite well now."

"Then why isn't she here to look after me?" Coppernob demanded.

"Because, madam, in future she proposes to look after me. We are, in fact, going to get married."

"Oh," breathed Coppernob in ecstasy. "Then you've told her at last, although you said it wouldn't be right."

"She was ill, you see," he hastened to explain. "And patients always have special privileges. I couldn't help telling her. I told her first when I thought she couldn't hear—I thought she was too ill, or asleep, or not listening—but she heard."

Coppernob nodded wisely. She rather thought she understood that sort of thing!

"I shall come to tea with you every day," she announced.—(Answers).



A LUCKY FELLOW

Centipede: Tee, hee, Buggy, don't you wish you were me? You can only hang up one pair of stockings!

New Winter Scene in "Merry England"



THEY WOULDN'T BE MUCH USE IN THE YUKON

A novel dog team for England's unusual winter: A little girl on Angel pond, Forest Gate, England, being pulled over the ice sans skates, skis or sled by a group of prize Chows.

Sea Tragedies Long Unsolved

Vessel Equipped With Radio Disappeared Without Trace

MANY MYSTERIES

Ships Abandoned in Mid-Ocean Towed to Port

Some time ago, a fast steamship, fitted with radio apparatus and embodying the latest devices known in the science of marine engineering, set sail from Montevideo to Rio de Janeiro. She was loaded with Argentine wheat for Antwerp.

From Montevideo to Rio is a distance of 1,100 miles over a sea lane right in the track of ocean-going liners and freight vessels. She was to touch at Rio, take in cargo, and then sail direct to Antwerp. Days passed and she did not arrive at Rio. No radio SOS had been sent out and no passing vessel had observed her. She vanished as completely as mists before the rising sun, and, from that day to this, no clue has even thrown the least light on the mystery, writes Harold T. Wilkins in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Modern radio and the latest airplanes in the service of ocean sleuths are powerless when faced by these baffling mysteries, which occur more often than landsmen imagine. The wires hummed with this mystery of the Tenzam Maru, overdue in the South Atlantic, and 6,300 miles away the news of the missing, radio-equipped steamer came to the royal exchange, the home in London of the famous sea corporation at Lloyds.

The ship's owners, in despair at the absence of any news, applied to Lloyds to have her posted as missing. A printed notice was first affixed to the baize board of the "Chamber of Horrors"—Lloyds agony roof or ship's graveyard—asking news of the lost ship. A week later, no word having arrived, a "caller," wearing a picturesque scarlet robe with a fur collar, rang one short stroke on the "Lutine" bell.

If the missing ship had reached port after the report of missing—he would have rung two short strokes. He next mounted a rostrum and announced that the ship, which sailed from Montevidio, on such a date, for Antwerp, had not been heard of since.

The ship was then posted as missing, and a notice stuck on a special board. Next day the loss is payable by the underwriters, while relatives of the missing seamen (presumed dead in law) may obtain probate of their wills, if they have any. This is the proceeding in the case of important missing ships.

Queer yarns and strange mysteries of derelicts, wrecks and missing ships are buried in the immense store of Lloyd's since 1888. There is an old-fashioned captain's room at Lloyd's—to-day a tea room for members—where the old windjammer skipper and the dapper captain of the old-time Indian tea clipper told startling yarns of adventures with pirates, or boarding ghost-ridden derelicts on dark nights. In this room, the last captured slave ship and the first large ocean steamship were sold by auctioneers who stuck a pin in a candle and stopped bids when the flame burned down to the pin.

Derelicts At Sea.

Derelicts met at sea, and reported to Lloyd's agent at the nearest port, provide weird thrills and baffling mysteries. The American brig "Mary Celeste," found abandoned at sea, in good condition, and with the table set for dinner, has been a classic story for many years, but there are others.

A grim event occurred at sea in the fall of 1926, which parallels some of the details of the mystery of the "Mary Celeste" and may throw some light on the fate of her crew. The Norwegian walrus-fishing steamship "Istiennan" was found abandoned off the lonely coast of Finnmark, in the region of Norway's "land of the midnight sun."

There was no one on board, the table was laid and the lamps were still burning. No theory of the mystery was formed and the enigma remained unsolved until November, 1926, when a German sailor made a confession on his deathbed in the hospital at Hammerfest, Norway. He said that, in company with liquor smugglers, he had boarded the Norwegian steamship.

They overwhelmed her crew by a sudden attack, murdered them, and threw the nine bodies overboard. Then the pirates looted the ship, prepared a table for dinner, lit her lamps as a "blind" and escaped in her lifeboat ashore, and last, on reaching the wild and lonely coast, burnt the boat to cover up all traces of their crime.

The British steamer, "Branksome Hall," reported to Lloyd's the finding of a derelict four-masted barque, the "Buteshire,' in mid-Atlantic. The ship, which was on a voyage from Pisagua, Chile, to the English channel, was flying signals of distress, but when the "Branksome Hall" bore down on her, she found her in good order, though abandoned. The lifeboats were gone and the lights were still burning.

Deserted Ship.

The Atlantic, of all the seven seas, presents the most baffling of marine mysteries. The British trading ship "Marathon," met a 1,000-ton vessel with disordered rigging. No reply came to the "Marathon's" hails. The captain saw she was undamaged and deserted and sent a crew to board her. She was the "James B. Chester," an American ship. Her paintwork was fresh and brasswork polished, but the boarders were so scared by her appearance and strangeness that they kept close together and tiptoed over the decks.

No sound was heard but the creaking of wooden blocks, the groaning of the rudder, and the lapping of the water against her sides. Amidships the cabins were in disorder, furniture was overturned, a chest burst open, and clothes strewn about. Her cargo of wool and provisions was intact, and there were no signs of violence, but the ship's compasses and papers were missing. The "Marathon" towed the mystery ship to Liverpool. Why did the crew quit her in a sudden panic, taking a few valuables in their flight? The answer will never be known.

The tale of the mirage ship—the British gun brig "Baracoutta"—should be told by a tattooed seafarer, round a roaring fire of a winter's night. The "Baracoutta" was a ship in a squadron sent to explore the coasts of Madagascar and East Africa. She got separated from the rest. Capt. Owen, of the British warship "Severn,' 'tells the story: "Off Point Danger, South Africa, one evening in April, the 'Baracoutta' was seen two miles to leeward. We at first concluded that it could not be she, but the peculiarity of her rigging convinced us we were not mistaken. Many well-known faces could be seen looking toward our ship. To our surprise she made no effort to join us, but stood away. We were near the port o which we were both bound, and I attached no importance to the event. We continued our course.

port to which we were both bound, and We continued our course. Nothing was ever seen of the Baracontta since. What became of her? Who can tell!

Dollar Kings

Paris Play Burlesques Reform Ideas Attributed to Americans

Paris—Burlesquing of America's supposed attempt to reform the world gets blame and praise for a new play, "Telescopage," by Paul de Mont, a Belgian.

American braggadocio is considered much exaggerated by critics who have seen the United States, but in general there is a sort of chuckle over showing up the "dollar kings."

Calvin Calthrop, the pivot of the comedy, has the world's largest sardine-box factory, and comes to France to show how the world ought to be run. He brings a telescope through which may be seen the world as it should be. His uncouthness, his newly rich attitude and his consciousness of America's superiority draw laughs from the French.

What pleases them most is that the fantastic American eventually succumbs o evidences of European excellences in beauty, culture and even in some forms of industry, so the audience goes away happy in the conviction that Americans are windbags who deflate naturally in the Old World atmosphere.

A few critics comment that the kind of American represented is as fantastic as the comic opera type of Frenchman of the American stage, with silk hat, goatee, frock coat and wild gesticulation.

East Ham Woman: I met him at the exit entrance to the Labor Exchange.

A "Heilan" Beauty



A KING'S WINNER

Caroline IX was King George's entry from his Highland estate in the Highland Heifer class at the last Smithfield Cattle show in London. She was adjudged best of her class before the names of the exhibitors were made known.

The Truth About Rheumatism

Mystery Malady That Costs England 6,000,000 Work Weeks Every Year. "One of the most insidious, disabling, and mortal of all the great diseases" is how Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, described rheumatism recently. It has been calculated that £1,300,000 a year is paid annually in sick benefit to insured persons owing to this "poison in the blood."

GOOD ADVICE FOR CANADIANS

One in every three persons in Britain suffers from rheumatism.

The disease, indeed, is by far the most prevalent of all our infirmities. Moreover, it is by far the most constant in its menace; for young and old are equally liable to it.

Far too few people realize this very important truth. Again and again Parents tell me that their children are suffering from "growing pains," and speak about these "growing pains" in tones which suggest that they look on them rather in the light of a joke.

"Growing Pains" Mean Danger

It cannot be too widely known "growing pains" are rheumatism, and that the victims of growing pains are taking the earliest steps on a road almost every year of which is likely, in the absence of treatment, to be fraught with distress.

For what is rheumatism? Old folk will tell you that it is pain in the joints; middle-aged folk will speak of pain in the muscles; younger folk will mention stiff necks or lumbago.

They are all right, these people, and they are, also, all wrong. Rheumatism is all of these things. But rheumatism, the real rheumatism, is something much more than any pain or ache.

I have been studying the disease now with close attention for more than twenty years, and though I confess that my knowledge about it is far from complete, I feel that I have gained a little knowledge. I have no hesitation in saying that rheumatism is a mystery-ailment of the most baffling type.

How It Starts

Let me give you an illustration of what I mean. A child of, say, five years of age shivers and then becomes feverish. It remains in a high fever fora few days—or perhaps only for a single night—and then seems to be quite well again.

But its mother notices that, after this, its disposition is a little changed. It is more fretful than it used to be, and more excitable. It tends to cry more easily, and to be more easily alarmed. It laughs more readily.

These are small differences, and, as a rule, they arouse no anxiety. Nor, as I have said, is anxiety often aroused when the child complains of pains in its limbs at night.

"Growing pains," the mother thinks, "are not dangerous."

And so nothing is done. The child, however, grows up to be decidedly nervous, and may be called a coward at school by other children, who, happily for themselves, have escaped the rheumatic poison. It suffers a great deal, as a rule, from toothache, and usually has inferior teeth. It may suffer also from earache and various forms of neuralgia.

Are You "Highly Strung"?

These are not fatal or even immediately dangerous diseases, and so the child is allowed to struggle along as best it can. By the time that it is leaving childhood behind it, rheumatism has become well stablished in its system.

The picture now is that of the "highly strung" man or woman.

These "highly strung" young people are a trouble to themselves and to their relatives. For they are never quite well either in body or mind or spirits, and yet they do not seem to be ill! Moreover, their health is always suffering ups and downs.

For years I could make nothing of these cases, but now I have learned what to look for. The first thing which I look at when a highly strung lad or girl consults me is his or her complexion.

Rheumatism bestows, as a rule, a high color. But this high color is not the high color of good health. It is apt to fade away suddenly, leaving pale cheeks. And it is apt, also, to possess a bluish tinge, especially if the weather is at all cold.

Again, as a rule, there are small blotches on the skin of the face, little "heat spots" which look innocent enough. When many of these spots are present, rheumatism is active.

My experience is that each "attack" of rheumatism begins with a period of excitement. The patient feels wonderfully fit and jolly. But very soon this excitement gives place to depression and gloom. Then the "heat spots" begin to appear, and the high color tends to change into pallor. There is irritability of temper and, usually, indigestion. Toothache and neuralgia are very common at this time.

The "attack" lasts about four, five, or six weeks, and then gradually passes off, and for a time the patient feels quite well. But sooner or later a fresh "attack" occurs.

Hands That Shake

I am writing this article in the hope that some of those "highly strung" people and some of the parents with rheumatic children will read it. For the first step towards the treatment of rheumatism is knowledge about its true nature.

The first thing to realize is that rheumatism is a nerve poison. It puts into the blood some poison which acts on the nervous system. That is why rheumatic children are so apt to develop St. Vitus' Dance, and why all all rheumatic people tend to have shaky hands and to feel excited or depressed.

The treatment of rheumatism, therefore, consists in getting the poison out of the system as fully and as quickly as possible, and in avoiding everything which tends to keep the posion in the system.

First and foremost, make sure that the system is kept in good and active working order. I do not recommend the taking of doses of aperient medicine every day, but I do insist that any sluggishness is dangerous.

Damp Houses are Death-traps

I insist, too, that food must be kept on the light rather than on the heavy side. Eat meat in small quantities, and remember that rheumatic people thrive better on fowl, fish, and eggs than on beef and mutton. Drink no wine or beer. Be sparing in your use of sweet things.

In the second place, avoid dampness in any form. Damp houses are death-traps where rheumatic children are concerned, and it is better to spend money on moving to a dry house than on doctors' bills. See that boots and shoes are weather-proof, and insist on the wearing of good woollen underwear.

These precautions help enormously. But there are other precautions which are advisable in addition. One of these is the use of baking-soda as a tonic. A pinch of baking-soda taken in a wine glassful of hot water at night undoubtedly helps the body to free itself of rheumatism.

Grown-up people can take this remedy once or twice a week. In the case of children, soda should not be given except on the advice of a doctor.

Finally, I have no doubt at all that hot baths are good for rheumatic people. The reason, I think, is that the hot water causes perspiration, and so carries away some of the poison. The idea that hot baths are weakening does not apply to people afflicted with this disease.—Answers.

The Fig Tree

With knotted arms, ungainly, bare,
The figtree stands, all bowed, outside,
One with the cold, grey twilight air.
No lovely dreams with it abide,
It wears no joy of time nor place,
No hint of new-found loveliness,
No slender lines of vernal grace—
No buds to woo the wind's caress.

I think it is the only one
Heedless of what the bright days bring—
That stirs not 'neath the mounting sun,
Nor knows that it is nearly spring!
Not know that all the world's a song!
Not know that it is nearly Spring!
I pass my pitying hands along
Each gaunt, grey bough! Poor thing! Poor thing!

—P. Mann.

With airplanes making the trip from New York to Cuba an eight hour ride, "way down south" no longer seems appropriate.

Courtesy is a personal investment that pays big dividends.

Farm Wins Again

Farm Children Superior, New Zealand Survey Reports Advantage Over City-Bred Youth in Body and Mind

THE OLD STORY PROVED

Wellington, N.Z.—Farm children are superior to city-reared children, says a national report on a survey of the physical growth and mental attainment of the boys and girls of New Zealand. Superiority of farmers' children was most pronounced at the age of thirteen.

The survey included 20,000 town and country children ranging in age from ten to fourteen Grouping the boys and girls in accordance with the fathers' occupation the investigators ascertained that the children of the farmers were tallest, being closely followed by those of professional men. Regarding weight it was shown that farmers' children were markedly heavier than the average, the difference increasing with age, while the children of professional men, though above average in height, showed no excess in weight.

The survey showed that the average height and average weight of children of good mental attainment were greater than in the case of those of inferior ability.

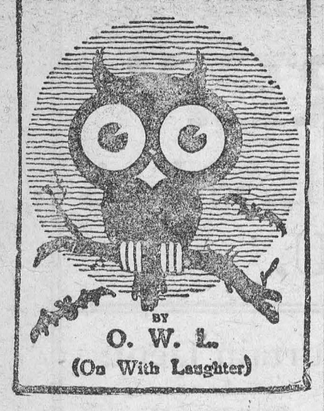
The gas meter was automatic. One day something went wrong. "I don't know what's wrong with that meter," said mother, "but its costing twice as much lately." "I know," said little Peter; "it's suffering from gas-trick trouble."

Paderewski, the famous pianist, was chatting with a well-known polo player and an excellent musician during his recent visit to Sydney. "The difference between us isn't so very great, after all," he remarked. "You are a dear soul who plays polo, while I am an oor Polo who plays solo."

S'MATTER POP—By Payne



OWL-LAFFS



BY
O. W. L.
(On With Laughter)

To a housewife the ashes from a dollar cigar are just so much dirt.

Many a salesman murders opportunity when he thinks he is only killing time.

Troubles may be worked off.

Dare something and fail, and you're a fourth-class darn fool; succeed and you're a rotogravure hero.

"I've never kissed a girl in my life," observed the painfully proper man.

"Well, don't come hanging around me," announced the young flapper. "I'm not running a prep school."

Model for Husbands

The harassed-looking man was being shown over some works.

"That machine," said the guide, "does the work of thirty men."

The man smiled glumly.

"At last," he said, "I have seen what my wife should have married."

"Run upstairs and wash your face, darling. I think grandma wants to take you driving with her."

"Hadn't we better find out for certain, mummie? It would be such a pity to wash for nothing."

His love won't continue warm if his suppers are continually served cold.

A young man named Better and a young lady named Better were married in the East. That's better and better all right.

"Mabel kept the ring when the engagement was broken because she felt it was her due."

"What did Archie say to that?"

"Sent her the remainder due on it."

Fine Motto: Live so you can pass any grocery store in town.

Luck always seems to favor the man who doesn't count on it.

Girls to-day are judged by their disappearance, not by their appearance.

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them uphalf the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

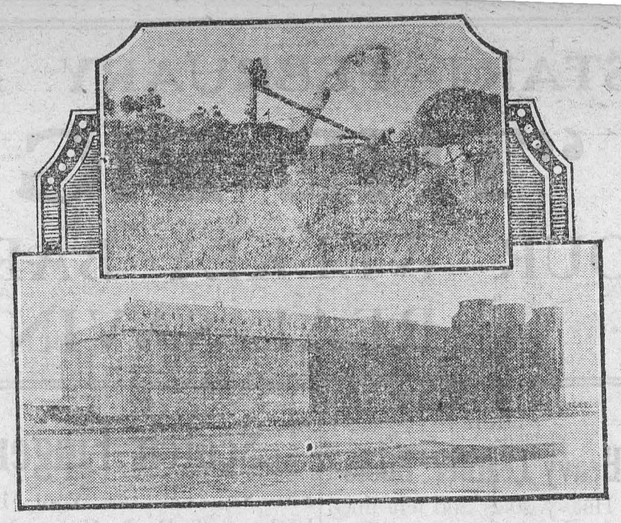
The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Catstoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for
Fletcher's
CASTORIA

The Need for Protection

Toronto Mail and Empire (Cons.): Wages in Canada will certainly be brought down to the low level of European countries if the Government does not take steps to protect our industries from foreign competition. What is wanted is a policy that will favor Canadian producers, for the smaller industries which have been neglected are essential to the welfare and progress of this country.

Next to cancer conceit is the hardest disease to cure.



Crop Records Made and Broken

The grain crop for the past year was remarkable in many respects, practically every province equalled or exceeded the harvest of previous seasons, except for the year 1923 which the highest grain record of all time. Due to the lateness of the season combined with the large volume of the crop, new records were established by the Canadian Pacific Railway in handling, transportation and shipping. Though called upon to transport a crop of more than the average capacity, the company did so with greater efficiency than ever.

Alberta created a new record for total yield over its full acreage and individual productions. The province of Ontario was responsible for 21,963,000 bushels of wheat out of the Dominions full yield of 444,282,000 bushels. There has recently been constructed at Port McNicoll and Midland, elevators with a capacity of two million bushels which greatly facilitated grain handling on the great lakes and has also doubled the Canadian Pacific Railway's storage capacity on Georgian Bay.

Use Sound Waves In Locating Oil

One of the many methods of locating oil without drilling, which has some scientific backing, is the "seismic" method. A large hole about 6 feet deep is dug and filled with 150 pounds of T.N.T. When this is exploded a radio wave is sent out by auxiliary apparatus, a sound wave goes through the air, and another sound wave goes through the ground. These are picked up by suitable apparatus, that for the ground wave being a delicately mounted pendulum such as is used to detect earthquakes, and the time of arrival of each is recorded on a revolving photographic film. By taking observations at several points and comparing the times taken for the waves to get there the trained prospector can tell if the ground wave has met an obstacle.

It has been found that oil deposits, particularly in Texas, often occur in rock salt domes. These are large cavities formed out of the salt below the surface, extending down to the level of the oil. This gradually seeps up to the top of the dome, forms little pools there, and if a wave should hit it, it would be bent from its normal semi-circular course. This deviation is noted and by taking readings in several directions the top of the dome may be very well mapped.

In most cases drilling has shown that there was oil below the surface where indicated. There is one company in Texas which thinks so highly of the method that it spends some $30,000 per month for high explosive alone. The method has been very successful there, but was not being used, and would probably not be used in Canada since the peculiar salt domes are not generally found here.

NO BETTER MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Is What Thousands of Mothers Say of Baby's Own Tablets.

A medicine for the baby or growing child—one that the mother can feel assured is absoolutely safe as well as efficient—is found in Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are praised by thousands of mothers throughout the country. These mothers have found by actual experience that there is no other medicine for little ones to equal them. Once a mother has used them for her children she will use nothing else. Concerning them Mrs. Charles Hutt, Tancock Island, N.S., writes: 'I have ten children, the baby being just six months old. I have used Baby's Own Tablets for them for the past 20 years and can truthfully say that I know of no better medicine for little ones. I always keep a box of the Tablets in the house and would advise all other mothers to do so."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or will be mailed upon receipt of price, 25 cents per box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

No Chance To Fool Boss

Paris Sudmay Gives Sxcuses for Riders Late for Work

Paris—Subway excuses are furnished passengers on the French underground system delayed from arrival at work at a specified time by stoppage or delay of train service. The old alibi of "train late" doesn't go down with the hard-hearted French employer unless accompanied by an official yellow ticket stamped with the date and the name of the station at which the delay occurred. The tickets are furnished by subway and railway officials on request.

Many French business houses take from their employes' salary sums proportionate to losses incurred through tardiness of staff members. When salaries of $25 and $30 a month are paid, as is frequently the case, a few minutes' tardiness can eat heavily into earnings.

The King of Pain—Minard's Liniment

A man is what he does.

WOMEN WHO ARE WEAK

Gain New Vitality by Building Up the Blood.

There are many women who pass their days in a constant state of weariness. They have barely sufficient energy to enable them to perform their manifold duties. Often they have an aching head, a miserable pain in the back, and limbs that feel as heavy as lead. The whole trouble is due to bloodlessness. No woman need suffer in this way. It is easy to obtain a supply of rich red blood by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The new blood created by these pills rapidly builds up the system; headaches and backaches disappear, energy returns and the joy of living is felt once more.

Proof of these statements is given by Mrs. Ed. Lanore, Stoney Point, Ont., who says:—"For a long time I had been in a very miserable condition, always feeling tired out, sleepy and weak. The least work about the house would leave me helplessly tired and nothing that I did seemed to give relief. Believing that a rest might do me good, we moved to town, but, contrary to expectations, instead of getting better I was growing steadily weaker. One day while talking to a neighbor, she urged my taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, telling me that her daughter had been in a condition much like mine. This persuaded me to try this medicine, and I have much reason to be grateful that I followed her advice. After the use of a few boxes of the pills, there could be no doubt that they were helping me, and as I continued their use my health and setrength came back and now I am doing all my own work and feeling in the best of health. For this splendid condition I must give my thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The pills are sold by all druggists, or you can get them by mail at 50c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Swanky Chef

Former Embassy Secretary Attempts to Revive Fame of "The Little Chair"

Paris—A haunt of gourmets, the historic restaurant "The Little Chair," is being reopened by an American lawyer, recently in the diplomatic service.

Eugene Shoecraft, formerly U.S. secretary of legation and embassy at Prague, Vinna, Budapest, London and Paris, has been led by his amateur interest in fine cookery to try to revive the fame of this 150-year-old place, where King Louis XIV of France often went.

In the iron-grilled window of the place is a little chair which the King had made and which he gave to the old proprietor, whose love of eating gave him the gout and caused him to sit by the door in the chair that gave the place its name. The chair and parts of the house are "classed as historical monuments" by the Ministry of Fine Arts and may not be removed or altered without the government's permission.

The last proprietor was a Spaniard, who delved into ancient lore and believed a treasure was buried under the floor. He excavated to a depth of fifty feet, but finally abandoned the search.

Forest Conservation

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): Our spruce forests are rapidly diminishing, with a suro result that at some time in the future, perhaps not very far distant, our Canadian paper mills will find a scarcity of raw material, their production and value will decrease and the price of paper will soar. An argument has long gone on for further restriction of the export of spruce. Some restriction exists now. Restriction is opposed by the contention that it will be an injustice to Canadian farmers who have spruce to sell. But it looks as though the interest of the Dominion at large will be far more hurt by continued export of pulpwood than by a limited number of spruce owners getting—for a short time only—a dollar or two less a cord for spruce than they can get at present.

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

On Duty

The great world's heart is aching, aching fiercely in the night,
And God alone can heal it, and God alone give light;
And the men to bear that message, and to speak the living word,
Are you and I, my brothers, and the millions that have heard.

Can we close our eyes to duty? Can we fold our hands at ease,
While the gates of night stand open to the pathways of the seas?
Can we shut up our compassions? Can we leave one prayer unsaid,
Till the lands which Hell has blasted have been quickened from the dead?

We grovel among trifles and our spirits fret and toss,
While above us burns the vision of the Christ upon the Cross;
And the blood of God is streaming from His broken hands and side
And the lips of God are saying, 'Tell my brothers I have died."

O Voice of God, we hear Thee above the shocks of time,
Thine echoes roll around us, and the message is sublime;
No power of man shall thwart us, no stronghold shall dismay,
When God commands obedience and love has led the way.

—Frederick George Scott.

Mild Winter Has Set No Records

Niagara Fruit Growers Uneasy Over Prolonger Warm Weather

According to meteorological records the present winter, although it has been of a mild type to date, has not made any records for high temperatures. For the past 35 years there have been periodical warm winters similar to the present one.

The temperature average for last December was 29.2, just three degrees above the average, as compared with an average temperature of 31.5 which prevailed during December of 1920, and an average of 34.3 in December, 1889.

The warm weather and rains of last Friday and Saturday, following a decidedly cold period earlier in the week, has resulted in the country roads becoming almost impassable for motor-driven traffic. The frost has commenced to come out and in some sections of the province it has come out and the roads have dried sufficiently to allow dragging and grading operations to proceed.

Winter sports have been hard hit. Hockey, curling and other sport schedules have received a severe setback, as no natural ice is available for these sports except in Northern Ontario, which is experiencing much colder weather than in the southern, central and eastern parts of the province.

Fruit growers in the Niagara Peninsula are growing uneasay over the prolonged mild spell. No damage has as yet been done, but should the warm weather continue a few days longer, to be followed by heavy frosts, the result would undoubtedly prove disastrous, as reports from several Niagara districts state that the buds of shrubs, rose bushes and even some apple trees have commenced to show a swelling.

Farmers also are anxiously looking for snow to protect the fall seeding from frosts.

For frostbite use Minard's Liniment.

A well-known psychologist says that when a man rises in the morning, he should get down to brass tacks. Income tax officials, on the other hand, get up to tax brass.

SEND US YOUR
BROKEN WATCH
WE'LL REPAIR IT
As good as new and Guaranteed for 2 Years at Moderate Prices
DURBIN JEWELRY Co. Ltd.
Established 16 years TORONTO

Santa Fe
this winter
California
5
daily trains
including
The Chief

You really enter sunny California the moment you step aboard one of the five famous Santa Fe cross-continent trains.

The *Chief*—extra fare—is the finest and fastest of the Santa Fe California trains. Only TWO business days on the way.

No extra fare on the four other daily trains: The California Limited, Navajo, Scout and Missionary.

Fred Harvey dining-car and dining-station service sets the standard in the transportation world.

Enjoy out-of-doors this winter—take your family. California hotel rates are reasonable.

Indian-detour-Grand Canyon Line

May I send you our picture folders?

F. T. Hendry, Gen. Agent, Santa Fe Ry.
402 Transportation Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Phone; Randolph 8748

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The Orange Pekoe is something extra—a special tea
In clean, bright Aluminum
14

Why Not Do It?

Winnipeg, Man.—Childhood ailments such as diphtheria, smallpox and scarlet fever could be wiped out in five years by proper precautionary measures, Dr. M. Fraser of the Provincial Board of Health, told a convention of Manitoba teachers here. In that case, only the foolish need catch any of these diseases.

The woman who a few years back thought she'd never get used to a gas range has a daughter who knows all the ins and outs of a gas wagon.

Minard's Liniment for rheumatism.

During a general election, a candidate was addressing a crowded meeting. He promised that, if elected to represent them in Parliament, their lives would be as snug and comfortable as it would be possible to make them. At the close of his address a voter asked, "Will you promise not to promise anything that will compromise with your promises without promising to fulfil your promise as far as you can promise?" The reply is not recorded.

FOXES
ALASKAN BLUES AND SILVERS—Choice stock ranched with 100 per cent. animal increase for 1927. April pups for fall delivery now reserved at 25 per cent. lower price than later. Breeder-Agents. Special oppotunity. Free Booklet and Bank References.
CLEARY BROS. FOX FARMS
Empire Bldg. Seattle, Wash.

PATENTS
List of "Wanted Inventions" and Full Information Sent Free on Request.
THE RAMSAY CO., Dept. W,
273 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.

ECONOMY
In production means greater profits. Cut production costs by using the fertilizer that gives—
DOUBLE WORTH
DW FERTILIZER
1 Ton DW 8-16-8 = 2 Tons 4-8-4.
Write for information to,
D. W. GUNN
200 VINE ST.,
TORONTO

SIMONDS
SIMONDS CANADA SAW COMPANY Ltd.
MACHINE KNIVES
MONTREAL VANCOUVER ST. JOHN N.B. TORONTO
SAWS

ASTHMA Successfully Relieved
Use Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound. Originated by Dr. J. H. Guild, specialist in respiratory affections. Quickly relieves the distressing torments that cause suffering and loss of sleep. Two sizes, $1.50 and 35c. Also cigarettes (box of 24, 60c), at your druggist or sent direct postpaid for cash. FREE TRIAL box (6 cigarettes) with authoritative treatise on causes and treatment sent on request.
J. H. GUILD CO.,
Dept. 22, Rupert, Vt., U.S.A.
Distr. for Can.: Lyman's Ltd.
344 St. Paul St. W., Montreal

Classified Advertisements

LADIES WANTED—TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, whole or spare time. Good pay. Work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

POULTRY

FREE—A NEW BOOK OF POULTRY Lessons. L. R. Guild & Sons, Box T., Rockwood, Ont.

HONEY FOR SALE.

CLOVER HONEY $7.25; BUCKWHEAT and clover, mostly clover, $5.75 for sixty pounds. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charles Ogg, Dublin Street, Guelph, Ontario.

MARRY—JOIN CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Address Box 1738, Calgary, Alberta.

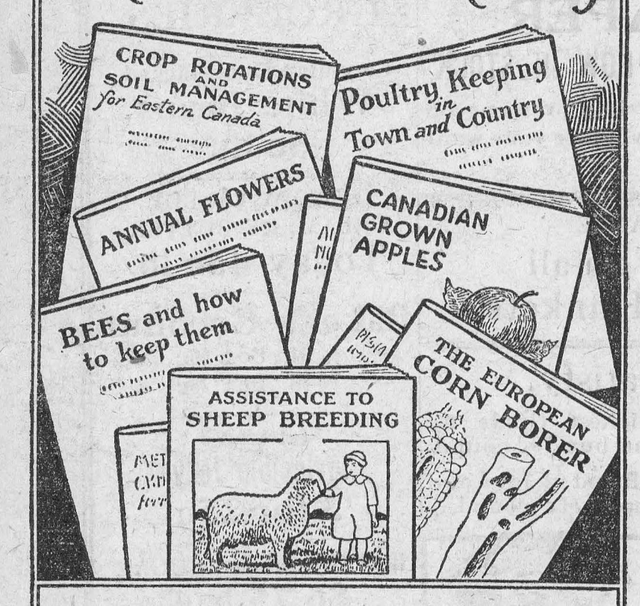
Heed the Warning.
A sneeze foretells a cold. Nip it in the bud with Minard's.
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Ward off Flu and Pneumonia
Neglected bronchial colds are dangerous. Stop them *instantly* with Buckley's Mixture. Its action in relieving the cough and clearing the tubes is amazingly swift—and sure. All druggists sell "Buckley's" under a positive guarantee. Buy a bottle today, and be safe.
W. K. Buckley, Limited,
142 Mutual St., Toronto 2
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
522 Acts like a flash—a single sip proves it

EXPECTANT MOTHERS
Read Mrs. Menard's Letter. Her Experience May Help

Chatham, Ontario.—"I want to tell you how much good your medicine has done me. Before my baby came I felt so weak and run-down that I could hardly do my work. My head ached continually and I was so discouraged that I could cry from morning till night. I had another baby just one year and a half old and it gave me a lot to do. So I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as I had read so much about it in the little books. I found a difference right away as my head was relieved and my tired feelings gone. My sister had been doing my washing and she continued doing it, as she said it might set me back if I started to do it again. It sure did help me and I had taken just two bottles when my baby came. He is a fine big boy, now nearly five months old. I am taking your medicine again and I am able to do my work all by myself now. I always recommend the Vegetable Compound to women, and especially to expectant mothers, as I believe they need help at these times."—Mrs. OLIVER MENARD, 24 Harvey St., Chatham, Ontario.

Helpful FARM BOOKLETS make useful Winter Reading



These, and hundreds of other Booklets, FREE. Write for complete list and make your choice.

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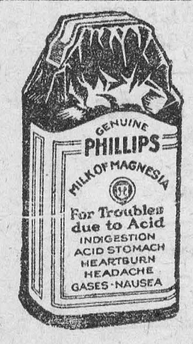

Too Much ACID

Many people, two hours after eating, suffer indigestion as they call it. It is usually excess acid. Correct it with an alkali. The best way, the quick, harmless and efficient way, is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained for 50 years the standard with physicians. One spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids, and at once. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

You will never use crude methods when you know this better method. And you will never suffer from excess acid when you prove out this easy relief. Please do that—for your own sake—now.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. Each bottle contains full directions—any drugstore.



ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. *But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Aspirin.* The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If the name Bayer appears, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Aspirin—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trademark.

The Winchester Press.

Subscription Rates

$2.00 per year when not paid within 3 months. Foreign subscriptions $2.00 per year in advance.

Classified Advertising Rates

LOST, FOUND, TO-LET, WANTED, ARTICLES FOR SALE, Etc.—5 lines and under, 1st insertion 50c, each subsequent insertion 25c.

Thursday, Feb. 2nd 1928

THE NEW CONSERVATIVE LEADER'S REMARKABLE SPEECH.

In the speech delivered by Hon. R. B. Bennett, Leader of the Conservative Party, at a banquet tendered him at Ottawa on Jan. 24th, a new and higher note in Canadian politics was sounded. The new Conservative leader spoke more as a patriot and statesman than as a mere politician, looking for office. To many Conservative the speech was disappointing, because, as one of the old timers remarked, it lacked the fighting pep, biting sarcasm, that political fighters are so accustomed to. One can imagine the kind of speech Hon. Arthur Meighen or Hon. MacKenzie King would deliver under similar circumstances. They would have flayed, scorched and torn to pieces their political opponents, while the audience would have applauded with hands, feet and tongues. In his remarkable address, while tracing the history and giving due credit for the splendid achievements of the Conservative Party in Canada, Mr. Bennet did not once refer to the Liberal Party in terms of derision or disrespect. He did point out wherein this great Dominion of ours was suffering because of the neglect of those in authority and lack of wise legislation; of how Canada was paying vast sums in bringing immigrants into the country by one door and allowing them to pass out another door without any benefit to Canada. But Mr. Bennet did not lay this fault to one party more than another. He asked his audience to think over the situation, to consider just what it meant and how it could be remedied. The new Conservative Leader made many warm friends by his speech at the Ottawa banquet, and he did not stir up any bad feeling or make any enemies. He lifted the Conservative party to a higher plane in Canada's political life and it is to be hoped he will be able to keep it there.

EXPERIENCE AND YOUTH

One of the hardest tasks of the present age is to impress Youth with the wisdom of Experience. Looking back over the years the man or woman who is at all thoughtful and observant can clearly see the pitfalls that await the youth of today. They know because they have not only fallen into many of those pitfalls themselves, and managed to escape, but they have seen so many who have not been able to escape, and who have fallen victims to their own foolishness and conceit. And as Experience looks back he endeavours to put out a warning hand to impetuous Youth to guide them into safer and surer channels toward success. There are also certain other qualifications that Experience knows are necessary to attain success. They are dependability, industry and concentration. With these attributes Youth is sure to succeed. Without them their chances are only as one to one thousand. The young man who can be depended on to keep his word, to perform his work concientiously and faithfully, is always sought after. If you add to this dependability, industry and concentration there is no goal that is beyond his reach. Experience knows all this, and tries to convince Youth of the wisdom of following along that path. What a lot of failures in life because Youth refused to listen to the voice of Experience

THE HYDRO ELECTRIC SYSTEM

The Brockville Recorder and Times protests strongly against the very frequent interruptions to the Hydro Electric Power as furnished this district. But Brockville is better situated than other places on the Eastern line. Brockville has a steam auxiliary power that can be called into requisition when the power from the Rapids is cut off. But, as the Brockville paper points out, these frequent interruptions mean much to the manufacturers and other concerns who have installed electric plants on the supposition, yes, the promise, that power would be regularly served. Here in Winchester many people have been put to very great inconvenience and actual loss by the, we have reason to believe, unnecessary interruptions of the past two weeks. Just imagine a Western town or city submitting quietly to such interruptions. As a matter of fact the users of Hydro in the Eastern section are not getting a fair deal as compared with the users of Hydro in other districts, and while we have been submissive, our patience is being tried to the limit. A protest to headquarters might have some effect.

THE GOVERNMENT GRAB

Why should not some of the money paid into the Provincial Government in the way of automobile licenses be returned to the Municipalities? The Provincial Government not only uses all the money paid by the rural sections in the way of auto licenses to build the highways, many of them seldom used bv the rural sections, but they levy an additional tax besides. It would seem that everything is working against the rural sections. The provincial highways, connecting the cities and larger towns are used mostly by tourists, commercial travellers and trucks, delivering goods from the cities to the country places. But that is not all. The rural sections are taxed besides to keep up those highways, while the country side roads are left to take care of themselves. The County road system is all right if the County representatives have sufficient "pull" but it does not meet the situation, for some sections have roads that are excellent, other sections have roads that are deplorable. And yet of all the money paid for automobile licenses, not one cent is returned to the municipalities. But the municipalities have to keep up their own roads, they have to enforce the laws governing automobiles, they have to protect their citizens against dangers, and all at their own expense. All modern legislation tends to bleed the rural sections to keep up the big show in the cities. What Ontario wants is more fighting men in the Legislature from the rural sections, men who are not led, but who lead; men who feel as well as see the need of the rural sections, and are not put off with promises and subtle flattery.

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

The following is taken from an exchange and we commend it to your attention. "How much are you worth in the community? Would they miss you should you take up residence elswhere? Are you saying to yourself, in effect, I am only one, but I am one; I cannot do everything, but I can do something; what I can do, I ought to do, and, by the grace of God, I will do? Someone may say, I do not even count one; I am a zero. Others in the community have greater talents than I—I cannot count for anything. Do not be sure. In the arithmetic class, in days agone, we were taught that a zero placed in front of a one did not count, thus 01, counts but one still, but place the one ahead of the zero and it counts ten, thus 10. So in the community, place yourself—the zero that you consider yourself to be—on the right side of the one, whom you consider should be ahead, and you may help to count a great deal by beng in the right place."

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

A Bankers' Magazine, a journal dealing with business affairs and finances, in a recent issue says:—

"No business man in any town should allow a newspaper published in his town to go without his name and business being mentioned somewhere in its columns. This applies to all kinds of business and professional men. This does not mean you should have a whole, half, or even quarter page advt. in each issue of the paper, but your name and business should be mentioned, if you do not use more than a two line space. A stranger picking up a newspaper should be able to tell what business is represented in a town by looking at a paper. This is the best possible town advertiser. The man who does not advertise his business does an injustice to himself and the town. The man who insists on sharing the business which comes to town, but refuses to advertise his own, is not a valuable addition to his town. The life of a town is dependent upon the live, wide-awake and liberal advertising man."

Editorial reference was made a day or two ago to the choices made by six hundred odd schoolboys in a New Jersey town when asked to answer the question, "Who would you like to be if you were not yourself?" It was said that Lindbergh was chosen by more than half the boys and Mussolini and My Dad by two. The other selections were not carried in the news story of the ballot. But they have since been received, and the complete score is as follows: Lindbergh 363, Pres Coolidge 110, Henry Ford 66, Edison 27, Gov. Alfred Smith 16, Gen. Pershing 14, Tunney 13, Rockfeller Sr. 12, Dempsey 11, Babe Ruth 10. Gov. Harry Moore 7, Chief Justice Taft 5, Bobby Jones 4, Jack Sharkey 4, Mayor Walker 4, Red Grange 3, Byrd 3, Roger Hornsby 2, Ghamberlin 2, J. P. Morgan 2, Mussolini 2, "My Dad" 2.

WORK is the foundation of all business. Work is the fount of all prosperity. Work is the parent of genius. Work is the salt that gives life its savor. Work laid the foundation of every fortune in the world. Fools hate Work; wise men love Work. Work is represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the continent, every newspaper that comes from the press. Work is the mother of democracy. All progress springs from Work.—Work,

Birth

At Ottawa, Jan. 31, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. James R. Barkley a son—both well.

NOTICE OF DIVORCE

Notice is hereby given that JOHN HARE, of the Township of Matilda, in the County of Dundas, Province of Ontario, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from his wife Rose Mary Scott Hare, of the Town of Mannattan in the State of California, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Iroquois this 13th day of January, A. D., 1928

JOHN HARE,
By Lorne Winfield Mulloy,
His Solicitor, Iroquois, Ont.

Piles
For Half a Century the Standard. Successful Treatment
Dr CHASE'S OINTMENT

For Sale

Underwood Typewriter, good as new, used only a few weeks. Price $50 cash. Apply at Press Office.

Horses Wanted!

Mr. P. Vandelac, of Montreal, will be in Winchester on Feb. 2nd & 3rd, and in Chesterville on Feb. 10th and 11th, to purchase a carload of Heavy Horses

TO RENT

The Executors of the last Will of the late Thomas Hamilton will rent his Farm in the Township of Winchester for the season of 1928 or for a longer period.

The Farm is in a high state of cultivation, all necessary fall plowing and winter work having been done. For further particulars, apply to

LAWSON & LAWSON,
Chesterville, Ont.
Solicitors for the Executors.

START FEBRUARY RIGHT TRADE AT

"THE BIG STORE."

OUR WEEKLY BARGAINS MEAN A REAL SAVING TO YOU.

Men's
Heavy Leather Boots
Heavy soles and felt lined right through to toe. Reg. $4.50 value
For $3.75

A Few Odd Pairs Of
Men's Felt Boots
To Clear at a Real Bargain
All Felt Boors, Felt with leather vamp and dongola felt lined.
Ask to see them.

Boys' and Girls'
Felt Shoes
6 to 9 in. tops. Priced from $1.75 to $2.75. Any pr.
For $1.39

Ladies' High Overshoes
"Lifebuoy" Best Quality
1 buckle and 3 straps, reduced to $4.00
1 buckle and 2 straps, reduced to $3.75

Linoleum Rugs
We have the samples of all the New Patterns in Linoleum Rugs and will procure your choice on short notice.

Scotch Fingering Yarns
Fine Smooth Pure Wool Fingering Yarn. Colors Light and Dark Gray, Brown Heather, Green Heather, Maroon, Cardinal White and Blue ..... $1.25 per lb.

Canadian Two Ply Wheeling Yarn $1.00 per lb.

Sateens
A Beautiful Range of Down-Proof Sateens for Comforters 75c to 90c yd.
Plain Sateens to Match 75c per yard.

Small Wares
Perhaps some of these may be just what you want. Read them over.
Ladies' Black Leather Belts 20c, 25c and 30c
Ladies' Gilt Leather Belts 60c
Quarter Inch Silk Elastic, 6 yds. for 25c
"Scolding Locks" Hair Pins, per box 10c
New Lock Hair Pins, 66 for 10c
Kirby Grips for bobbed hair, each 25c
Assorted Colors Double Fold Bias Tape 15c
New Underarm Purses, each $1.50
Bobby Combs in leatherette Cases 15c
" " Gilt Cases 25c
Men's Fine Flexible Wallets 65c
15 Sheets Pure Waxed Paper for 5c

ONE LOT
Men's Fine Shirts
Good Quality, Ass't Patterns
To Clear At 99c

Curtain Dept.
50 in. REP for side-curtains. Colors—Rose, Blue and Green.
90c yard
50 in. SILK MADRAS for curtains. Colors Rose Gold and Blue
$1.25
50 in. SILK FISH NET
60c yd.
Complete Range of NEW CURTAIN NETS
25 to 75c yd.

FLOOR COVERINGS
We show several nice patterns in Congoleum Rugs at the New Reduced Prices Any pattern not in stock will be procured promptly.

Just arrived another shipment of those
Men's Pure Wool Suits At $12.95
Complete range of sizes and patterns.

Complete New Stock
MEN'S TIES
Latest Designs and Colors.

Adjustable
HACK SAW FRAMES
Complete with blade
39c

Solid Shank
Screw Drivers
4 inch 20c
5 inch 25c
6 inch 35c

Crescent Pattern
WRENCHES
6 inch 50c
8 inch 65c
10 inch 90c

Black Diamond
CROSS CUT SAWS
Guaranteed
5 ft. $6.50, 5½ ft. $7
Complete with handles

Genuine Black Diamond
Axes $1.65
King Kutter
Axes $1.39
Fully Guaranteed

Best Quality Circular
X Cut Saws
28 in. 11 gauge $23.00
30 in. 11 gauge $26.00

New Prices on
Coleman
Quick-Lite Lanterns
$9.50 with hand pump
$10.50 with Built-In Pump

WALL PAPER
THE NEW PATTERNS ARE NOW IN STOCK
1928 Designs are a distinct improvement on past seasons. Come and see whether your want to buy or not.

YOUR LAST CHANCE
10% Discount on all Styles of Horse Blankets

Coffees that Satisfy.
CHATEAU FRONTENAC Highest Grade we can buy 70c pound.
SWEET'S SPECIAL A Nice Blend of Java and Mocha at 60c pound.

Good appetite
Good digestion
MORE MILK



GOOD health, good appetite and good digestion are the essentials of a good milker. Put your cows in milking trim by using
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
A Cow Tonic and Regulator
Excellent for cows at calving time. Feed it before freshing. Good alike for all cattle.
Costs little to use Dr. Hess Stock Tonic. The price of one gallon of milk tonics a cow for two weeks.
SPECIAL OFFER 100 lb. Keg $11.00

Dr. Hess Dip and Disinfectant
Keeps the Dairy and Stables Healthful and Clean Smelling

CASH DISCOUNT BONDS GIVEN ON PURCHASES.

GROCERIES
Canadian Hand Picked
White Beans
8c lb.

OTTAWA VALLEY CREAMERY BUTTER
Today 45c lb.

Baker's Coconut
¼ lb. Box 10c
½ lb. Box 20c

McLaren's
Invincible Jelly
3 for 25c

Best Granulated SUGAR
$6.75 bag

Another Shipment
S. B. CAKE CANDIES
Assorted
10c pkg.

QUART BOTTLE
Sour Mixed Pickles
39c bottle

English BREAKFAST
PURE COCOA 30c lb.

Eggo Baking Powder
8 oz. 20c
12 oz. 25c
16 oz. 30c

Extra Quality Pure White Tapioca 12c lb.

12 inch Oblong
Dustless Mops
Brown Yarn complete with hardwood handle
$1.19 each

A. SWEET & CO.
GENERAL MERCHANTS
Winchester, Ontario
Hardware Phone 135 - - Office Phone 1

SPECIAL
Flannelette Crib Blankets
28 x 35 inches
90c pair

Hallville

Mrs. Kate McAuley of Saskatchewan, left for Montreal after spending the past few weeks with sister Mrs. J. C. Tinkess.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Weiner and family, spent Sunday with friends in Winchester.

Mr. George McCargar spent the week end with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McEwen of Van-Camp spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Kelso of Hallville.

Mr. George Marten went to Montreal, on Monday last on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Allen of Osgoode, called on friends in Hallville one day last week.

Mrs. Laura returned home after spending the past few days with friends in Mountain.

Brinston journed to Hallville on Monday night to play a game of hockey which resulted in a score of 5-4 for Brinston.

Mrs. Hugh Shaw of Alma, was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Shaw on Monday last.

A number of friend from here attended the funeral of the late J. P. Smith of South Gower.

Rev. M. C. McKinnon of Perth, preached the funeral sermon of the late Mr. Smith.

South Mountain

Miss Helen Francis is visiting friends at Inkerman.

Mrs. J. Cameron and Doris spent a few days in Kemptville with friends last week.

Mr. Fred McIntosh is spending a few days in Ottawa.

Mr. Fred Hill has gone to Aultsville where he will be engaged in a bake shop.

Mr. Mellville Edwards and mother, of Oxford Mills, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barkley.

The Misses Lillian and Dorothy Boyd, spent the first of the week at Kingston. Miss Dorothy will remain for a couple of weeks.

Miss Muriel Murdock visited Miss Leila Francis of Hyndman over the week end

Miss. L. Haggerty of Toye's Hill visited Mr. and Mrs. Herb Fader the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Wm. Allison and son, are in town now and intends acting as cattle buyers for Milton Hoy in the future.

The people were surprised to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Gilbert Grey, of Ventnor on Wednesday last. Deceased was an aunt of Mr. H. Cleland of town.

Mr. Fred Jeffery of Winchester Springs, spent over Sunday with his parents here.

Messrs Wm. Robinson and Chas. Murdock were out to Brinston's on business last Saturday.

Miss Lula Mulholland of Domville, was a guest of parents over the week end.

Mr. Wm. Simmis of Haddo, visited John Millar Saturday.

Mrs. Gordon Clealand is visiting her parents at Iroquois.

Melvin News

Mrs. Wm Stuart and son and daughter spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robt Stuart of Morewood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lanoue are spending the week with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. M. R. Black spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Docksreader of Winchester. Mr. Docksteader is very ill at present.

A number of the neighbors and friends spent a very enjoyable evening in honor of Mr. Dalton Robinson and his bride at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson.

Death Near Ormond

As the result of a fall two weeks ago, Mrs. John McGregor, passed away at her home at Ormond, Ont., last Friday, About two weeks ago Mrs. McGregor was going from the house to the wood-shed to bring some wood into the house. She slipped on the steps leading from the house and fell to the floor of the wood-shed, She sustained a fractured hip and had been in critical condition until her death. Born in Osgoode township, about three miles from Ormond, 88 years ago her maiden name was Mary Andrew, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hazelet Andrew. Her parents were among the early settlers in the township and her passing will bring wide spread regret to a large circle of friends, In religion, Mrs. McGregor was a Presbyterian. Her husband, who was one of the most prosperous farmers in the district, passed away about forty years ago. Surviving are four sons, Daniel of Russell, John A, and James A. of Ormond, and Archie of Easton's Corners, and three daughters, Mrs. John L. Baker, and Mrs. Roy Baker of Winchester, and Miss Jessie at home. The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Woodside of Kenmore United Church officiated and burial was made at Dewar's cemetery.

Vancamp

Miss Gertie Render, who has spent the past few months in the States, returned home on Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Colbourne, of Ogdensburg, was the guest of Miss G. Render over the week end

The W. M. S. held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. H. Vanallen on Thursday

Mrs. Judson Levere and Mrs. W. Campbell were the guests of Mr. Geo Walter on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Guy were the guests of Mrs. Albert Guy on Monday last.

Mrs. Will Crowder, Audrey and Betty, were the guests of Mrs E Clark, on Tuesday.

Mr. Kenneth Cummings called on friends here Monday.

Mr. Geo Black, of Smiths Falls, was the guest of his son Hamilton last week.

Mr. John Crowder attended the County Council at Cornwall last week.

Miss Pearl Holmes spent last week with friends in Winchester.

Miss Kathleen Seymour was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Bellinger, of Kerr's Ridge, a few days last week.

Miss Mary Mulloy

The funeral service for Miss Mary Mulloy, daughter of Mrs. Isabel Mulloy and the late W. J. Mulloy, formerly of Winchester, Ont., was held from Foster and Foster's funeral parlors on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. The large gathering o friends and the beantitul floral offerings bespoke the high esteem in which Miss Mulloy was held.

Rev. W. E. MacNiven, of Wesley United Church, conducted the service and Mrs. Wm Ireland sang, 'There were ninety and nine.' Mr. MacNiven paid a tribute to the beautiful Christian character of the deceased, saying that she had lived a life of service in her chosen profession of nursing and that she had left behind her sweet influences of kind deeds and the fragrance of a useful and well lived life.

Miss Mulloy had been ill for about a month in the Holy Cross hospital, and passed away last Monday. The remains were transferred by train on Wednesday night to Wetaskiwin. Interment will be in the family plot there. Besides her mother, she is survived by a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Forsyth, and five brothers, Geo Mulloy, of Calgary, Dr. J. K., of Cardston, R. R., of Wetaskiwin, W. K. and T. D., of Camrose.—Calgary Herald.

A Presentation

On Monday evening, Jan. 30th, neighbours and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Robinson in the form of a reception for their son Dalton. who was recently married and to welcome his bride in the community.

Games were indulged in and a social time spent after which the young couple were called to the floor and the following address was read by Luella Edgerton and the presentation made.

Dear Dalton and Leila:—

It is with great pleasure that we your friends and neighbors of the community have assembled this evening to wish you bon voyage, now that you have embarked your vessel upon the high sea of matrimony.

As you start out on your new journey in life, we blow many fragrant blossoms of good cheer and regards to you. We trust that the pathway upon which you have entered may be one that is bespangled with joy and contentment and that it may stretch onward and upward through many long years of happiness together. In your happy wedded hours may God's hand ever guide you to prosperity and happiness.

We wish to congratulate you Dalton, and welcome your bride to our settlement. Having planned to take up your abode with us we trust you will find us at all times a friend to you and yours.

To you both we extend our best wishes for a bright and happy future and ask you to accept this kitchen cabinet as an actual expression of our regards to you, trusting it will be of some use to you and may it remind you of this gathering on many an anniversary.

Dalton made a suitable reply, then He's a Jolly Good Fellow was sung. Lunch was then served and the party broke up at the midnight hour.

Signed on behalf of the community.
Herb Gibson, Leonard Greer, Donald Edgerton, Floyd Gibson.

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One of the best dairy farms in Dundas County. Large barn. hogpen, hen house, milkhouse, machine shed and good large dwelling close to school and factory. For quick sale, apply to

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No. 35—9 52 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 29—7.33 p.m. daily except Sunday.
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No. 30—8.40 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 36—5.27 p.m. daily except Sunday.
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Mr. A. O. Norton, the millionaire Jack Manufacturer, of Boston, who recently died, was a great "booster" for Zutoo Tablets.
He suffered from headaches from childhood and when he found Zutoo Tablets stopped these headaches in a few minutes and left no bad effect, he began recommending them to his family and friends. In an unsolicited letter, Mr. Norton says in closing:
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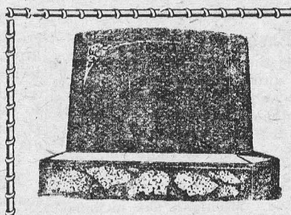

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Now is the time to think about a suit or overcoat for spring. Don't put off too long and be disappointed. Drop in and see our choice range of samples. We would appreciate your order. We also carry a complete stock of everything a man needs in the way of Clothing. Latest Styles at Moderate Prices.

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An entirely new standard of values will make this sale stand above its predecessors. Not a man or woman in Winchester can afford to miss this opportunity. Not a man or woman in Winchester district but who will agree the minute they step in the door next Thursday and examine the merchadise, that the prices are not only reasonable but exceptionally low. This will be a sweeping event. The prices quoted on this page are merely to give you an idea of the mark down that we have placed on our entire stock.

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Reg. $2.25 Sweaters for Men $1.69
20% off all others
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20% off all Boys' and Men's Suits and Overcoats
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20% off all Ladies' Silk & Wool and Worsted Hose
Indigo Print, reg. 25 and 30 for 22c Light Colors 19c
Reg. 25c Ginghams 18c
Reg. 25c Chambry 18c
20% off all Flannettes & Dress Goods.
Reg. 90c Dress Flannels 79c Reg. $1.20 for 90c
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Corn Starch 11c
Laundry Starch 11c
5 lb. Corn Syrup 34c
10 lb. Corn Syrup 63c
Shortning 18c lb.
Pure Lard 20c lb.
10 lbs. Pure Lard $1.85
6 lb. Mince Meat 95c
2 cans Peas, Corn or Tomatoes for 25c
20 lbs. Rolled Oats $1.15
7 bars Castile Soap 25c
6 bars P & G Soap 25c
6 bars Pearl White 25c
7 lbs. Sulphur 25c
6 lbs. Salts 25c
Sabadilla 45c lb. or 3 lb. for $1.29
2 lbs. Mixed Candy 25c
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Coupons will not count during this sale.

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TAKE NOTICE

That all outstanding accounts must be settled by Feb. 15th, as after that date they will be placed in other hands for collection.

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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. Visiring brethren cordially invited.
John Fader, N. G. Roy Annable, Sec.

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary, following a quarrel. Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks.

Dorothy receives word that her husband's body, identified by his sea jacket, has been buried in Alaska. She feels free to receive Ishmin's attentions. But Peter had been rescued by another ship. His appearance is completely changed and he is known as Limejuice Pete. He finds his identity completely covered and takes a job in a cannery. Larson's body occupies his grave.

Ishmin and Dorothy go to Alaska to return Peter's body to Georgia. They do not recognize Peter, who is chosen head guide. A storm carries their ship to sea, stranding them at the grave. Peter and Dorothy hunt. He carries her across a stream.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

Her thick ears laid back against the burly head, fangs flashings, high shoulders rocking as the great, curved claws slashed through the moss. She was a huge beast—weighing more than a thousand pounds—and the power of those terrific muscles was beyond the wit of man to estimate.

Ivan had never been in greater danger, nor was such conceivable. The two natives on the hill above instantly gave him up for lost and fled desperately, lest the enraged bear should turn on them. And in Pete's mind two thoughts flashed like rockets—one of the white, pure brilliance of a star, the other so strange and sullen and red, like the sun seen through the smoke of a forest fire, that it seemed beyond the pale of heaven-born mankind. At that instant Pete knew surely that he had only to hold his fire, and Ivan would be torn to pieces before his eyes.

No blame could be laid on himself for failure to stop the charge. He had but one shell in his gun, and he might have sore need of that in his own defence. From the position in which he stood it was a doubtful shot at best, but because he could not hit the great form of the bear, but because likely he could not reach her vitals. Ivan was firing desperately with his pistol, and maddened by many minor wounds, it was wholly probable that the bear would turn toward Pete after she had struck her first enemy to the earth. In that case the guide's only hope would lie in saving his one shell for a shot between the glowing eyes or into the throat at close range; there would be no time or chance to procure other shells from his pocket and reload his rifle.

Yet at the same instant that this knowledge came to him, his love for Dorothy commanded him as never before. Perhaps she loved this man, and thus he must fight for him just as he would fight for her.

These two opposing impulses, and all the thoughts that centered upon them flashed to his consciousness in the twinkle of an eye.

His gun sprang to his shoulder. He looked along the barrel. The bear had reared up, preparing to strike, and at this range Pete could hardly miss the huge form; the question was whether or not he could reach a vital place. But at the crack of the rifle the roaring bear pitched forward, in unearthly silence, in the moss.

The rest was like a dream: Ivan shuddering, then pocketing his pistol; the fleeing forms of the natives; the hills unchanged against the gray clouds. This man was no coward—this son of Asia—and he was able to smile faintly as he turned to his rescuer.

"That was a good shot, Pete," he said in a voice that hardly trembled. "I owe you some extra days' pay for that. A few jumps more, and I'm afraid we'd have had two handsome gentlemen to carry back to Georgia, instead of one."

But Pete scarcely heard. He was swept with exultation, not at the successful shot he had made, but at his sudden freedom from the dominance of his own passions. He need no longer fear his impulses. He had escaped from himself and had come out beyond, true to his ideals and his heritage of chivalry and manhood.

CHAPTER XI.

DOROTHY'S LOYALTY.

Rough seas prevailed during the first five days of their isolation, and these were followed by a long period of comparative calm—a pleasant change indeed, in Ivan's mind. It was unpleasant, threatening weather, yet nothing to keep stout ships in from the sea; and at the end of ten days of waiting that which at first was only a vague fear became almost a certainty; that the Warrior had gone down among the island crags and would not return.

And now the castaways found themselves confronted by an ugly situation. As their hopes of rescue by the Warrior went down, the available supply but she wasn't expected at any definite time, if she was expected at all, of food likewise decreased, and autumn was dying in the land.

So one evening Pete called an informal council of war. "I'll admit we've to do something, and we can't wait very much longer," he began. "We've given the Warrior time in plenty to get back, with some days to spare to take care of breakdowns—and we haven't as much as had word of her. It may be she'll get back yet—delayed through some more or less serious accident we haven't figured on—and again she may not. This is a port of missing ships, out here. I don't see how we dare wait much longer for her to come."

"Agreed," Dorothy replied promptly. "What do you suggest we do about it,"

"Let's sum it all up first, and see where we are. Let's assume the worst, that the Warrior has gone down, and that she went down before she got word to anybody to come and rescue us. Sooner or later Bradford and De Long, down in Seattle, will learn that the Warrior did not come into Seward, and it may be months before a search party is sent out—a half-hearted search party at that, because they will naturally think we went down with the Warrior. After the same long period of weeks and months, some of your relatives and friends down below will become anxious about you and dispatch some search parties; but they will likely become discouraged by the same news—that we went down with the Warrior—and rank us among the missing." Pete did not add that this business of being included with the missing was an old game to him.

"But say they do come and search this shore: at least, it will be a matter of weeks and months. And weeks and months in this climate, and winter and with little food, is a deadly deal. There remains the dory, and the difficult more or less dangerous trip down the coast to some settlement.

"Of course, it's the only possible plan now; you'll agree with me in that. But our food supplies are already so low it wouldn't be safe to attempt the trip for the five of us.

"We've got to get busy quick. The natives are already getting scared; they say they can smell winter, that it's going to set in early. Now this is my plan:

"Tomorrow you let me take three days' rations of grub—a Siwash outfit the men up here call it—and start off across the Peninsula on foot. I'll pick my way over that range, sleeping out at night, and down on the Pacific side, where I'm bound to run into some native village or trapper's hut in a few days' travel. Then I'll get a hundred pounds of canned goods and come back here. Meanwhile the natives will go hunting and kill all the venison they can, which we'll dry over the fire—cut it into strips and jerk it the best we can. Then with that fresh supply of food, you two, with the two natives to man the oars, can work down the coast and out."

"And what will you do in the meantime?" Dorothy asked.

"You can leave me a little flour and my rifle, and I'll make it through; when you hit a settlement you can ask a native to pack me in a load of grub. That isn't a very big boat, and your grub will be limited, the best you can do. Besides, there's a possibility that some one will come here to look for you, and in that case one of us ought to be here to tell him where to pick you up."

It was a good plan; she felt at once that it was the only plan. But when she tried to be hopeful, a deep wave of depression seemed to engulf her, a feeling of hopelessness, indifference



"If help can be found, I'll find it—"

to the future, almost as if old age had suddenly claimed her.

"I don't see why it will be necessary for any one to cross the mainland," Ivan said, in the hush that followed Pete's mellow, deep baritone. He spoke with considerable emphasis and urgency. "While you were gone, we'd just be eating more grub all the time. We'd better start in the dory to-morrow."

Pete shook his head. "It wouldn't be safe, with our supplies so far reduced. You must remember that while I'm gone the natives can be hunting and drying meat."

"Perhaps the best plan would be for you to stay and hunt, too; jerked venison is a fine ration, and with the little we have here it would be all we'd need for the trip."

"But only one of us can hunt, because we've got only one rifle, Mr. Ishmin," Pete argued politely.

Ivan hesitated, and his face looked yellowish-white in the fading light of day. "If some one is going to go, it had better be me," he said at last. "I can cross the ranges as well as you can." Pete's eyes dropped over the Mongol's graceful, yet powerful form, and he believed that this was true. "If help can be found, I'll find it—I'm not afraid of hardship, either. I've seen plenty of it, in my training for the Russian army. You can take care of Mrs. Newhall and look out for her comfort as you've done previously."

Pete glanced at Dorothy to see what her face showed; but she was evidently neutral. "Perhaps Mrs. Newhall would not want to be left here—without your protection," he said simply.

"On the contrary, I'm perfectly willing to do what's best for all concerned," Dorothy remarked.

"I'm sure it would be best. You need Pete here to look out for your comfort, to dry the venison and to take eae of the camp while the natives are hunting. I have every confidence in you, Pete; and so has Mrs. Newhall."

"I appreciate what you say, very much," Pete returned.

(To be continued.)



We Must All Agree

Brother of Benito Mussolini Opens Campaign for Clean News

Clean Papers, Clean Minds

Rome.—A noteworthy article has appeared in Popolo d'Italia, written by its editor, Arnaldo Mussoloni, the Duce's brother. After pointing out the changes effected in the Italian press in the last two years, the writer complains that many Fascist papers continue to devote several columns of their restricted space to long accounts of crimes and sensational stories which are contrary to the ideas which every journal professes to uphold.

"It is time," Signor Mussolini says, "that this practice should be abandoned, even if the omission of such stories reduces the circulation of some papers. The space which is now devoted to stories of crimes, suicides, etc., could better be used by articles containing instructive, clean news, which tends to elevate the moral level of all classes of society."

This article has been reproduced in several Roman newspapers, which express their unqualified approval of the campaign of Popolo d'Italia.

Incidentally, the Editor of this page has followed this plan conscientiously. Murder and sudden death, when associated with the criminally insane only deserves space on the pages of medical treatises, not in newspapers for general consumption.

After all, who gets "the kick" out of sensational news of this character? Just keep your eyes open and watch who it is that usually pours over every detail? It is the mentally undeveloped, the old maids of both sexes, who whisper "hush stuff" behind their hands, and those "just a bit queer."

Quick justice and punishing pudgment with due publicity given the penalties should act as a deterrant to the wave of unbalanced acts that appear to be upon us, but Mussolini's brother is right—Clean up the press, and stop giving front-page position to the Mellors and the Hickmans—rather give them the lash and lots of it.

Four Roast Swans

"Roast Sygnet" was served with all the picturesque ceremonies of the Middle Ages at a feast of the Vintners' Company in London"; and the Prince of Wales was among the guests. Six musicians in blue serge coats, peaked caps and white ducks preceded the ceremoonious entrance of four roast swans.

Blue serge coats and white duck trousers are enough to cause suspicion that these are degenerate days; one doubts whether Richard the Lion Hearted, when he introduced the ancestors of the Thames River swans into England, ever wore or even knew what blue serge coats and white duck trousers were. But the poverty of modern life comes in mention of four roast swans.

Four indeed! When the Archbishop of York entertained in 1374 he served a mightier meal. We will not exhaust the menu, but, in poultry alone, he served.

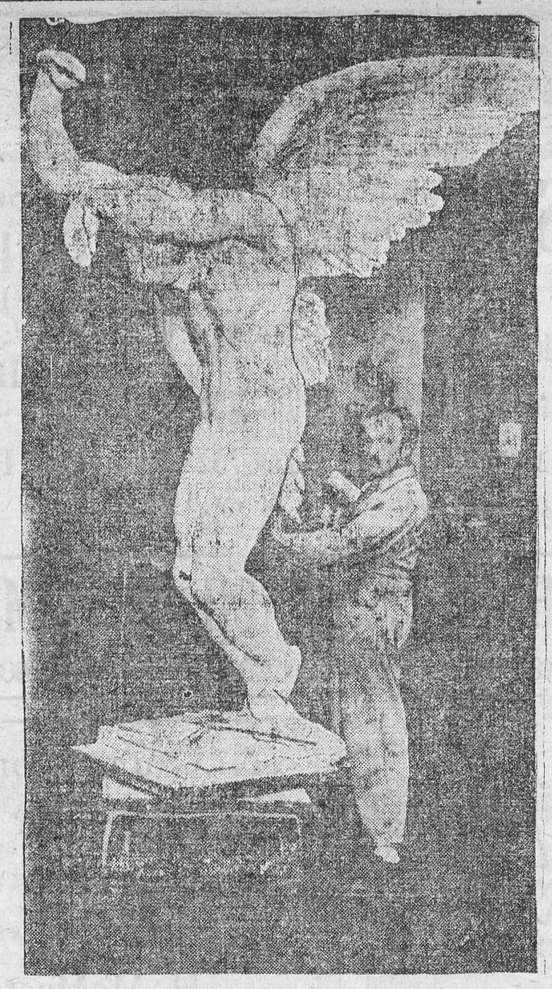
"Four hundred swannes, 2,000 geese, 1,000 capons, 400 plovers, 100 dozen quayles, 1,000 egrittes, 200 dozen of the fowls called rees, 104 peacocks, 4,000 malardes and teals, 204 cranes, 2,000 chychens, 4,000 pigeons, 400 heron shawes, 200 fessauntes, 500 partridges, 400 woodcocks, 100 curlews."

The King of England still retains a theoretical ownership of the island's swans; the Companies of Dyers and Vintners stil maintain swaneries on the Thames and on the Fleet; swan-uppers catch some of them with crooks each year, and a lieutenant-colonel of the British army is still the royal swan warden. But if four swans make a feast, the appetite that was once the glory of the Saxon race is fallen low indeed.

Sweet Marital Interchange

A young man with his wife were on their way to a football game in their car proceading by inches in the dense traffic. Finally they came within sight of the field just as the game was starting. "I wish," the wife said smilingly, "that I had our piano here." "And why," asked the husband roguishly, "do you wish you had our piano here?" 'Because," giggled the wife, "I left our tickets to the game on top of it."—R. H. L.'s "Line-Book").

A movement has been started to provide a reservation for gorillas in West Africa. Late dispatches indicate that United States marines are attempting to do something like that for guerillas in Nicaragua.



"LOST PIONEERS OF AVIATION"

is the title of this mass work to be cast in bronze, upon which Victor Frisch of New York is putting the finishing touches. It will be placed either in New York or in Detroit next spring.

Faster and Faster

What is the safe speed at which to drive an automobile? The answer is the same as the answer to most questions: It depends.

Mr. Paul S. Hoffman, vice-president of the Studebaker Corporation, predicts that within a few years all speed limit laws and ordinances will have disappeared. Michigan has no speed law and punishes only what is called 'reckless driving." There is much to be said for this course, but how are we ever going to establish standards of "recklessness" when it is already impossible for a motorcycle cop and a car-driving citizen to agree on a matter of simple arithmetic?

Mr. Hoffmann goes a little too fast for us when he says that day after tomorrow automoobiles will be "expected" to go at a rate of sixty-five miles an hour. "We are living in a rapid age," he adds, "and must keep going more rapidly all the time."

Why? In spite of the increase of automobile speeds, people still miss trains, are late for lunch, lie in bed after the alarm clock has gone off and tell long stories during business hours. The rapid age has given us more time to loaf and rest from the weariness of trying to be rapid. And that's about all.

Airplane manufacturers hope to get motorcar makers interested in their industry that they may impart to it some of the stimulus they injected into the automotive business when bringing it up to where it is to-day. No doubt they hope thus to bring sky high prices down to earth.

My dear, remarked Braggs, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," this is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this it makes me think how puerile, how insignificant is man. Huh! said his wife. A woman doesn't have to wade through five hundred pages to discover that.—

Youth in Gamble With Death To Win Career on African Coast

Quinine Is Price of Life for White Colonists Who Work on Beach; Where One Succeds Many Others Face Years of Broken Health in Homeland

HELL'S PLAYGROUND

Accra Beach is a sight for all devotees of tropical romance and African adventure. Working there, month after month, under the burning sun, in the hot monsoon wind, is a different matter.

In West Africa white men and women can live only within the armor of their daily quinine. Every one wears the strained look that is the price of life in the tropics. I talked to an English public school boy checking cargo alongside the surfboats on Accra Beach. There was no pink bloom on his cheeks. His face was sallow, and lined with illness and worry.

"People in England think that we live easily on the coast—that the doctors have wiped out all disease," he told me wearily, pushing back his heavy helmet. "That idea hurts us out here—it's all wrong. We certainly are not overpaid, and our home leave every few years is not a luxury—it is death to stay much longer. Some men don't stick it for a year." He told me the facts for the benefit of those who feel the lure of this coast that a novelist once called "Hell's Playground."

"Beachmaster" Is First Job.

The newcomer to a trading firm anywhere in West Africa usually finds himself at work as a "beachmaster." He goes down to the beach at six o'clock in the morning, and his boy follows him soon afterward with breakfast. Cold eggs and bacon in a very hot shed. His main duty is to check cargo as the surfboats come in from the freighters in the roadstead. He must have a quick eye for breakages and shortages—for the ingenuity of the thief is more Oriental than African.

Dozens of natives arrive during the day with palm kernels. Some of them carry petrol tins and calabashes of palm oil. The "beachmaster" must see everything weighed out and measured. He must supervise the laborers bagging kernels and pouring oil into casks. Always he must have an eye in the back of his head for the incoming surfboats.

At noon, if he is fortunate, he may stagger up to the mess for lunch. With equally good luck he may be able to rest for an hour. But when the cocoa season is on, when there are many ships in the bay, he may not get to the mess at all. A sandwich in the shed, which has by now become intolerably hot, will have to satisfy him. Leisurely "chop" during the day is a rare experience for the "first timer" in West Africa.

Work goes on unceasingly until 8 in the evening—often later. The beach-master's head aches, his eyes are tired and dazzled in the blinding sun glare. No tennis at sundown for him. Just time for a hasty shower before dinner. Sunday is often the most feverishly busy day of the week. So much vital work has to be done that the conscientious man dare not even go down with malaria until the fever forces him.

Salaries Paid for Hard Work.

In return for this unpleasant life the young man learning to be a West Coast trader may expect a salary of $125 a month, possibly a little more. At the end of two years he will receive four months' leave on half pay. If he is invalided home before his contract has expired he is almost certain to lose his job. If he works hard for two years he may be lucky enough to secure an eighteen months' contract for the next spell of duty, and a higher salary. A well educated young man, ambitious and with the essential physical endurance, will be making more at the end of five years than he would receive after twenty years in England. Or he may still be selling cotton print to hot and odorous humanity behind the counter in the store.

A career in West Africa is a gamble. You back your character and your body against the most insidious climate in the world. The agents and supervisors, with their $5,000-a-year salaries and their trips to England every nine or twelve months, are the men who have won. The losers, some of them, are dragging themselves along slum pavements in English towns. I doubt whether any land in the world breaks men more surely and completely than "the Coast."

At one time people could get only bulk tea—tea exposed to air—flat flavour—Then came "SALADA"—sealed in metal—full-flavoured—fresh—delicious—dust-free—now people use "SALADA". Four grades—75c to $1.05 per lb.

"SALADA" TEA

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Turks Now Have Pork Provided By the State

The New Government of Angora Thus Sets Aside Another Old Law of Islam

Having got rid of the dervishes and legislated her citizens out of many Moslem practices, republican Turkey, whose Constitution declares that Islam is the State religion, has gone into the pork industry, the Government having previously taken over the liquor monopoly from a Polish syndicate.

Both pork and liquor were proscribed by Mohammed when he founded his religion in the seventh century A.D., based as it was upon what he knew of Judaism and Christianity. The taboo against pork Mohammed took from the Jews. But how many of Turkey's great Sultans were winebibbers? Pork, however, is a post-republican comestible on Turkish tables.

As for the State religion being that of Islam, the President, Mustapha Kemal, whose title of Ghazi or Conquerer to-day spells "Father of the Country" to Turkish school children, has declared that Islam will not be allowed to interfere in any way with the development of Turkey along advanced Western lines. Moreover, the deserted mosques in large cities may possibly be turned into school buildings, of which there is a shortage.

To-day Turks eat ham and bacon and drink liquor manufactured and sold by the Government. At present these pork products are imported from the Balkan States. But Adana and other places in Anatolia have herds of wild pigs which ruin the farmers' grain crops. These pigs have, as in India and other Oriental countries where pork is taboo, steadily increased through the centuries. Hence a pork factory is to be started at Adana which will cure the wild pigs, shot by hunters, into ham and bacon for domestic use and export. The farmers' pest will thus provide sport as well as profit. While the raising of pigs as a commercial product is too much to be expected at present by Anatolian farmers newly emancipated from the bonds of their religion, yet it is not unlikely in the future, when the wild herds of pigs are reduced.

As yet the Anatolian retains a strong orthodox strain in his remote sectors. He has been reluctantly caught up into the breathless whirlwind of progress legislated from Angora. While Turks in Constantinople restaurants eat their ham and bacon and pork with relish, and wash it down with beer and light wines, the Anatolian is content to bring up the rearguard of progress in Turkey.

Man to Study What Wild Beasts Think About and How They Talk

Investigator to Go "Trapping" With Phonograph and Catch Jungle "Remarks" on Records—Seeks to Found Study Center in Bush

Cape Town—W. D. Hubbard, American author and natural scientist, formerly connected with the zoos of New York and Boston, has returned to the African bush with the object of exploding more fallacies about wild animals. With him are his wife, their son, and their baby girl. The party also includes Miss Elizabeth Man of New York, a secretary, and a cinematographer and assistant.

"This time we are going to study animals to try and find out what they are thinking about and how they talk to each other," said Mr. Hubbard.

In his outfit he has a gramophone recording machine for preserving animal noises.

Going to Take Beasts Alive and Study

"So many myths about African animals have recently been exploded that we think there will be a rich field for this kind of research.

"During our last stay in Northern Rhodesia, for instance, we yoked buffaloes to a wagon and drove them about. I believe that every wild animal in Africa is harmless unless first provoked by man. I am going to catch young lions, buffaloes and antelope, specimens of every possible type, and watch them grow up."

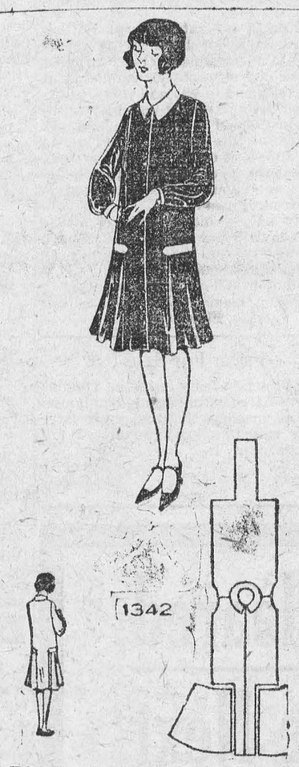
It has always been maintained that the African elephant cannot be trained to work like the Indian elephant. The Belgians have recently established an elephant training school at Api, in the Congo, with good results. Mr. Hubbard is going to see whether the same thing cannot be done in Northern Rhodesia. During his last visit he captured young elephants and found that children could ride on them and play with them.

Seeks Comparing of Notes

Mr. Hubbard belongs to many learned societies, including the Zoological Society of London. After his last visit to Africa he published a book entitled "Wild Animals," dealing with his research work in a popular way. The present expedition will probably result in a more advanced work.

"It is my ambition to establish a large station in the African bush," said Mr. Hubbard; "some place to which all scientific parties could go and compare notes is badly needed. At present if I wish to compare results with other research workers, I have to write to them and send a few pickled specimens. There ought to be a laboratory in the heart of the Rhodesian big game country where natural scientists could work together for the benefit of tropical progress."

Mr. Hubbard's headquarters for the next 18 months will be at Choma, which he considers to be one of the finest spots in Africa for his work.



FOR SCHOOLTIME OR PLAY-TIME.

This frock for the junior miss is a smart and practical style. The skirt has a flared gore at each side and the neck is finished with a shaped collar. The long sleeves are gathered to narrow wristbands and buttons adorn the centre-front closing. No. 1342 is in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch, or 2 yards 54-inch material. Price 20c the pattern.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical style, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Will Rogers Praises Chicago's Handling of Crooks

To the Editor of the New York Times:

Garrett, Ind.—Just passed through Chicago to-day. Wanted to go up and see my old friend Mayor Thompson, but had had English breakfast tea for luncheon and was afraid he would smell it on my breath.

You can kid about Chicago and its crooks, but they have the smartest way of handling their crooks of any city. They get the rival gangs to kill off each other and all the police have to do is just referee and count up the bodies. They won't have a crook in Chicago unless he will agree to shoot at another crook. So viva Chicago!

Yours unhit,

WILL ROGERS.

A quiet evening at home nowadays is the one when the radio battery is away being charged.

PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST

My Flight Through Mongolia

By EGON VON STERN

(The editor of "Pester Lloyd" announces that this article is part of a book entitled "In die Freiheit," by Egon von Stern, which will be published in Berlin this winter. The author is a Prussian cavalry officer, who tells of his escape from a Russian prison and his flight across Mangolia and Manchuria. The episodes he describes here occurred in the Sayan Mountains, in the corner of Northeastern Asia between Mongolia and Manchuria.)

Tired and worn from our difficult journey, we sought a Sayan yourta where we could spend the night. After a long search in the darkness we succeeded in arousing some dogs, and by following the noise of their barking found a place of refuge.

The Sayans are a Mongolian race living in the broad valley of the Yenisei between the Sayan Mountains and the mighty peaks of the Tannu-ola. Two years before our arrival a war had been fought between the Sayans and the Mongols, in which most of the Sayan, Mangolian, Russian, and Chinese settlements in this region were destroyed. When we passed through the country the Sayans were not united to either Mongolia or China.

The Sayans, who look so much like Mangols that a European cannot tell the difference, raise cattle and live in yourtas as their racial brothers on the other side of the Tannu-ola Mountains do. The yourta, a conical dwelling from ten to twelve feet in diameter, is built of a wooden framework about three feet high at the perimeter and about eight feet high at the central peak, and is covered with camel's-hair cloth. A doorway about three feet wide is cut in the side of the structure. At the peak of the yourta is a small hole through which smoke can escape, while in the centre of the floor a large iron or copper kettle stands on a tripod. A little altar is placed directly above the doorway.

The big dogs whose barking had helped us to find our shelter had awakened the Sayans, but when we entered we found them half asleep. They had made a fire, and were sitting around it in a circle. Upon seeing us they bowed their heads several times, pointing their thumbs upward and saying, "Ssaa, ssaa!" We returned the greeting in the same way.

Then one of them rose, took a basket, and fetched some snow from outside, which be put in the large black kettle over the fire. After this he filled a long pipe covered with felt from the mouthpiece to the little sliver bowl, and lit the fine yellow tobacco he had put inside.

At first I couldn't tell the men from the women, but I finally concluded women living here. Men and women alike wear gray sheepskin breeches and coats, both garments being sewed together, with the soft wool inside. In at least one respect the Sayans are further advanced than we—their women wear knickers without a single word of adverse criticism.

Our hosts were far from handsome. The men, with their half-shaved heads and sparse beards, grinned rather foolishly; while the women, with their exceedingly broad faces, prominent cheek bones, and small slit eyes, looked equally foolish when they opened their wide mouths.

After several addresses of welcome, which we could not understand, our hosts passed the men a small snuff-box set with semiprecious stones. We sneezed, and everybody laughed. Then they handed around the long pipe, which we could not refuse without offending them. Since the tobacco was heavy with opium and tasted sweet, I gave the pipe back after a couple of puffs.

It is a common Mongolian custom to offer the pipe and snuff, and the guest is forced by convention to accept them. It is an odious habit, for one can become very sick simply by being an agreeable guest. Smoking the filthy Sayan pipe turned out to be no joke. But we forgot these minor details in our desire to get through the country.

After the snuff and the pipe, the melted snow was boiled, and our host—not the hostess—added some green tea, salt, and goat's milk, and stirred. Each of us received a dirty wooden cup filled with the liquid. I had often been told that green tea prepared in this way tastes very peculiar, but since I was hungry and thirsty it did not prove unpalatable.

Early next morning, while it was still dark, we continued our journey, quite rested by our short nap. . .

On reaching a Mongolian monastery we tied our horses to brilliantly painted hitching posts just outside the gate, and encountered a monk who greeted us cordially. A lofty wall surrounded the grounds of the monastery, and at the highest spot in the centre stood a temple bearing many carved decorations. Around it were the buildings in which the monks lived. These structures were made of baked mud, which is first whitewashed and then decorated with colored paints.

The monks took us into their tidy monastery, in the centre of which stood an oven surrounded by beds covered with woolen blankets. Over the doorway stood a small altar made of some wood similar to mahogany, on which a glass image of Buddha had been set. Eight brass incense burners had been placed before the

[illegible]chant's son who accompanied [illegible]d out, for he had been in a [illegible]y once before. The monks [illegible]ut green tea for us, and then [illegible]utton soup. We gave each [illegible] a piece of sugar and some [illegible]hich we had taken with us to [illegible]oney.

[illegible]mpanion gave us several tips [illegible]r to travel through the coun[illegible]ve all, we were told never [illegible]o a Mongolian dwelling with [illegible]whip, and never to enter a [illegible] foot first; to do either was [illegible] the Mongol seriously. A [illegible]uld thank the host by gifts of colored cloth and ribbons. But since these people like sugar very much and seldom get any, and since colored cloth was too expensive, we had taken along candy and lump sugar. But the Mongols liked them so well, and ate so much of them, that our supply was almost exhausted.

Adultery is the most grievous sin a Mongol can commit. The offender is taken and torn apart alive into over a hundred bits. Horse stealing also incurs capital npuishment, but the thief is torn into a smaller number of pieces. I was told this by many people who had seen these punishments administered.

Before we went to sleep the monks spent a long time praying in the temple while a gong sounded loudly, and after the ceremony they continued their prayers in their cells. The way Mongols say their prayers reminds me of the Russian church service. They mumble as rapidly as possible in singsong, and at regular intervals they let their voices fall. The monks carry strings of glass beads which they use to count their prayers, and when one of the brothers has recited the necessary number he takes the image of Buddha with him to the house, for by carrying this statue and by singing and praying he believes that he will be protected by magic from the evil spirits and the souls of the dead who wander about at night.

At the end of their long session of prayer the hospitable monks fixed up a bed for us, and were very attentive to our wishes. . . .

One morning some time later we came to the Tes River, a wide stream flowing through a broad valley. Although it was winter and the ground was covered with deep snow, it was obvious that in summer the region abounded with luvuriant flowers and foliage. A wild tangle of bushes covered both banks of the stream, and under the snow we found grass at least a yard long. Beautiful as the landscape was in winter, it must be much more full of color in the spring.

On arriving at the yourta where we had hoped to spend the night we encountered some bad luck. The settlers here were apparently prosperous, for they lived in more elaborate dwellings, and great herds of sheep were wandering in the neighborhood. After we had shouted a long time a friendly-looking woman appeared on the scene. When we discreetly requested shelter, she cried in an inhuman, froglike voice, "Qua! Qua!" the Sayan equivalent for "Nothing doing." Our poor old Sayan, who suffered from a severe backache, begged pitifully, but the old woman kept on croaking like a frog, "Qua, qua, qua, qua!" raising her dirty fist emphatically.

I had little desire to stay here, and we therefore order on. Our Sayan friend still accompanied us, but the pain in his back was driving him mad and he cried out loudly. After a while we found another yourta, where we encountered better treatment than we had received at the hands of the old frog-woman.

The Mongols in this yourta used dry manure for fuel—the regular custom hereabouts, for there are no trees in the neighborhood. The manure is kept in a basket that buckles up the back like a wallet, while a shovel covers the top. The same basket is used to gather snow from which tea and soup are made.

The Mongolian hostess is always very accommodating about fetching snow from outside, but she is none too cleanly. I have often noticed that only a very small part of the snow surrounding a yourta is white, most of it being as yellow as the tea that is brewed from it later. But we can forget these trivialities, and in retrospect the impression of Mongol cordiality remains.

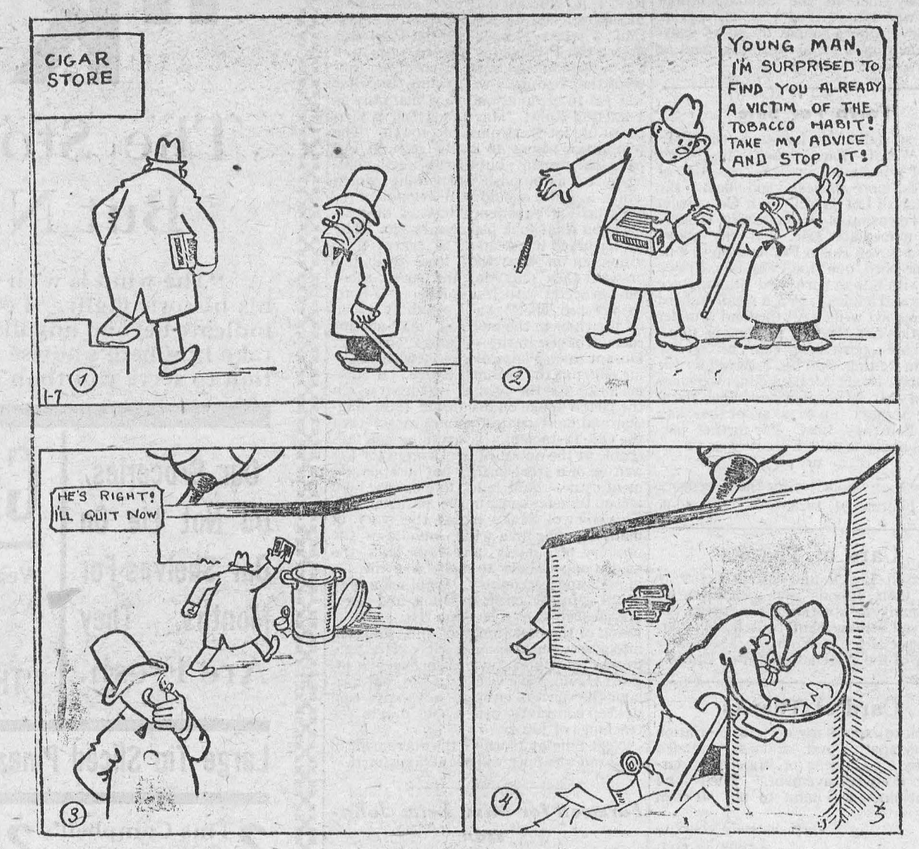
After the customary formalities I thanked the women and children by giving them sugar and candy; but one piece did not satisfy them, and they shouted for more. I had to take care lest they exhaust my supply and leave me nothing but trouble all the rest of my journey. The men, however, also became greedy when they saw their women and children with sugar and they with none, and began taking the delicacies from the mouths of the children, who promptly set up frightful howls. Naturally I gave some more to the poor women and children; but again the men took the candy from them, and my protests only added to the confusion. Finally I fed one child after another on my lap, and protected it from the ravenous father and mother.

While investigating my knapsack the Mongolian father and son discovered that I had some cognac, and from then on the begging never ended. I told them that it was my last flask, that I was saving it for a possible emergency, that it was a medical necessity. The father calmed down, but in about ten minutes he began simulating great pain and deathly illness, and begged for some cognac. "Such be the will of God!" I told him. "It is a remedy for eye trouble, and is poison. If you drink it, you die." They immediately shrank back with fear written all over their faces. On the next morning the same clamorous father appeared with big black snow-spectacles, saying that he had eye trouble and needed some cognac. Out of fenerosity I gave him a stick of sugar soaked in cognac, and as long as I was present he held it before his eyes. When I left the room, however, he ate it with utter scorn of death.

During the night we had apparently lost our horses, and at noon I went to look for them. We soon found them, and continued our journey.

At the next stop we discovered that all the sugar had been stolen and more than half of the cognac had been drunk, and I realized why the animals had disappeared—the ravenous Mangalian had hidden them so that when we went to look for them he could eat and drink his fill.—The Living Age.

"ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES"—By O. Jacobson.



He Becomes A Reformer.

Mr. Healy Praises The British For Noninterference

Dublin.—Interest is focused in the United States on the Irish free state's position by William T. Cosgrave's departure to the United States recently and adds to the importance of the pronouncement of the retiring Governor-General, Timothy Healy, at a banquet here.

"You have heard," said Mr. Healy, "talk about a foreign King and the interference of the British in Irish affairs. There is one thing to be said about this 'foreign King,' and that is, he is a gentleman. The English in my few years as Governor-General have never interfered—I pledge my faith and honor to this—to the extent of a tittle or a scintilla in any Irish matter. They have left the ministry absolutely free, left us untouched, unadvised. That is a tribute that should not be left unpaid. I welcome the gracious concurrence of the old Unionist and Protestant party who have given me at all times as much assistance as those in my own religion."

In view of Mr. Healy's record in the Nationalist movement, the statement seems worthy of wide circulation as it effectively disposes of the propaganda by the minority seeking to create a contrary impression abroad.



A BAD NIGHT

1st Fish: You say you didn't get a wink of sleep last night? How was that?

2nd Fish: The dog-fish kept me awake barking at the moon-fish!

Tommy—"What is the greatest water-power knowu to man?" Alec—'Woman's tears."

Co-operation is Empire Necessity

Col. Amery Stresses Importance of Trade Between Dominions

MUTUAL SUPPORT

Minister Predicts Change Coming in Britain's Fiscal Year

Vancouver, B.C.—The United States dominated the last generation economically, but the coming generation will belong to the British Empire, predicted Right Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, British Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs.

The United States had developed because she had pooled her resources. The British Empire had been more backward because she had tended to work in water-tight compartments. The value of co-operation was now appreciated, said the British Minister, and the problem of the years ahead was how in the free partnership of nations that made up the Empire co-operation could be made most effective.

Canada's unequalled resources necessitated foreign trade, but the great secret of modern commerce lay in the carriage of the products of the temperate and tropical zones, Mr. Amery said. Canada lay in the temperate zone, and to complete her development, she needed a tropical empire with which to trade.

"She has that in the British Empire, which is Canada's empire as much as it is Great Britain's empire. That was recognized at the Imperial Conference when the heritage was agreed to belong to every part of the empire with no monopoly or priority in the Mother Country," declared Mr. Amery.

Free Co-operation

The imperial conference has decided that it was possible to co-operate and be united while each constituent was free and knew no authority outside itself. That method of co-operation was better suited to the Empire than any written federal consitution was possible in he economic as well as the political sphere, the speaker asserted.

"Without any straight jacket of imperial tariff, without limiting the units in forming tariffs to suit their own needs, we can find ample room for economic co-operation and can foster mutual support and stimulation by other means. There are innumerable ways of co-operating and the problem of the future years is how in our free partnership we can make that co-operation most effective."

Col. Amery paid tribute to the lead which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had given 30 years ago in offering British preferential tariffs without reciprocity and said that while Britain had admittedly been slow to move in the same direction, it was true of the British character that once her people did begin to move they moved surely and with increasing velocity and determination.

Fiscal Changes

"We are beginning to move," he declared. "It is a mistake to think Great Britain stands to-day where she stood before the war. Then the avowed policy was that it made no difference where wa bought and sold. That idea is dead and buried in Britain to-day. On that question, the war opened our eyes and made us realize that it did matter whom we supported by our commerce and where our settlers went."

"It is not for me to say how rapidly Britain will modify her prejudices on fiscal policies, but modify them she will," decared Col. Amery.

Proposition Made To Scrap War Relics

Manchester Parks Committee Asks City to Approve

London. — The Manchester Parks Committee has decided to ask the city to approve the removal o fthe various war relics to be scrapped and sold as old metal. Elsewhere in Great Britain, says the Guardian, 'relics have been seized by ex-service men and bundled amid cheers into the sea or river. Aberdeenshire districts, where the Gordon Highlanders were recruited and where there is scarcely a household without a war casualty, took the lead in clearing the parks and suares of these mementoes soon after peace, and at the bottom of the deepest pools of the Don and Dee lie a goodly number of German machine-guns, which the well-meaning War Office thought would be cherished by their recipients. It was a curious psychological blunder . . . and there are few who do not welcome the healthy tendency to clear them from our daily sight."

Old Age Pensions

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): It could be plausibly urged that the care of the indigent aged is the duty of the provinces, not of the Dominion; and that the provinces are in luck in that the Dominion is willing to pay half the shot. This was the view of British Columbia which was the first province to take up the Federal offer; and with Manitoba now asserting her adhesion to the scheme, the movement to bring in the provinces one after the other may be said to be gaining momentum. As the number of acceding provinces grows the pressure will increase upon the provinces that remain out; and the prediction of the extension of the plan to all parts of the Dominion within ten years might not be far wide of the mark.

Wife—"John, there's a tramp in the pantry, and I've just made a pie." Husband—"Well, I don't mind so long as he doesn't die in the house."

A Scots lady having invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, he had accepted with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Well, well," replied she, "if ye're dead I'll no' expect ye."

Hudson Bay Line Is Being Rushed

Regular Train Service Now Given to Mileage, 356

ON TO CHURCHILL

Final Location Toward Terminal Completed to Mileage 366

Winnipeg.—The past year was one of considerable development in the Western region of the Canadian National Railways, according to H. A. Dixon, chief engineer. Work was begun on the construction of nine of the twelve branch lines authorized by the Canadian Parliament last year as a three year building program. Much progress was made on the Hudson Bay Railway and the new Flin Flon line was commenced.

From the end of May to the end of October, 1,200 to 1,500 men were employed in the rehabilitation, construction and operation of traffic from The Pas to mile 356 on the Hudson Bay Railway and during the remaining months the force varied from 400 to 800. Approximately 12 train crews were in service during the summer and from two to six in the winter on the various work services and operation for revenue, Regular train service is now provided from The Pas to Mile 356.

On To Churchill.

Work on the Hudson Bay line included clearing of the right of way, grading and reconditioning of embankments, building new bridges, laying tracks in yards and terminals, opening new ballast pits, ballasting track, filling bridges and widening embankments, clearing old ditches and excavating new ones, widening cuts for drainage and installing water supplies both temporary and permanent.

The telegraph line was completely constructed, and track laid on the main line totalled something more than 13 miles. The final location of the line to Fort Churchill has been completed for ten miles from mile 356 and the location of the remainder north is in progress. A mile and a half of track was laid on the Port Churchill line.

Ballasting and trainfill entailed the movement of a large amount of material, three shovels were in service during the greater part of the season from May 13 to November 8 and 910,000 cubic yards of clay and gravel were moved. One shovel and hauling equipment alone excavated and placed 472,000 cubic yards. One permanent bridge was fully constructed in 1927. This is the 430 foot bridge over the Limestone river at mile 350 from The Pas, it consisting of three 90-foot and two 80-foot deck girder spans on concrete piers and abutments. A number of trestles were rebuilt and some new ones completed.

The Flin Flon Branch.

All bridge construction required between The Pas and mile 356 is now finished. Divisional yards with terminal facilities, including a roundhouse, machine shops, coaling plants, sand houses and stores building were constructed at The Pas and considerable progress was made at Bowden and mile 327.

Final location of the Flin Flon railway from mile 6.5 on the Hudson Bay line is going forward rapidly. The contractors are building camps and roads and have two hundred men laying steel.

Use The Choke

Don't be afraid to use your choke—but know how to use it. To start a cold engine use full choke for a short period rather than partial choke for a longer period—it saves your battery and permits a quicker start.

Use just enough choke to keep the engine firing evenly while warming up—too little causes uneven running, fouled spark plugs and crankcase dilution. Too much will flood your engine and make it stop. Don't fail to keep the choke closed after the engine is running smoothly.

In extremely cold weather, back out of the garage into the open air, let the motor idle for a few minutes, or run for a block or so in second gear before shifting to high. If you start to stall, shift back to second, put on ful choke for an instant until the engine picks up, then only enough choke to keep it running. A motor operates at maximum efficiency when its temperature is around 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

Another essential rule to always observe in starting, is to disengage your clutch, and be sure no lights are on. By disengaging the clutch the strain on the battery is reduced at least 25 per cent.

Don't race a cold engine and don't start it until the garage doors are wide open, because of the danger of carbon monoxide.

The man who frequents the blind pig never brings home the bacon.—Detroit News.

Lenin's Life Was Duplicity Model

Notorious Revolutionary was Also Secret Agent for Czar

DOUBLE SPY

Took Full Revenge on Former Friends for Disobedience

Paris.—Fresh light is now thrown on the amazing career of Valdimir Illith Oulianoff, the Mongol who overthrew the Russian Empire, and, under the name Lenin, established the rule of the Soviets. In a study of his life in "Revue de Paris" are given details of his role of double spy, working with the Russian secret police against the revolutionists, for one branch of the revolutionists against another, and at the same time bending every effort to end Czarism.

The details are taken from the records in the hands of the Okhrana, an old secret service.

Joined Terrorists.

Lenin joined the ranks of the terrorists in 1890 after his brother had been hanged for an attempt on the life of the Czar. He founded the "Fighting Union for the Deliverance of the Working Class" in the same year, and was recognized as its leader until his arrest and deportation to Siberia in 1895 for Socialist propaganda. It was at this moment that his extraordinary life of duplicity and ambition began.

While Lenin was living in exile his erstwhile followers carried on his work but refused to carry out his instructions. Lenin suffered intensely from this "treason' 'to his principles and resolved on revenge. His chance came when a high official of the secret police visited him and proposed that he should become an agent of the Czar while ostensibly remaining a revolutionist. In return for such service, he would be freed.

Money Both Ways.

Lenin went to Geneva, the centre of revolutionary activities. Here he had ample opportunity to take revenge on the men who had shorn him of authority in terrorist circles. He got in touch with the revolutionary organization in London and received a large sum for propaganga. He was paid by the Russian police and had a practically unlimited expense account. He established newspapers for secret circulation in Russia, calling for revolution and sent, week by week, to the Obhrana the names, hiding places and details of the activities of the men formerly his comrades.

Extracts from the papers in the archives of the Okhrana demonstrate that practically every leader of the revolutionary forces of those days—1905 to 1914—was also in the service of the secret police.

"The Nicaragua Outrage"

Louisville Courier Journal: In the whole sorry mess of American meddling and Nicaraguan submission, Sandino and his band alone are deserving of respect. They would not accept the dictates of an invading army. They would not be cowed by the might of the United States. . . . To-day they hold in Nicaragua the banner of patriotism and nationalism. . . . Calvin Coolidge rarely writes a State paper or public address without some preachment about morality and religion. Under what cloak of morality and religion does he justify, in his own conscience, his slaughter of hundreds of Nicaraguans, some of them women and children, bombed from airplanes in a resort to methods hardly more defensible than what, during the World War, we were accustomed to denounce as "German frightfulness?"

Chamberlain's Son to Give Speech

London.—After a lapse of 20 years, the name Joseph Chamberlain reappears on the toast list of the annual dinner of the Birmingham Jewellers' Association, which is to be held on Jan. 28 and which will be attended by the Prince of Wales.

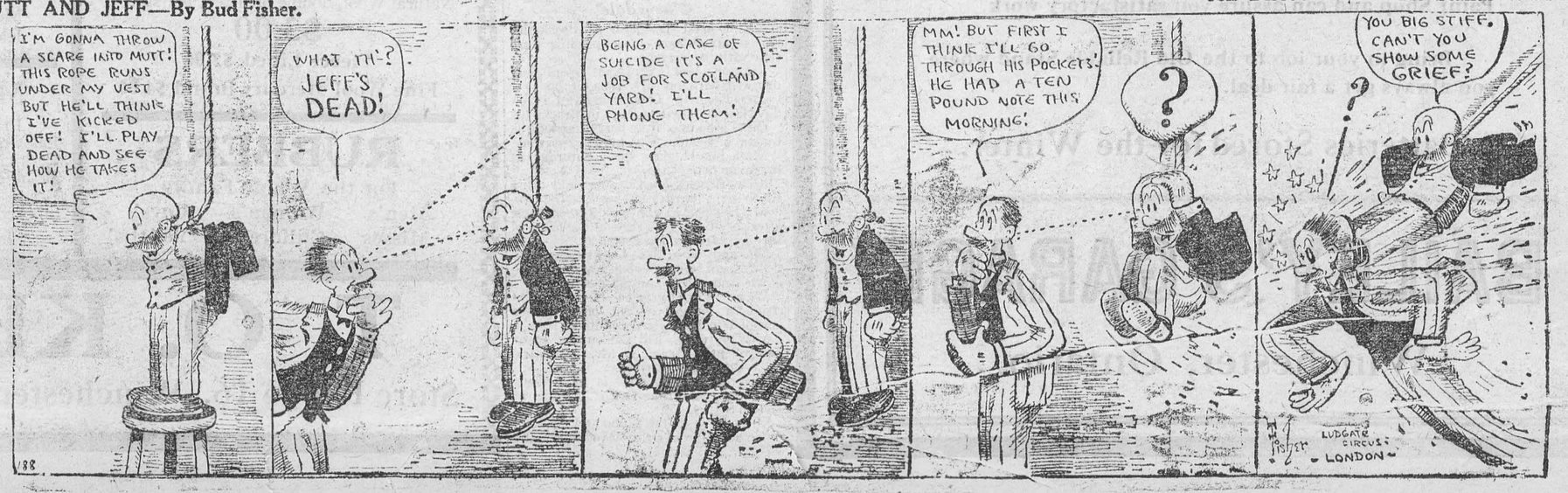
The great statesman's 20-year-old grandson, who bears the same name, will make his debut as a speaker under the eye of his father, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Foreign Secretary.

Cosgrave Accepts Ottawa Invitation

Dublin, Ireland—President Cosgrave has received an invitation from the Canadian Government to visit Ottawa during his trans-Atlantic visit and the invitation will be accepted. It is probable the President's itinerary subsequent to his Washington visit will be revised in order to make the trip to Ottawa.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Jeff Discovers How He Stands With Mutt.



For Sale

15 shoats, weighing from 80 to 120 lbs. Selling on account of lack of room. Also 2 brood sows, due to farrow Feb. 1st & 4th
W. J. Docksteader
38tic Tel. 614 r 6 Winchester

To Rent

FARM, situated 3 miles west of Winchester, 100 acres, with machinery, and with or without stock as desired.
Floyd Riddell
38-40p Winchester, Ont.

Blue Point Oysters Fresh In Today.

Oyster Biscuits, McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas.
Weston's and Perrin's Fancy Sweet Biscuits.
Libby's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce, 5 cans 98c
We have nice Fresh Crisp Lettuce just off the ice, also well-bleached Celery.

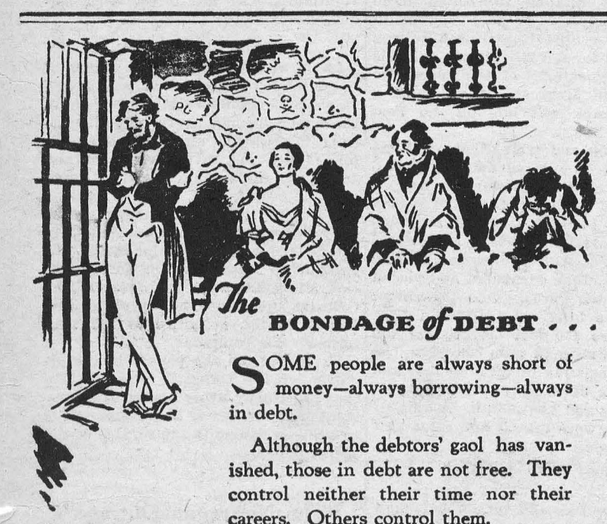
Phone Calls courteously received and promptly delivered.

J. E. UTMAN, Phone No. 7, Winchester

"The Book Store."

Don't spend too many lonesome evenings. If you don't skate or take part in any outdoor sports, we would suggest that you buy a good book, also an evening paper or magazine. We handle these and would be glad to help you make your selection. Drop in and look over our stock of books, etc.

A. H. DUNCAN, Winchester



The BONDAGE of DEBT . . .

SOME people are always short of money—always borrowing—always in debt.

Although the debtors' gaol has vanished, those in debt are not free. They control neither their time nor their careers. Others control them.

Freedom from debt comes with a growing savings account.

S603

The Royal Bank of Canada

Winchester branch - - H. L. Lee, Manager
Branches at Metcalfe and Crysler 309

AUTOMOBILE PAINTING REPAIRING

Now is the time to have this work done, before the rush of Spring commences.

Your job will get the best care and attention and will be ready for first driving in the Spring.

We have the latest Spraying System, a First-Class Paint Shop and can assure you satisfactory work.

Bring in your job to the Old Reliable Stand where you always get a fair deal.

Batteries Stored for the Winter.

BAILEY'S GARAGE

Winchester, Ontario.

Y. P. S. Skating Party.

A very pleasant and enjoyable skating party was held on Tuesday evening by the Young People of the United Church. At 7.30 they met in the Sunday School Rooms where a brief devotional service was held. After a couple of hours skating at the rink, a social hour was spent at the Parsonage.

Farm For Sale

That splendid farm known as the WILLIAM WEBB Farm, about 1½ miles West of Winchester Springs, consisting of 100 acres, more or less, and being the East Half of Lot 35 in the 8th Concession of the Township of Williamsburg, is offered for immediate sale. On the above farm is a Seven Room Frame House, one Machine Shed, one Hog Pen, two Frame Barns with Silo in barn and stabling for 20 cows and 5 horses; also a small orchard and two good wells. All the land is under cultivation and the fall plowing is done. Immediate possession can be given. Offers in writing will be received by the Executors, Dr. P. McLaughlin, Winchester, and Mr. Michael Casselman, Winchester Springs, up to noon of the 25th day of February, 1928. For further particulars apply to said Executors or to
W. J. CASS.
Solicitor for the Executors.
Dated February 1, 1928. 40-3c

Card of Thanks

Emerson Lough and sisters desire to thank their friends and neighbors for their many act of kindness dnring our recent sad bereavement, also floral offerings, especially the Women's Missionary Society of the Winchester United Church.

Card of Thanks

I wish to express my deep appreciation of the sympathy and kindness extended to me by the Citizens of Winchester during my deep bereavement. Their kind thoughtfulness was balm to my stricken heart.
Very sincerely yours,
Leona M. Ker.

For Sale

1 reg. Jersey Bull, 3 years old, T. B. tested. Price $100.00 Apply to
W. R. Tupper,
40p Williamsburg, Ont.

Notice to Creditors

In the Estate of WILLIAM WEBB, late of the Township of Williamsburg, Farmer, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 52 of the Trustees Act, 1926, Ontario Statutes, Chapter 40, that all creditors or others having claims or demands against the Estate of the said WILLIAM WEBB, who died on or about the 22nd day of November, A. D., 1927, at the Township of Williamsburg, are required on or before the 25th day of February, A. D., 1928, to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned, the Executors of the last Will and Testament of deceased, their christian name, surname, their address, the full particulars of their claim and a statement of their account, if any, held by them duly proven by Statutory Declaration.

AND take notice that after such date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims which they shall then have notice, and that the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons whose claim notice shall have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Winchester, Ont., this 25th day of January, A. D., 1928
W. J. CASS,
Solicitor for Executors.

P. McLaughlin, Winchester, Ont., and Michael Casselman, Winchester, Springs, Executors.

The United Church

(Contributed)

Last Sunday's services were well attended despite the very frosty weather. Rev. J. A. Waddell delivered two earnest messages, choosing for his morning text Phil. 3 verses 14 to 16, where Paul was urging the Philippians not to rest in a self-satisfied mood but to remember that what they had done was trifling to what was yet to be done, and view that only as a starting point. This is a strong principle of life for there must be growth. The temptation comes to us to rest on our past achievements but there is a real challenge to accomplish something worth while. There should be development in our Christian experience instead of resting it on what took place years ago. The pastor urged his hearers to centre their vision not on what they have done but on what they may do, and spend more time in secret with Jesus alone. "O Lord we worship Thee" was splendidly given by the choir in the morning, and an anthem of praise in the evening. Mrs. P. Durant sang, Plains of Peace, with pleasing effect at the evening service. I Samuel 13:13 was the evening text from which the pastor spoke on one of the most singular and most contradictory characters of the Old Testament. Everything was favorable at the outset of Saul's reign for the writing of a great history but disappointment came, Saul failed to meet the high test so disaster came to the national life. This story of Saul's life is the story of many a young man's life, who loses the mastery of himself, and thus loses the golden opportunity to make a name for himself and his country. Saul fell a prey to the spirit of selfish ambition and envy. His ideals began to be dim. He lost the vision of the best things of life, and fell into a very questioning spirit. His usefulness was ruined by a jealous feeling toward David. We were urged to not harbour the spirit of envy in any way, and to keep constantly before our minds the teachings of Jesus,

Next Sunday morning the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered.

Farewell for Miss Leila Johnston

A charmingly arranged farewell party was given on Wednesday evening last by friends and relatives of the surrounding districts at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J R. Johnston in honor of their eldest daughter Leila, one of this month's brides.

To the strains of the bridal chorus Leila was escorted to the sitting room where it was crowded to overflowing with friends. Miss Ella Jackson read the address and at the proper moment a buffet of golden oak was presented.

At the conclusion of the address Leila made a short reply thanking her kind friends for their lovely gifts and extended to each and everyone a hearty invitation to her new home.

A delicious lunch was served and the rest of the evening was spent in games and dancing, after which everyone made their departure leaving their best wishes for the new bride-to-be. Following is the address.

Dear Leila:—

Upon learning of the important event which is soon to take place, we feel we cannot let you depart without some recognition on our part.

It is with profound regret that we now realize the affectionate ties which united us together, are about to be severed. But we have this consolation that although we are losing you from our community, your future home will be near and we trust you will win as many friends there as you are leaving behind you at Cass Bridge.

As a small token of our respect and esteem we ask you to accept this gift and may it often recall fond memories to you of your many friends and associates of this vicinity.

Signed on behalf of friends and neighbors.

Breeding and Feeding Counts

Arthur Christie recently sent 4 crates fattened Barred Rock chickens to a commission merchant in Montreal, dressed. They averaged seven pounds each and brought 35c per pound or a total of $9.80. The eggs were purchased from Mrs. Johnston, who lives north of the village.

Winchester Springs

Mrs. John Munroe, Nurse Munroe, Mrs. A. Loucks and Mrs. M. McIntosh, spent Friday in Ottawa, Mrs. Munroe remaining for treatments.

Mr. Ford Carscadden returned home after spending a few days among friends at Morewood.

Mr. Oliver Holmes from Montreal is spending a few days at his home here.

Mr. Elburn McIntosh and Mr Joseph Davidson took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Casselman and attended the hockey match at Finch on Monday night.

We are pleased to see Mrs. Walter McIntosh able to be out again.

Mr. T. Durant is spending a few days with Mr. Orren Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. McIntosh spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Casselman.

Toy's Hill

Mr. Oliver Smith of Dundela, spent last week with his sister Mrs. D. Coons.

Miss Lauretta Haggerty was the week end guest of her aunt Mrs. H. Fader of South Mountain.

Mrs. Jas. Johnson is on the sick list at present.

Mrs. Jas. Casselman and daughter Gladys, spent Sunday with Mrs. M. Casselman of Hulbert.

Mr. Bishop Coons of Winchester, spent a few days with his brother Mr. S. Coons

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kirkwood and family spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Angus coons of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Zern Harper took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jackson of Hulbert on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs Elzie Johnson and Mr. Mrs. Eck Johnson attended the funeral on Saturday of the late Mrs. S. Toye of Cardinal.

Cloverdale

Mr. Donald Dalgleish of Brockville, has returned home after spending some time with friends here.

Mr, and Mrs. John Baker spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Stobo.

Mr. Kenneth Cinnamon spent a few days last week with friends in Brockville.

Quite a number from here attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Lough Saturday.

Miss Lila Hughes spent Saturday at her home here.

Mrs. Arnold Docksteader and Miss Edith spent one day last week in the city.

Mr Henry Barrigar has returned home after spending a few days at the home of Mr and Mrs. Ira Docksteader.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Docksteader and Pearl, spent Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Docksteader.

We are sorry to report Nelson Docksteader a former resident of this place now of Winchester seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Lamoureux spent Sundad at the home of Mr. and Mrs Elgin Brisbois of Harmony.

Miss Ada Lamoureux is at present spending some time with friends in Melvin Settlement.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos Stobo and Messers Eldon and Harold spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stoodley.

"KEYES"

The Store of High Quality But Not of High Prices.

"The wind is with us," said Col. Chas. Lindberg on the morning of his historic flight, "Let's Go." Read our advt. carefully. These facts indicate beyond any dispute just how the wind is blowing. Why not take Lindberg's advise and go with the wind. We are in a better position to serve you than ever before. Ring 16 for your next grocery order.

Our Groceries Do Not Lie On Our Shelves For Months. They Are Fresh.

Grocery Dept.

We Sell For Less and Give Service.
We could sell for Still Less if we did not give service.
"THRIFTY PEOPLE SHOP HERE"

For Quick Service and Quality Goods Lowest Prices
Phone 16

Large Tin Sliced Pineapple 15c

10 lb. Pail Corn Syrup For 65c

2 Tins Campbell's Tomato Soup 25c

TOMATOES OR PEAS 2 for 25c

4 Pkgs. Sherriff's Jelly Powders 25c

6 Lbs. Choice Red Onions 25c

1 Lb. Fresh Bulk Cocoa 18c

Salted Sodas 5c pkg.

Toilet Soap 6 bars 15c

SPECIAL 10 BARS P & G SOAP 39c For 1 Week Only

Choice Prunes 3 lbs. 25c

Sunkist Oranges 65c doz.

Fresh Sabadilla ..... 60c lb.
Jersey Cream Sodas ..... 20c lb.
Smith Orange Marmalade 25c lb.
Choice Sardines ..... 4 for 25c
Swan Peanut Butter, lb. pail 30c
Large Tin Sauerkraut 18c

Choice Pumpkin, large tin 18c
28 oz. Tin of Prunes 25c
Fresh Mixed Nuts ..... 25c lb.
Large White Beans 3 lbs. 25c
Mild Canadian Cheese 25c
Special Attention To Rush Orders

Featured Today—Good Assortment of Fine
SOCKS
Every individual taste can be easily satisfied—the price will interest you
85c pair

Women's Full Fashioned Stockings
"Lovely" is the word to describe the quality. They're full fashioned with 27 in. leg of Pure Wool and a little Silk. The heels and toes are reinforced. Shades are the newest. The price, per pair
$1.00

BLANKETS
Flannelette Blankets, large 12-4 size, in white and grey with pink or blue borders.
$2.50 pr.

Military Blankets
Large Size in Brown, very serviceable and warm. Price per pair
$3.00

Combinations For Men.
Cold Weather is here. Combinations of Natural Wool, double breasted, per suit
$3.00
Fleece Lined $2.00
Fine Wool Mercury Brand $4.00

RUBBERS
For the Whole Family
Men's Women's Boys'
Misses Children's Youths'

Heavy Linen Table Cloths
Size 66 x 66, all Pure Linen
Made in Ireland.
$3.90 each

YARNS
Knitting Yarns in all colors, one and two ply, manufactured at Merrickville Mills
$1.00 lb.
Fingering Yarn—Bluebird, 4 ply. This is the first we have had this yarn in stock. In all the new plain shades. Price
20c bunch

MITTS
Men's horse hide, good lining $1.00 pair. Boys' 75c
Pullovers, horse hide, welted throughout, shirred wrists, bound tops, at $1 00 Woolen Mitts

NOTIONS
Mending Floss, assortment of ten spools of popular colors for mending Silk Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear, per box 10c
Hair Barettes, various colors 15c
Safety Pins, assorted sizes 5c paper
Straight Pins, 5c paper
Elastics, white & black ¼ to ½ in. wide
Shoe Laces in black and brown, 5c pr.
Fancy Work Thread. "Clark" 5c skein,
Mending Wool on Cards 5c
Hair Combs 15, 20 and 25c

MEAT MARKET
In our Meat Department we have the following:—Sirloin Steaks, Rib Roast Beef, Pork Chops, Leg of Pork, Round Steaks, Breakfast Bacons, Fresh Herrings, Fancy Bright Salmon, Haddock, Pike, Hallibut, Smoked Filletts, Smoked Haddies, Cod Fish
Phone for Food its the proper way.

T. O. KEYES

Store Phone 16, Winchester, Meat Market 85