The Chesterville Record.

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HENRY'S Shorthand School Ottawa, Ont.

THIS INSTITUTION offers a superior training and thereby ensures a more successful future. It leads all others—a fact fully established by more than 625 pupils who have left other business schools to come to it—and ranks among employers as **"The School of Higher Efficiency."**

It is not surprising then that business men, in advertising for stenographers, should definitely state "Graduates of Henry's School preferred."

Get particulars about our course.

D. E. HENRY, Director.
62 Bank Street.

1933

AND JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

You need your money
And I need mine,
If we both get ours
It will sure be fine.
But if you get yours
And keep mine too,
What in the world
Am I going to do?

Think it over.

WE APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS
C. F. Marshall
Massey Harris Farm Implements
Louden Stable Equipment
Reliable Fire Insurance
for Farm or Town Property
CHESTERVILLE. 'Phone 78W

Advertising does not jerk—it pulls; it begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady; it increases day after day and year after year, until it exerts an irresistible power.
There is no power like that of continuity in advertising.

Blaze of Serious Proportions Discovered in Local Bank

Coming yesterday as the third fire in the same building in as many weeks, and apparently from the same cause, overheated furnace pipes, the Bank of Montreal building here was the scene of a blaze which was rapidly assuming dangerous proportions when discovered.

Two young men, Wm. Barry, of the bank staff, and Kenneth W. McLaughlin, of the Bank of Nova Scotia's local office, were sleeping on the second floor of the building and were awakened by smoke about six o'clock. Barry was aroused first with a dry feeling in his throat and, snapping on his light, found the room full of smoke. Rushing into their clothes they notified fire chief A. Morris and the brigade was summoned.

On attempting to enter the office section the firemen were turned back by the dense cloud of smoke and it was some minutes before the seat of the blaze could be located. Once the water could be turned straight into the blaze the fire was soon checked, but not until a large hole had been burned in the floor and the flames had gone up a wall and almost reached the second storey.

The interior of the office was a sad looking spectatcle when the smoke cleared. Much of the fine woodwork was marred by the heat and water and the plastered walls scarred.

Fine assistance was given by Mr. H. S. McMurray who assisted the fire fighters with his knowledge of the lay out of the heating apparatus.

A couple of weeks ago fire was discovered in the same spot, immediately above the smoke pipe leading from the furnace, when the same two young men returned from a local dance, and again a week ago a blaze was sighted. On both occasions fire extinguishers were sufficient to control the situation.

Former Chesterville Man Dies in Maywood, Ill.

Thomas G. Buist, 1914 South Second avenue, Maywood Ill., died at his home on Thursday after being ill since November. His death occurred on his seventy-first birthday. He had been a resident of Maywood for the past nine years, and was esteemed by his neighbours and friends.

Funeral services were held at the residence Monday afternoon. Rev. Edgar Miles, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, officiated. Interment was in Woodlawn cemetery.

Surviving Mr. Buist is his widow, Mrs. Ellen Buist, and three children, Robert, of Maywood; Norman, of Chicago, and Mrs. Russell Wiley.

The deceased was born in Chesterville February 2nd, 1862. His parents both died here and are buried in Chesterville. Besides his immediate family he leaves three sisters, Mrs. John Rae, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Robert Allen, of Kemptville, and Mrs. James Beattie, of Duncan, B. C., and two brothers, Robert Buist, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and James Buist, Ottawa.

He went to Chicago in 1886 and on March 22nd, 1887, was married to Ellen Murphy, of Chesterville. He had since resided in Chicago until nine years ago when he moved to Maywood, Ill.

Chesterville Won Last Night

Chesterville hockey team won from Russell last night in the local rink by a score of 4 to 1 after losing to the same team Monday night by a score of 1 to 0. The final game of the play-off will be at Russell to-morrow night.

Junior Pupils Have Holiday

Classes could not be held in the Junior room of St. Mary's School on Monday and Tuesday of this week as the result of flooding caused by burst waterpipes. Patrick Page, caretaker, on entering the building on Monday morning found the floor flooded, the pipes being frozen in the parish hall on the upper floor.

Popular Hockey Player Dies

Fred Dagenais, a member of the Chesterville Senior Hockey Club a few years ago, died at his home near Morewood on Sunday night. Mr. Dagenais was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dagenais, and was very popular in local hockey circles . He was a mainstay of the championship junior hockey team at Morewood before he entered the senior ranks. He had suffered some time from diseased tonsils and a siege of double pneumonia proved too great for his system.

Makes Position Clear Will Represent Dundas

In a communication from the Hon. G. H. Challies, Provincial Secretary, he says:

"In case of any misunderstanding in connection with an article on the suggested Redistribution in the Province, as appearing in a Toronto daily of recent date, I would like to make my position clear, which is that at no time have I ever thought of or discussed the probability of representing any other constituency other than the constituency I now have the honour to represent.

"The matter of Redistribution is a question of Government policy, and as the Prime Minister has announced that there will be a Redistribution, the subject rests absolutely in the hands of the Legislature. The details of such Redistribution have not been discussed officially by the Government, which wishes to be fair and leave such details within the purview of the Committee of the House, whose recommendations will be dealt with by the House in definitely settling the matter.

With the St. Lawrence River project looming so large as a possible and probable development in the near future, and having in mind many other problems of special interest to my own County and Eastern Ontario along lines of agriculture, finance, municipal expansion, etc.,—problems that one in Cabinet position can better represent,—I should like to emphasize the fact that as long as I have the confidence of the people of Dundas County, my endeavours shall continue to be actuated only and solely to represent the best interests of the people of Dundas ,irrespective of politics or creed, and to advance the legitimate aims and aspirations of what I consider to be the best County in the Province of Ontario."

St. Valentine Afternoon Tea Was Delightful Event

St Valentine's Day was the occasionof a very delightful afternoon tea held in the Library by a committee of the Women's Institute under the convenorship of Mrs. G. J. Hunt and Miss Harrison. The room was prettily decorated with hearts, darts and cupids, quantities of daffodills and hyacinths gave a very spring-like air to the surroundings.

The guests were received by Mrs. C. W. Casselman and Mrs. Chas. Graham and during the afternoon a musical programme sponsored by Mrs. P. G. Hewitt was given. Mrs. W. N. Fulton, Mrs. Geo. Merkley, and Miss Addie Campderros rendered solos; Misses Mildred Merkley and Marjorie Boyd, a duet; Mrs. Geo. W. Reaburn and Miss Marcia Hughes, piano selections, and the ever-popular High School Orchestra gave several numbers.

The tea table, decorated with a bowl of daffodils and tall red tapers was most attractive and was presided over by Mrs. R. E. Newman and Mrs. Ward Johnston, assisted by Miss H. Moad, Mrs. A. B. Clayton, Mr. A. Jarvis, Mrs. D. McKercher, Mrs. L. Marcellus, Mrs. R .Campderros, and Mrs. S. H. Hutt.

A table of home baking was in charge of Mrs. W. A. McElroy and Mrs. Harold Durant who were kept busy disposing of dainty cakes during the afternoon.

Machines may have displaced labour, yet it took 30,000,000 men in uniform to fight the last big war.

Attempted Assassination President-Elect Roosevelt

Miami, Fla., Feb. 15th.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, just after he ended a speech in Bay Front Park here tonight two hours after his return from an eleven-day fishing cruise on Vincent Astor's yacht Nourmahal.

Although the assassin missed the target for which he was aiming, he wounded five persons with first shots from his gun before a woman destroyed his aim by grabbing his wrist and a Miami policeman felled him to the ground with a blow of his night stick.

Among the wounded, the condition of each of whom is reported to be serious, is Mayor Anton Cermak, of Chicago, shot through the chest.

Although early reports were that he intended to kill Mayor Cermak instead of the President-elect caused by his remark, "Well, I got Cermak," it appeared later that Mr. Roosevelt was his target.

"I'd kill every President," he was reported by police to have said, indicating that he may be a Communist.

Zingara is being questioned in the city prison and a woman said to be his wife was arrested later.

Mr. Roosevelt had finished his speech with the words, "Many thanks," and had resumed his seat in his car. The photographers and the news reel men asked him for a moment more for photographs. He complied with their request smilingly. Then the first of five shots rang out, the other four following in as rapid succession as could be fired from a pistol.

Immediately all was confusion. Mayor Cermak, who had been standing on the running board of Mr. Roosevelt's car, fell off, slumped to his knees and rolled to the pavement, as a bullet hit him in the stomach. Mrs. Gill and Miss Crews, mere spectators in the crowd, also fell as did Mr. Sinnott and Mr. Caldwell.

As the fifth shot was fired a hand bearing a smoking pistol appeared high in the air ,about 15 to 20 feet to the rear of the President-elect and to his right. That any of the bullets did not hit the President-elect was probably due to the quick thinking of Mrs. W. F. Cross, of Miami, who was standing by Zingara and at the sound of the first shot reached for Zingara's gun hand, grabbed his wrist and raised it in the air, spoiling the assassin's aim.

Infant Passes Away

The infant child of Mr .and Mrs. Alex Levere, born a few days ago, died yesterday morning at the home just north of Chesterville.

Juniors Shut Out Twice

Monday night at Morewood Chesterville Juniors were shut out in a league game 4 to 0, and Tuesday night at Crysler suffered a 1 to 0 defeat.

EYESTRAIN HEADACHES

* * * * *

IS THIS YOU?

Straining at fine work, driving your eyes to hard labour when they have already had a full day's activity? A sticth at the wrong time will cost you more than nine, for strained eyes reap an early harvest of headaches and other bodily ills—and they pave the way for further weakening and more strain.

Healthy eyes make sewing a pleasure, and ensure restful, useful evenings in the home. Glasses properly fitted help to keep them healthy.

* * * * *

GEO. J. HUNT, R.O
DRUGGIST
EYES TESTED : GLASSES FITTED

CHESTERVILLE UNITED CHURCH
Rev. R. E. Newman, Pastor.
Suunay, February 19th, 1933.
Public Worship at 10.30 a.m.
"Truth"
Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.
Public Worship at 7.30 p.m.
"Know Your Privilege"
Song Service, Junior and Senior Choirs, illustrated Hymn Lantern slides.

S. S. No. 7, Finch

Examinations for February.

Sr. IV.—Stuart McLean 83, Hubert Beckstead 61, Lily McLean 52.

Jr. IV.—Irene Sutherland 86, Neita McMillan 63.

Sr. III.—Vera McLean 91, Eleanor Casselman 90.5, Adena McLean 90, Betty Foley 55, Gerald Foley 51, John Casselman 50.

Jr. III.—June McMillan 80, Violet Rutley 69, Aurea Foley 62.

Sr. I.—Ray McMillan 65, Bobby Sutherland 65, Rex McMillan 52.

Jr. I.—Alexander Foley, Garnet Rutley, Patrick Foley, Shirley McMillan.

Primer — Keith McMahon, Olive Moriarty, Angela Foley, Edna McMahon, Sybil McMillan, Margaret Foley.

—Cassie L. Droppo, Teacher.

Coming Events

EUCHRE AND DANCE

A Euchre and Dance will be held in the Oddfellows' Lodge Rooms on Tuesday evening, February 21st. Prizes for ladies and gentlemen. Admission 25c. 16-1

SALE OF HOME BAKING

The Ladies 'Aid of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Chesterville, will hold a sale of Home Baking in the Library on Saturday, February 18th, at 2.30 p.m. Home-made Bread, Buns, Cake, Cookies, Pies and Candy will be for sale. Afternoon Tea will be served. Everybody welcome. 16-1

"The Road to the City"

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts will be presented by the Women's Association of Morewood United Church in the

CHURCH HALL

—on—

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21st

at Eight o'Clock.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Robert Darneli	A Country Physician	Russell Swerdfeger
Richard James	A Man From the City	Frank Casselman
Jud Judkins	A Young Farmer	James Cheney
John James	Richard's Invalid Father	Tom Reveller
Duke	A Man of Mystery	Melvin Marcellus
Jet Sanderson	At the Crossroads	Evelyn Marcellus
Toto Lee	Her Cousin	Florence Gordon
Lilly Morton	A Girl From the City	Mildred Fawcett
Mrs. Sanderson	Jet's Widowed Mother	Mrs. Milfred Glasgow
Marie	A Lady's Maid	Hazel Gordon

ADMISSION:—ADULTS 25c, CHILDREN 15c.

Four More Convicts Are Committed for Trial

Kingston.—The tally of convicts who will face trial over the rioting at Portsmouth penitentiary increased when four more were committed for trial, bringing the total number to date to eight and with many more to come yet.

Three long-termers and one man serving three years were in court on Monday. They are: Harry Manson, Norman Teetzel, Harold Cosh and George Liticoff. Cosh, 32 years old, was the oldest of the quartette, all the rest being under 22 years of age.

Witnesses testified Teetzel and Manson had swung clubs and joined the general riot of Oct. 17 last. Cosh allegedly tore up books and records of the prison stone-cutting shop, and Liticoff, guards said, helped to break open the door of the carpenter shop. All the men are charged with riotously and tumultuously assembling and with damaging prison property.

The crowded courtroom gasped as Cosh, asked if he wished to make any statement, suddenly slumped in a faint and was prevented from falling by Liticoff, who was manacled to him. He nearly collapsed again as Magistrate J. M. Farrell committed him for trial.

Meanest Hockey Fan Gives Garbage to Charity

Ottawa, Feb. 13th.—In addition to producing nearly 8,000 bundles of clothing for the poor, the charity hockey match here, Saturday, unearthed the world's meanest hockey fan. Following an appeal last week for clothing, tickets for the charity match between the Ottawa Senators and three senior city amateur teams were issued in return for bundles of clothes. Two tickets for the game were given out for a large bundle. Subsequently when the bundle was opened at a city fire station, it was found that the centre had been filled with garbage wrapped in newspaper, thus giving the effect of a large quantity of clothing. Efforts are being made to trace the responsible person.

Pretty Young Mother Is Manager of Circus

Savannah, Ga. — Two-fisted men who bark like bass horns, smoke cigars and wear large watch fobs—that's popular fancy's picture of circus bosses, but on the other hand there is Mrs. Johnny Jones, 32, and prettier than the prettiest in her bathing beauty show. She and her young son, Johnny, Jr., inherited the exposition shows from her late husband, Johnny J. Jones, and she is busy in the Savannah winter quarters with preparations for the summer tour.

If you are a stranger with occasion to see the boss, you wouldn't pay much attention to the slim woman hurrying about the quarters. She dresses like a college girl and looks as if she might have her mind on tea parties. But wait until you talk to her. She'll tell you about handling elephants, raising canvas and travelling 12,000 miles a year. If you want to know anything about the railroad connections of the country or any city you might mention, just ask Mrs. Jones. She's been there.

"I was born to the job," she tells you. Her parents were show people, and she was born in a circus wagon in Atlanta. They joined the Jones Shows and when she was 12 she became an elephant trainer. And a few years later Johnny Jones married her. He died in Dewland, Fla., two years ago and for a while there was litigation with associates regarding management of the shows, but she and her son have recently come into full ownership.

The Mean Thing.

The Husband: "If a man steals—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it."

The Wife: "During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me."

Husband: "Well, you heard what I said."

A Raw Cut.

Wife: "So you think my new ball gown looks like the deuce?"

Hub: "In the card sense, my dear. The deuce, you know, is the lowest possible cut."

SOME OF THE BEST OF THE NEWER ORNAMENTAL PLANTS.

Experimental Farms Note.

THERE ARE large collections of ornamental plants at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, in which the newer varieties are compared with the old. It often is found that a high priced variety is no better, if as good, as some variety very much like it. A great many new varieties of iris, for instance, have been introduced in recent years but only a few justify the price charged for them. The following iris ,however, of which the price has now become reasonable, are among the distinct acquisitions and should be in every garden which has a collection of iris: Mount Royal, True charm, Amber, Gay Hussar, Lady of June, Souvenir de Loetitia Michaud, Majestic, Zulu, Tsopic Seas, Geo. J. Tribolet, Rheintochter, Mrs. Marion Cran, Imperator, Lord Lambourne, Valencia and Purissima.

The prices of peonies drop more slowly than those of iris and some of the good ones can scarcely be called of newer introduction nevertheless a few of the best double varieties tested at the Experimental Farm which may be mentioned which have come down considerably in price in recent years are: Le Cygne, Solange, Madame Jules Dessert, Therese, Tourangelle. Walter Faxon, Sarah Bernhardt, Longfellow and Kelway's Glorious.

Great advances have been made in delphiniums in recent years. The most economical plan is to sow seed from the best named varieties and among the seedlings will usually be found some outstanding sorts.

The perennial lupines are charming plants and there has been great improvement in them in recent years. Seed of the best strains will usually give some lovely varieties.

Among the newer ornamental plants, the Regal lily has perhaps made the greatest impression on flower lovers. It is so hardy, so readily raised from seed and such a glorious sight in summer when in bloom that no garden should be without it.

Everyone who has room for a lilac should get one or more of the newer varieties among which may be mentioned Le Marechol Foch, Edith Cavell, Decaisne, Congo, Olivier de serres, Paul Thirion, President Fallieres, and there are many others, some of which though they have been available for a good many years are rarely seen in Canadian gardens. The collection at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, when in bloom in May is a sight not to be forgotten.

There are many other fine varieties of ornamental plants of recent introduction.

High School Examinations Will be Later This Year

Dates announced by the Ontario Education Department for the annual high school entrance and departmental examination next summer show that on the whole the examinations are set for about a full week later than in recent years. Through the department's action as to examination dates, it is understood, the primary and secondary schools will be kept open possibly ten days longer for regular classes in June than has been the case for the past few years.

The high school entrance examinations for bi-lingual pupils begin on Thursday, June 29, and conclude on Wednesday, July 5th, while for the English-speaking pupils the same examinations begin on Monday, July 3rd, and conclude on Wednesday, July 5th.

The departmental lower school examinations start on June 29 and close on July 5th.

The departmental upper and middle school examinations start on Monday, June 26th, and close on Tuesday, July 11th.

"Do you sing at all, Mr. Scrubb?"

"Only very, very rarely."

"I see—just in your bath!"

More Questions.

A small girl was entertaining her mother's visitor.

"How is your little girl?" she asked.

"I'm sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't a little girl."

"How is your little boy?"

"I haven't a little boy, either."

"Then, what is yours?"

The lady with the stern visage glared across the counter at the post office clerk and said: "I sent away for a bottle of medicine and it has not arrived."

"In that case," said the clerk in soothing tones, "I must get you to fill in a form. What is the exact nature of your complaint?"

The lady looked taken aback. "I don't see what that has to do with it, but it is chronic indigestion, if you want to know."

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture

Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture, in addressing the annual meeting of the Dual-Purpose Shorthorn Club, urged the members to study feeding and blood lines in order to increase the butter-fat production of dual-purpose herds in the province. The members reported brisk bidding and good prices at the various sales held during 1932.

British Markets Warrant Increased Hog Production

The opportunity for Empire countries to increase shipments of pork products to the United Kingdom, is shown in the reports to the Department.

The reports set forth that imports of bacon from outside the Empire average over 400,000 tons annually. Ninety per cent of the imports of bacon and ham were of foreign, 70 per cent of the bacon coming from Denmark, and 80 per cent of the hams from the United States.

No Waste in Celery.

Celery is one of the most economical vegetables one can buy, not only because of its special value as an agent in the promotion of health but also because every bit of the stock can be used in one way or another. Many people are in the habit of throwing away the leafy part as useless but this is a mistake as the leaves provide an interesting new variety of greens. It is also unnecessary to discard the had fibrous butts as these are ideal for giving a fine aromatic flavour to all soups, sauces and stews.

Canadian Turkeys Welcome.

A Canadian representative has recently returned from Britain where he was associated with the marketing of the Christmas trade of about 90,000 fatted poultry.

The shipment, which consisted of mostly turkeys, went over in "chilled" instead of the usual frozen condition, therefore came in direct competition with the home-killed rather than imported stock. He reports that because of the quality and attractive presentation of the shipment, which was sold chiefly in London, the stock immediately attracted the attention of the wholesalers and was quickly sold at favourable prices. He was given the assurance of the trade that a shipment of equal quality for the next Christmas season could easily be doubled in quantity without overstocking the market.

Europe Appreciates Apples Grown in Ontario Orchards

That European apprciation of Ontario-grown apples is increasing was indicated in a recent statement of P. W. Hodgetts, secretary, Ontario Fruit Growes' Association. He said that two more shipments, comprised of the Ben Davis variety, would leave for France on February 12 and February 26.

These shipments, totalling some 5,000 barrels, will serve to utilize almost the entire Ontario surplus of this particular variety.

Small Seed Situation.

A recent survey of the small seed situation in Western Ontario reveals that about 60 per cent of the red clover has been sold; 90 per cent of the alfalfa; 80 per cent of the alsike: and 25 per cent of the timothy.

Prices offered growers range according to quality. Red Clover is selling from 7 to 9½ cents a pound; alfalfa, 12 to 14 cents; alsike, 3 to 4½ cents, and timothy 3 to 4½ cents a pound.

Screenings to Burn.

One of the interesting effects of the present low price for grains is shown in the fact that screenings which during periods of high price found sale even in the export market as a constituent of feeding stuffs is now being used for fuel. Demand for refuse screenings as feed has practically ceased and getting rid of this bulky and fast accumulating material was quite a problem for the elevators until a market was found for its use as fuel at heat and power plants in Northwestern Ontario and in Manitoba.

Canadian Cattle Feeds Find New Market in Great Britain

According to the United Kingdom Trade Commissioner a promising trade in cattle feeds is in prospect in the British market. In the January 21st issue of the Commercial Intelligence Journal it is stated that the importation of cattle feeds, consisting of bran and other flour milling offal, from Canada, is comparatively new, beginning in 1931 when Canadian shipments rose from practically nil to 22,263 long tons (2,240 lbs.). Of this amount 6,000 tons were shorts and middlings and the remainder bran. According to this report Great Britain imports about 300,000 tons of these products annually, chiefly from foreign countries, Empire countries producing only some 76,000 tons in 1932.

Boys' and Girls' Club.

There are now in the neighbourhood of 1,300 boys 'and girls' clubs in Canada, with a membership of 21,822. These clubs under competent leadership engage in the study of a variety of subjects relating to six projects, namely, dairy cattle, beef cattle, swine, poultry, grain and potatoes. In the fall of the year in each province the district teams are brought together in a competition and the winners are selected for a free trip to the "Royal," where they again compete with high teams from other provinces. Only members between 16 and 20 years of age are eligible for this test and wonderful prizes; other rewards are offered for members between 13 and 16 years of age. The event at the "Royal" is symbolic of much earnest effort among progressive clubs in agricultural districts from one end of Canada to the other.

More Sheep Registered.

In spite of hard times, breeders of sheep in Ontario continue to improve and enlarge their flocks. The report of the Ontario Sheep Breeders' Association showed nearly 1,200 more sheep registered during 1932 than in 1931. Entries have been made at all the leading fairs and exhibitions during the past year, and an exhibit of sheep was again sent to the International Livestock Show in Chicago. A. A. McMillan, Federal official, explained grading methods and told members of the Ontario Association that more than the usual four graders for Ontario would be considered if such a move were recommended by the Association. He also emphasized the benefits accruing from the Government policy of supplying pure bred rams, stating that there was a great need for such stock in some of the flocks.

Bacon Sow Train.

A determined campaign to improve and increase the bacon industry production in Ontario has been given new impetus with the tour of the Bacon Sow Train through the rural districts of the province. It is hoped that this train, which is in charge of R. W. Wade, Livestock Commissioner for Ontario, will enlarge the interest of farmers at the points visited through lectures and the sale of good type bred bacon sows and some boars. Forty-five stops are being made throughout Ontario and it is anticipated that from 150 to 200 sows will be distributed from the train and from 15 to 20 boars. The sow stock on the train includes a considerable number which were selected from car-lot entries and pen entries at the Royal Winter Fair. The train provides an excellent medium for securing select bacon stock of the highest quality at a very moderate price.

POULTRY CULLING.

Experimental Farms Note.

CULLING is a term applied to the removal of the unprofitable or non-laying birds from the flock. It should be to a limited extent, a continuous process because diseased, crippled or otherwise defective birds should be removed from the flock as soon as detected. Culling for egg-production should begin about the middle of June, as this eliminates the loafers. The second culling should be done during October, the aim being to select the best indiviuals for breeding.

Health, vigour, size, trueness to type and colour, as well as high egg-production should be guide posts to a higher standard. In the selection of profitable hens, there are three things that should be known: first, present production; second, persistence of production; third, intensity, or rate, of production. Present production can be determined by examining the vent, the abdominal capacity, the pelvic bones, the comb, the wattles, and the ear lobes. Persistence or length of production is determined by pigmentation, moulting, and body capacity. Heavy production removes such quantities of fat and colour that the skin, over the entire body, becomes white and very thin, soft and pliable. The shanks and beak also lose their colour. The intensity or rate of production is judged largely by the head and laying temperament.

Trapnesting is not practical in all cases, but experiments have been conducted at the Dominion Experimental Station at Lennoxville, Que., wherein the results of culling, by observing loss of pigmentation, and other noted changes due to heavy production have been compared with the trapnest records ,and in most instances the culling by observation has proven very satisfactory.

Thus, with little practice, the average poultryman can, by this method, with very little expense cull out the non-producers, weed out the unprofitable "boarders," and devote his time and energy to fewer, but better producing units. The results of continued culling will be lower feed costs, just as many eggs, and a satisfied owner.



"Why no, we're never lonesome"

"You must be lonely these days," Joe Hanley suggested, "now that young Jim has left home."

"Why, not at all," replied Old Jim, pointing to the telephone with a smile. "We talk with the lad on Long Distance every week. And it's almost as good as seeing him."

"Isn't it expensive?"

"Why no, station-to-station night rates make it about 25 cents."

Let Long Distance keep you in touch with friends and relations. It is quick, clear, dependable and the cost is trifling.

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

Campbell's British Bluebird Makes 240 Miles an Hour

Daytona Beach, Fla., Feb. 14th.—Sir Malcolm Campbell sent his trim Bluebird racing car roaring over the ocean beach course here late to-day at a speed well in excess of 200 miles an hour on a test run made preliminary to an official assault on his own world land speed record of 253 miles an hour.

Although the 48-year-old Briton was clocked at a speed of 212.63 miles an hour over a two-kilometre route, he said afterwards his instruments showed he attained a peak of between 230 and 240 miles an hour on his only run of the dav.

Whether he will make an official trial for a new world record to-morrow, Sir Malcolm said, will be contingent upon the ability of mechanics to make certain adjustments to the 2,500 horsepower car. He said the machine performed "wonderfully well" under the conditions, but that several alterations would be necessary.

Taking only a three-mile rolling start, Sir Melcolm flashed across the two-kilometer route in 21.04 seconds. Two kilometres is about one mile and a quarter.

Somewhere within that distance, the driver said his tachometer, or engine speed indicator, showed a peak speed of between 230 and 240 miles an hour for a few seconds, and then he cut off the motor.

"The car was just loafing along at that speed," he said, "and I am sure that when conditions are right and I take about a five-mile start I shall be able to set a very fast record."

Sir Malcolm was clocked over a five-mile route on the same run in one minute, 40.04 seconds for a speed of 179.282 miles an hour. By the time he had crossed the five miles, however, he was slowing down perceptibly, and a short distance further down the beach he came to a stop.

Officials said that, because the timing traps failed to work on the measured mile, they were unable to clock his speed over that distance.

Upon reaching the south end of the beach, Sir Malcolm was expected to make a return run north over the course, but he decided not to race the car any more until it could be adjusted.

Sir Malcolm said the visibility was fair, but that the beach was "not at all good."

"The sand was not level," he explained, and the course appeared to be dished out. This made steering very difficult. All in all, though, I was very well pleased with to-day's run."

The driver said the beach was wet, which slowed down his car, and that it also was strewn with sea shells. One of his tires received a "nasty cut" from the shells, he said.

Should Sir Malcolm be able to complete the adjustments to his car to try for a record run to-morrow, his trials will be made late in the afternoon. Low tide occurs about 5 p.m., E. S. T., but he possibly would be able to race an hour or two before that time.

Motor Cars Still Continue Strike Trains at Crossings

Despite warnings and pleas, drivers of automobiles and trucks continue to attempt to push locomotives and trains off the tracks at crossings. Usually the automobile comes off second best, and outside of property damage caused, there were 37 lives lost and 170 persons injured in highway crossing accidents on the Canadian National Railways during 1932. While the total number of crossing accidents during 1932 shows a decrease of 102 from the number of the previous year the number of accidents in which trains were struck by autobiles and trucks decreased by only 31, while the cases in which motor vehicles were struck by trains decreased in the year by 38.

A New Zealand family had a domestic of the familiar heavy-hand type. One morning the town experienced a slight shock of earthquake. Pictures were thrown down, crockery and ornaments fell crashing to the ground.

In the midst of the tumult the mistress went to the head of the stairs, and called out in terms of alarm: "Good heaven, Hannah, what have you broken now?"

How Bandits Helped To Save South Africa

By J. V. McAree.

WE HAD always suspected that bandits fulfilled a certain necessary and perhaps complicated operations of modern society, and a story that Mr. James Shanahan told us the other day offered the evidence which we lacked. Until then we had not known that the whole course of events in South Africa during the World War was altered by a couple of bandits, of whom the chief was William Foster . This young outlaw had escaped from prison in Pretoria, where he was serving a twelve-year term for the robbery of a jewellry store in Cape Town. While he was in prison the authorities had permitted him to marry a young chorus girl, who afterwards returned to her home in Johannesburg. Thither, after his escape went Foster, and he and his wife immediately went into hiding, where they were joined by an American gunman and a youthful thug of German-Dutch extraction.

A Murderous Gang.

On a night in July, 1914, the gang broke into the premises of the National Bank at Boksburg North, which lies about twenty miles east of Johannesburg, with the intention of blowing the safe. While so engaged, the suspicions of a passerby named Charlson were aroused,, so that he crossed the road to investigate. The bandits, on seeing him, shot him dead and also shot another man in the knee, who had come on the scene, making him a cripple for life. They then escaped on the motorcycle, without obtaining any money. Following other robberies, to effect the release of one of the gang who had been captured and handcuffed by two police officers, both officers were shot dead by the others, and again all of the gang escaped on the motorcycle. These murders resulted in a general hue and cry being raised, and a determination of the citizenry that the outlaws would be brought to justice. In September a woman living in a Johannesburg suburb reported to the police the presence of some suspicious characters in a house near her residence. This resulted in police officers, under Detective Mynott, being sent to investigate. Arriving at the house Mynott opened the front door without knocking, and passed through what seemed an empty building to a yard in the rear. There he saw a large automobile, with a man underneath and another examining the tires.

Murder of Detective.

"Hands up!" cried Mynott. The man at the tires coolly answered, "Why should I?" while at the same moment the man beneath the car pushed out a revolver. This Foster immediately grabbed and fired, killing Mynott. Simultaneously his wife appeared, and the gang jumping into the car at once drove off, and once more got away, despite brisk firing on the car by the two remaining police. On learning of Mynott's murder large numbers of armed men sallied out along the various avenues of escape from the city. Orders were issued to challenge all cars, and fire on any failing to stop. It was a windy night, and as a consequence, a well-known physician, Dr. Grace, driving along the East Rand with his wife, unaware of what had occurred and not hearing the challenge was shot dead.

Now along the road leading to Potchefstroom this night drove on a mission of great importance Gen. Beyers and Gen. Delarey. Their goal was in fact a large military camp where there were some thousands of soldiers. Gen. Beyers had been minister of war in the Botha cabinet but had resigned when Botha declared that South Africa would stand fast as one of the nations in the Empire. Gen. Delarey and Gen. de Wet, both noted warriors in the Boer War, differed from Botha and came to the conclusion that this was the God-given opportunity for South Africa to cut loose from the British Empire. As we know ,two of them later took the field and had to be hunted down by loyalist troops. Their mission this night was to reach the soldiers encamped at Potchefstroom and if possible win them over to their rebellious cause. Both these men stood in high repute among the Boers and nothing likelier than if they had reached the end of their journey when they expected they might have put themselves at the head of the largest and strongest military unit in South Africa.

Shot for Bandit.

They knew nothing about the hunt for the Foster gang. But when about 20 miles out of Johannesburg they were challenged. Whether they did not halt quickly enough or whether the policeman who hailed them was over excited is uncertain. The main fast is that the car was fired upon and Delarey was killed. This made it necessary for Beyers to return to the city, and before he could leave again the camp at Potchefstroom had been broken up and his chance to recruit an army against Botha had gone forever. The next day the bandits' car was found abandoned, and the bandits themselves traced to a cave some ten miles farther on. But when the police entered they found all dead, the outlaws having chosen suicide in preference to capture. About a week later Beyers took the field in rebellion. He was forced from one retreat to another and finally in November, while crossing the Vaal River at a point where it divides the Transvaal from the Orange Free State, he was shot and his body never recovered.

He Was No Lusher.

"My husband tells me the other men at the club consider Mr. Browne quite a raconteur."

"Rubbish! He doesn't drink any more than the rest of them."

Getting Even.

"You look like a fool," thundered the disgusted man to his son just returned from college. "More and more like a conceited, harebrained, helpless fool, every year."

Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.

"Hello, Jack; back, eh?" exclaimed the visitor. "You're looking more and more like your father every year."

"Yes," said Jack, "that's what the governor's been telling me."

Ancient, But—

The other day an old gentleman rushed into a railway station and said to the first porter he saw: "Is this my train?"

"No," replied the porter; "it belongs to the railway company."

"You blockhead!" cried the old gentleman, losing his temper. "I mean, do I take this train?"

"You'd better not!" said the porter. "There have been two or three trains missing lately. I'd advise you to be very cautious, my good sir!"

1832 THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA INCº AD 1832 1933

Stability . . .

TODAY as down through its century of existence The Bank of Nova Scotia offers to sound business the strength of ample resources and the stability of its proven policies.

World-wide facilities in every department of banking

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Economy Seven Rib & Corrugated

28 gauge $4.00 26 gauge $4.50 Council Standard $5.00

Per 100 square feet, FOB Montreal

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Tinsmiths & Plumbers

Telephone 48

Chesterville - Ontario

Acknowedgement 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.

Too True.

Friend: "I see President Hoover says that what the country needs is a great poem to stir us with its inspiration."

Poet: "It has not only been written, it has been rejected."

Student (to Roommate): "What do you call those tablets the Gauls used to write on?"

Roommate: "Gall stones, I guess."

"Have a cigar?" asked the man with the smiling face.

"Don't mind if I do," said the friend. "But what's the occasion? Why this lavish display?"

"Oh, I've got an addition to the family."

"You don't say so? Congratulations!" said the other man, enthusiastically, as he put a match to the cigar. After a few puffs he observed: "About the fifth child, I should say."

Prints:

See our new range of Spring Prints fresh from the mills in the new and various patterns and colours. Guaranteed sun and tub fast, these prints are all 36 inches wide.

Floor Coverings:

We carry a full line of Floor coverings in yard goods at all times, also a quick service on all kinds of Bordered Rugs in CONGOLEUM, LINOLEUM, OILCLOTH and FELTOL.

We carry a full Line of

Window Materials, Shades, and Rods

at all Times.

Rubbers

Our stock of rubbers of PLAIN OVERS and LACED Styles have again been replenished and we are able to give you the Best Prices available in Men's, Women's and Kiddies.

SPECIALS

GUM RUBBERS, 6 eyelet, fresh stock, Pair	1.95
WOOL SOCKS, 6 Pairs for	$1
MEN'S TIES, new patterns, Each	.50
HOSE, Ladies' Full-Fashioned All-Silk Hose, Per Pair	.50
BATH TOWELS, assorted colours, Per Pair	.45

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

Phone 62

H. J. McMAHON

Chesterville, Ont.

Gordonville

Mr. Lloyd Thompson, of Ottawa, is visiting his grandfather, Mr. James Thompson.

Mr. A. Jas. Thompson spent Monday with his aunt, Mrs. E. Ray Thompson.

Mrs. J. L. Thompson and Mr. W. L. Thompson were in Embrun on Saturday.

Mr. Allan Thompson motored to Cornwall on Sunday to visit his daughter, Deltra, who is a patient in the Cornwall General Hospital. He Thompson and Mr. W. L. Thompson was accompanied by Mrs. J. L. who spent the day with Mrs. Thompson's father, Mr. T. W. Fetterly, also Mrs. Ernest Arbuthnot and Mr. Ernest Arbuthnot went as far as Lunenburg to visit their cousin, Mr. Lawrence Arbuthnot.

Messrs. James and William Thompson were in St. Onge and Russell on Saturday.

Mr. Stewart Mattice was in Morewood on Monday.

Mr. E. Ray Thompson was in Russell on Saturday.

Miss Emma Thompson spent the week end at her home here.

Mr. Cecil Miller spent Sunday with Mr. Cecil Arbuthnot.

George Thompson is sporting a Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ray Thompson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Thompson of North Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Rob McCormick were in Metcalfe last Thursday.

Miss Deltra Thompson is expected home from the Cornwall General Hospital on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rob McCormick and family called on Mr. and Mrs. Ray Thompson on Monday evening.

Morewood

Mr. and Mrs. Max Martin, of Ottawa, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Martin.

Mrs. Alcide Lanoue and daughter, of Massena, visited for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger.

Mrs. James Andrew is spending a few days visiting with her sons, Robert and Thomas, of Ottawa.

Master Mac Carlyle spent Saturday with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James Bogart.

Miss Jean Rorison visited Thursday with Miss Minnie Steen.

The sympathy of the community goes out to Mr. and Mrs. John Dagenais in the death of their son, Fred, who passed away on Sunday after a long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex McConnell took tea on Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Dillabough.

Mrs. Emerson Faulkner and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mildren Baker, of Winchester, motored to Ottawa on Tuesday.

Mr. Harry Popplewell had the misfortune of being struck by a falling tree while working in the bush Monday. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Jane Empey spent the week end with her aunt, Miss Minnie Steen.

Mrs. Milton Shaver, of Chesterville, spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Abner Dillabough.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh and family, of Ormond, visited on Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dillabough.

Mrs. Warren Feeley spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Harold Faulkner, of Ottawa.

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

Berwick

Harvesting ice is the order of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. McQuaig spent Tuesday in Cornwall with their son, Dalton, who is a patient in the General Hospital.

Mr. Alex Starke spent a few days in Finch last week.

Messrs. Donald and Wendell Henry and Mrs. Hattie Henry attended the funeral of the late Mr. Jas. Bryan at Gallingertown on Monday.

Mr. Geo. Nichols made a business trip to Wales on Monday.

Mrs. A. Casselman is spending a few days at Cornwall.

Mrs. H. Montgomery and little daughter are on the sick list.

Mrs. D. McPherson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Johnston, Crysler.

Mrs. John Ruddy is visiting relatives for a week at Ottawa.

Mr. Frank Galvin was taken to a Kingston hospital on Tuesday where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Adam McQueen had the misfortune to break his wrist while playing hockey at Cornwall last week.

Mrs. Rose Aubin returned home after visiting her sister at Cornwall for a few days.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Montroy is better after his recent illness.

Messrs. D. Rutley, L. J. Hutt and Mack Montroy spent Tuesday at Ottawa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dillabough visited Mrs. Carmel Smirle on Tuesday.

Goldfield

Mr. John Kennedy, of Prescott, visited Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Winters and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacRae one day last week.

Mr. Ross McMillan and son, Avonmore, visited the former's parental home, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McMillan's, on Monday.

Mr. Wm. McMillan, who was confined to his bed for a few days, is now able to be about his home.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dunbar visited with Mr. and Mrs. S. M. McLean and family on Sunday.

Mrs. R. Smith, of Chesterville, visited her grandmother, Mrs. James Younge, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith and family for a few days last week.

Mr. John Ferguson and son David, of Avonmore, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Gillies this week.

Miss Grace Nephew, teacher at Ashburn, spent the week end in Montreal.

Mr. John Bush, assessor for Finch township, was in this vicinity on Tuesday.

Owing to the icy condition of the road, Messrs. Arnott and Harold Farrell, Tommy and Francis Foley, students at the Finch High School, were able to skate to school one day last week.

North Winchester

Mr. and Mrs. William Coulthart spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Myers.

A busy time is being had cutting and hauling ice from the MacGregor quarry.

Mrs. Ernest McConnell spent Friday with Mrs. Lyle Hunter.

Mr. Donald Coulthart spent Thursday afternoon in Morewood.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the Pancake Supper Tuesday evening.

Mr .Calvin Gordon spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. E. McConnell.

We are sorry to report Malcolm MacGregor is on the sick list.

Mrs. David Coulthart spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold McMartin.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Fetterly, Ray and Greta, spent Thursday evening with Mrs. James Fetterly.

Mr. Milton Hillis is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hillis.

Messrs. Kenneth McLaughlin, Jake Steen and Harold Faulkner spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Harold Hillis.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. John Elliott and family wish to thank their friends and neighbours for many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy in the recent death of the wife and mother.

FULTON BROS.

The Store of Quality
But not of High Price

ROLLED WHEAT
5¼-lb. Bags ..... .25

WHEATINE
6-lb. Bag ..... .25

FLOOR WAX
JOHSNON'S FLOOR WAX PASTE, 1-lb. Tin ..... .60
BLACK DIAMOND FLOOR WAX 1-lb. Tin ..... .48

Lobster
Is Very CHEAP Now.
¼-lb. Tin ..... .17
½-lb. Tin ..... .25
Fancy Quality.

Tuna Fish
Shrimps
Sardines

COCOA - 2lbs 25c

The New Floor Finish
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT WAX
No Rubbing, No polishing. It shines as it dries PER CAN 75c

Glass Syringes
½-oz. size ..... .15
1-oz. size ..... .52

Milking Tubes
Adjustable Each ..... .25

MILK PAILS
See our values in these.
.48 & .69 Each.

CLINICAL THERMOMETERS
DAIRY THERMOMETERS
INCUBATOR THEMOMETERS

Fresh Herring Salmon Pike

GOODYEAR TIRES AND TUBES
All sizes now in stock
TIRE PATCHES WITH CEMENT
Per Tin 20c and 30c

FRESH SODAS : 2 lbs 25c

Chocolate Biscuits : 2 lbs 25c

Fresh Graham Wafers Cellophane Wrapped **per lb 20c**

PUMPKIN Aylmer Choice **2 tins for 25c**

Bulk Black Tea
Why pay high prices for package tea
Try our kind
Per lb 35c

FINEST JAPAN TEA "FULTON'S SPECIAL" Per lb ..... .45
AWATTO GREEN TEA Per lb ..... .35
PLAYING CARDS .35 & .50 PACK
LEAF TOBACCO Per lb ..... .23
MARMALADE Large 40-oz. Jar. SPECIAL ..... .25
APPLE & RASPBERRY APPLE & STRAWBERRY 40-oz. Glass ..... .25

ROYAL GOLD FLOUR 98 lb Bags **$1.95**

Fresh Ground Buckwheat Flour
6 lbs for 25c

McIntosh Apples
5c lb $1.75 bushel basket

MACARONI ..... 5c lb
RICE ..... 5c lb.
LETTUCE, ORANGES, BANANAS, Etc.

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

The Bargain Table

FARM TO RENT

Farm, consisting of 100 acres in the Township of Williamsburg, Lot 9, Concession 7.—Apply to J. A. McLean, R. R. 1, Chesterville. 16

WOOD FOR SALE

Hard Maple, Body Wood, $3.00 cord
Hard Maple, Limbs, cord $2.25
Delivered anywhere in town.—Apply to F .W. Merkley. 16-2

FOR SALE

Complete line of Farm Machinery in first class shape at a price to make you think. Cash, or terms to responsible parties. 'Phone, write or call.—W. L. Thompson, 'phone 17-r-11, Box 214, Morewood, Ont. 18-3

COWS FOR SALE

Fifteen milch Cows, all tested, may be seen in Mrs. J. Murphy's barn after Friday. All due to freshen in good time. Also two registered Holstein Bulls, with papers.—W. O. Dixon, Chesterville. 16

TUBE-TESTING A FREE SERVICE

May I remind you again that tube testing is an absolutely free service to you. Why not make use of it? No matter what make of tube you use it costs nothing to have them tested. —Elvin LaSalle, Radio and Electrical Expert, Chesterville, Ont. 16

Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER of the Estate of MALCOLM BURNS STEWART, late of the Village of Chesterville in the County of Dundas, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 51 of The Trustee Act, R.S.O. 1927, Cap. 150, that all creditors and others having claims or demands against the estate of the said Malcolm Burns Stewart, who died on or about the Ninth day of December, 1932, at the Civic Hospital in the City of Ottawa, are required on or before the 18th day of March, 1933, to send by postpaid or deliver to the undersigned administratrix of the estate of the said deceased their Christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars in writing of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

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

DATED February 16th, 1933.

W. B. LAWSON,
Chesterville, Ont.,
Solicitor for Ida May Stewart,
18–3 Administratrix,
Maxville P. O., Ont.

AUCTION SALE

—of—

HIGH GRADE MILCH COWS AND HAY.

The undersigned, who is going on a smaller farm, will offer for sale by Public Auction on the premises,

Lot 9, Con. 5, Finch Township
2½ Miles West of Berwick

—on—

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 21ST, 1933

Beginning at 1.30 p.m., Sharp:

11 High Grade Holstein Milch Cows All supposed to freshen, some by time of sale, balance during March and April. All T. B. tested and in first class condition.

About 14 tons of Hay.

Terms of Sale—Cash.

WM. INMAN, Proprietor.

Jno. H .Currie, Auct.

MORRIS' Transport

A Number of
High Grade
Milch Cows
(Holsteins and Ayrshires)

FOR SALE

FROM TESTED AREA

2—Trucks—2
PHONE 76J
S. MORRIS - CHESTERVILLE

Large Leghorn Egg

Mr. J. H. Brownlee, Main Street North, brought a monster egg to the Record Office on Tuesday morning laid by one of his flock of fine Leghorns. It weighed four ounces and measured eight inches the long way and six and one-half the other.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Isaac N. Harper and family wish to express their thanks to neighbours and friends for the many acts of kindness during their recent bereavement and loss of wife and mother.

Church Road

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith and children, of Morrisburg, spent Saturday with Mr .and Mrs. James Swerdfeger.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Stoddart and son Basil were recent guests of Mr. Styles.

and Mrs. Ben Bowman.

Mrs. John Duprau, Riverside, spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. Sam Swerdfeger.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Styles and family were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Barkley, Glen Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barkley spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Roy

DAVID'S
WINTER CLEARING SALE

Absolute necessity out of heavy obligations to our creditors compels us to drastically reduce our entire winter stock at a great loss regardless of cost.

We may never find ourselves in this condition again and the following prices have never before been duplicated. Most recent tabularions show that prices of most Dry Goods are on the upward trend. This is your chance to supply yourself for the remainder of the winter profitably at the lowest prices in history. Avail yourself of this great opportunity. Due to the great loss expected from the reduction of our winter stock in this sale, we feel that we cannot afford to continue these prices longer than February 28th. All sales for cash only.

Sale Begins Friday February 17th
Ends Tuesday, Feb. 28th

BOYS' SUITS.
Light and heavy Tweeds and Serges, worth a great deal more, all sizes. now priced up from..... 2.45

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' MILTON CLOTH OVERCOATS
Regular $12. and $15.00. Now clearing at..... 6.85 & 7.95

MEN'S MILTON CLOTH OVERCOATS
Regular $18.00 and $20.00. Now to Clear at..... 9.95

MEN'S HEAVY ALL-WOOL MACKINAW COATS
Regular $6.95, Now only..... 3.95

MEN'S HEAVY GENUINE HORSEHIDE COATS
Regular $12.00, Now to Clear at..... 6.95

MEN'S HEAVY MACKINAW BREECHES
"Renfrew Brand," regular $3.95, Now to Clear at..... 1.98

MEN'S PENMAN'S 71 COMBINATIONS
Natural Wool, Regular $2.00, Now only..... 1.39

BOYS' LEATHER WINDBREAKERS
Regular $4.50, Now only..... 2.79

MEN'S HEAVY WEIGHT ALL-WOOL PANTS
Regular 4.50, Now only..... 2.39

MEN'S FLEECE-LINED SHIRTS & DRAWERS
Regular .85, Now only, each..... .49

BOYS' HEAVY TWEED PANTS
Regular $1.50, To Clear at..... .79

MEN'S HEAVY ALL-WOOL SWEATERS
Regular 2.98, To Clear at..... 1.98

We have a large assortment of BOYS' SWEATERS
To Clear at..... .69 each

CHESTERFIELD CUSHIONS
In pure Crêpe Silk Coverings, beautiful patterns, regular 1.98, To clear at..... .89

MEN'S SKATING OUTFITS
Boots of the best make and high grade calf, rivetted to Starr Tube Skates, regular 7.95, now to clear at..... 4.49

LADIES' SKATING OUTFIT
Of like quality as the men's, regular 6.95, now at..... 3.49

LADIES' & MEN'S RUBBER SPECIALS
Men's red-ribbed Lumbermen, grey rolled edge soles, regular 2.95, Now to clear at..... 2.19

Same as above in Boys' sizes, 1 to 5, regular 2.49, now..... 1.89

Men's Black Gum Lumbermen, regular 2.49, Now..... 1.83

Same as above in Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5, regular2.00, Now..... 1.43

Men's Red Bottom Gums, with full grain leather tops, 12 inches high ,regular 4.95, now..... 3.67

Men's Felt Top Gum Rubbers, Reg. 3.25, now..... 2.35

Men's Four-Buckle Overshoes, Reg. 3.25, now..... 2.29

Men's Two-Buckle Overshoes, Reg. 2.75, now..... 1.83

Boys' Two-Buckle Overshoes, sizes 1 to 5, regular 2.25, now..... 1.59

Ladies' Velvet Fur-Trimmed Overshoes, regular 4.50, only..... 2.98

Ladies' Wool Jersey Fur-Trimmed Overshoes, regular 3.75, now..... 2.83

Ladies Wool Jersey 2-Dome Overshoes, regular 2.50, now..... 1.69

LADIES' FINE KID & PATENT LEATHER STRAP SHOES
Regular 2,50, Now..... 1.49

LADIES' KID OXFORDS
Regular 2.75, Now..... 1.89

LADIES' FINE KID OXFORDS
Arch Support and Cushion Soles, made for comfort and wear, regular 3.25, Now only..... 2.39
We have also several other patterns of Very Dressy and Fine Quality in OXFORDS & PUMPS reduced to prices no woman can afford to miss.

MEN'S HEAVY FLANNEL WORK SHIRTS
Deacon's, and other reputable brands, regular $1.00 and up, To Clear at..... .59 each

We have a large assortment of heavy, all-wool MILITARY FLANNEL WORK SHIRTS
Regular 1.50, to clear, each..... .69

MEN'S LEATHER MITTS
Pullovers ,best horsehide quality obtainable, regular .85 , Now, each..... .59

MEN'S SOCKS
All-wool, heavy 3-lb. and 4-lb. socks, regular .50. Now per pair .23 or 4 pairs... .90
Men's All Wool Work Socks, 2pairs for..... .25

MEN'S CAPS
A large assortment of the latest patterns and of the best quality. Regular 1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 values. Now Clearing at..... .69 up to .89

GIRLS' FLEECE-LINED BLOOMERS
All sizes, Regular 50c, Now at..... .23 & .27

LADIES' VESTS
of the best quality, regular .75, Now..... .39

We have a large assortment of LADIES' BEDROOM SLIPPERS
in beautiful patterns and shades, value of 1.00 and 1.50, To Clear at..... .69 & .89

Ladies' Flannelette NIGHT GOWNS
Regular 1.00 and 1.25, Now..... .59 & .69

LADIES' SILK SLIPS
High grade silk, regular 1.00 and 1.25 values, to clear at..... .73

BLEACHED COTTON
A big value, 40 inches wide, regular .25 and .30, to clear per yard..... .13
5 YARDS for..... .60

BABY'S ALL-WOOL SWEATERS
Regular 1.50, Now to clear at..... .73

If there is anything you need and do not see in this ad. Come and ask for it

AGAIN WE CLAIM THE BIGGEST AND BEST VALUES FOR YOUR MONEY

For your convenience we are opening Monday and Thursday nights this month

A. T. DAVID KEARNS BLOCK CHESTERVILLE

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

1933		FEBRUARY				1933
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
	Read	Every	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	Ad.	Thoroughly.		

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1933.

BRITISH SHIPS ARE SAFEST AMERICA AND FRANCE WELL DOWN THE LIST

LLOYD'S underwriters are finding that the study of national psychologies is becoming of greater importance than ever in their profession of insuring ships against accident.

The burning of L'Atlantique, the seventh big French ship to be seriously damaged by fire in the last four years, has emphasized more strongly than ever the fact that shipping risks vary with different nationalities.

Which are the safest ships and why?

Lowest Accident Average.

"British ships top the list for safety," said Captain W. H. Coombes, of the Officers' (Merchant Navy) Federation on Wednesday. "While a firm believer in British maritime supremacy, I make the statement with no national prejudice. There is no doubt that statistics would bear out this statement.

"Our accident average through fires or other causes is the lowest of all. It happens that the British race has a genius, not only for seafaring, but for mechanics, and is more thorough and careful by nature than any other.

"The training of both navigationg and engineering officers ,combined with their natural aptitude for the handling of ships, produces the best possible type.

"There is also the question of coolness and courage in an emergency among the crew. It is very seldom that a trained British seaman loses his head. It is very seldom that the sailors of certain nationalities don't.

Dutch Trustworthy.

"After the British Merchant Navy come the Dutch and Scandinavians in point of trustworthiness, together with the Germans. The Northern Europeans have many of our own virtues, but they have not so complete an experience, especially in the running of big luxury liners.

"After that it is difficult to decide between the various nationalities. A fair order would be Americans, Japanese, Italians, French and Greeks.

"American ships figured in the casualty reports rather noticeably just after the war. Often the officers had a slipshod training, and it is an actual fact that some ships' officers studied for their tickets by correspondence course.

"Recently there has been a decrease in the number of accidents on American ships. This may be due to the greater experience of the officers and to the fact that a good many naturalized British and Scandinavians have been engaged."

Another authority said: "Though the French are an inventive race, they are neither thorough nor mechanically minded."

Sonny: "Dadd, look! An aeroplane!"

Absorbed Father: "Yes, sonny; now, don't touch it!"

—o—

First Little Girl: "What's your last name, Marie?"

Second Little Girl: "I don't know yet; I ain't married!"

—o—

He: "I don't want to get married for two years."

She: "Why, of course not, Jack. I think we ought to get married for five years at least."

Are Prices of Farm Stuff to Improve

The Canadian Economic Research Bureau notes two forces at work in the world's food industry—both tending to create higher prices for grains and other food products.

In the first place Western Asia, which is enjoying something of a boom through low silver and depreciated currencies will be a large purchaser of grains for the balance of the season. China last week purchased wheat from the Argentine in addition to her already substantial buying from Australia. Cables from India indicate that she will be an important buyer of wheat before the close of the season, and it is already known that Japan must be a consistent purchaser. This buying by the East—taken with the needs of Russia, due to a short crop last year—may help to give things a turn for the better. In the meantime the United Kingdom is taking increasing quantities of our surplus wheat.

In the second place a steady decline in the use of fertilizers for four successive years is impoverishing the the soil and reducing the per acre yield of grain and other foodstuffs. The United States will use only 3,300,000 tons in 1933 as against 4,200,000 tons in 1932 and 8,212,000 tons in 1930. It is the same in other countries. In the 1931 and 1932 season there were still some reserves of fertilizer left in the soil from the boom times but at present it is agreed by all agricultural authorities that it will be impossible to have normal crops in many lines with the amount of fertilizer now being used.

Fertilizers were to farm production in the boom years what cheap money was to the stock market. The lack of fertilizer has the opposite effect. We have, then, nature stepping in and curing the present over-production, so that what was a bearish force in the general business situation promises to turn into a decidedly bullish one. "In the case of Canadian exchange a reversal in the world's wheat situation might well prevent an impending further decline in the Canadian dollar, because our large stock of wheat would overnight be transformed into a decided asset."

A third fact put forward by the Bureau is potentially a bullish factor . There has been a heavy decline in the reserves of agricultural products in cold storage. United States statistics show that the quantities of beef, pork, lamb, dairy products, eggs, etc., held on January 1st, 1933, were tens of millions of pounds lighter than a year ago or than the January 1 average for five years. Low prices have encouraged increased consumption and improved distribution is causing surplus stocks to disappear. In all of which there may be a sign of hope and sunshine for the agriculturist.

WASHINGTON'S INSISTENCE.

London, Eng., Express.

The Americans are inviting us to Washington again.

They are a wonderful race.

When the war was over, they said to us, "Settle with Ireland and we are friends for evermore." We did it.

Then they said, "Give us a nine-mile limit to control our liquor smuggling and we are friends for evermore." We did it.

They said, "Settle the debt and we are friends for evermore." We did it.

They said, "Reduce your navy and we are friends for evermore." We did it.

They said, "Cancel your treaty with Japan and we are friends evermore." We did it.

Now they say, "Go back to the gold standard and we are friends for evermore."

Possibly we shall do it.

"Married life isn't so bad, is it?"

"Oh, it's all right after you get to be a trusty."

—o—

Some of the charity that begins at home can't get past the front door without getting homesick.

—o—

The visitor at the seaside hotel had had a very merry Christmas dinner.

On getting out into the open air he was completely lost, but was found later underneath the pier, staggering and bumping against the pillars and muttering: "Well, I've been in many towns, but I'm blowed if I've been in one where there were so many lamp posts."

LOTS OF DEER FOR ONTARIO

By Jack Miner.

TO THE NATURE LOVERS and sportsmen of our province. In the summer of 1931, I accepted an invitation as a member of our Ontario game commission, but please let me assure you one and all I did not accept this position as a curious pleasure but as a great responsibility, for I believe I know something about the small amount of game we have in Ontario, compared with the possibilities of what we can have and eventually will have. Possibly my close-up knowledge of the success of other provinces makes me more courageous than the average person.

I haven't been in Nova Scotia since June, 1930, but the nine deer that were liberated there in 1896 and the five that were liberated in 1906 had then multiplied into a problem and many farmers and fruit growers were advocating an open season on the does. Now fully 35 years ago when I was raising English pheasants and a few bob white quail around my house odd conversationalists dropped in to see me and I was told of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, but the last 20 or 25 years the migratory birds have thoroughly introduced me to this criticized group—so much so that a special train load of them came right through from Pittsburgh for no other reason than to see for themselves. Now, the Penn Game Commission was organized in 1895 and I doubt if ever there was a lot of self-sacrificing men who out to do something for the public and who have constantly been criticized more than the Penn Game Commission. On the other hand no commission on the North American Continent has made a greater success of its undertaking.

In 1897 this game commisson forbade the use of dogs for hunting deer and the killing of them at salt licks. This started their first real storm of threatening criticism. In 1906 they purchased 50 deer from Michigan and they purchased a few each year up to 1924, the total number being 1,094. In 1907 they passed the buck law which brought bitter criticism from apparently all direction until 1913 when Dr. Joseph Walbfus (a wonderful character) made the following statement: "The law prohibiting the killing of any but a male deer was passed more to protect human life than the deer."

The Resident Hunting Licenses Act was first passed in 1913, and, if my memory serves me right. the resident license fee was started at 75 cents. In 1915 the open season was set at December 1st to 15th, and has remained so ever since. Well, in spite of the fact of having an open season on bucks each year in the early 20's the Game Commission problem changed from one of saving the deer to that of controlling them. Farmers were up in arms in nearly every county. The Commission tried the deer-proof fencing and the Commission furnished a total of 46,524 rods of fencing for 32 counties in the state but even this failed to satisfy 11,000,000 people, and the Commission fairly sought after advice to solve the problem as the limited wilds had become so overstocked with deer. Now something had to be done and the Game Commission knew what to do, but the question was how to do it. Finally it was decided to have an open season on the does. Well, of all the explosions that ever jarred the iron state, it occurred right now. Tens of thousands of men that opposed the buck law were fairly raging at the thought of shooting the does. So the Commission withdrew the doe proposition, and in 1928 declared an open season on anterless deer only, and 25,097 were lawfully shot. Shooting the does in the name of antlerless deer solved the problem, for these innocent knockers and the criticism seemed to cease. Well, in 1931 the problem had become worse than ever, and the Commission gave a state-wide open season on antler and antlerless deer, but no antlerless deer to be allowed to be shot that did not weigh over forty pounds. The kill for the 1931 open season was 24.796 antlered deer and 70,255 antlerless deer.

Sportsmen of Ontario, please think this over. The Penn. Game Commission is selling over 500,000 two-dollar resident hunting licenses and non-resident hunting licenses to hunters from twenty-three different states for their state has become almost alive with other game as well as deer, including the wild turkeys. Best of all every resident is more than proud to boast of their great success, claiming that $1,000,000 is bringing them $16,000,000 in return. The critics fairly swell their chests, boasting of how we manage our game in our state.

Now remember, Pennsylvania has 11,000,000 population, and less than one-ninth the territory we have in Ontario, and the quality of our deer country is superior in every way. What can we have? I say, let us work harmoniously together. Kill the wolf at any reasonable price. Enforce the law against the sale of venison or moose meat by imprisoning the purchaser for not less than thirty days, and we can have live deer by the millions for tourist attractions during the summer, and by hundreds of thousands to shoot every fall. In ten years' time our needy, if we have any, can have wild mutton by the ton.

Wise Surgeon.

A patient in a hospital awoke after an operation and found the blinds of the room drawn.

"Why are those blinds down, doctor?" he asked.

"Well," said the physician, "There is a fire burning across the alley, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."



NOWADAYS, many things which are found in nature are also produced artificially. The term "artificial" no longer suggests an inferior substitute, for indeed something that is artificial may have certain advantages, such as being more accessible and more uniform in quality than the natural product.

From the earliest ages, man has appreciated the warmth and growth-giving power of the sun. Man, along with plants and animals, has turned his face to the sun. Sun-baths are not a modern invention; they were used many centuries ago. The Greeks included solaria in their homes, and built places by the sea where they exposed their naked bodies to the sun.

Sunlight is not, as we know, available on cloudy and rainy days. Moreover, sunlight varies in its duration and intensity with the time of day and the season of the year. In order that sunlight may be constantly available, irrespective of clouds, time or season, special lamps have been devised to produce artificial sunlight and other forms of light.

Sunlight, whether natural or artificial, has certain effects upon the body. We know, from personal experience that sunlight burns and tans the skin. We also know that to expose our bodies to the sun and air, provided the exposure is properly regulated, gives us a sense of health and energy.

Studies made of the effects of light on the human body have shown that it is of great value in the prevention of rickets, that it is most useful in the treatment of a limited number of diseases, that it is of questionable value in others, and that it is actually harmful in certain conditions.

Because light treatments have some value is no justification for the exaggerated claims which have been made nor for the wide-spread use of lamps regarding the extent of the power of which the user is ignorant.

There is no simple rule for applying light in the treatment of disease. The area to be exposed, the source of light to be used, and the dosage, together with the condition of the individual and his re-action to exposure are all points which must be considered if the dangers arising out of the abuse of light are to be avoided.

A real danger lies in self-treatment of light. If treatment is required, the use of light needs to be as carefully prescribed and supervised as does any other form of treatment. Light is not a cure-all. In some conditions, when properly used, it is a valuable aid in treatment; in others as we have said, it may be definitely harmful.

The Boy Friend: "Say, who's the dumb-looking guy that drives your car around and works in the garden? I notice he always gives me a nasty look when I come in."

The Girl Friend: "Oh, don't mind him. That's just father."

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By Etta Bitta Pye

BETTER THAN THE BEST.

WHEN you decide that you are going to have a steak dinner, that it is to be one of the best dinners in your week. Everyone who likes good food appreciates the virtues of a fine steak, cooked in a manner to do it justice.

Of course, broiling is the very finest method—that and the planking which is just another branch of broiling. And for those who have not broiling facilities, there is pan-broiling to be substituted—the method that some people describe by the very contradictory words, "fatless frying." The idea is, of course, that the cooking is done in the frying pan, over the heat as usual—but that a very minimum of fat is used—just a brushing over with soft fat or a rubbing with suet to begin with; then, as fat appears in the pan, it should be poured off and the meat cooked over high heat until done on both sides.

Broiled steak is without a peer. Quick searing to seal in its juices, just the right number of minutes then to cook it to your special liking—then piping hot to the table! If true broiling is quite out of the question, pan-broiling is the nearest substitute.

Beefsteak.

The best cuts of beef for steak are porterhouse, sirloin, crosscut of rump and the second and third cuts from the round. Porterhouse and sirloin steaks are the most expensive, owing to the large amount of bone and fat. The round steak is juicy and well flavoured, but is not so tender. Steaks should be cut at least an inch thick.

To Broil Steak.

Wipe the steak with a cloth wrung out of cold water. Grease a wire broiler or a frying pan with some of the fat. Place the meat on the fire. Turn very frequently the first minute in order to sear the surface to keep in the juices. Then turn less frequently till done., which will take from 12 to 15 minutes ,according to how well one wishes it done. Remove to a hot platter, spread with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve at once.

Planked Beefsteak.

Wipe a thick steak, remove surplus fat, and pan broil it for 7 minutes. Butter a plank and around the edge of it arrange a border of duchess potatoes, using a pastry bag and tube. Put the steak in the middle of the plank, and place in a hot oven till the steak is cooked and the potatoes are browned. Spread the steak with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and chopped parsley. Garnish with sauted mushroom caps ,or thick slices of ripe tomato sauted in butter, or stuffed baked green peppers, or small piles of potato balls, or cauliflower flowerets.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

1 cup shortening
½ cup sugar
2 cups flour

Cream the shortening; add sugar gradually, creaming until the mixture is well blended. Add the flour and mix thoroughly. Pat into a slightly-greased cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven (385 degrees) for about twenty minutes. The shortbread should be very delicate and brown. While still hot cut into short pieces about one and one-half inches square. Shortbread may be brushed with egg white and garnished with tiny candies or with candied cherries to make the cake assortments more colourful. You will have about thirty-six one and one-half-inch squares.

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NERVE

LEE STEWART scrutinized his nephew Gillespie across the breakfast table. "Enjoy your tubbing, old man?" he asked.

"Yes, sure," and Gilly dropped his eyes before his uncle's steady gaze.

"H'mm," thought the uncle, but aloud he said, "There's nothing like it for tuning you up to a good cross-country. I reckon you feel like a pretty stiff one this morning, eh?"

"I'm stiff enough," said Gilly with something like a whine. "Do I have to?"

The owner of Skyline House and the great Vermont estate of which it was the nucleus shot a rather grim look at the fifteen-year-old boy. He knew that Gilly was unaware why he was being entertained; but every word, every act of the boy's, was being observed and weighed.

"No, you don't have to. This is your vacation. You are to do as you like; that is the rule of Skyline House." But he added mentally, "What you like determines whether you return."

There was a scratching at the door, a peremptory bark, and Wild Boy, a gray husky dog, one quarter wolf, was admitted. He spoke to his master, then to his master's guest. He thought he was speaking gently; but Gilly was afraid that he was destined to be eaten and shrank back. His uncle with those steely eyes of his noticed that too.

"He's perfectly safe," said Lee Stewart with a touch of contempt for the lack of manly fibre in his nephew, "though, like dogs, or men for that matter, he'll take advantage of timidity in anybody just as a horse will."

Gilly felt the implied rebuke. "Suppose you can't help being afraid—of the horse?"

"Then eat and sleep better and exercise harder," replied the wealthy man who, having wrestled his riches from the earth beyond civilized frontiers knew the value of nerve. "You can prepare your body for courage as you prepare a garden for cabbages, Gilly. A fellow who can't face a cold tub won't face a mob when chance demands." A sleigh drove by the window. "Will you come with me to the station, Gilly. I've to meet an unknown guest."

"I'd rather hang around here; it's too—" The word "cold" died on his lips, but his uncle understood.

"Then hang," he replied rather grimly and left the room. This nephew was not promising. Just to prove a private suspicion of his he went into the boy's bathroom and inspected the Turkish towel. It had not been used. "H'mm," he thought again, "so that is how he enjoys his cold tubbings. Well, I've trained sledge dogs and broken colts; I might as well try my hand at reconstructing nephews. At least he's got the Stewart stauff in him. Poor Di!"

Poor Di was his sister-in-law, Gilly's mother. She had written to Stewart in despair, saying, "He's turning out so poorly, Lee! No particular ambition, none of the Stewart push, no regard for the truth. It comes from his being with a boy at school named Ronald Cane, the parlour-charmer sort, not bad but fat and lazy. I don't want Gilly to be a worm, but we do take on the nature of the things we admire, don't we, Gilly?"

"Right as nails!" Stewart had exclaimed. "We'll have to set up a counter admiration," and his quick mind had outlined a policy in half an hour, a policy that with the characteristic "Stewart push" he was now carrying out. Lee Stewart had a deeper reason for sounding Gillespie's character than perhaps his mother knew. That same day he dispatched this note to a famous physical director at a great college:

"I want to borrow a clean, strong, magnetic athlete for the holidays, for reasons he must not know, which are that I need to expose my nephew to a man without his being aware of it. I am convinced that higher things affect lower, strong attract weaker; so, if you have a hero in stock, please send one to me to be worshipped. You might tell him you want him to learn to ski; or tell him I long to give some city chap a Vermont dinner. Tell him anything you like, but send him and everlastingly oblige your admirer and friend, L. S."

And now the curtain was rising on the play that Lee Stewart had so quietly devised. Gilly had arrived and had proved disappointingly molly-coddlish. Adin Muir was about to step off the train that was puffing in. Lee Stewart had his hands too full with the young horses in the cutter to notice the approach of the new actor in the play. But Wild Boy saw, growled deeply, crouched, and then with a wolfish snarl leaped at the magnificent collie he saw before him. You might suppose it was hate at first sight. The engine snorted; one of Stewart's horses reared. For a moment the cutter curvetted on one runner. But Stewart lost neither his head nor his control of the horses; and when he pulled the panting steeds in he saw a splendidly built young man holding in each hand a big dog by the furry scruff of the neck and keeping the two as far from each other as he could straddle. There was a smile on his face. In one glance Lee Stewart saw that Muir would do. The men nodded to each other, and, when Stewart had tied the horses he relieved his guest of Wild Boy and shook his hand. Their eyes met in genial admiration, one of the other. "You didn't invite Samson here," said Muir, "but I took the liberty of bringing him. We're sort of brothers."

"Welcome to Skyline, both of you. I hope Samson enjoys himself as much as I want you to."

"We both love the snow, but have never had enough of it. All this is like something I've looked forward to in daydreams."

His nod took in the drifted road, the fields rising to the fir woods and blue hills beyond.

"I love it," said Lee Stewart simply, "and I love to have people up here to enjoy our winter, and few have it, I find," and the man's mind slipped to his nephew's shrinking. "Speaking of courage, I wish my nephew, who is my only other visitor for these holidays, could have seen you step up to my wolf dog. That was real nerve."

Muir flushed and smiled. "I guess any boy with your blood in his veins would have done the same; I was watching you handle those colts, sir."

"Oh, I knew them, but you did not know my wolf."

"What we don't know we don't fear."

"I prefer to think that what we don't fear won't hurt us. I've noticed that in skiing. Have you been on skis yet?"

"Never; that's the cause of this invitation, the doctor says. But I don't understand such luck."

They were driving swiftly now. The two dogs followed, and as they had enough to do to keep up they remained at peace with each other.

They reached Skyline House at four o'clock and had tea to warm up on. Gilly had had a rather miserable day of it and had slouched into the library with a whine on his face, so to speak.

"Gillespie Stewart, of whom I was telling you, Mr. Muir," and Lee Stewart watched slyly the effect on the boy as he caught sight of his broad-shouldered, frank young giant. Gilly straightened involuntarily and came near smiling. Stewart was satisfied. Hero worship would set in. Was not he himself, a man fifty years old and used to fine people, almost under Muirs' spell, the spell of health, strength and generous nature?

After tea Stewart showed Muir his room, and Gilly tagged after them. "There's a balcony with two feet of fresh snow on it outside Gilly's door if you want to take a Russian bath in the morning, Muir," and Stewart, winking at the athlete, nodded toward Gilly.

Muir understood. "By Great Thor and Odin, I'll try even that once."

"How does it strike you, Gilly—better than the tub?" asked his uncle.

"Worse," said the boy, flushing.

But next morning Gilly opened his eyes to see Muir standing by the balcony door. A flood of zero air followed the opening of the door.

"Will you do it if I do it?" asked Muir. "Let's be Russian."

"What's the use, just because there are fools in Russia?"

"How do you know till you find out?" and Muir, dropping off his pyjamas, exposed splendid shoulders and well-built legs, which Gilly envied. Muir took a flat dive into the snowbank, rolled, kicked the white smother round and leaped back into the room, crying "Zowie, that's great. Moscow has nothing on me. Try it Gilly old man. Take a chance."

Gilly felt the goose flesh come at the mere thought of it, but in his breast vanity contended with cowardice. He had a sudden desire to be admired by this glowing young fellow. The desire got him out of bed. No, he could not do it. He began to put on an undershirt, then stopped. Muir was looking at him. Gilly could not stand falling in his estimation. "All right then," he said as if Muir had spoken; "I'll do it, seeing you did."

"Don't do it because I did," said Muir. "Do it because you want to, man."

"I do want to," and, catching his breath, he stepped out into the snow. There were a thousand lance-points concealed in it. He gave a yell and fell on them. They yielded, were deliciously soft even if they stung a little. He rolled, buried his read, rose blinded and, aching with an ecstacy of cold, darted back into the room, yelling for a towel.

"Good stuff," said Muir approvingly. A torrent of warmth poured over Gilly's body. He blazed deliciously; but the glory of it was nothing to the new feeling within him, the tingle of pride as Muir shook his hand, saying, "You're there, old Gilly. I'm proud of you."

That was the morning of the first day. Christmas came and brought each of the guests a pair of skis and a set of bamboo ski sticks. The week passed, and Muir's manhood reached out and performed the miracle of turning Gilly's watery blood into a sort of wine. At least Gilly's worship of Muir's strength helped the Vermont ozone and griddle cakes and hills to perform the task. Gilly followed the big athlete with the same sort of devotion that Samson showed for Muir.

On New Year's Eve the two men sat up late, talking, and for the first time Lee Stewart showed his hand and heart.

"Yes, courage is contagious. Gilly will have a lot to thank you for some day, Muir," said Stewart. "I thought he was going to prove a mere molly-coddle, but since you've come he has been a different boy."

"He'll risk any hill now certainly, but isn't that kind of courage mere vitality?"

"Vitality, skill, pride—all three. But example plays a part. Before you came he hadn't the courage to take a cold tub or the courage to tell the truth about not taking it. I don't say that you've made Gilly, but you have brought out the real boy. And I tell you he will thank you some day for, if he hadn't shown the Stewart stuff, I should have had to hunt around for another successor."

"You mean that he is to be your heir?"

"I mean that. This is in strictest confidence to-night. You have earned the pleasure of knowing it beforehand. To-morrow I shall tell him, make him a New Year's present of the news. He'll soon be sixteen and ought to know."

Men, dogs and boy were starting for their final skiing trip when Mr. Stewart was called on the long distance telephone. "You'll have to go on and cut the wood," he said, "I'll catch up. Take Wild Boy, so that I can come faster."

"May we take the revolver too, for target practice?" asked Gilly.

"Certainly." And they were off. "He wouldn't have let me touch it a week ago,' 'said Gilly proudly to Muir.

"You're not the same boy you were a week ago."

"Don't remind me of him," laughed Gilly. "I'm trying to forget the creature. I'll never get so soft again. It's great to feel as good as this."

"If you feel good, you make good; sound body, sound brain and sound nerve. And I guess it's betraying no secret, Gilly, to tell you that your uncle is more tickled over it than if you were being elected governor of this state."

"I guess it comes from being friends with you," said Gilly shyly. "You showed me what a—a man was like."

"Thank you, Gilly. You and I must remember that your uncle made everything possible. He's a man worth pleasing."

Muir longed to say more.

When they reached their destination Muir left Gilly to clear a place for the fire while he went up a steep slope to fell a dead fir. He went on his skis, but Gilly took his off and floundered round collecting branches and birch bark. He even unwrapped the steak in order to use the paper for kindling. He wanted to have a successful fire to greet Muir. In fact all that he did now related to Muir in some way. As the first flame curled he heard a growl behind him, but stopped to blow the infant fire before turning. He saw Wild Boy making off with the steak, and Samson, thinking he was being defrauded of his just due, was bounding toward him. They confronted each other. The hair on Wild Boy's spine bristled, the eyes of Samson glowed green as he sprang at the steak. Wild Boy dropped it and leaped at Samson's throat. Samson, not realizing that Wild Boy's blood had once flowed in the arteries of wolves, held on to the meat a second too long. Wild Boy had never fought a collie, however, and the thick tawny mane hanging from Samson's throat saved his jugular vein from that first savage snap. Wild Boy's bared fangs sunk themselves in the hair and hide, and held on, while hideous growls rumbled up from his throat. Samson dropped the steak and fought for his life. The noise reached Muir high above.

Gilly's heart was turned back several days by this sudden crisis and faltered in him. The blood staining Sampson's coat terrified him; the responsibility of separating the dogs appalled him. For his uncle's sake he must save Wild Boy, for Muir's sake he must save Samson. Why didn't Muir come? He yelled to him. Then he approached the dogs with a club. He struck Wild Boy, who snarled savagely at him, but held to the panting Samson. He struck Samson, who turned and snapped futilely at him. Fear seized Gilly, and his mind ran quickly in its old way to excuses. He could think of only one; if he wasn't there, he couldn't be blamed. He took a step, a run, stopped. Muir would never run either from danger or from responsibility. He started back up the slope. The dogs had separated for a space and both seemed to be ed for a space and both seemed to be coming at him. Their frenzied snarling was hideous. Then then grappled. At the same instant he heard a shout from above. As Gilly looked he saw him sky-rocket into some bushes. His ski had caught and had thrown him. Muir lay there. Gilly wondered whether he were badly hurt, but had no time to think, for the dogs were now fighting quietly, tenaciously, to the death. If Samson were killed, how could he ever look Muir in the face. Moreover, Muir had seen him standing by. Gilly looked frantically for a weapon.

His eye fell on the fire. He quickly pulled a birch stick out, extinguished it in the snow, and started toward them. It smoked. He held the smoking end under Wild Boy's muzzle. The bloodshot eyes of the husky glared at the boy. He coughed, let go, snapped viciously at Gilly's hand. One rip of those teeth would have torn his arm open from elbow to wrist. Gilly shuddered but held his ground and struck, knocking Wild Boy sideways. Samson, blinded with blood and fury, sprang at Gilly. Gilly stepped aside, and fell on one knee in the deeper snow. Fortunately he clung to his club; then he hit Samson and heard his jaws gnash. There was a shrill whistle from behind. Muir! It gave Gilly the needed encouragement to thrust the stick into Wild Boy's jaws. Samson was about to spring, and his green eyes and shining fangs struck Gilly almost powerless; but the whistle sounded again, nearer, louder, and the dog, hearing his mater, paused. Muir called. Gilly had time to rise and look behind him. He saw the big fellow crawling forward; he was covered with snow, and his face was pallid. Samson turned and leaped toward him. Wild Boy snarled and was for pursuing his enemy, but Gilly struck him fair and bowled him over into the deep snow. For an instant the husky was blinded; Gilly threw his empty knapsack over his head and pressed him down into the yielding stuff. "That'll keep him cool," he said, panting. "Keep Samson."

"That's the nerviest thing I've ever seen," said Muir.

"I couldn't do anything—else," said Gilly.

"Most fellows would have run, but you—" A twinge of pain twisted Muir's mouth. "Keep away, Samson."

"What's the matter?"

"My game knee again. It put it out up there."

"And dragged yourself all this way?"

"I couldn't do anything else," and Muir smiled. "I'm afraid you'll have to do me one more service, Gilly, beside saving my dog."

As Gilly listened to what he was expected to do he thought that he could not do it. Muir was to catch his toe under a root and draw his leg taught, and then he, Gilly, was to snap the dislocated bone back into place.

"It's the only way, old man."

"But it'll hurt—horribly."

"All I ask is that you hurt me enough," and Muir tried to laugh. "Any halfway measure is worthless."

The thought turned Gilly half sick. "I'll do it," he said, "but not for a moment," and, letting Wild Boy up gradually, he plunged his own wrists into the snow. It stopped his trembling somewhat. "Now'" he said calmly. When it was done there were tears in Gilly's eyes, and Muir lay back in the snow, panting from his late agony. But Gilly had shown the manliness expected of him. "I guess I'd better make up that fire again," was all he said. In Muir's eyes shone a new appreciation of him.

Lee Stewart did not come. They ate luncheon and planned. Gilly was to ski back to Skyline House and have the men there hitch up a horse to a toboggan for Muir.

"I wish you'd take Wild Boy with you," Muir said. "I'm not up to your Rugby tactics if they start up the row again."

"Sure," said Gilly, "and I'll have some one back before sunset. Keep your nerve—" And then his jaw fell. Imagine his saying that to Muir! But his embarrassment did not last long. What was a little slip like that between friends? And they were friends—because he had kept his nerve. Well, he would always keep it.

Sometimes it seems that the gods put out a foot to trip a fellow when he feels most confident. Gilly had sailed serenely on for half an hour when a partridge rose from the snow and whirred to a near-by cedar. Wild Boy was after it at once. Gilly remembered the revolver. He would take the bird home as a trophy—if he could only hit it. Wild Boy was stalking the bird. Gilly must shoot before the dog got too close. A little branch was in the way. He turned to one side, and his ski slipped. Probably he clutched the revolver hard enough to slip the safety catch; at any rate it went off. Wild Boy leaped into the air. The bird went whirring away. Wild Boy, curiously enough, lay where he had fallen. Gilly called to him, but he did not move. A fearful emptiness hit Gilly in the pit of the stomach. It was not possible that he had hit the dog. But he lay there. A coldness swept over Gilly. His uncle's dog! On wobbly skis Gilly went to Wild Boy. Blood was seeping from the top of his head. The stray bullet had evidently done for him. Gilly put his hands over his eyes; he would never dare tell his Uncle Lee what he had done, never dare see him again. Only the consciousness that he had to get help for Muir sent him on toward Skyline House. It was a sick boy with hidden news that met Lee Stewart just starting up the trail.

If the uncle wondered why Gilly was so nervous, he put it down to the strain he had been under. He went at once to the stable, and Gilly slunk off into the house, utterly wretched, not only because he must tell the fatal news but because he had already failed to tell it. Where was the brave person he had thought he was? He sneaked to his room and got into bed with all his clothes on, dragging the quilt over him to shut out that last dreadful picture, tried—and fell into a troubled sleep.

He dreamed indistinctly of a frowning uncle's dismissing him forever from Skyline House and woke with a leaden weight on his chest. He remembered what it was—his confession. Laughter sounded from downstairs. It was dark out. He heard steps, a knock on the door. "Master Gillespie," a servant said, "are you there? Mr. Stewart says to tell you there's tea and cinnamon toast, and will you come down?"

"Yes—in a minute."

More laughter. "Strange that they could laugh," he said to himself. He got up. His sleep had refreshed him. After all he must tell sometime; it might as well be now. He braced himself and then shrank. He could not confess. Then he thought of Muir. He must tell, for he was Muir's friend and must not disappoint him. He went downstairs. It took all his strength to push open the door into the library. His uncle and Muir were by the fire, looking immensely happy over something. They gazed at the boy as if they had just been talking about him.

"Pardon my not kneeling," said Muir with a laugh as Gilly entered. "It's the formal way of greeting a conquering hero, too formal for friends, eh, Gilly?"

No reply could press back the lump in Gilly's throat. One look had shown him that his uncle did not know the news.

"I was too much occupied to compliment you, Gilly," said Lee Stewart. "Muir tells me that you have been the man throughout to-day. He as well as you and I will always remember to-day."

This kindness and the weight on his heart were too much for Gilly, and to the astonishment of the men, he turned, sobbing and yet trying to repress the sobs that tore him.

"That's the reaction,' 'said Stewart to Muir, who had risen and was hobbling toward the boy. For a moment Stewart was nonplussed.

"You'll be all right soon, Gilly. It's all over now, boy. Come, keep your nerve."

"I'm keeping it; that is, I'm going to keep it," said Gilly wretchedly. "Uncle Lee, I—killed—Wild Boy?"

"What?" said Stewart in a startled voice. "What do you mean?"

"I—I shot Wild Boy. I was afraid to tell you."

"Just now?" asked Stewart, trying to control himself.

"No, two—two hours ago—up the trail."

"But Wild Boy just came in with us, Gilly."

"What?" The stricken boy looked up as if the sun had suddenly shone at midnight. "He isn't dead? But I saw him lying there dead."

"And I saw him jumping round, very much alive."

He stepped to the French window, raised it, whistled, and in a moment the big husky bounded in and went straight to his master. Lee Stewart bent over him.

"You're right,' 'he exclaimed. "When we washed him we thought it was another one of Samson's wounds. The bullet just grazed the skull, I suppose, and stunned him. Gilly, Gilly, this would have been a sad New Year's Day for me."

It was Lee Stewart's turn to look moist about the eyes.

"I knew," said Gilly.

"Instead, it's the happiest New Year's Day of our lives," added his uncle.

There was a pause as Stewart collected himself to break the real news to Gilly. Muir had reached him. "I bet it took more nerve to come down and tell us than it took to stop the dogs fighting or even to doctor this old cripple. I admire you, Gilly. Shake, son."

Gilly looked into Muir's fine eyes and shook. Lee Stewart held out his hand too. "Shake, if not son, at least heir," he said quietly.

And Gilly took his hand gladly too, though he hadn't a notion what the man was talking about.

Willie: "Paw, does 'bigamy' mean that a man has one wife too many?"

Paw: "Not necessarily, my son. A man can have one wife too many and still not be a bigamist."

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Mainly About People

Mr. Jack Cross, of Queens' University, Kingston, was a guest at his home over the week end.

Mrs. T. A. Beckett, of Winnipeg, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McGee.

Mrs. Howard Baker, of Crysler, visited a few days this week with her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Morris, in town

The Women's Institute will meet in the Library on Wednesday, February 22nd at 2.30 p.m.

Mr. Jacob Armstrong returned to town Tuesday morning from a two-months' visit with relatives in Oshawa and Belleville.

An invitation is extended by the Choirs of the United Church to any one not regularly attending any church to join with them in their song service next Sunday evening.

The following was read at a recent meeting of the Ladies' Bridge Club in town:

One evening while Mr. and Mrs. A. were giving a party the guests heard a patter of little feet on the stairs and a voice calling, "Mama!" The hostess raised her hand for silence. The noise and chatter ceased. In the sudden quiet the youngest son of the house shouted lustily:

"Stop that darn racket so we can say our prayers!"

In every generation, all the middle-aged people complain bitterly about the manner of the modern girls and young men.

Final Slanding of Teams In Supper-Time League

	P	W	T	L	Goals P	F	A
Bankers	4	2	2	0	6	15	9
Limerick R. . . .	4	2	1	1	5	15	10
Nation Valley .	4	2	1	1	5	9	8
Deb's Beavers .	4	2	0	2	4	9	8
Dunbar	4	0	0	4	0	8	21

Last Thursday Nation Valley beat the Beavers 2 to 1, Tuesday night Limerick had easy going to win against Dunbar 7-2. "Zip" Barkley counted with three goals.

Should Russell happen to turn back the seniors, there will be a double-header here Monday night which will be the first game of the play-off. Dunbar will take on Deb's Beavers at 7.45. The second game will be between Limerick Rangers and Nation Valley. These games will consist of two thirty-minute periods and overtime will have to be played in case of a tie, as a winner must be declared. The first goal in overtime wins. Admission will be 15c and 5c. Half of the gate receipts go to the contending teams.

If Chesterville is victorious in the play-offs against Russell, this double-header will be played when the ice is available. The winners of the double-header will play off as soon as possible and the winners of that game will meet the Bankers in the final.

Join the crowds and see good, bad and amusing hockey.

Nation Valley

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gray, on February 10th, 1933, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Summers were calling on Mr .and Mrs. Dawson of Cass Bridge.

Miss Gertrude Rae is visiting her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Smith, in Chesterville vicinity.

Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Sproule were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rae and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Rae this week.

We are pleased to report Miss Helen Merkley able to return home on Tuesday afternoon from the Cornwall General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, of Ottawa, were visiting the latter's parents in this district.

We are sorry to report Mrs. John Baker very ill.

Mrs. Alex Summers and Miss Helen Jamieson attended the February meeting of the W. M. S. of St. Paul's Church at the home of Mrs. Wm. Dixon on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Ernest Gray, of Ottawa, and Mr. Warren Rae, of Iroquois, were calling in the Valley recently.

DIED.

Merkley—In Bothell, Wash., on February 4th, 1933, Julia Frymire Merkley, wife of the late James W. Merkley, of Seattle, formerly of Morrisburg, Ont.

Gallingertown

Mr. Albert LaSalle visited Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gallinger recently.

Messrs. Alfred Carr and Walter Allen were recent visitors at the home of Mr. Alonzo Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Gallinger and Bessie, Mrs. Christie Brownell and Mr. Arthur Thompson took tea on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gallinger.

Sorry to report the death of Mr. James Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hart and family visited Mr. T. Hart and Carrie of Seventh Avenue on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gallinger spent Saturday evening with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Warner, of Seventh Avenue.

Orchardside

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil McMillan and little daughter, of Dunbar ,were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Merkley visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace, at Grantley, Thursday.

Mr. Wm. Irving spent a couple of days last week visiting his daughter, Mrs. George Ouderkirk, Chesterville.

We are sorry to report Mr. Bruce Loucks seriously ill. Nurse Marcellus of Dunbar ,is taking care of him.

Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott spent Sunday with friends at Morewood.

Mr. Hugh Cunningham, of Ottawa, spent Sunday afternoon at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Weegar visited at the home of Mr. Ernest Beckstead on Monday evening.

The school children enjoyed a Valentine Party in the school house on Tuesday afternoon.

Messrs. Jno. Younge and Ed. Hummel spent a few days visiting friends at Winchester Springs.

Mr. Jas. McMillan visited Mr. John Elliott on Tuesday afternoon.

Born—On Sunday, February 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M .Merkley, a son.

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