London is Shown Campbell's New Bluebird

London, Jan. 9th.—Sir Malcolm Campbell to-day proudly displayed his rebuilt racing car, Bluebird II., in which he will attempt to set a new world's speed record for the mile at Daytona Beach, Fla., late in February.

The car, radically altered from the machine in which he set the present record of 253.96 miles an hour on the Florida racing strip last year, is being put through its final tests at Sir Malcolm's home at Povey Cross, near Horley, and was publicly displayed to-day for the first time.

Although Lady Campbell hinted that her husband had set 300 miles as his goal, Sir Malcolm declined to commit himself to any standard or say what he expected of the rebuilt car.

"All I can say," he explained, "is that I have 1,400 more horsepower than in 1932 and that I hope to increase the world record considerably."

In place of the Napier-Lion motor of 1,200 horsepower which formerly propelled the Bluebird, Sir Malcolm has installed a 12-cylinder Rolls-Royce motor, of the same design as that used in the record-holding Schneider Cup seaplanes, and which is expected to develop in excess of 2,500 horsepower.

The chassis of Bluebird has been lengthened and the car even more streamlined. The racing thunderbolt is 27 feet in length and weighs four and one-half tons with its lead ballast which is so distributed as to keep the engine from spinning the wheels when under full headway. The tires are a special make of 12-ply canvas with only a smooth, thin coating of rubber.

A FARMER'S GRIEVANCES

OTTAWA JOURNAL.—A farmer of Stirling, Ontario, writes The Journal a letter full of bitter comment on the unfortunate plight of agriculture. "In January, 1931," he writes, "I sold 18 hogs and received $473. In January, 1932 I sold the same number of hogs about the same weight, and they brought be $174. . . . Cheese that we should be getting twelve and fifteen cents for sold for eight. . . . My father bought a binder for $60 Today we pay $260."

This correspondent says his farm represents an investment of $17,500, fully equipped, and that his total income from cheese and pork in the past year was "a lot less" than $1,000. "How," he asks, "can a farmer carry on with an income of that amount, pay the hired man, clothe and feed a family of five, to say nothing of cost of farm up-keep?" He has had in addition, of course, shelter for his family, presumably the greater part of the food for his table, from the farm, and while the return on his investment is deplorably low yet there are many units in Canadian industry in a much worse position. There are mercantile establishments operating without even the smallest profit, there are closed factories where heavy investments are threatened with total loss, there are numerous Canadians whose business investments are greater than the original outlay of this Stirling farmer and who would derive considerable satisfaction from a return which would provide even food and housing.

"Just how much longer," he asks, "we farmers are going to bear the burden of governmental expenditures is a question." As burden-bearers the farmers hold no exclusive privileges, and we have no doubt manufacturers, artisans, merchants, professional men, all are just as honestly convinced that they are carrying the major burden of the depression. The farmer suffers from the fall in commodity prices, but he will be the first to benefit from an improved trend and—a fortunate circumstance—at the worst he is pretty sure of good eats, a warm bed, and healthy surroundings. There are few farmers on relief lists. The man with a closed factory or a dying retail business where all his capital is tied up can think of compensations in the farmer's lot.

The truth of the matter is that no class of Canadians holds a monopoly in an economic misfortune which is world-wide. The farmer suffers, but so does the doctor, the plumber, the manufacturer, the labourers skilled and unskilled, and all the other elements of the population. To seek to measure the precise degree of suffering in each case is as difficult as it is unprofitable. We are all victims of the same conditions, all of us are helping to carry the burdens of the times, and we have to take the same road out of trouble.

Our correspondent seems to think The Journal is not suffering at all. Holy snakes, hasn't he another think coming?

UNCLE TOM SAYS

By THOS. G. McKENNA.

"I knew a man once who set out to become a great Canadian speculator. He finally had to give it up; the market went against his grain.

"Don't be a poser! Know that you know a thing but be satisfied with having known it without telling the whole world about it.

"Criticism is the art of telling how things should be done by people who cannot do them themselves.

"I see in the papers that a widow with nine children out in Nebraska has married a widower with seven children.—That was no marriage. It was a merger.

"There is nothing in politeness but the wind, neither is there anything in pneumatic tires, but it eases the jolts along life's highways.

"Every married man thinks he would have been rich if he had remained single.

"And every married woman, regardless of how well-off she is at the moment thinks she could have done better by marrying someone else.

"Which helps the divorce lawyers and judges keep off the unemployed list.

"P. S.—Don't miss the Bridge Rules by T. Vincent Henry which will appear in the coming issues.

"Have you made the Ure Line and My Line colum yet? Try it!

(Copyrighted 1933 by News Features)

Wife: "Guess what I've got for you, darling. Something you really need—the most scrumptuous little bill-file."

Gasworks Doctor (medically examining applicant for job): "Humph! 'Fraid you won't do. Your teeth are too bad."

Amazed Applicant: "Teeth too bad! Well, what's it matter? I'm going to shovel coke—not chew it!"

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture

Three Ways to Lower Costs.

There are three principal methods of reducing the cost of producing crops. These methods include the economical production of heavier yields per acre, the use of larger machinery and more labour-saving equipment. and the operation of a larger area of land under cultivation. In addition to this ,information derived from cost of production studies makes possible the substitution of more profitable for less profitable crops.

Swine Improvement Programme.

Simcoe County Live Stock Improvement Association has launched a Swine Improvement programme for the New Year, a step which is in line with the policy of bacon hog development so strongly advocated by provincial and federal agricultural authorities with a view to capturing a share of the British bacon market made available by the Imperial Conference agreements. The immediate proposal is that the farmers dispose of their cull sows and replace them with sows approved by the Department. The announcement has been made in this connection that the provincial and federal goverments will share the burden of a $2 bonus to the farmer for each sow exchanged. This should aid substantially in inducing farmers to participate in the programme.

Winter Care of Live Stock.

With the coming of winter, farmers should make sure that the barns in whihch their stock is to pass the cold months are clean and free from possible infectious diseases or parasites. Most progressive stockmen whitewash their stables at least once a year, but frequent dustings with an old broom are needed to keep the cobwebs and dust down. Before the cattle leave the pastures for the season, it is good practice to inspect the whole herd for possible skin diseases or parasites. Such diseases as ring-worm, scab or mange, lice or warbles, are dangerous and each needs special treatment. Ringworm is doubly dangerous because humans may contract it through handling or from curry-combs and brushes. Tincture of iodine applied daily following washing with soap and water will cure ringworm, but scabies or mange need to be dipped in or sprayed with special solutions such as crude petroleum or equal parts of kerosene and cotton-seed oil, which mixture is also recommended for lice. No animal can give its best milk production or put on flesh when feeding such parasites.

Ontario at Grain Show.

At least 500 entries in the competitive classes will represent the individual farmers of Ontario when the World's Grain Show opens at Regina in 1933, according to J. A. Carroll of the Ontario Marketing Board. He states that Ontario exhibitors for the last three years have been growing carefully selected seeds for the production of suitable samples for this show. Ontario will also be represented in the junior grain and seed judging competitions. The task of holding the elimination contests in each county and the final selection of the judging team is in the hands of R. S. Duncan, director of agricultural representatives.

Clean Up the Hen House.

Every hen house should be cleaned before putting in the pullet crop. A good thorough cleaning consists of removing the litter and all poultry house fitxures, such as mash hoppers, drinking fountains and the like, then flushing the walls ceilings, dropping boards and floor, scraping loose any dirt that may have a tendency to stick. After the house has been thoroughly cleaned it is ready for a coat of whitewash. This will improve the appearance of your hen house, make it much lighter for the birds and at the same time help to kill parasites and disease germs. A common practice is to add a pint of disinfectant to a gallon of whitewash. Clean, comfortable quarters for the pullets go a long way toward increased production during the winter months.

Market for Barley in Bacon and Beef.

There is practically no limit to the production of barley in Canada and recent tests show that it produces better bacon and beef than other grains. It is proving fully the equal of corn when fed with suitable supplements in the form of home-grown leguminous roughages. Barley can be used in almost any proportion of the grain ration up to one hundred per cent. As a hog feed it develops an entirely satisfactory class of bacon, which is more than can be said for corn fed in equal proportions and as a feed for beef cattle barley is undoubtely one of the best of our Canadian grown coarse grains. The increased use of barley and other coarse grains at their present low levels will make for much better quality in the beef being marketed and this in turn will help create a demand for more beef.

Reforest Waste Land.

Rough land that is too hilly or rocky to be easily cultivated and also sandy can be used effectively only in the production of timber.

Early settlers cleared the woods regardless of the value of the land underneath, and much of this should be returned to forest, rather than be permitted to wash or to produce scanty crops. The very small investment that is necessary for seedlings, together with the plentiful supply of labour now available, makes this an ideal time for putting these abandoned hillsides on a productive basis.

Alfalfa for Poultry.

Alfalfa in the green state has long been recognied as an ideal poultry feed when used in conjunction with the usual grains and mashes. It is used extensively as range or as cut green feed for birds in confinement during the spring, summer and fall months in most alfalfa-growing areas, but the value of the hay as a winter feed is not so generally known. So much of the year's success depends on the number and quality of chicks hatched each spring, that it is important to do all possible to increase the fertility and hatchability of the eggs and the livability of the chicks. Experiments have shown that 20 per cent better fertility and 6.4 per cent better hatchability of fertile eggs can be obtained from birds where alfalfa hay instead of straw is used as litter in the breeding pens. The alfalfa should be used as litter during the winter months preceding the breeding season and the same treatment given to males and females.

Ontario Farmers Are Advised To See Own Stock Sold

"In the marketing of love stock, whether by truck or rail, I am of the opinon that the farmer should see his own stock sold, wherever it is possible to do so," said Garnet Duncan, live stock specialist, Ontario Marketing Board.

"The experience he would gain by this contact," continued Mr. Duncan, "might bring him to realize that spasmodic rushes of stock to market definitely depress prices, and only by personal supervision can he expect full returns from any transaction.

"Too many are satisfied to spend months of effort finishing an animal only to pass it over to some one else to sell how and when he likes. I cannot conceive of success for any business conducted along this line. To-day economic conditions demand that a producer receive every cent possible from the sale of his live stock.

"To those wishing to buy there are also distinct advantages in visiting the market frequently. The farmer would be able to choose the type he desires and estimate the time required to finish. In buying stock to feed, finishing date should be kept in mind with the object of avoiding usually glutted markets."

Stenog (a husband hunter): "When you're blue and lonesome, don't you often wish you had a loving wife?"

Boss (a confirmed bachelor): "Why, of course not, girlie. Then I wouldn't be able to step out with you."

Tourist: "Is the castle open for visitors?"

"Attendant: "Yes, sir. I shall be glad to show you about, sir."

Tourist: "Never mind. I used to be king here."

Last of Broker Prisoners Released from Penitentiary

Harold Mowat and Duncan McGillivary ,whose mining brokerage business was one of the biggest in the province before the stock market collapse in 1929, have been released from Portsmouth Penitentiary on ticket-of-leave.

Mowat and McGillivary, who traded under this name with headquarters in Ottawa, were serving sentences of five years each. They received three-year terms in 1930, and last summer were taken to Hull from Kingston and sentenced to an additional two years by the Quebec courts.

At Portsmouth both Mowat and McGillivary were kept in the preferred class prison at Collins Bay. McGillivary told friends in Ottawa that he had gained 20 pounds in prison.

McGillivary was released on Christmas Eve. Mowat was slated for freedom on the same day but was stricken by illness and had to remain in the prison hospital

Acknowledgement of Sympathy Cards

We carry a supply of these cards, nicely printed and with envelopes to match, at all times.

PRICE, ENVELOPES INCLUDED - 50c PER DOZEN

Mail Orders Filled on receipt of Cash to cover requirements

THE RECORD OFFICE

CHESTERVILLE - ONT.



"That's great, Bill—we'll sure be there"

"I'd give an eye-tooth to go into the city and see that hockey game tomorrow night," Fred said, "but we'd never get seats."

"Why not get Bill on Long Distance?" Hilda suggested. "Perhaps he could get you a seat today."

"By George, I'll try it," Fred agreed. Two minutes later he had Bill on the line. Bill not only could but would and, what's more, he had a seat for Hilda too.

"I did enjoy that game," Hilda said afterwards. "I'm certainly obliged to Bill—and glad we have a telephone."

For 30 cents you can telephone about **100 miles** by making an "anyone" call (station-to-station) after 8.30 p.m. See list of rates in front of directory.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA — LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Long Distance is surprisingly inexpensive

Your Opportunity

During January

Every person purchasing a made-to measure suit from our store will be entitled to an

Exrta Pair of Trousers Free

This offer applies
Semi-Ready, Montreal, and W. R. Johnston's, Toronto suiting samples.

"WE SELL THE BETTER GRADE TO BUILD THE BETTER TRADE"

Phone 62

H. J. McMAHON

Chesterville, Ont.

Knots As Clues to Crimes

Mysterious crimes are full of knots fo rinvestigators seeking their solutions, and it is knots, but of a different kind, that often aid in clearing up these mysteries, especially if there is a "string" to them.

Criminologists have found that knots in rope, cord or string connected with a crime furnish such valuable clues to the identity of criminals that such evidence is now as carefully preserved as fingerprints. Persons in such occupations as textile workers, sailors and bundle-wrappers, as well as those in other vocations, from force of habit, tie knots of a particular kind. Not only can an expert tell an occupational knot, but he can also tell something of the person who tied it. He knows if the knot is right or left-handed, and he studies it for additional kinks or twists often put in by force of habit by the person making the knot. In such instances, a detective may build a conclusive case against a suspect by merely asking him to tie a knot in a piece of twine.

Cattlemen and those accustomed to horses, for example, often use the Texas bowline; lumbermen and truckmen the timber hitch; physicians the surgeon's knot; farmers the Tom Fool's knot, and seamen use several distinctive kinds of knots. The textile worker ties a still different kind of knot which is called the weaver's knot.

The various kinds of knots have been carefully tabulated and are now used by crime investigators to compare the speciments with clues, such as bundle-wrappings or knots used to bind victims.

APPRECIATION

The Women's Missionary Society of St. Andrew's Church wishes to show their appreciation for the publishing of all items in connection with their society by publicly thanking Mr. Lacey for his kindness in giving space in his paper for their publication ,and wishing him a prosperous New Year.

MRS. M. SHAVER, Sec'y.

Seventh Ave., East, Osnabruck

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Eligh visited with Mr. and Mrs. Warner Campbell and family on Wednesday.

Mr. William Dingwall and family, of Wales, called at the home of Wm. Ostler recently.

Mrs. Agnes Brown and Mr. Percy Rutley called at the home of William Zummach on Wednesday.

Miss Luella Rutley spent Tuesday with her grandmother, Mrs. A. Brown.

Miss Clara Rutley spent Thursday at the home of Warner Campbell.

Miss Vera Ostler spent a few days with Miss Lottie Ostler at Sandtown.

Mrs. John Brownell and Miss Olive Bowman spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Asa Hawn and family at Newington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bowman spent New Year's Day at the home of Geo. Summers and family.

Mr. Asa Hawn spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Campbell and family.

Mr. Irwin Summers, of Cornwall, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Summers and family.

Misses Vera and Avis Ostler visited with Miss Marion Moak recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell and Jean spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brownell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Shaver and family were recent callers on Mr. and Mrs. Corrie Eligh and family.

Miss Viola Wattie spent Thursday with Miss Olive Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Summers and family visited with Mr. and Mrs. H. Beckstead and family on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell and daughter Jean spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Eligh.

Mr. and Mrs. Mac. McRae, Gravel Hill, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Rutley.

Sorry to write that Mr. Sim Baker is very ill. All hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell and Jean, and Mr. William Ostler spent Saturday in Cornwall.

Fire Insurance

Insuring Mercantile, Manufacturing
Residential and Farm Property

One year instead of Three Years

Farmers insuring in our companies have now the option of insuring for one year instead of three years, owing to low prices of farm produce, and consequent scarcity of money. This may be to your advantage until conditions improve.

—No Fees
—No Extra Levy
—Positive Security

James Clement Phone 67-r-2-3 Chesterville

Williamsburg Township Appoints 1933 Officials

The first meeting of the council of Williamsburg township for 1933 was held in Froats Hall, Williamsburg, on Monday, all the members being present and after taking the oath of office proceeded to business. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. A resolution was passed asking the Minister of Education to reduce the Township Grant to Public Schools from $600 to $400.

A petition was passed asking the Ontario Government for the subsidy on township roads and expenditure.

The following officers were appointed:

M. S. Beckstead, Clerk-Treasurer, salary $350.00.

A. M. Casselman, auditor, salary $15.00.

B. Roy Casselman, auditor, salary $15.00.

G. F. Barkley, weed and sanitary inspector, $3.00 per day when necessarily employed, also school attendance officer without salary.

G. W. Colquhoun, member of local board of health.

Municipal World, dog tags, assessor's supplies $65.34; Leader Pub. Co., advt. and printing $48.45; Committee, preparing financial statement $12.00; M. S .Beckstead, nomination expenses $15.00, registereing births, marriages and deaths $20.50; Willis Mattice, refund Saddlemire drain $14.82; Lawrence Moles, sheep killed by dogs $6.00; Hugh McIntosh, sheep valuator's fees $2.00; C. S. Colquhoun, house rent Marcella Casselman $8.00; Geo. Hill, salary as collector for 1929 $25.00.

Applications for assessor for 1933 will be received by the clerk up to February 4th upon which date an assessor will be appointed.

The council adjouned to meet again in Froats Hall on Saturday, February 4th at one o'clock p.m.

Church Road

(Too late for last week.)

Died—On December 25th, Mrs. Mary Crowder, in her 84th year. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of her son, Mr. Archie Crowder. Rev. Mr. Cronmiller of Williamsburg, conducted the service. The remains were laid to rest in Fairview cemetery.

Mrs. Martha Watson, East Williamsburg, and Mrs. John Burton, of Nudle Bush, were guests of Mrs. Ben Bowman on Wednesday.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Crowder were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bowman and Miss Ruth Dillen, of Richville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Larmour, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Larmour, and Mr. and Mrs. George Barkley, of Winchester.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. and Mrs. John Millward, also Mrs. P. D. Schell.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Casselman, of Williamsburg, spent Christmas with Mrs. Bowman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Tupper and children, of Massena, N. Y., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Tupper.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Reed and Mr. Alex. Millward, of Morrisburg, and Mrs. Nelson Pruner, of Nudle Bush, spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. John Millward.

Mr. John Heveran and Mr. John Bowman and family of Limerick, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Styles on Friday.

Mr. Albert Flagg, of Matilda, was a business caller through here last week.

Mrs. Stanley Forward, of Williamsburg, spent a few days recently with her mother, Mrs. P. D. Schell.

Mr. and Mrs. Milfred Swerdfeger and children spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Casselman at Riverside.

"I want a box of powder for my sister," said the small boy to the chemist.

"Certainly," said the chemist facetiously, "the kind that goes off with a bang?"

"No," replied the bright youth, "the kind that goes on with a puff."

She: "We've been waiting a long time for my mother."

He: "Hours, I should say."

She (rapturously) :"Oh, George."

Many women are thinking of going south just now, while their husbands' bank balances go west.

Woman (in subway): "I wish that good-looking young man would get up and give me his seat."

Six men got up.

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish,
So large, that even I,
When talking of it afterwards
May have no need to lie.

FULTON BROS.

The Store of Quality
But not of High Price

CLOTHES WRINGERS
JUBILEE
An exceptionally high grade Wringer
SPECIAL—— 4.95

Shaving Brushes
Regular .25 and .50.
FOR .15 Each

RAZORS
Reg. .50 and 1.00 Each.
15c
With One Blade.

Fancy China Cups & Saucers
Will stand everyday use.
To Clear 10c Each.
—OR—
1 Dozen Cups and Saucers
1.15

Odd Plates Sugars, Creams Bowls Etc
TO CLEAR AT 10c EACH.

DINNERWARE
1 97-PIECE SET
(Short 10 Cups.)
TO CLEAR at. $12.00
1 97-PIECE SET
(Short 6 cups, 12 Fruits)
TO CLEAR at... $12.00

TODDY
SMALL..... .35
LARGE..... .55
We give a JIG-SAW PUZZLE Free
—75 Pieces—

Black Tea Green Tea
TRY OUR .35 Quality.
3 lbs. For..... .98

HAND PICKED
WHITE BEANS
7 lb. For..... .19

Popping Corn
4 Pounds .25

Do Not Neglect That Cold
Try:—
Robert's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.
Pleasant to take.
8-oz. Bottle..... .35
And Use For Rubbing:—
VICK'S VAPORUB
45
MUSTEROLE
.35
MUSTARCREME
.30
Camphorated Oil .10, .25
COD LIVER OIL
SQUIBBS
.50 — .95
NORWEGIAN
.35 — .50
CASTORIA ..... .35
MINARD'S Liniment .25
Burdock Blood Bitters $1.
Eno's Fruit Salt 1.00
JAD SALTS ..... .75
KRUSCHEN SALTS .70
Phillip's Milk Magnesia.50
And a full line of all other Patent Medicines.

Asprotabs-:5 grains
Per tin—1 dozen tablets:
15c
Generally sold at 25c a tin.

Sabadilla
1-lb. Sealed Box.
.40 Pound.

Alko-Propyl
FOR RUBBING
Contains Iso-Propyl, Alcohol.
Per Bottle .35

MOUTH WASH
and GARGLE with
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
.25, .50, .90

Lavoris
.25, .45, .90

Listerine
.25, .50, 1.00

Antiphlogistine
.35, .60, .85, 1.50

All Horsehide Mitts 50c
Per Pair .....

FULTON BROS.
PHONE 36 r 2 CHESTERVILLE PHONE 36 r 2

The Bargain Table

USE THIS COLUMN AND PROFIT

MANY BUYERS

W. J .Docksteader, of Ormond, who offered cows for sale in The Record, writes saying: "My say I had splendid results from ad. Had lots of buyers on Saturday and Monday following appearance of ad.' Make Record ads your travelling salesmen.

FOR SALE

Your choice of 4 cows from a herd of 16 Holstein cows and heifers. Have 3 clean tuberculin tests and guaranteed free from contagious abortion.—W. J. Docksteader, Ormond. 11

COWS FOR SALE

Will arrive on Thursday, January 12th, 12 fine young Cows; 3 fresh milkers, some springers. May be seen at Mrs. J. Murphy's barn. Will be offered for sale privately until Saturday, January 14th, when balanre will be sold by Public Auction on Saturday, Jan. 14th, at 2 p.m. This is the last load of cows that be will brought in by us.—W. O. DIXON, Prop. 11

FOR SALE

About 10 tons of hay and a quantity of green oats. —Telephone 14, Crysler. 11-1

FOR SALE

A number of pure bred Holstein Milch Cows and 2 registered Bulls, accredited.—Apply Kenneth Baker, Winchester. 13

FOR SALE

10 head of Pure Bred Holstein Cows from 2 to 8 years old, or 10 head of Pure Bred Heifers 1 to 2 years old. My herd has been fully accredited for 11 years.—Apply Durham Wells, 'phone 613-r-31, Williamsburg. 14-3

HOW ABOUT A CHANGE-OVER?

Do you kno wthat your old type battery set can be changed over to take the new type of screen grid tube? Gives you far better performance for much less than you could get the cheapest new-type battery set.—Elvin LaSalle, Chesterville. 11

AUCTION SALE

—of—

29 HEAD CATTLE, HORSES, PIGS, FEED, ETC.

The undersigned, having rented his farm, will offer for sale by Public Auction on the premises:

East Half Lot 29, Con. 2, Osnabruck

2½ Miles North of Aultsville

—on—

THURSDAY, JANUARY, 19th, 1933

Beginning at One p.m. Sharp:

17 Milch Cows, 4 2-year-old Heifers, 2 Yearlings, 6 Spring Calves, Grey Percheron Horse 6 years old, Brown Percheron Mare 4 years old, Black Driving Horse, 12 Shoats about 100 lbs., Bluebell Cream Separator, Lumber Wagon, 5 Sleigh Poles, 5 8-gal. Cans, set Double Work Harness, Quantities Hay and Oats.

TERMS : All sums of $10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 18 months' credit by furnished approved joint notes, or 4 per cent per annum off for cash.

W. J. DAFOE, Proprietor.

Ross Beckstead, Auctioneer. 12

WILL REMOVE LING.

Members of the Smiths Falls Fish and Game Protective Association are making preparations for their annual assault on the ling (fresh water codfish) which inhabit Rideau and Otter Lakes, furnishing the fish free to those on the relief list and the unemployed. Last year the association distributed 6,934 pounds of ling for table use and this winter it hopes to increase the amount. The netting will commence in a few days time when the fish begin to run.

MORRIS' Transport

GOOD MIXED WOOD

Mostly Soft Maple

$3.00 per cord delivered

2—Trucks—2

PHONE 76J

S. MORRIS - CHESTERVILLE

Date of Tax Payment Set Forward by Township

The first meeting of Winchester Township Council for 1933 was held in the McCloskey House, Chesterville, on Monday. Members present: Reeve H. H. Nesbitt, Deputy Reeve W. J. McConnell, Councillors, Geo. W. Brooks, Geo. A. Ouderkirk and W. J. Stewart.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were adopted as read and signed by the Reeve.

The following officers for 1933 were duly appointed:

Clerk and Treasurer—J. Steen.

Assessor, S. O. Kendrick.

Auditors, A. G. Summers and Erle Helmer.

Collectors, Mr. Wales, Bank of Nova Scotia, Chesterville; Mr. Gray, Bank of Nova Scotia, Winchester.

Member Board of Health, J. A. Bogart.

Sheep Valuators, W. A. Bolton, McKenny Rodney, Wm. Hillis, Chas. Graham.

Inspector of Drains, Walter Coulthart.

Pound Keepers, Geo. Dixon, Geo. Durant, Sam Hummell, Edgar Summers, Geo. A. Merkley, Wm. Masterson, Seraphin Belisle, Felix Seguin, A. W. Reveler, Robt. Steen, David McLaughlin, Wm. Lawson, C. H. Smith, Dodd Mallory, H. Patterson, Chas. Graham, Wm. Biccum, Brad. Loughridge, W. J. Smith, Harvey Barkley, Geo. F. Johnston, Abe St. Pierre, John Whittaker, H. Johnston, Geo. Atchinson.

Fence Viewers — John Stewart, Mahlon Casselman, Lorne McIntosh, Walter Rae, J. E. Ouderkirk, E. J. Lanoue, David McLaughlin, Walter Loughridge, Henry Elliott, Robt. Morrow, Geo. C. Merkley, Walter Coulthart, W. M. Bolton, Morris Servage, Omer St. Pierre.

Indigent Officer, P. McLaughlin, M. D.

Weed Inspector, J. V. Fetterly.

Road Superintendent, R. S. McVey.

Medical Officer of Health, P. McLaughlin, M. D.

Truant Officers, Homer Patterson and C. H. Smith.

Council by resolution extended the time for payment of the 1932 taxes to February 1st, 1933, without adding the five per cent penalty, and that those who have already paid the five per cent penalty would be refunded same by the Treasurer on presentation of receipted tax bill and statement showing amount of penalty paid.

The Reeve and Clerk were authorized to sign the petition to the Government for the statutory grant on township road expenditures for 1932.

The time for the return of the Collector's Rolls was extended to February 1st, 1933.

All salaries and allowance in the Township for 1933 were cut ten per cent.

The following accounts were passed and paid:

Board of Health .....$	12.00
Roads and Bridges	8.00
Drainage	200.00
Printing	28.50
Miscellaneous	9.00
Total.....$	2087.79

Council adjourned to meet at Morewood on February 6th, at 10.30.

Elma

Many farmers here are having their herds tested. We wish all a clean test.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Burton, Greta and Leda, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pitts of Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dillabough, of Spruce Grove, spent Monday with Mrs. Sanford Herriman.

Mr. Ben. Barkley spent Sunday evening with Mr. Dan Burton.

Mr. Ewart Brownell, of Ottawa, was the Tuesday guest of Mr. A. N. Barkley's.

Mr. Bernice Lewis is visiting at Mr. Herman Lewis'.

We wish to welcome Mrs. Louise MacKenzie and family, of Toronto, to our community.

Mr. Bernice McIntosh and Harold were in Winchester on Tuesday.

Mr. Robert Revie, of Cornwall, made several calls here last week.

Mr. Howard Harper, of Chesterville, is visiting Mr. Asa Harper.

Mr. Stanley Harper and family, of Chesterville, visited at Mr. Asa Harper's on Sunday.

Morewood

Miss Margaret Coulthart was taken to a Kingston hospital on Thursday to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. A. B. Allison attended an executive meeting of the W. M. S. in Winchester on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex McConnell spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Walker, of Mountain.

The members of the Young Peoples Society of the United Church have accepted an invitation to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger on Friday evening, Jan. 13th.

Owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Smith, of the United Church, Mr. Powell, principal of the High School, took charge of the morning service. We hope to soon see Mr. Smith out again.

Mr. James Black, of Winchester, was calling on friends in town last week.

The regular meeting of the W.M.S. will be held at the home of Mrs. A. B. Allison on Thursday, January 19.

Mrs. Abner Dillabough spent Tuesday with friends in Winchester.

We are glad to say that the Sunshine Mission Band has reached its allocation this year, $55.00. Following are the officers for 1933: Leader, Mrs. Smith; President, Miss Lila Flegg; Vice President, Miss Doreen Campbell; Secretary, Miss Marjorie Loughridge; Treasurer, Miss Sybil Dillabough.

Straders Hill

Mrs. R. Hanson spent Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. W. Casselman at Williamsburg.

Mrs. E. Pitte, Miss O. Strader and Mrs. H. Hanson called on Mrs. Lloyd Cook on Tuesday.

Miss M. Robinson, of Elma, spent a few days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. Strader and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Strader and little son, Donald, motored to Wales on Wednesday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morgan.

Mrs. Henry Hanson spent Wednesday afternoon with friends in Morrisburg.

Miss Nina Casselman spent Sunday with her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Cook.

Miss Olive Cook, of Williamsburg, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Pearl Cook.

Mrs. Pearl Miller, of Morrisburg, and Mrs. Dora Wylie, of Toyes Hill, called on Mrs. Lloyd Cook on Sunday afternoon.

Riverside

Mr. and Mrs. Mills Foster visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Snetsinger, Newington, rely.

Mr. Ellory McMillan, of Avonmore, visited Mr. Milton Pollock over the week end.

Mrs. R. C. Bogart visited Mrs. Ingram Cross on Thursday of the past week at Chesterville.

Mrs. C. Foster and Mr. Mack Foster visited Mrs. Wm. Starke Monday.

Rev. A. Maxwell was a caller at Riverside during the past week.

Miss Isabel McMillan and Mr. John McMillan spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Mills Foster.

A number from here attended the regular meeting of the Women's Institute held in the Community Hall at Berwick on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Pollock and Milton and Mr. Findlay visited Mr. and Mrs. R. Starke recently.

Mr. I. G. Bogart visited his parental home over the week end.

A number from this section attended the hockey match at Finch Monday night.

The many friends of Mrs. Carman Smirle are sorry to hear of her illness and all hope for an early recovery.

May and Phyllis Shaver, who spent two weeks with their grandparents, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills Foster spent Friday in Cornwall.

"Ikey," said his friend who had come to break the news that his son had been badly cut up in a railway accident, "what are you doing down the cellar?"

"Hush," replied Ikey, "I'm putting together a little home brew."

"Quit at once," replied the friend. "Your job is now to try to put together a little He-brew."

Morewood United W. A. Met For Annual Session

The January meeting of the Women's Association of the Morewood United Church was held on Wednesday last at the personage with an attendance of 42 members and three visitors.

The roll call was responded to by suggestions for the coming year. A splendid financial report was given by the treasurer, over $600 being raised during the year.

Officers for the new year are:

President—Mrs. Ab. Dillabough,

Vice President—Mrs. Clarke Smith,

Secretary — Mrs. Russell Swerdfeger,

Treasurer—Mrs. Jas. Bogart,

Parsonage Committee—Mrs. Tom Reveler and Mrs. A. Swerdfeger;

Buying Committee—Mrs. C. Gordon, Mrs. H. Stein, Mrs. Ford Steinburg.

At the close of the business meeting dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. (Rev.) Smith, Mrs. B. Loughridge, Mrs. A. Carlyle, Mrs. Bilow and Mrs. H. Smirle.

"And do you claim that woman has the right to bear arms?" he demanded.

I will admit that he somewhat alarmed me. Nevertheless, I yielded the point grudgingly.

"At least," I said, "she has the right to wear elbow sleeves."

A little girl, aged seven, was asked to state the difference between pride and vanity.

After considerable thought, she replied: "Pride means, I don't think much of you; vanity means, What do you think of me?"

Stenog (a husband hunter): "When you're blue and lonesome, don't you often wish you had a loving wife?"

Boss (a confirmed bachelor): "Why, of course not, girlie. Then I wouldn't be able to step out with you."

Melvins

Mrs. McVey, of Winchester, visited her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Carlyle, recently.

Prayer meeting was held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. J. E. Lanoue.

Mr. John Stata spent the week end at his brother's, Mr. Charlie Stata's, of Gallingertown, and Miss Mabel Stata returned home with him, having spent the past week there.

Mr. Abraham St. Pierre made a business trip to Montreal last week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lamoureux spent an afternoon last week with Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Sheldrick, Maple Ridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Gainer spent a day recently with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Casselman of Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Christie, Grantley, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Christie.

We are glad to see Mr. Farren Beckstead out again after his recent fall.

Many in this Settlement were disturbed from a pleasant nap on Sunday afternoon when the earthquake shock was felt.

Mr. John Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Poole and Ralph were recent visitors of Mr. Richard Scott's.

Mr. and Mrs. Herson Gauthier spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Gauthier.

"Can't I change my name to-day, ma?" pleaded a bright boy.

"What in the world do you want to change your name for?" asked the puzzled mother.

"Cause pa said he will whip me when he gets home, as sure as my name's Robert."

"Any abnormal children in your class?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes," replied the harassed-looking schoolmarm, "two of them have good manner."

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G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

1933		JANUARY				1933
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	*2*	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	Advertising Pays			

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12th, 1933.

WEATHER TRUE TO FORM

THE WEATHER doesn't change much. We have a sharp November or a mild January, a late spring or an early fall, and we hear the old-timers announcing in the utmost sincerity that the winters aren't as cold as when Grandma was a girl, nor the summers as hot. They evolve fine theories bringing in icebergs and the Gulf Stream, deforestation and sun spots, and they decide the race is softening up and a benign Providence must be tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

But the records don't support them. The observation station of the Central Experimental Farm in Ottawa has statistics of forty years, and the comparison of 1932 with the average for that period is informative. The mean average temperature last year, for instance, was 41.8 degrees, while the forty-year average is 41.7. There were 2,504.4 hours of bright sunshine which is thirteen hours more than the average. The snowfall was 88.5 inches, or a little more than two inches under the average of 90.6 inches, and when this is reduced to water and included in the total precipitation the figure for '32 is 34.81 inches and the average of four decades 34.41.

Stories of famous blizzards, memories of celebrated cold snaps, cannot overcome the implications of these records. The winters aren't milder and we haven't any less snow—it only seems so. The fact is, of course, that our homes are better heated than twenty or forty years ago, we are less exposed to the weather, and in the cities and on the main highways the heaviest snowfall is a matter of but passing inconvenience.

It is good to know that in a world of change there is one thing which is stable, maintaing the old traditions.

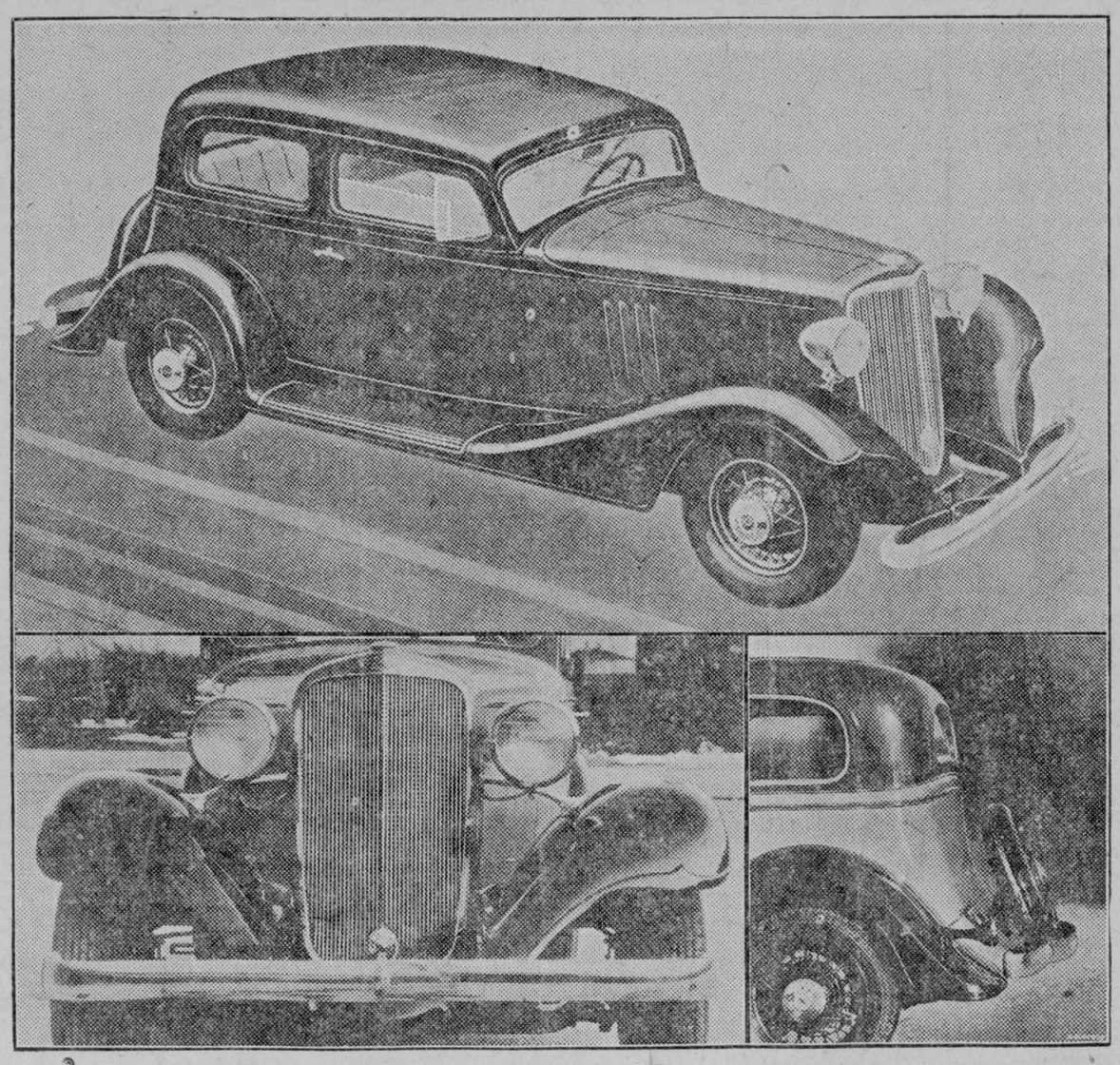
IF WRONGLY DUNNED, WHAT DO YOU DO?

WHEN you are dunned for a debt you do not owe or cannot pay, what do you do? The question seems pertinent, for we suppose more people than ever before in the history of Dundas are being subjected to such demands. Perhaps you tear up the annoying letter and try to forget it, hoping that the creditor will show equal sportsmanship. Alas, it is rarely he does! On the contrary, you receive another demand, couched in terms of increased asperity, and presently you are bombarded with what you may properly term insults and threats.

That is the natural fate of the delinquent debtor, if he takes the natural course of ignoring the letters. But there is a simple way of avoiding this annoyance. One should answer the first letter either by another letter or a visit to the creditor. One should then point out that the alleged debt was never contracted, and if this can be proved, the matter ends. Or he should say that he admits the debt and wishes to do what he reasonably can to extinguish it. He will find his creditor glad enough to make any decent compromise. If he cannot pay ten dollars a week, perhaps he can pay a dollar Everybody knows how things are.

Things are this way, that blood is thicker than water. Or rather we should say that you cannot get blood out of a stone. If a man hasn't the means of paying he cannot pay, and nobody can force him to pay. But it is only reasonable that he should inform his creditor of his inability. To do so will save the debtor from embarrassment and needless worry, and it will bring his creditor into the presence of the realities of the winter of 1932-33.

Chevrolet for 1933 Reveals New Style



WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN SIX HAS AIR-STREAM DESIGN AND MANY OTHER IMPROVEMENTS

Canadian to a greater degree than ever because it embodies ideas expressed by thousands of motorists of the Dominion, the Chevrolet Six is introduced with many interesting features. New air-stream design makes these cars among the most beautiful on the market. Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, one of the greatest closed car advancements of the year, is standard equipment. Mechanically, the Chevrolet Six is much improved. Picture above shows the beautiful standard coach. Below, at the left, a view of the front end. At the right, the rear quarter, showing the graceful air-stream lines and skirted fender.

Ure Line and My Line

Conducted by Thos. G. McKenna.

Dear Mac. — Our coloured maid asked the wife the following: "Mis', Julia, will you please, ma'am, 'vance me twenty-five cents on my wages? The leader of our church is gwine away, and we want to give him a little momentum."

—C. Elledge of Cicero.

How Romantic!

The beautiful girl in the restaurant leaned back languidly. It had been a wonderful dinner. In the soft glow of the shielded light she had eaten the meal of meals. And he had been so attentive, yet so unobtrusive. He had carefully ordered for her and had said never an unnecessary word or made a gesture to spoil the spell. She felt she could love a man like him.

Now he was drawing nearer. The bosom of his white dress shirt gleamed brightly. His Tuxedo fitted him like a glove. His tie was immaculate. He bent over her caressingly. What was he saying . . . ?

"Here's your check, madam; do you wish anything else?"

—Bill McKenna, of Chicago.

Oh, take this paper home,
View all the latest news,—
Acquaint your family with it, and
Let us have YOUR views.

Latin Scholars Attention!

Dear Mac.—I still maintain that "Quod Haec patria desiderat cigaris bonus quinque pavorum nummorum est." (Translated: "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar.")

—The Duke of Queens.

Well, Duke, all I can say is"Vestra nummo signum non recipio." (Translated: "I did not get a signal for your nickel.")

Dear Mac.—The old buggy is getting balky and somewhat temperamental. I intend to visit the auto show in Chicago next month and wonder if you could give me a few tips on how to judge an automobile.

—Eddie Cahill.

Dear Eddie.—I am submitting the following twelve rules which should be a big help in selecting the new family car.

1. Ask the salesman.
2. Twist the right front door handle.
3. Look at the instruments on the dash.
4. Kick the left rear tire.
5. Turn the lights on, then off.
6. Bend down and look at the floor beneath the car.
7. Poke a finger into the upholstery.
8. Place the right foot on the front bumper and push gently.
9. Light a cigar.
10. Ignore your wife's suggestions.
11. Step back ten feet, close the left eye, and get the ensemble effect.
12. Ask the salesman again.

1933.

A chubby little youngster,
With dimples and a smile,
Crept softly to my doorstep
And lingered there awhile.

The bells were tolling midnight.
This little guest ,thought I,
Has come now to console me
'Cause I saw the old year die.

Some precious gift he's brought me,
Some subtle wisdom, too,
To solve intriguing problems,
Some magic, strange and new.

Then as I looked he vanished,
But in this heart of mine
There stirred an inspiration,
A trinity sublime.

"Faith" for all good in the future,
"Hope" that this might be so,
And "Love"—it was plain and simple
For God is Love, you know.

Why crave for subtle wisdom,
For magic—clear to see,
A little child shall lead me
Through nineteen thirty-three.

—Margaret F. McGurk.

Family Secrets.

Mother uses cold cream,
Father uses lather;
My girl uses powder—
At least, that's what I gather.

—John MacIntosh.

Help! Help!

This column is conducted by Thomas G. McKenna and the readers are invited to send in their original stories, jokes, poems, and what have you. Send your contributions to the "Ure Line and My Line" editor in care of this paper.

A vacationist rented a summer cottage that stood on a high hill. He wanted something like that — a change. His eyes were weary of the city, his ears tired of the telephone and the noise of automobiles and street cars. What he wanted was to be far, far away!

When he and his entourage climbed the peak, and the owner proceeded to show where his rural utilities were situated, the seeker for change asked:

"Where do we get water?"

"There's a spring at the foot of the hill," was the answer.

"What! Carry water all the way up that hill?"

"Well, what else have you got to do? You're on vacation, aren't you?"

A Scotsman was taking a friend through a new house he had built.

"But," exclaimed the visitor, "I noticed that you've not pasted the paper on the walls but nailed it on. Why is that?"

"Oh, aye," responded the Scotsman. "Ye see, we may not be livin' here always."

THE WAYS OF SALMON

Salmon stampedes which rival the old-time cattle stampedes of the prairies in numbers, colour and importance were described by Dr. W. A. Clemens, director of the Pacific biological station at Nanaimo, B. C., in an illustrated address on "Conservation of Canada's Pacific Fisheries," before the Royal Canadian Institute on Saturday evening.

..So strong is the home instinct in British Columbia salmon that although they explore the waters of the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Sacramento they almost invariably return to spawn in the "parent stream" where they first enjoyed the thrill of of life and where they lived for their first year or two before taking to sea. So it is that Fraser River salmon retain their identity and force their way up stream at spawning time in such numbers that at times the river is pink with a great, eager, struggling mass of fish.

The fisheries are valued at more than $50,000,000, the speaker said. The problem of those who are, in behalf of the Government, trying to preserve for all time this great asset is to preserve a balance between 'catch and escape." Dr. Clemens described the life of the various varieties of salmon all of which are hatched in fresh water and spend from one to two years in the fresh water before finding their way down to the sea, where they remain until maturity—which varies from four to seven years—at maturity they return to the "parent stream" of fresh water there to spawn and give their young a proper start in life.

Fish on the way to the spawning beds are counted—giving an idea of the run—and the probable number of eggs which will be deposited. Yearling fish are stopped on their way to sea by a screen fence, marked and released so that the authorities are able to identify them wherever they are found, and in this way to gain a fairly accurate idea of how many return to the "parent stream." Tagging operations were begun off Vancouver Island in 1915, and by this it was shown that a large number of Canadian-produced fish cross to Washington where they are caught.

NOTE ADDRESS LABEL ON THIS PAPER

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Dry Sedge

ON THAT early spring morning Joan Bartlett stared with glowing eyes across the undulating sedge. The great truck, the roar of which had tolled her out, had not continued on the back road to the cranberry bogs, but had stopped at the point to unload lumber.

"It is!" she cried joyously. "Neighbours are coming—neighbours! I must find out when they are going to build."

Waving to her mother, she sped lightly into the field path that she herself kept open to the splendid grove of oak and cedar and swamp maple that stood where the creek turned sharply and vanished into the pine wilderness . At once the sedge closed round her like a sea. You know the kind that grows in sandy old fields near water? In spring it comes forth vividly green at the roots of the old, dry stalks. In summer, shot knee high, it begins to tone in with the previous growth, now weakening. Waist high it is in fall and wears a yellow coat except when frost mists and wet snows bedeck it in glittering crystal.

Even when in fall or in spring it was burnt over for safety's sake it fascinated Joanna Bartlett. Nothing burns like sedge when powder-dry. It explodes into flame at the touch of a spark. The base burns through as the tip flares, and gusty winds snatch blazing handfuls to sow new crops of flame ahead. Golden red, roaring, twisting, leaping high, the fire tongues rush forward, leaving black wastes behind. Yet so rapid is the burning that lower growths suffer little and spring up, refreshed, with the next rain.

To Joanna the fan-shaped field of sedge appeared a restless sea rippling in the wind, beating against the creek thickets, the point and the pine wilderness at the far edge. She lived, so to speak, at the tip of the handle, where the tiny yellow cottage and the garden filled the gap between the railway and water. As stream and rail diverged the fan widened to half a mile and extended almost as far.

The speeding girl fitted into the scene. She was a brown slip of a thing, though more wiry than her slenderness implied. She had warm hazel eyes, sunny brown hair and a skin delicately tanned by outdoor life. Her clothes were brown; she loved the warm brown tones, although she always added a bit of vivid colour. To-day it was a bluebird blue ribbon at her throat.

'What is going to happen?" she demanded of the driver.

"Just a camp, I reckon."

"If it were only a home!" Joanna lamented. She walked back thoughtfully. "The families using these camp shacks are here so little that it's hard to get acquainted. But there may be some one."

Joanna was in the full tide of longings that eighteen years of age may bring. She loved the pinelands, the colourful creek, the wild life that invaded yard and garden, but she longed for young people, for a girl chum. In certain moments of rebellion she thought of her home as like some wild creature's burrow hidden from humankind. The road by the door was but a crease in the green. The trains roared by, Campers paddled by without stopping. Even the hum of motors that made her look upward betokened only faster flittings by — aëroplanes winging to Lakehurst or Camp Dix or perhaps the misty, silvery bulk of the Shenandoah or the Los Angeles following down the creek line from their hangar. Not another house was in sight. There she dwelt with the mother who needed her and the father who handled the lonely block signal station down the track.

Joanna ate little at lunch that day. "I wish, I wish there'd be a girl of my age!"

"Joanna," — her mother smiled understandingly, — "won't you run Straw to the village for one or two things I need?"

Joanna's laugh rippled. "If you need things, I'll go gladly," she replied.

She chugged down the rutty road, jouncing on Straw's rather saggy springs. Straw was short for Strawberry; wild berries from the sedge field had produced the money for the purchase of the little car.

The news the storekeeper gave Joanna sent her flying home with unusual disregard for Straw's weak left hind spring. "Mother," she gasped in sheer delight, "it's to be a camp! A real camp for young girls! Isn't it glorious? Mr. Johnson told me Miss Eleanor Northrop, the head, talked supplies with him. There will be fifty girls and a group of young teachers and counsellors. Won't it be wonderful?"

Point Camp was to have a long season. Eleanor Northrop appeared frequently to direct proceedings. She was a tall, fair girl, evidently capable. At times she stopped at the cottage for information. Once she lunched with the Bartletts, and so intense was her own interest in her project that it took only a question to start her going regarding plans and organizations. Joanna listened spellbound.

Eleanor had her own questions too —about the creek, the boating and bathing, the walks and tramps. Joanna answered helpfully from full knowledge. She made certain suggestions also, as for example about the sedge.

"You ought to burn it off, Miss Northrop. It's on your land. And after this long drought it's powder-dry and dangerous."

"The idea!" There was a touch of ridicule in Eleanor's laugh. "Do you suppose I'd have a blackened waste to greet my youngsters when they arrive? Don't you worry. Some one will always be about the place to attend to any little blaze."

Joanna said no more about the matter, but her mind was steadily on the camp. And suddenly as opening time approached an idea struck her that made her gasp with its delightful possibilities. She considered it from every angle before she mustered courage to broach the subject to Miss Northrop..

One day she was driving her to the village on errands. "Do-do you think, Miss Northrop,"—overeagerness made Joanna shy,—"there might be a little corner in your force for me to fill? I—I know the region well, and I taught a season in a country school, and—and I love young girls! It isn't the salary that matters; it's just—just working with them."

Eleanor Northrop stared at her in astonishment. Joanna thought afterwards it was as if Eleanor were looking at her for the first time. "I am sorry," she answered, "but my staff is practically complete. You see, it's—it's vital to have a successful first year here. I haven't time to train helpers. So I am bringing out experienced girls and teachers, used to handling children and able to think and act right in the emergencies that arise. But you will drop in and see us, of course."

So that ended that. Joanna accepted the decision and concealed the hurt and disappointment. She had felt equal to the work. Now the tone as much as the words of this efficient young person beside her had made her less confident. This new life was just to be watched as it passed by.

But the longing and the hurt deepened as the attractive staff girls appeared and then the first of the children. The woods and the creek woke to new music. Singing and laughter floated to her, and through the trees at night the camp fire gleamed. But the sea of sedge separated Joanna from it all. Once she had gone over of an evening only to find all so wrapped in the camp and its life that she felt herself utterly apart. Rarely a group of children and a counsellor passed the cottage.

A little bitterness crept into Joanna's heart. She almost wished the camp would fail. Then she caught herself up. It was something to have folk near, and in time, perhaps in a year or so, she might train herself for a place among them. Some fighting instinct raised its head to rouse her to conquer the unfitness the director had made her feel.

At present ,seemingly, they considered her as fit only for errand girl. That grated, especially one sultry morning when a peculiar heaviness of sky betokened an early break in the long draught. Virtually all the camp folk had departed by boat for a hidden cove, one of Joanna's favourite places, but a member of the staff who had remained behind, had run over to bear Miss Northrop's request that Joanna carry a certain order to the village. Joanna went, feeling forlornly alone. For even her mother was away on a visit.

She came back exhausted by the close air and by the whirling, gritty dust demons along the road. Straw grumbled too, firing uneveningly. In fact the motor pounded so hard that she set to work after lunch to find out and correct the fault, cleaning spark plugs and testing ignition. Vaguely aware of dulling light and distant mutterings, she roused herself from her absorption only when a heavy freight train tore by and suffocating gases whirled about her.

"A storm within an hour!" she exclaimed. "I hope they get the youngsters back before—" Her eyes scanned the lower reaches of the creek. "There they come. They'll make it. But I must hurry this job."

With sensitive fingers she adjusted the carburetor control screws, soothing the irregular beat of the motor. It was roaring with power when something made her glance by the corner of the house. "From engine sparks!" she gasped, staring almost in panic at the sedge.

The sedge was ablaze! From track to creek it had raced, dying out along the garden and the fire strip that Joanna kept clear. Now it was driving up the fan. Angry, golden-red flames leaped forward, swirls of dark smoke rolled up, and blazing wisps, whirling far ahead, started widening rings of fire as when a stone is cast into water! The fire was spreading bevond the camp!

"It will go!" Joanna sobbed. "The flames will be there in two minutes!"

Vanished instantly was all hurt. Her brain was alert to save. No time to summon help! To run through to set a back fire was impossible; the fire could go as fast as she, and she should be ablaze in an instant. Nor was there time to work round the flanks. It seemed hopeless until—

"Can I?" she demanded of herself.

She sped to the kitchen and snatched a pail, matches and a burlap bag. Out again, she scrambled to the seat of the car and let in the clutch. She rounded the garage and faced the sedge as across it came faintly a panic-stricken: "Help! Help! Fire!"

"I must make it!" Joanna cried.

Straw speeded and struck the already blackened stubble. The car rocked and tossed and twitched over half-burned clumps. Joanna strained at the thrashing wheel. More gas! The car leaped crazily after the racing flame. Fear shook Joanna as she closed in on the high-leaping tongues of fire that could reach the top of her car. She thought of her gas tank: Fortunately it was under the seat.

She drew a long breath and held it. Tossed and thrashed about, but making twice the speed of the flames now, she shot into the fire zone. Ducking behind her windshield, she dived through the fire breaker, feeling the licking flames, the choking smoke. Then she was by.

Bang! An old tire exploded. The sudden side pull almost tossed her out, but somehow she and the wheel held . She sped through the unburnt sedge toward the pavilion and the girl standing there frantically wringing her hands. Joanna detected an odour and noticed a swirl of smoke behind her. Somewhere the car had caught fire . It would go unless—

"Straw," she said to it, "you won't like it, but it's the only chance."

She shot into the woods lane by the corner of the pavilion to the bank of the creek above the swimming pool. Reaching one hand down to toss out the pail, the bag and an oily rag, she breaked sharply, shut off the spark, and jumped.

Straw shot down. Splash! Sizzle! It hit the water, floated an instant low at the head and then settled under water, protected against even an oil blaze.

Joanna pulled herself from the edge of the pool where she had landed and, thankful for the wetting that would now be a protection, picked up her pail to fill it and laughed aloud at an inconsequential incident. "The surprise of your life, Mr. Snapper!" she cried.

The thirty-pound snapping turtle sunning himself on the springboard had been hit by a wave from the plunging car before it had awakened to its approach and had toppled crazily into the water.

Joanna, clambering up the bank with pail and rags, came face to face with Grace Oldham, the lone counsellor at hand; Grace was white-faced and trembling.

"Get pails," Joanna ordered sharply. "Fill them and set them beside the shacks."

She herself ran into the sedge, facing the wall of fire, which was near three-quarters across now. With trembling fingers she lit the oily rag and ran along the front, touching the blazing cloth at frequent intervals. The back fire flared up on her trail.

Breathing hard, she ran back to the starting point, caught up her bag and began beating out the back fire flame on the woods side. Swift and sure, making every stroke leave a blackened spot, she fought the danger edge of her own fire until the great wall of the main fire rolled in on her, throwing ahead a scorching heat. Then Joanna leaped back for safety.

"Score one!" she gasped.

The angry billow flame, striking the narrow safety belt, collapsed as if soused with water. Still at two spots it jumped across, and the whirling wind gusts sprayed wisps of flame across at many points. Running hither and yon, Joanna beat out the worst. But steadily others grew larger. Could she conquer all?

"The pavilion—the roof!" came Grace's excited voice. "It's ablaze!"

"Take my bag and beat out the ground fires," ordered Joanna.

She swung open the pavilion door.. A heave and a small table tumbled out. A chair followed. Putting the chair on the table, she clambered to the roof. A well-aimed dash of water and the blaze was out. Then she was down again, ripping a camp blanket in two and wielding it on the blazing brush. Suddenly through smoke-dimmed eyes she made out dim figures running up.

"Coats! Blankets, Pine Branches!" she cried. "Beat out these flames!"

She moved to the right to make room and then noticed two girls beating. "Get behind the flame!" she ordered sharply. "Take it from the rear."

She saw a flaming twig alight in the eaves of the kitchen shack. "Someone on every roof!" she shouted.

A capable voice took her up: "Grace, the pavilion. Janet, the kitchen. Margaret, the mess hall."

Joanna straightened to estimate the situation. Beyond in the pines the fire was roaring. A red line was creeping round back against the wind. "Some one to help me!" she called.

She ran unsteadily, aware of some one following. They counter attacked on that flanking line.

They ripped it up, beat it out, crunched punklike glows under their heels. And after a long while a feeling of dampness penetrated the acrid smoke clouds. There came a vivid flash, a crash, instantaneous and deafening, and the clouds opened.

'Come!" Joanna suddenly realized that it was Eleanor beside her. "The rain will finish it. The camp's safe. If you hadn't come, I'm not so sure—"

"I am!" Eleanor Northrop's voice broke oddly. "Joanna, through my glass I saw from the boats what you did. It was—oh, I can't speak of it, yet!"

In the pavilion they sat quietly hand in hand while the storm raged outside. Others came up, but Eleanor waved them off. Then the tempest swept on, leaving a freshened, fragrant world. Even bits of green showed in the sedge area.

"In a week," prophesied Joanna, "it will get quite green again. I—"

She stopped to watch Margaret, the swimming instructor, diving gracefully into the pool with a long rope.

Down for a few seconds, then up and down again she went before she finally swam ashore.

"Catch hold, everybody," she called.

They lined up eagerly, the bedraggled staff fighters and the youngsters. They dug heels in and pulled hard.

Suddenly from the water popped a dark object the sight of which brought Joanna to her feet.

"Come, meet your car," said Eleanor, laughing. "I do hope it stood its wetting."

Inch by inch Straw appeared, a little forlorn and saggy and festooned with eel grass, but seemingly in fair shape.

"These cushions," began Eleanor, "perhaps, maybe—oh!" She leaned back with a shudder as something rapped the inside door close to her hand.

Margaret, springing forward, jumped back as swiftly. The craning circle of heads expressed dismay and fear. The old snapper exploring the intruder in its domain had been caught within the car. It was angry and alert; its red eyes were ablaze, and its head was shooting like a projectile at a stick held near.

Joanna's laugh rippled sweetly. She pushed forward. "I know this fellow," she said. "He's only excited."

Picking up a small stick, she opened the door and attracted the snapper's attention with it. Then her free hand flashed to the turtle's tail. A jerk and the reptile somesaulted into the water.

There were sharp intakings of breath. Then the group completely overwhelmed Joanna. She was confused by it; and besides, she was very, very tired. So Eleanor rescued her.

"You've been wonderful," she said with a little choke in her voice.

"I'm so, so glad you're not homeless!" declared Joanna thankfully.

"It was entirely due to your nerve and two minutes of clear thinking," declared Eleanor.

"May I—will it disturb you if I come and work on Straw after dinner?" asked Joanna diffidently. "The wires, you know—there's much to dry out."

"It will disturb me if you don't come to dinner," replied Eleanor, laughing.

Young voices interrupted them: "Miss Joanna, Miss Joanna, we want you at our table! May we, Miss Northrop? Our counsellor has gone, you know."

"Yes," explained Eleanor. "Helen was called home. You must come, and to all the meals you can. Your mother must come too, but you must fill Helen's place, dear."

"But—but," Joanna's heart sang, even though she could not take what was offered,—"I couldn't really, Miss Northrop. I've so much to learn and —and to meet emergencies, you know. Perhaps another year."

"What did you meet to-day, dear?" Eleanor's voice was sweet and low. "Joanna, I'm sorry I ever suggested you could not use your head."

"But you see—" Joanna felt almost on the defensive—"I knew how sedge fires act. I've seen them before. There was just one thing to do—with that wind. So I did it. I wouldn't have you give me the position just because I helped save the camp. I might fail you.

Eleanor's voice rippled girlishly. She headed Joanna toward the path that showed clear now across the sedge.

"March!" she ordered. "Rest, dress and be back at six, or the camp will revolt. If I may not change my mind about you because of this fire fighting, I shall certainly change it because of the way you handled that old snapper."

Slowly Joanna walked across the sedge field; the fragrant earth scents were rising; the burnt odours were already gone. She turned and gazed back at the camp buildings. Probably she did not see the blackened area at all.

"Miss Joanna, hurry!" a child's voice came faintly.

"How lovely a world it is!" Joanna said to herself, waving back.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA" TEA
256
"Fresh from the Gardens"

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By Etta Bitta Pye

SIMPLE AND ECONOMICAL DESSERTS

DESSERT is a treat which leaves us with a pleasant memory of a meal. Quite often this course is a fairly expensive one, particularly when we have company for dinner and feel it necessary to serve something rather elaborate for our last "tasty bite."

In depression days, however, the expensive dessert is out of the question. Really, many of us dispense with desserts of any kind, feeling our pocketbooks will not stand the strain.

Instead of eliminating the dessert why not serve some of the inexpensive desserts and thus assure your family that they may continue to enjoy their favourite course? Dessert may serve as a balancer for the rest of the meal. After meat, fish, fowl or eggs have been eaten, a dessert containing milk or fruit has a decided alkaline reaction and serves as an excellent balancer for the acid reaction foods.

Such fruits such as apples, raisins and oranges are far from expensive to-day. Milk and sugar are in the same class. Here are three recipes which call for very few foods other than those mentioned. Any of these desserts may be prepared at very little expense.

Baked Apple with Orange.
(Serves 6.)

6 baking apples
Seedless raisins.
¼ cup orange juice
2 tablespoons sugar
Orange slices
Sugar
Water
Quick cooking tapioca

Core apples, leaving cavity at stem end. Stuff cavities with raisins. Add sugar to orange juice and fill any remaining space in cavities with this. Cover cavities each with orange slice dipped in sugar. Add enough water to remaining sugar and orange juice mixture to fill pan half way. Add 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca to each cup water used, putting bits of orange slice also between apples in pan. Bake until apples are tender. The orange makes a very pretty garnish for the apples and adds a delightful flavour.

Lemon slices and lemon juice may be used in place of orange, in which case more sugar will be needed.

Sunflower Dessert.
(Serves 1.)

With a sharp knife peel orange, reserving all juice. Cut in slices and cut slices in halves. Arrange halved slices in sunflower pattern on dessert plate. Add 1 teaspoon sugar to orange juice Stir until well mixed and pour over orange slices. Garnish centre of flower with 1 teaspoon of red jelly or shredded dates or seedless raisins. This is a simple dessert children will like especially.

Fruit Blanc Mange.

1½ cups evaporated milk
½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cornstarch
1½ cups orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind

Heat milk in double boiler. Mix sugar, salt and cornstarch. Blend with part of orange juice. Add remaining juice to hot milk. Add grated rind. Cook until smooth, stirring frequently. If orange juice curdles milk, beat with whirl type beater. Pour into individual serving dishes and chill. If desired to mold, increase cornstarch 1 tablespoon.

Porter: "I tells you, boss, I done found out de difference between men and de women at las'."

The Boss: "What is it?"

Porter: Well, a man'll gib two dollahs for a one-dollah thing dat he wants, an' a woman'll gib one dollah for a two-dollah thing she doan want."

—o—

A camera man working for the educational department of a film company, met an old farmer in town and said:

"I have just been taking some moving pictures of life out on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my men in motion?" asked the old man curiously.

"Sure I did."

The farmer shook his head reflectively, then said: "Science is a wonderful thing."

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Mainly About People

Mrs. A. Dillabough, of Morewood, visited friends in Winchester on Tuesday.

Miss Alice McMahon of Cornwall, spent the week end in town, guest of Miss Gladys Allen.

Miss Gwendolyn Labre had the misfortune to sprain her ankle and is confined to her bed for a few days.

Mrs Helen McMahon, of Lisbon, N. Y., in renewing her subscription to The Record says she would not like to be without it.

Mr. Frank Casselman left Tuesday night for North Bay where he has secured employment.

Mr. James Prescott, of Westport, a former business man of Chesterville, was in town this week renewing acquaintances and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gillard.

Mr. R. F. Merkley, sales manager of the Northam Warren Corporation, of Montreal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Merkley, of town, sailed for London, England, last Thursday on the Bremen from New York.

A very pleasant time was spent at the home of Mr. Glenn Merkley on Dec. 26 when the children of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Merkey held a re-union of four generations who gathered to enjoy the day with their son R. F., before he sailed for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Suffel, Winchester, quietly celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on Tuesday. Many of their friends and relatives called to extend congratulations.

Mrs. W. E Wales and two children arrived at the week end to join her husband, the manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in this place, who have taken up their residence on King street.

Mr. L. M. McLeod, who has been a popular member of the staff of the local branch of the Bank of Montreal, has this week been promoted to the branch at Gananoque His place here will be taken by Mr. W. F. H. Barry from Peterboro.

Mr. A. Morris has been confined to his home this week with a serious condition in his leg resulting from a bruise he sustained last week. His condition is improving satisfactorily and he will probably be out again next week.

Mrs. Chas. Graham and Mrs. Jas. Smith, of town, and Mrs. A. B. Allison, of Morewood, were in Winchester on Tuesday attending a meeting of the executive of the Dundas-Grenville Presbyterial of the W. M. S. when the programme was planned for the annual meeting of the Presbyterial to be held in Brinston on May 3rd.

Smiths Falls Record-News. — Mr. Lloyd Fulford, B. A., a student in Montreal Presbyterian College, took the services in Westminster Church on Sunday in the absence of Dr. Davies. He preached helpful gospel sermons and will be a welcome visitor on any future occasion. The choir rendered special music at both services suitable to the New Year's advent.

Day of Of Prayer Observed By St. Andrew's W.M.S.

The Presbyterian Day of Prayer was observed by the W. M. S. of St. Andrew's Church at the home of Mrs. A. H. Sproule. The service opened by the call to worship and the Doxology, Mrs. Baldrey read Psalm 89, hymn 74 "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," was sung. Mrs. Campbell took the thanksgiving prayer. Mrs. Bailey took the next Scripture reading: John i: 1-10. Rev. A. H. Sproule took the prayer for King, Country and Empire. Mrs. Shaver called the roll. Hymn 490, "Aprroach, My Soul, the Mercy Seat," was sung. Mrs. Shaver read the minutes of the December meeting. Miss Agnes Rae took the prayer for the Church. Mrs. John Munro took the Scripture reading, Colossians iii:12-17. This was followed by hymn 299, "Jesus With Thy Church Abide." Rev. Mr. Sproule took the address for the service, "Be Thou Faithfull." Mr. Sproule gave some very wonderful thoughts for members to carry away, dwell on and improve.

Mrs. Frank Hummel took the prayer for Foreign Missions and Mrs. Robert Barrie the prayer for national missions.

A certain amount of business was disposed of as this would be the only meeting in January. Reports were heard and membership fees taken in.

The service closed with hymn 545 and pray for the Suffering Poor by Miss Jamieson.

Mrs. Sproule served lunch. A vote of thanks by Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. R. Barrie to Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Sproule both of whom replied.

The February meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Robt. Barrie.

Late Mrs. J.E. Barkley, Berwick

At the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Angus McDermid, on Sunday, December 25th, 1932, there passed away a highly respected citizen in the person of Mrs. James E. Barkley. The deceased was born September 3, 1864, in the township of Williamsburg.

She is survived by two daughters: Mrs. Charles Meldrum and Mrs. Angus McDermid, both of Berwick, and one son, Willis, of Williamsburg; six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and one brother, Peter Ouderkirk, of Berwick.

The funeral service was conducted from her home at Berwick to St. Paul's United Church by her pastor, Rev. G. N. Maxwell, who took for his text Job iii: 17.

The remains were placed by those of her husband in the family plot at Berwick cemetery, who died 15 years ago. The pall bearers were six nephews, Roy Miller, Harold Ouderkirk, Percy Ouderkirk, Abner Ouderkirk, Gordon Ouderkirk Maceon Ouderkirk.

A large number of friends and relatives assembled to pay a last tribute of respect to the deceased. Those from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McDermid and granddaughter, Betty, of Watertown; Mrs Jack Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Stacey, Mrs. George Kranche and daughter Ilene, of Ottawa; Mrs. Jane Summers, of Morrisburg, also friends from Morewood, Elma, Finch and Crysler.

Floral offerings were: pillow from the family; sprays from her brother and the Women's Association of Berwick of which she was a devoted member.

Mrs. J. Campbell, of Oak Lake, Man., keeps in touch with her Ontario friends through the columns of The Record, as she states in a recent letter.

A SECOND EARTHQUAKE

A second earthquake shock was felt throughout this section about 3.30 Sunday afternoon when a distinct rumbling was heard accompanied by slight tremors similar to the passage of a heavily laden truck along the street.

CARD OF THANKS

Dr. S. H. Hutt and family wish to extend their most grateful thanks to their friends and neighbours for many kindnesses and expressions of sympathy on the death of their little son.

"Para," said the teacher in the kindergarten class, "is where the rubber comes from. What do you know about Para rubber?"

A little hand went up.

"You may answer, Georgina."

"I got a Para rubber shoes."

Hoasic

A number in this vicinity are on the sick list.

A good crowd attended the oyster supper in the Hall on Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shaughnessy spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Herriman of Elma.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gould and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gould, of New London, New Hampshire, spent Sunday at Mr. Durham Wells..

Mr. Jolly Fetterly is spending the winter with his father, Mr. Herman Fetterly, here.

Mr. Harold Cassel is spending a few days in Morrisburg.

Rev. Mr. Mehlenbacher, of Morrisburg, called at Mr. Bert Marcellus' on Saturday.

The W. M. S. of Colquhoun United Church will meet in the Hall Wednesday at two o'clock.

Removal Notice

Having moved my office from the Kearns Block to the Fulton Block, over the Post Office, I am fully equipped to look after your insurance problems.

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