The Chesterville Record.

VOL. XLI, NO. 12. CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1935. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Former Chesterville Boy Died Suddenly Sunday

Russell A. Hummel Died Unexpectedly at His Home in North Bay.—Was in His 37th Year.—Was Well Known Locally.

His many friends in this vicinity were shocked to hear of the sudden passing at the age of 36 years of Russell A. Hummel at his home in North Bay on Sunday morning.

He had retired on Saturday night apparently in his usual health but early Sunday morning suffered a heart attack and expired before medical aid could reach him.

He was a son of the late John Hummel, Jr., and his mother was the former Miss Josie Elliott of this place. He had been employed for the past six or seven years in the office of the Keyes Supply Co., of North Bay. Prior to going to the North, he had spent several years in Chesterville where he was employed in the offices of S. Barrie and Sons, and Nestle's Food Co., and was also employed for a number of years in Lachute, Quebec.

His remains were accompanied to Chesterville by his employer, Mr. Murphy, manager of Keyes Supply Co., North Bay; his sister, Miss Mildred Hummel, and his aunt, Miss Maude Hummel, and were conveyed to Henderson's Funeral Home where they rested until taken to St. Andrew's Presbyterian church where Rev. Fred D. Douglas conducted the funeral ceremony. By special request Miss Addie Campderros sang the beautiful solo "The Evening Prayer."

Mr. Jackson and Mr. Burns of the Keyes Supply Co. head office, and Mr. P. E. Hummel motored from Ottawa to attend the funeral.

Among the numerous floral offerings were included wreaths from the Keyes Supply Co. staff, North Bay; Masonic Lodge A.F. & A.M., North Bay; Masonic Lodge A.F. & A.M., Lachute, Que.; Keyes Supply Co., Head Office, Ottawa; Misses Maude and Mildred Hummel; sprays from his mother at Calgary, Alta; his sister, Nellie, Spokane, Wash.; Keyes Supply Co. staff., Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Hummel and family, Chesterville; Miss Audrey Kyle, Toronto, and several others from North Bay friends.

He leaves to mourn his loss his mother at Calgary; two sisters, Mildred of Toronto, and Nellie, Spokane, Wash; two aunts, Miss Maude Hummel, with whom he lived; Mrs. Geo. Riddell of Iroquois; an uncle, Hermon Hummel, of this town, and his grandfather, Mr. Jesse Elliott, Iroquois.

The pall bearers were Messrs. R. J Barrie, E. B. Lynch, Maurice Beckstead, Howard Hough, Gordon Cummings and Ralph Hummel.

Interment was made in Maple Ridge cemetery.

BARBER SHOP

Cassidy's Barber Shop—Cleaning & Pressing, in the Baldrey Block, Chesterville. Ladies' and Gents' Clothing 75c. Coats relined, remodelled and general repairs to clothing.—Harry E. Cassidy, Baldry Block. 14

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Nation Valley and Hi.-School Won Games Last Night

Students Took Long End of 6 to 1 Score From Beavers While Valley Defeats Grads in Fast Game.

High school students took the measure of "Deb's" Beavers in the first game of the double-header last night to the tune of 6-1. McGibbon of the Beavers opened the scoring for the night but the High School came back strong, scoring three in the first, two in the second and one in the third period. "Pro" Alford had a field day, coming out of the game with four goals and an assist to his credit. Bick Fulton and McLean were the other scorers. The Beavers received six of the ten penalties imposed by the referee, Walter McLean.

The teams:

High School—Goal, Williamson; defence, Alford and McLean; centre, Fulton; wings, McElroy and Harper; subs., B. Lynch, J. MacMillan, Myles MacMillan, R. Hummel, Lloyd.

Beavers—Goal, Countryman; defence, D. McLeod and B. Fawcett; centre, F. McLean; wings, McGibbon and Barkley; subs., Hutchinson and G. Cass.

Second a Bang-up Feature

The second game was bang-up hockey from start to finish. Marcellus and Loughridge teamed up to score for the Valley in the first period, Lorne taking the shot. In the second period, Ken Merkley banged in Loughridge's rebound to put the Valley two up. Halfway in the third period, Arn. Lynch connected with one of his drifters which Steinberg never saw. During the last ten minutes the Grads played every man up trying for the equalizer but the Valley is a hard team to "get up in the air," and the game ended 2-1. The Grads received the only penalty of the game which was very fast and interesting. The Valley has a strong, well-balanced team with no weak spots. Arn Lynch on his night's play deserved two or three goals and the count he did get was a nice one.

The teams:

Nation Valley—Goal, Steinberg; defence, Jim Munro and Ed. Munro; centre, Marcellus; wings, Shay and Loughridge; subs.—Ab Munroe, K. Merkley, D. Munro, Gordon, Barkley and Gray.

Grads—Goal, Durant; defence, Jarvis and Flynn; centre, Lynch; wings, McCloskey and Swerdfeger; subs.—Hutt, Farmiloe, R. Cass, Dr. Shane and Fawcett.

TOWN LEAGUE STANDING.

	W	L	T	For	A.	Pts.
High School	2	0	1	12	5	—5
Nation Valley	2	0	1	7	4	—5
Grads	1	2	0	7	9	—2
Beavers	0	3	0	5	13	—0

Next Games—Mon. Jan. 21st., High School vs. Grads; Nation Valley vs. Beavers.

DIED IN CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Celia Weegar, of town, has received word of the death of her eldest brother, Mr. Ezra Casselman, at his home in Sacramento, Calif.

OYSTER SUPPER AT MOREWOOD

An Oyster Supper will be held in the Morewood United Church Hall on January 25th. Admission 25c and 15c. Everyone is cordially welcome. 12-1

Township Clerk's Home Has Narrow Escape

Fire Thought to Have Started From Hot Coals Blown From Ash Heap During High Wind Sunday.—Difficult Blaze to Fight in Walls.

Fire very nearly destroyed the home of Jacob Steen, Morewood, clerk of the township of Winchester, Sunday afternoon about four o'clock when flames were discovered eating their way up the inside of the wall. The fire apparentaly started from the outside of the building and was being fanned by the strong wind up to the attic.

Only with the help of his brother-in-law, Mr. Chas. A. Munro, of town, who with Mrs. Munro, was visiting at the Steen home, was the destruction of the house averted.

The men were at the barn doing up the evening chores when Mrs. Munro came to tell them the stove pipes were burning out The pipes were found safe enough but the house was filling with smoke and Mr. Steen went into the attic. The fire was discovered in between the walls on the south side of the house.

A section of a bedroom wall was cut out and water poured down onto the fire. Mr. Steen became alarmed as the fire was fanned toward the attic and went downstairs to place the township records in a place of safety. As he was carrying them to another building he saw a hole burned through the south wall of the house. He threw water into the hole and stuffed it with a bag. This checked the draft and the fire was put under control.

Neighbours had arrived in response to 'phone calls and the blaze was extinguished. Much damage was done by the fire and it was necessary to chop much of the inside bedroom wall away to get at the seat of the trouble as well as a section of the parlour wall.

The only solution for the cause of the fire was the suggestion some live coals might have been blown against the house by the strong gale from a pile of ashes taken out during the day.

Chesterville Drops Game To Iroquois Indians

Visitors Score Three Goals in First Period and Keep Edge to Wind Up Game With Score of 6 to 5.

Chesterville's St. Lawrence league hockeyists were taught the lesson on Monday night that it is bad business to underrate an opponent, when the Iroquois Indians beat them in a scoring marathon by one goal when the figures stood at 6 to 5. There is no doubt the locals held the visitors too lightly in the first period when the latter romped away with a 3 to 0 score, although one of them may have been a gift. Within the first couple of minutes the red light flashed after the rubber had apparently been held out by Fyke following a shot from the side and a scramble in front of the nets. Within another couple of minutes the party with the hair-trigger finger behind the nets flashed the light again, but that time the puck had only shaken the twine behind the goal post on the outside. That was about all the locals could stand of such quick action and the goal umpire lost his job. The play for the period was decidedly slow with the advantage all the way with the visitors.

With the start of the middle session play pepped up considerably when the home boys showed a little class with Hummel and F. Plantz each scoring one and Olsen two. The Indians, however, kept the lead with a counter each by Wylie and Cameron, still retaining the advantage when the bell rang.

Chesterville made a determined bid for the game in the final but found the Iroquois goalie equal to the occasion on several different times when the sharpshooters were in on top of him, and the best that could be done was for Helmer on an end-to-end rush to slip one by him after Lazerte had made the count six for the visitors within a minute of the opening whistle.

The teams were:

Iroquois—Goal, Coleman; defence, Bush and Cameron; centre, Wylie; wings, Lazerte and Brouse; subs., Smith, McDonald, Laushway and Lampson.

Chesterville—Goal, Fyke; defence, Helmer and Harper; centre, F. Plantz; wings, McAvoy and Hummel; subs., McIntosh, LaPierre, Olsen and P. Plantz.

Winchester Tp. Council Inaugural Held Monday

Officials Appointed at Monday's Session When Members of 1935 Board Take Oath of Office.—Regular Businesss Attended to.

The inaugural meeting of the 1935 Winchester township council was held in the Town Hall, Winchester, Monday, with H. H. Nesbitt, Reeve; W. J. McConnell, deputy-reeve; Thos. J Ralph, W. J. Stewart and George A. Ouderkirk present. The minutes of the December meeting were adopted as read and signed by the reeve.

By-Law No. 584, a by-law appointing the following township officers, was finally passed, signed and sealed:

Clerk and Treas.—J. Steen.

Auditors—Harold Allison and A. G. Summers.

Collector—F. Erle Helmer.

Assessor—Lorne H. McIntosh.

Member of Board of Health—J. A. Bogart.

Sheep Valuers—W. A. Bolton, McKenny Rodney, Wm. Hillis, Charles Graham.

Inspector of Municipal Drains — Walter Coulthart.

Pound Keepers — Thos. Annable, Geo. Durant, Eslie Gray, Edgar Summers, Geo. A. Merkley, Wm. Masterson, Seraphin Belisle, Felix Sigouin, A. W. Reveler, Robt. Steen, David McLaughlin, Wm. Lawson, Wm. Hillis, John Henderson, Homer Patterson, Ed. Gillard, Wm. Biccum, Brad Loughridge, W. J. Smith, Wm. Helmer, Harvey Barkley, Geo. F. Johnston, Abe St. Pierre, Wm. Marcellus H. Johnston, Geo. Atchinson, Vincent Coyne, J. P. Nadeau and Simon Garlough.

Fence-Viewers—John Stewart, A B. McConnell, Lorne H. McIntosh Walter Rae, J. E. Ouderkirk, R Pruner, David McLaughlin, Walter Loughridge, Henry Elliott, Robt Morrow, Geo. C. Merkley, Walter Coulthart, W. M. Bolton, Maurice Servage, Elgin Black.

Indigent Doctor—P. McLaughlin, M.D.

Weed Inspector—H. H. Empey.

Truant Officers—Homer Patterson and Wm. Hillis.

Relief Officer—F. Erle Helmer.

Road Superintendent—R. S. McVey.

By-law No. 585, appointing Orrin Dillabough as trustee of Morewood High School, was passed, signed and sealed.

By-Law N. 586, a by-law to provide for expenditures on township roads and bridges during 1935, was passed, signed and sealed.

The Reeve and Clerk were authorized to sign the petition to the Department of Highways for the statutory grant on roads.

Council adjourned to meet at Chesterville on Monday, February 4th, at 10.30 a m.

Leafs Lose to Cornwall In Overtime Last Night

Canadiens Scored Three Goals in Last Minute of Overtime as Chesterville Shorthanded.

With a tied score of two-all at the end of nine minutes of overtime, Chesterville lost a hard fought game to Cornwall Canadiens last night when the score ended 5 to 2 Cornwall started the scoring in the first period only to be tied up by Chesterville to start the second on even terms. The Canadiens again went ahead with a counter which Chesterville evened before the end of the period. Fighting hard through the third and nine minutes of the overtime, Cornwall got the break with a Chesterville man in the penalty box and rammed home three counters and the game was over.

DIED IN PICKERING.

Word was received here from Pickering on Friday of the death of Mrs. Cecil Bradley (nee Vera M. Johnston) daughter of Creighty Johnston of California. She was 39 years of age and leaves a husband and five children to mourn her loss.

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11.00 a.m.—Public Worship
"The Treasures of The Snow."
7.30 p.m.—Public Worship
"Beautiful Trinidad Calls"
A Missionary Lecture illustrated with Coloured Lantern Slides.
You are cordially invited.

Mrs. Henry Sargent Failed To Recover From Stroke

Dunbar Lady Was Well and Favourably Known by Many Friends.—Funeral Held on Monday.

Mrs. Henry Sargent died on Saturday evening at her home near Dunbar following a very brief illness. She had been in poor health for some time but of late was feeling much better. She suffered a stroke on Wednesday afternoon at the office of Dr. H. H. Casselman, Chesterville, from which she never rallied. Her passing has caused much regret.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. C. R. Cronmiller at the Lutheran church, Dunbar, on Monday afternoon. The pastor spoke from Job xiv:14. Mrs. Sargent was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Dillabough.

Besides her sorrowing husband she leaves two sons and one daughter, Bernice, a professor at Queen's University, Kingston; James L., and Bertha, at home; two brothers and five sisters.

Floral tributes were: Pillow from the family, wreath from Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hopper, wreath from sisters and brother, spray from nieces and nephews, spray from the Physics Department, Queen's University, Kingston. The remains were placed in the vault at Williamsburg to await burial.

Elma Young Peoples' Society Elects Officers for New Year

Mrs. K. H. Woodwark Heads Society For 1935.—First Meeting of Year Held at Fred. S. McMillan's.

At the annual meeting of the Elma Young People's Society held in the United church on Friday last the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—Mrs. K. H. Woodwark; Vice-President — Egerton Barkley; Secretary—Reginald Barkley; Treasurer, Miss Gertie Barkley; Organist, Miss Beatrice Dillabough; Asst. Organist, Miss Olive McIntosh.

The following department leaders were appointed: Christian Fellowship Wray McPherson; Missionary, Miss Helen Barkley; Citizenship, Miss Ethel McMillan; Literary, Mrs. Beatrice McMillan; Social, Donald McMartin.

The first weekly meeting of the year was held on Friday, Jan. 11th, at the home of Mr. Fred. S. McMillan, under the leadership of Miss Helen Barkley. A new set of hymn and song sheets were used for the first time.

Spooks Are Investigated at Black Lake Farmhouse

Provincial Police Chief Probes Mysterious Happenings in Log Farmhouse.—Windows Broken, Pots and Pans Move, Flat-Irons Act up

Perth.—On the basis of reports of strange happenings in the house—pots and pans jumping about, stones breaking windows with no one about after they were thrown, and flat irons falling downstairs in an unexpected way—police authorities are investigating alleged occurrences at the log farmhouse of John Quinn, on the shores of Black Lake, 16 miles south of here.

Inspector Sidney Oliver, head of the Ontario Provincial Police in Eastern Ontario, accompanied by a newspaper correspondent, spent Saturday night in the house, but nothing untoward happened. At the same time members of the family and neighbours in Burgess township relate unusual incidents they have been unable to explain.

The alleged events at the Quinn farmhouse are the subject of talk throughout Perth and district Saturday night many neighbours crowded into the house to accompany the police inspector and the reporter on part of their vigil and Sunday a large number journeyed to the farm.

Among reported incidents were the following: pieces of firewood leaped out of the kitchen woodbox. a mirror broke without anyone striking it or throwing anything at it; a beef bone one foot in length, returned to the house several times after it had been thrown out, being apparently thrown back each time through a window; the tea kettle couldn't be kept on the stove; the flat-irons "acted up," and stones, apparently mysteriously thrown, broke most of the windows of the house.

Andrew Burke, a neighbour, said worked together, they heard grunts dishes jumped around on the Quinn table. William Cordick. another farmer in the vicinity, testified as to the movements of the flat-irons.

Others had equally puzzling stories to tell. Souvenir-hunters made away with most of the stones before police were called So far Inspector Oliver has been unable to account for what is stated to have occurred. He inspected the house, finding all the windows of the log structure broken, and stuffed with sacks to keep out the cold. As he drove away from the farm the police officer made no statement, pending further investigation.

Payne Valley

Mrs. Mina Philips of Morewood is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kenneth Cameron, and Mr. Cameron and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Rupert spent Friday evening at the latter's home.

Mrs. Alex MacMillan Finch, spent a couple of days last week at the home of her daughter, Mr. Donald J. MacMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cameron spent a couple of days last week at the latter's home, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eastman, Lunenburg.

A large crowd attended the social gathering in our Valley school house on Friday evening to organize a literary society, which, we understand, will meet weekly for the winter months. We are sure it will be enjoyed by young and old alike of our Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eligh spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cameron.

Miss Jean Benning is visiting with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. Norman Bethune and son Lennie were calling at Mr. George Eligh's on Saturday evening.

Mr. Millward Cameron spent Saturday with his sister, Mrs. Harris Rupert, and Mr. Rupert.

Messrs. Chas. MacKinnon and John Bush of Finch spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bush.

Mr. Milward Cameron and sister, Mrs. Lyle Hunter, of Morewood, motored to their parental home on Friday. Mr. Millward remained with his parents and Mrs. Hunter returned to her home by train on Saturday.

Mr. George Eligh spent Thursday at Northfield.

Mr. Rupert MacIntyre called at George Eligh's on Friday.

Miss Nora Bethune spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franklin of Finch. Mr. Norman Bethune and son Lennie spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franklin and Miss Nora accompanied them home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eligh spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cameron.

Mrs. Jim MacMillan visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacLean, of Finch, on Monday.

WE GREATLY APPRECIATE THE NEWS

YOU KNOW how easy it is to run a weekly newspaper. Every few days we hear of someone whose knowledge of a printing office is generally limited to having watched the machinery operate a time or two, who could take over the job and achieve a better result than we do Well, sometimes we think that ourselves, although it never seems to be at the time when someone is telling us how easy the task is. There is one way, however, in which everyone who is at all interested in the local paper—whether their interests are friendly or otherwise—could be of the greatest help to the one who is trying to find local news to report. And that way is to tell us bits of information, which in their opinion is worth being printed. We would greatly appreciate it and so would our subscribers at a distance who once lived here and who remain vitally interested in all that happens in the town. They enjoy seeing old friends' names on the local page—perhaps more than those same old friends do. Although occasionally we have our doubts about the reluctance with which some people read their names in the paper Once a subscriber, whose goings and comings had been reported by us on several occasions, said he'd rather not see his name in the paper again. We agreed politely enough orally; and mentally decided it should never appear again under any circumstances. Two weeks later he asked us to report a little item in which he was interested. So, there you are. And we still want news.

Officials are Appointed By Williamsburg Council

Road Superintendent Accepts Cut in Salary of $12.50 Month.—Collector's Rolls Must Be in by February 1st.—Bills Passed.

The council of Williamsburg township met at Boucks Hill on Monday when the following members subscribed to the oath of office: E. A. Van-Allen, Reeve; E. M. Beckstead, Deputy-Reeve; Edgar Whitteker, Ross Hess and Oscar Cougler, Councillors.

The following are the officials so far appointed:

M. S. Beckstead, Clerk and treas., salary $350.00; A. M. Casselman, and B. Roy Casselman, auditors, salaries $20.00;

G. F. Barkley, sanitary and weed inspector, truant officer—at a salary of $3.00 a day while employed.

G. W. Colquhoun, member of local Board of Health.

Ezra McMillan, was re-engaged at a salary of $50.00 per month for the year as Road Superintendent with his consent, provided the Highways Department approves.

The tax collector was given until February 1st, 1935, to return his collector's roll. The Road Superintendent was instructed to sell the wood on certain headlines.

The following accounts were passed — Cutting brush: Allen Beckstead $1.40; Kenneth Beckstead $1.40; Clinton Beckstead $1.40, Roy Beckstead $1.40; Harvey Beckstead $1.40, E. M. Saddlemire $1.40, Arthur Saddlemire $1.40; C. N. Railway, crossing gates $58.40; Ezra McMillan pay on salary $62.50; Wm. Mattice, refund on dog tax of T. Richmire $2

The Council adjourned to meet in the St. Lawrence Cafe, Williamsburg, on February 2nd, 1935, at one o'clock, p.m.

HOW TO MEASURE BOARDS.

Multiply the length in feet by width in inches and divide by 12; the result is in square feet.

HOW TO MEASURE SCANTLING.

Multiply the width and thickness by the length in feet, and divide by 12; the result is square feet.

An old lady visited an asylum and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly won her compassion.

"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a smile broadening on the face of her attendant, and on asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was the medical superintendent. She hurried back to make apologies.

"I am sorry, doctor," she said. "I'll never go by appearances again."

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture

NEWS and INFORMATION

The annual convention of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario will he held in the Royal Connaught Hotel, Hamilton, February 13th, 14th and 15th.

Taking Stock.

The farmer who takes stock now and plans for farming operations during the coming crop season will be able to order his fertilizers, spraying material, insecticides, etc., in good time. He will also be able to eliminate unprofitable cows, hens and other animals and otherwise cut the costs of production.

Cost of Producing Mangels.

The production of an acre of mangels requires approximately 15 days of manual labour. In the past this item of expense has confined the growing of this crop to instances where labour is plentiful. This season, due to cheap labour and the high price of hay, mangels have proved to be a profitable crop. At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, the Field Husbandry Division obtained a yield of 16.15 tons per acre this year at a cost of $47.68 per acre of $1.82 per ton. With hay valued at $12.00 per ton, and assuming that 600 pounds of mangels are equal in feed value to 100 pounds of hay, mangels are worth $2 per ton.

A Popular Garden Insecticide.

An insecticide which is gradually coming into popularity with gardeners and vegetable growers is arsenate of lime, or calcium arsenate, a fine, soft-flakey, white powder. Compared with arsenate of lead says Allan G. Dunstan, of the Entomological Branch in the Dominion Department of Agriculture bulletin on vegetable insects and their control, arsenate of lime has the advantage of being cheaper, of having a higher metallic arsenic content, and of killing insects more rapidly. On the other hand, it is more likely to burn the foliage, has to be used more carefully and does not adhere so well to the plants. When arsenate of lime is used alone as a spray, it is customary to add sufficient hydrated lime to counteract any possibility of burning. One pound of arsenate of lime is equivalent to one and a half pounds of arsenate of lead in killing value. As a spray, arsenate of lime should be used at the rate of three quarters of a pound to 40 gallons of water, to which has been added two pounds of hydrated lime. In dusting with this material, dilute it with 10 parts of hydrated lime Arsenate of lime contains 26-28 per cent of metallic arsenic.

The Poultry Breeding Pen.

In selecting birds for the breeding pen choose females with good laying records or that possess all the characteristics of heavy layers. The males should be vigourous and conform to breed type, the sons of heavy laying dams and well bred sires.

Feed generously without using forcing feeds. The breeding pen should be roomy. Sunlight and exercise are important, and a supply of alfalfa and cod liver oil will help to give good hatches.

Seed Market Report.

A late December report of the Seed Branch states that the demand for clover and grass seeds in Ontario has been good all season and only a small quantity remains in the growers' hands. There is still available in Northern Ontario and the Ottawa Valley some 285,000 lbs. of red clover 81,000 lbs. of alfalfa and 200,000 lbs. of timothy. Buyers are paying growers, No. 1 grade, per pound 18c to 21c for red clover; 18c for alfalfa; 6½c for sweet clover, and 14c to 16c for timothy.

In southwestern Ontario the small 1934 crop of seed has mostly been sold by the growers, that remaining is mainly of poor quality although some good sweet clover and alfalfa is still available in one or two localities. Prices being paid growers, basis No. 1 grade, per pound, range from 18¼c to 23c for red clover; 15c to 16c for alfalfa; 16c to 26c for alsike; 5¼c to 7¼c for sweet clover and 17c to 18c for timothy.

Horticultural Hints.

The position of plants during winter is in windows with a southern or eastern exposure. Plants need all the light they can get in Winter, especially those expected to bloom. Avoid extremes of temperature, but bear in mind they require a supply of fresh air.

Cold draughts must be avoided if house plants are near the windows. Pull down the blinds at night or remove tender plants to protect them from the chilled glass.

The dry air in the home is injurious to plants, but humidity may be added by sprinkling them with water daily.

Avoid keeping plants in a soaked condition. Only water when actually needed. All soft-wooded plants with a large leaf surface need more water than hard-wooded plants, and one in luxurious growth needs more than one which is sickly or cut back.

The Jerusalem Cherry must be kept moist and free from coal or domestic gas. The slightest trace of gas will cause both leaves and fruit to drop. Poinsettas should be watered every day and thrive best in a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees. These two winter plants must not be permitted to become dry.

The Red Clover Seed Shortage.

Owing to the 1934 shortage of red clover seed in Canada and in the United States, Ontario farmers would be well advised to buy their supply of Canadian grown seed as soon as possible before next spring. The total quantity produced in Canada in 1934 is believed to be much less than one-half the average annual consumption, and on the other hand such foreign seed of hardy strains as may be imported to augment the domestic supply may be difficult to obtain and be high priced.

The total production of red clover seed in Canada in 1934 is estimated at 1,650,000 pounds and about 1,200,000 pounds was produced in Quebec and Eastern Canada. The 1933 crop was estimated at 3,000,000 pounds, and the annual average for the last five years is 3,500,000 pounds. This year's reduction was largely due to an almost total failure in the principal production districts of southwestern Ontario, as a result of drought. Although the consumption of red clover seed may decline next spring owing to higher prices, at the same time there would seem to be an insufficient quantity of the hardy Canadian grown seed to meet expected domestic requirements.



MENTAL HEALTH.

NO ONE can be truly healthy unless he enjoy health of both mind and body. We have minds and we have bodies, but these are not separated the one from the other; rather do they work together, either helping or hampering the individual in doing his best.

Health is the condition when all parts of the body are working together in harmony. If the harmony is lost, ill-health follows, and where there is actual discord, we have disease. Our own personal happiness and our usefulness depend, in large measure, upon our health which, to repeat, means health of mind and body.

The past century has witnessed advances in medical science which have given such an understanding of disease as to enable us to go far in both the treatment and the prevention of disease and in raising the standards of personal health. In no branch of curative medicine has there been greater advance than in the care of the insane.

It is not so many years since mental disease was regarded as a disgrace. There are still those who feel that their family is disgraced if one of its members requires treatment in a mental hospital. A similar attitude used to exist with regard to tuberculosis.

Mental disease is not any different from physical disease except that in the one case it is the mind, rather than the heart or kidneys, which is not functioning properly. Just as long as mental disorders were looked upon as evidence of possession of a devil, those suffering from such disorders were treated with cruelty. With an understanding of the true nature of the sufferings of these patients, there was developed a more human care until we now have the mental hospital rather than the asylum.

The foundation of mental health is laid in childhood It begins with the earliest training of the child in regular habits of feeding; later comes the establishment of other habits, out of which the child learns to share with others; to do without things now so as to have pleasure later on; to work for the joy of getting things done; to accept disappointments.

The world in which we live is a very real place. We have to meet many difficulties. If we secure mental health through proper training in childhood, we shall face these difficulties and not run away from them or keep to ourselves. Running away means trouble through ill-health. Facing up to reality means happiness and mental health through a satisfactory adjustment to the world in which we must live.

Questions corncerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

A CLERGYMAN'S PRESENTIMENT

Having a presentiment he would not live long, a London vicar invited his nearest relatives and closest friends to a Christmas Day dinner. When the plum pudding appeared he arose and, addressing his guests, remarked that, as he knew that his death was at hand, he had caused to be inserted in the dish before him a number of "In Memoriam" rings, which he trusted that such as were fortunate in securing them would wear for his sake. He then solemnly divided the pudding and quitted the room. A week later he was dead.

The class had been having a lesson on laundry work, and the teacher was questioning the girls. "What is the first thing to be done when the washing is finished?" she asked, but everyone was silent.

"Now, come along," she said, "surely you know what your mother does when she has finished washing."

"Please, teacher," answered one of the girls, "she takes the handle off the wringer so as the lodger can't use it."



When the long evenings away from home get you down . . . and your favourite movie hero seems insipid . . . and the sound of a familiar voice would be music . . .

Make for the nearest telephone. An inexpensive chat with the home folks will banish the blues.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA — LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

● Wherever you may be, you can join the family at a moment's notice. For as little as 30 cents you can talk 100 miles or so.

Girl Lost in Marsh in 1888 Believed Living With Indians

Disappeared While Picking Blueberries and is Now Believed to be Living in Ontario Indian Camp.

Thessalon, Ont. — Almost half a century ago a little girl wandered away from a blueberry-picking expedition near here. She was never seen again, but her brother said he was investigating a report she was living in an Indian camp at Link Lake, about 60 miles north of here.

The brother, William Gillespie, said a lumberjack named Bouie had told him of being informed by an aviator that a white woman was living with the Indians at Link Lake. Bouie, Gillespie said, told him he understood from the air pilot that the woman had asked if he knew the location of Thessalon and had added she wished to visit the town if possible. The flier could not be identified.

Bouie said the aviator found the woman with five Indian children living the daily life of the tribe which, he believed, had kidnapped her.

Maud Gillespie disappeared from the berrypicking expedition in 1888. For six weeks she was sought by bushmen with bloodhounds. All they found was the cup she had been carrying when she started to the berry patches.

It was feared at the time she had perished in the bush or had been abducted by a band of Indians roving the district and had been carried up the Mississagua River.

Gillespie said he had failed to find Bouie on Saturday although the lumberjack had arranged to meet him. Bouie is working in the bush not far from here.

Maud's brother, now past middle age, said he entertained only a faint hope that the white woman reported at Link Lake might be his sister. He could not account for the fact that Bouie had failed to obtain the name of the pilot whom he claimed as his informant and he could not understand why the pilot had not reported the incident personally.

Church Road

Miss Eileen Wells spent last week with Miss Lucille Froats, of Glen Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Beckstead were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Henophy, Nuddle Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Schell spent Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs Vane Schell, Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Styles and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Barkley, Glen Becker.

Mrs. Harry Bowman spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Swerdfeger.

Miss Frances Bowman spent last week with Miss Dorothy Millward of Boucks Hill.

Annual Congregational Meeting of Morewood United Church

Request for Increase in Givings is Over-Subscribed.—Jospeh Moore Elected New Elder.

The annual congregational meeting of Morewood United church was held in the church auditorium on Friday night. The meeting was opened by a devotional period conducted by the minister, Rev. Geo. H. Smith.

Reports of the women's organizations of the church indicated that the revenue for the year had increased and a request for a five per cent increase in the givings to the missionary and maintenance fund was oversubscribed.

Mr. Smith, reporting for the board of trustees, said the board had raised $741.82, of which $312.45 had been made at an auction sale of farm produce, given to the church Mrs. Ab. Dillabough, reporting for the Women's Association, said the society had contributed $544.62, and the W.M.S. report, by Mrs. J. W. Bogart told of nearly $100 given to missions.

Joseph Moore was chosen as the new elder of the church and the following were named as stewards for the ensuing year: Harold Allison, Wilfred Hutt, Carmen Swerdfeger. Alex Byers, J. W. Bogart, Russell Swerdfeger. Walter J. Stewart, Lorne Irven, Orvis Steven, William Irven, Archie Carruthers and Thos. Reveler.

At the end of the term in a girls' boarding school one of the test questions was: "What was Magna Charta? Name its provisions."

One original girl wrote: "Magna Charta was a big cart in which the English kings went to battle in ancient times, and the provisions were the food they took with them."

11,000 SCOUTS AT JAMBOREE.

Think of it, 11,000 Scouts in one place! That is the number attending the Jamboree down in Australia with the Chief Scout. 17,000 people attended the opening on Thursday last. Down there it's summer-time now, no snow and ice like we have in Canada at present. The Dominion is represented by Scout J. G. Langley, Peterborough, Ont, who sailed from England with the Old Country contingent. The cost of $600 and two months of absence from schol has prevented more Canucks from going half way around the world.

His Excellency Opens Drive For More Scouts

Governor-General, as Chief Scout of Canada, Appeals for Larger Membership in Boy Scouts.

With an appeal for an expansion of youth citizenship training to "hundreds of small communities which at present have no organized activities of any kind for boys," the Governor General of Canada Friday night opened a campaign to extend the benefits of the Boy Scout movement to 35,000 more young Canadians.

He asked that the coming visit to Canada nevt spring of Lord Baden-Powell, world Chief Scout, be celebrated by an expansion and improvement of the movement, and plans for "greatly extending and increasing its usefulness in Canada.

The text of His Excellency's address follows:

I AM NOW STARTING my fifth and last year in Canada as Governor-General.

During every one of the past four years, I have travelled many thousans of miles throughout this wonderful Dominion. As the representative of the King in this country, I have endeavoured to testify to Canadians of all ages, in your great cities and in your remoter country districts, the close personal interest that His Majesty feels in all his Canadian subjects.

In my travels, I have met a very great number of the men, women, and children of this glorious country. I have seen many sides of Canadian life. I have seen, I hope, something of the hearts and minds of Canadians as well as much of their outward activities. It has been, as you can imagine, a very agreeable, but also a very moving, and a very illuminating, experience. From that experience, one impression stands out more vividly, perhaps, than all the others I have gathered—and that is that Canada, as a country is vitally instinct with the spirit of Youth.

By that, I do not mean that Canada is, historically, a young nation, as nations go. I do not mean, either, that Canada at the present moment offers greater professional opportunities to Youth than do other countries. What I do mean is that Canada to-day seems to me preeminently conscious of the needs of Youth, anxious to give Youth a fair chance, proud of its own boys and girls, and determined to make the most of the fine raw material of citizenship which those splendid boys and girls provide; and this explains what I have also noticed everywhere —that in Canada the elders seem to stay younger, to keep Youth in their hearts longer than they do in most countries. There is, in fact, throughout this great country, a deep-seated sympathy with Youth, a realization of the obligations of Age to Youth, which is one of Canada's greatest national assets.

There are in the world to-day many so-called "Youth Movements;" but of all those of which I have any knowledge the one for boys that appeals to me most is the Boy Scout Movement. In my opinion, this organization which lays such stress on honour, on neighbourliness, and on "playing the game," is the one that is the finest and is best suited to Canada. Naturally, its emphasis on loyalty appeals to me, for is not life made up of loyalties,—loyalty to one's friends; loyalty to those things that are beautiful and good; loyalty to one's country; loyalty to our King; and, above al, loyalty to God.

Doubtless you have heard that the Chief Scout of the World, Lord Baden-Powell, is coming to Canada next spring, and that I have challenged the Scout Organization to celebrate what may be his last visit by laying plans for a considerable expansion and improvement of the Movement. Canada has 65,000 excellent Scouts, but I know that is not enough. There should be at least one hundred thousand in this country, and Scouting should be made available to the hundreds of smaller communities which at present have no organized activities of any kind for their boys.

Mr. Beatty, the President of the Scout Organization in Canada, is just as much in earnest about this matter as I am. With his co-operation, an all-Canada Conference of Scout Provincial Presidents, and Provincial Commissioners, met in Ottawa last September, and decided to accept my challenge.

Organization for the campaign, with this object in view, will begin to-morrow, and I am calling upon every adult member of the Association in every Province, and upon everyone who loves Canada, to lend a hand with this big task.

May I ask the people of the Dominion to do this for me? I would feel a great deal happier on the sad day when I return to England, on giving up my office, if I could report that the Scout Movement, which lays such stress on loyalty to the Throne, had been firmly placed upon its feet for the next five years, and that plans had been completed for greatly extending and increasing its usefulness to Canada.

To be a good Canadian and a good Scout will always, I feel sure, be synonymous terms.

SERVICE GONE TO SEED.

Burks Falls Arrow.

THE IDEA that a newspaper circulates in a community for the "service" it can render has been preached during the past with such vigour that most people have come to believe it too literally and, like other "services," they seem to think they are paying for them through taxes and therefore should not have to pay any attention to statements of account that the newspaper man may in a moment of carelessness render.

We have rather prided ourselves that we were rendering a "service" to the community by boosting every worthwhile project that came along and some that we had our doubts about being worthwhile, but we are beginning to be convinced that this kind of "service" adds no shekels to our money sack and that, moreover, many people think us a sucker to be exploited for almost any scheme that they may devise. By far too much free publicity creeps into this paper and the difficulty is to know just where to draw the line. Whether we can make it impressive or not, what we want to say is we are in business to make a living and a little more if that be possible, and our time, space in our paper, a fair charge for printing is our return for the cash customers should pay us When a bag of sugar is ordered from a merchant no one expects a bag of flour to be thrown in gratis, but too often if a dollar printing job is given at this office, another dollar's worth of free advertising is requested and expected. It looks very much as if we will have to tighten up and refuse space to any who are not willing to pay for it. Announcements of all events before they take place—whether entertainments, meetings, weddings, sports, etc., etc., are advertising, while reports of these events after they have taken place are legitimate news.

Hostess: "Now, Tommy, why don't you go and play with your little friends?"

Tommy: "I've only got one little friend, and I hate him."

"There's something in what that fellow says—that the cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling block to the son."

"Well, thank goodness. our Tommy won't have anything to fall over."

Present Local School System Is Declared Unsuitable

O.C.E. Official Recommends That School Trustees' Area Be Broadened to Include County.

Toronto.—The local school system in Ontario is an anachronism, Dr. Peter Sandiford, director of educational research at the Ontario College of Education, declared in urging that the county instead of the school section should be the area.

"At present," he said, "it takes three trustees, in places, to look after one teacher. In one school there is only one pupil, in 129 there are five pupils, in 1,815 there are 15, or fewer. There are 7,118 rural teachers, 16,965 trustees and 255,244 pupils. Toronto has 105,610 pupils, 3,000 teachers and only 20 trustees."

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The day, month, and year to which your subscription has been last paid is shown after your name If the date shown has passed, this is our notice asking you to remit at once sufficient cash, postal note or money order to pay your subscription in advance Do it to-day

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QUILTING MATERIALS

We have a large supply of quilting material always in stock. Whether its Prints, Cretonnes, Cotton, Cambric, Wadding, Batting, Thread or Bats, we have them.

20% DISCOUNT

FOR TEN DAYS ONLY we ase offering the balance of our **LADIES' COATS** and **HATS** at a special discount of 20 per cent.

Rubbers

Our stock of rubbers is strictly fresh and of the latest designs. See our overshoes with the new easy back feature which makes them much easier to put on over rubber heels. Also a large variety of heavy work rubbers at catalogue prices.

SPECIALS

MEN'S HORSEHIDE PULLOVERS, Seams all welted, Pair	.75
MEN'S 7-inch TOP RUBBERS, Pair	2.10
MEN'S ALL-WOOL SCARFS, Each	1.00
LADIES' RUBBERS, Pair	.75
SAXONY FLANNELETTE, White Per Yard	.15

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

Phone 62

H. J. McMAHON

Chesterville, Ont.

Nation Valley

Miss Bessie Merkley, R.N., returned to Ottawa on Monday after spending the past three weeks with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Darling and family left for their home in Carmel, N.Y., on Wednesday.

Miss Helen Merkley has returned from the Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John McOuat, of Cass Bridge were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Summers.

Mr. Oscar Rae has returned home to Shoal Lake.

Mr. Walter Merkley of Theodore, Sask, is at present visiting several relatives of this district after an absence of 18 years.

I WISH TO ANNOUNCE to the people of Chesterville and Districts that I have opened a

New Funeral Home

on Main Street.

Thoughtfulness and a kind consideration for the needs of all are to be the outstanding features.

Back of all stands a sympathetic capability of meeting individual requirements.

Harry M. Henderson

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

'Phone 100

The sympathy of this vicinity goes out to the family of the late Mrs. Jas. Rae.

Mr. Wm. Barnett of Shawville, R.O.P. Inspector, spent the week end at the Jamieson farm.

Mrs. A. P. McLean of Finch is visiting her sister, Mrs. Enos Merkley.

Riverside

Mr. and Mrs. Fay M. Droppo and family, Misses Theresa Droppo and Eliza Thompson, and Mrs. Dan Pollock visited Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bogart at the week end.

Mrs. L. Montgomery visited her parental home at the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Pollock and Rupert of Avonmore visited the former's brother, Mr. Dan Pollock, and family at the week end.

Miss Audrey McIntosh returned to Williamsburg on Friday after spending her holidays with her mother and family, Mrs. Wm. McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C Bogart visited Mr. I. G. Bogart on Tuesday.

A number from here attended the hockey match at Chesterville, Monday night.

The annual meeting of the W.M.S. of St. Paul's United church, Berwick, was held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Elliott on Wednesday afternoon.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation and thanks to our many friends in Chesterville for their expressions of sympathy, their beautiful flowers and their kind assistance to us at the funeral of our dear nephew and brother, the late Russell A. Hummel.—The Misses Maude and Mildred Hummel. 12

PEDLAR PEOPLE'S ROOFING

Pumps

Iron Pipe and Fittings

FURNACES

Furnace Pipes and Elbows

Plumbing and Pipe Fitting of all Kinds

H. S. McMURRAY

SHEET METAL AND PLUMBING

Chesterville Ontario

The Late Mrs. James Rae

On Tuesday evening, a few minutes after ten o'clock, Jan. 8th, there passed away one of the most highly respected members of this vicinity, Ellen Jamieson, widow of Jas. Rae. The late Mrs Rae had been in poor health for the past few months but for the last four weeks had been confined to her room.

The deceased was beloved by all, a godly and much loved mother, a friend to the poor and needy. She was always to be found where there was sickness or trouble There were few homes into which she had not gone with a smile, a helping hand, and a cheery word Perhaps no other person of the district was more widely or favourably known than Mrs. Rae.

She was a daughter of the late John Jamieson and his wife, Eliza Ferguson. She was born Nov. 24th, 1858, and was in her 77th year. She had lived her entire life in the Valley. She was a faithful and ardent member of Knox Presbyterian church, Winchester Springs, and supported all its organizations, including, the Ladies' Aid, Women's Missionary Society, of which she was a Life Member and a past-president.

She was married on Sept. 4th, 1875, to James Rae, eldest son of the late Matthew Rae. Her husband died 27 years ago. To this union were born three daughters: Lillian (Mrs. Ernest Gray), Estella, deceased; Ella (Mrs. Hirst McIntosh), and seven sons: John, Briercrest, Sask; Oscar, Shoal Lake, Man.; Edward of Estevan, Sask.; Russell of Saskatchewan, and Warren, deceased; Cecil of Inkerman; Percy at home. She also leaves ten grandchildren, two sisters: Mrs. Henry Jackson and Mrs. J. D. McKercher; two brothers and three sisters are dead.

The funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. D. Turner, from her late residence on Thursday afternoon last. The many floral tributes were beautiful. Interment was made in Maple Ridge cemetery.

Besides the immediate family, her loss is felt by a host of relatives, friends and neighbours who feel that her place in this locality will not be easily filled.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Wm. Rae, C. B. Jamieson, W. J. Cass, Jay Quart, Wilfred McKercher and Howard Jackson.

A large concourse of sorrowing friends followed the remains to its last resting place.

Orchardside

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edgerton of Chesterville were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Loucks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dillabough of Spruce Grove visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Elliott on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ouderkirk of Chesterville visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Irving, on Friday.

Mrs. Ernest Beckstead spent the past week with her mother, Mrs. A. Weegar, of Dunbar.

Miss Tressa Bolton of Mountain is spending a few days visiting with her sister, Mrs Pliny Irving.

The sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. Henry Sargent and family in the loss of a loving wife and mother.

Melvins

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Sheldrick and son Eric spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Thoms of Mountain.

Mrs. Richard Scott took dinner last Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Redmond of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Johnston of Iroquois spent last Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Simon Garlough.

Mr. Murray Frances and Miss Mineva Desjardins took tea on Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Stewart.

Mr. Wm Sheldrick spent Saturday in the Capital.

A number of friends and neighbours attended the dance at Mr. Simon Garlough's Tuesday evening of last week. All report an enjoyable time.

Mr. Victor Thoms of Mountain visite at Mr. Jay Sheldrick's the latter part of the week.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Henry Sargent and Family wish to thank their many friends and neighbours for the kindness and sympathy shown in their recent sad bereavement, also for the many floral offerings.

FULTON BROS.

The Store of Quality
But not of High Price

STOCKTAKING SPECIALS

Grocery Department

YOUR CHOICE FOR 10 CENTS

Pickles, regular 25c Jelly
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Many other lines to clear at 10c each

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Short Chain with hook Spark Plugs
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We carry a full line.
Below is just a few of them.
What you don't see, ask for.

LEEBY'S HAIR RENEWER
PARISIAN SAGE
NUJOL and PEROXIDE

BABY'S OWN Tablets .25
WILLIAM'S PINK PILLS .40
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GIN PILLS .45
NATURE'S REMEDY .25, .45
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PEPSODENT,
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—TOOTH PASTES

ADHESIVE PLASTERS

ABSORBENT COTTON

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—FOR KILLING LICE—
SABADILLA, 1-lb. Cartons .50
SODIUM FLUORIDE, 1-lb. Carton .45
NICOTINE SULPHATE 5-oz. size .75 1-oz. size .30
ROYAL PURPLE Lice Powder .30 .60

ITALIAN BALM .35
and with Every Bottle we a 35c Bottle of Dreskin Free! 70c Value All For 35c

MUM .35
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LISTERINE 25, .48, .89
Pasmore's BRONCHIAL MIXTURE .45
AGAROL Large 1.35 Small .65
SAL HEPATICA .35, 1.25
KRUSCHEN SALTS .70
CAROID & BILE SALTS 1.10
Kellogg's ASTHMA RELIEF .90
VICK'S VAPORUB .45
RESINOL SALVE 1.10
CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS .60
BRITISH TROOP OIL .25
MINARD'S LINIMENT .25
CASTORIA .35
ANTI PHLOGISTINE 60. .85 1.35
BOVRIL CORDIAL .35, .98
FRUITATIVES .45
SLOAN'S LINIMENT .35
EGYPTIAN LINIMENT .30
NERVELINE .35
ELECTRIC OIL .30
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE .35, .70
RUNDLE'S LINIMENT 1.00

FULTON BROS.

PHONE 36 r 2 CHESTERVILLE PHONE 36 r 2

The Bargain Table

ONCE ADVERTISED—
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FOR RENT

House on King st., hot water heating system, bath and modern conveniences. Good garage. Available January 1st, 1935.—Apply O. L. KING, Supt., Nestlé's Milk Prod. 8tf

PURE-BRED HOG FOR SALE

Pure-bred Yorkshire Hog for sale or for service.—Abram Ball, Chesterville. 12

FOR SALE

General purpose Work Horse, weight about 1500 lbs., 5 years old Bargain for quick buyer.—Basil Gillies, Finch, Ont. 12-2

FOR SALE

One Bay Driving Mare, weight about 1050; 1 Yorkshire Brood Sow due to farrow March 10th; also 100 seasoned Cedar Fence Posts, 8 ft. long; and a quantity of Mixed Wood, $2.00 per cord in yard, or $2.30 delivered.—Bert Weegar, Chesterville. 12-1

FOR SALE

Quantity of corn stalks in stook for sale.—Apply M. Marcellus, Morewood. 12

Grantley

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Darling and family, after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Darling, left for their home in Carmel, N.Y., Thursday last.

Mrs. M. M. Curran has returned home after spending the last month with friends in Glengarry.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Beckstead and family of Aultsville were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Beckstead.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Carr and family visited Mr. and Mrs. M. O Robinson on Saturday.

Mrs Burton Beckstead and two children spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Darling, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kittle and family were guests on Sunday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Carr spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Aden Durant.

Miss Lillian Darling was a guest of Cornwall friends on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Weegar attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Henry Sargent on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Robillard, Avonmore, were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beckstead.

The Woman's Association held its annual meeting on Tuesday evening. The officers were all re-electd and are as follows: Mrs. Ernest Beckstead, President; Miss Fader, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Frank Darling, Sec.-Treas.; Mrs. M. O. Robinson, Sec. Flower Club and Organist. The next regular meeting is the first Wednesday in February.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks and appreciation for all the kindness and sympathy received from our neighbours and friends during our recent sad bereavement in the loss of a loving husband and father. (Signed)—Mrs. Chas. Dwyer, and Mrs. Arthur Baker.

Due to lack of space, news letters from Straders Hill, Pleasant Valley and Crystal Ave. have been held over.

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Chesterville
Successors to S. & A. Peake

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Agents for
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GOOD MIXED
WOOD
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S. MORRIS - CHESTERVILLE

Dr. M. W. Locke Presents Agricultural Scholarship

Williamsburg's Internationally-Known Doctor Institutes Gift of $100 to Young Farmer of West Stormont and Dundas to Attend College.

THE NEED of an Agricultural education is becoming more apparent as the seasons pass. Fortunately we have men who are keen to encourage the young people of the country districts to gain a wider knowledge of agriculture, which will enable them to fit themselves for the ever-increasing obstacles which are continuously presenting themselves.

In Williamsburg we have the famous Dr. M. W. Locke who through his generosity and kindness is willing and anxious to help along this line.

It is with pleasure that the Agricultural Representative, H. W. Graham, through the Agricultural Representative's Office, Morrisburg, announces the Doctor Locke Scholarship of $100. which is to be awarded to the young man of Dundas and West Stormont recommended by the Agricultural Office for outstanding achievements in agriculture in 1935 and which is to go towards defraying his expenses at the regular course in Agriculture at the Kemptville Agricultural School beginning in the fall of 1935.

The school mentioned, which was founded in 1917 for the purpose of assisting in promoting agriculture and agricultural education, deserves the whole-hearted support of those interested in improving themselves along agricultural lines. Professor W. J. Bell, who has been principal and in charge of the institution since its inception, through his untiring efforts has taken a most interesting and active part in supervising and in moulding a course which is most practical and helpful to agriculture in general and especially to agriculture in Eastern Ontario.

Cedar Grove

Messrs. Fred. Jarvis, Fred. Dafoe and Howard Dafoe spent Friday in Cornwall.

Mrs. Fred. Dafoe, who has been a patient in the Cornwall General Hospital for the past two weeks, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Basil Jarvis of Farrans Point, was the guest of Mrs. E. Jarvis on Sunday.

Mr. Ross Beckstead and daughter Goldie were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mason Beckstead, Wednesday.

Recent visitors at the home of Fred Dafoe were Mr. E. Pier, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Pier, Miss Phyllis McDonald, Third Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Crites, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wereley.

Mrs. B. Ratz and family spent the week end in Cornwall.

Rev. Mr. Morrison of Aultsville paid several calls in The Grove on Friday.

Mr. Lloyd Beckstead is spending this week with his sister, Mrs. Donnelly, and Mr. Donnelly on Croils Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Runions of Cornwall were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Selim Shaver.

SeventhAve. West, Osnabruck

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Alguire spent Saturday in Cornwall.

Mrs. Jacob Brownell visited Mrs. Willis Warner on Friday.

Mr. John D. Dunbar, Finch, spent Sunday with Mr. Ross Holland.

Mrs. J. T. Flegg and Arlene spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Brownell.

Several friends and neighbours spent Saturday evening with Mr. Harry Mattice.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. I. Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dunbar were recent tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Brownell.

MERRILL MISSION BAND CHOOSES 1935 OFFICERS

The January meeting of the Merrill Mission Band of Trinity United was held in the S.S. hall last Wednesday evening. The meeting opened with a hymn, followed by the Lord's Prayer in unison. Lena Ouderkirk gave the scripture lesson. Readings taken from "World Friends" were given by Megan Jennings, Solvieg Hagen and Marjorie Boyd. Mrs. R. C. Tait presided for the election of officers, the following being chosen: President—Megan Jennings; Secretary—Marjorie Boyd; Treasurer — Solveig Hagen; World Friends—Clare MacMillan; Mite Box Supt.—June Cass.

Items of business were discussed and Mrs. Tait closed the meeting with prayer.

Morewood

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Munro and daughter of Chesterville were Sunday visitors at the home of Jacob Steen. Incidentally they were of great assistance in extinguishing the fire which nearly destroyed the Steen residence.

We are glad to see Mr Murray Dillabough able to be around again after his recent operation.

Mrs. John Wagner and son Ralph visited on Sunday with the former's daughter of Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cobey, of Morrisburg, were recent guests of Rev. and Mrs. A. Nimmo.

Mr. and Mrs Baker of Newington spent Thursday of last week with the former's sister, Mrs. J. E. Faulkner.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Nimmo went to Montreal on Monday to see Mrs. T. E. Coulthart who successfully underwent an operation that day in the Royal Victoria Hospital.

A number of ladies of the United Church Missionary Society attended a meeting in Chesterville on Tuesday to hear the Missionary speaker, Miss Mitchell.

Unless more interest is shown in the Library being conducted by the Women's Institute, it will be necessary to close it at the end of February.

PRESBYTERIAN W.M.S. HOLDS LAST MEETING OF YEAR

The W.M.S of Morewood Presbyterian church held its last meeting for 1934 at the home of Mrs. James Moffatt. A splendid Christmas programme, with special music, was presented and the election of officers for the new year took place also. A very pleasant feature was the presentation of two Life Membership certificates by Mrs. A Nimmo to Miss Nell Moffatt and Mrs. Chesley Marcellus. The executive of the W.M.S. are grateful to generous friends and members for these certificates. A dainty lunch was served at the close of the meeting.

S.S. SCHOLARS RECEIVE AWARDS

At a recent Sunday morning service of Morewood Presbyterian church, Rev. A. Nimmo presented 20 Sunday School scholars with certificates and seals for regular attendance for one year, and the seals for two years. Miss Mary McLeod, secretary of the S.S., and little Isabel Hunter had attended 50 Sundays. The gratitude of the S.S. is due to Miss H. C. Fielding who so kindly donated the certificates and seals.

UNITED WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the United Women's Association for 1935 was held at the parsonage on Wednesday last with a good attendance despite the very cold weather. Mrs. J. W. Bogart, treasurer, gave a very full and excellent report of the year's work, $544 being raised, of which $305 was given to the Building Fund. Various plans were made for new work, including the use of dime cards.

The hostesses were Mrs. G. H. Smith, Mrs. Bilow, Mrs. Wm. Campbell, Mrs. H. LaSalle and Mrs. Carlyle.

C. G. I. T. GROUP FORMED.

A meeting was held at the home of Miss Sybil Dillabough on Monday evening to organize a C.G.I.T. group under the capable leadership of Miss Myrtle Casselman. The officers are—president, Doreen Campbell; vice-president, Dora Loucks; secretary, Gladys Carlyle; treasurer, Sybil Dillabough. The meetings will be held twice a month, every second Saturday evening, the first to be Saturday, Jan. 19th, at eight o'clock. All 'teen-age girls are cordially invited to attend.

CLOSING BANQUET OF PRESBYTERIAN Y. P. SOCIETY

The third annual banquet of Morewood Presbyterian Y.P.E. was held in the Hall, the losers being the sponsors. The hall was beautifully decorated and the tables were most artistic with lighted trees and quaint place cards. The menu was all that could be desired and was well served by the members of the losing side. The elders of the church and their wives had also been invited.

Rev. Mr. Nimmo acted as toastmaster in his usual capable manner. The first toast, to Our King, was responded to by the National Anthem. "Our Church" was proposed splendidly by Miss Laura Moffatt and replied to by Mr. Baker. "Our Society," was proposed by Miss Mildred McLaughline, and Miss Lill Feeley, president of the society, replied. "The Ladies" was proposed by Douglas Feeley and responded to by Mr. K. G. Moffatt. "The Losing Side" was proposed by Mrs. W. S. Feeley and the reply made by Miss Helen Fielding, leader of the losing side.

A pleasant feature of the evening's programme was the presentation of two prizes for "patches" on an apron that had been circulated among the young people during the fall months. Miss Carrie Hunter, the donor of the prizes, presented them to Miss Mary McLeod and Mrs. T. E. Coulthart, whom the judges named. The sum of $17.00 was realized from "under" the patches."

The losers are indeed to be congratulated for the very excellent banquet they sponsored.

MOREWOOD WO'S. INSTITUTE.

The Morewood Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. B. Loughridge on Tuesday last with 15 members and 2 visitors present. The meeting was opened with the Ode followed by the Lord's Prayer Minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. Roll call, "Why I like to be an Institute Member." It was decided to hold a cooking course at as early a date as possible. A play is being rehearsed by local talent and will be presented in February. The Librarian for February is Mrs. Campbell. A duet was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Popplewell, accompanied by Mrs. J. Edgerton. Mrs. J. W. Bogart brought New Year's greetings to the society A paper by Mrs. Edgerton was much enjoyed, "Start the New Year with Happiness," while Mrs. A. Dillabough gave a short reading: "New Thoughts for the New Year." Community singing was enjoyed by all. A demonstration was given by Mrs. Dillabough and Mrs Bogart assisted by Mrs. Edgerton on the making of dainty sandwiches.

Tea was poured by Mrs. Loughridge assisted by Mrs. Bogart and Mrs. Popplewell, and a very tasty luncheon was enjoyed. The meeting closed with the National Anthem.

NEXT WEEK AT THE
CAMEO THEATRE
MORRISBURG

Every evening at 7.15 and 9 o'clock
Every afternoon at 2.30

MONDAY and TUESDAY — FRANCIS LEDERER, JOAN BENNETT and CHARLIE RUGGLES —in— **"The Pursuit of Happiness"** A Romantic Comedy revealing our Puritan Fathers in their Gay Moments

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY — H. B. WARNER —In— **"SORREL AND SON"** Warwick Deeping's Famous Novel in one of the Best Pictures of the Season-

FRIDAY and SATURDAY — KEN MAYNARD —in— **"Wheels of Destiny"** The King of Cowboys in a new Rip-snorting Thriller of the West.

THIS FRI. & SAT. — RONALD COLMAN —in— **"Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"**

Ice Carnival at Chesterville Should Attract Large Crowd

Old-Timers Will Cavort in Hockey Dual Between Old Rivals.—Races and Prizes for Young and Old.

A grand carnival and old-time hockey match under the auspices of the Rink Company will be held in Chesterville Arena, Tuesday evening, Jan. 22nd, with an old-time hockey game between the old-timers of Winchester and Chesterville donning their uniforms for one more appearance on the ice. Joe Fisher will be the manager and coach of the home team, while Jack Ault of Winchester will take charge of the visitors. Lockie Helmer will be referee. Costume prizes for old and young, races for boys and girls and their elders are also on the programme. Admission 25c and 15c, with the fun starting at 7.45.

Miss Irene Allen left last week to resume her studies at the University of Toronto after spending the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Allen.

Mr. Ed. Carroll received the news this week of the death of his brother-in-law, Jeremiah Sullivan, in Brattleboro, Vt. The widow is the former Mary Carroll.

RADIO TROUBLE CLEARED.

A radio trouble car from Ottawa was in town this week and cleared up the trouble which has made radio reception locally practically impossible for two weeks.

MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW TO ATTEND THE
AUTO SHOW
JAN. 26 to FEB. 2
10 A.M. TO 11 P.M. SUNDAY EXCEPTED
SUN LIFE BUILDING - MONTREAL
Motordom on Parade

A new era in motor car building has dawned . . . more Beauty, more Comfort, greater Economy. The 1935 models are truly sensational with their palatial body-work. See the action exhibits; Accessories, Commercial Vehicles.

ADMISSION:
Before 6 p.m., 25c. After 6 p.m., 50c.
ADELSTAN LEVESQUE, Managing-Director

AMERICA'S OLDEST ANNUAL NATIONAL AUTO SHOW
Opens Saturday, January 26th, at Noon
VICE-REGAL PATRONAGE
To be officially opened in the evening by
HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH

REDUCED RAILROAD FARES AVAILABLE
ASK YOUR AGENT
SPECIAL RATES AT MONTREAL HOTELS

The Chesterville Record

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms of Subscription.

To Canadian points—$1.50 per year in advance. $1.75 if not so paid.

To United States—$2.00 per year in advance.

Transient or legal advertisements inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business notices inserted in local columns for 10 cents per line every insertion.

No advertisement published for less than 50 cents.

Small advt. card per year, such as Societies, Business, etc., $6.00.

All advertisements measured by the scale of solid nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements without special directions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. The paper will not be discontinued unless notice is given. No subscription will be cancelled unless all arrearages are paid.

In Memoriam notices with verse of four lines .50c; extra verses, each four lines .25c, cash with order.

Classified ads.—Wanted, For Sale, Etc., fifty words and under, .50c first insertion or three insertions for one dollar.

G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

1935		JANUARY				1935
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
Happy		*1*	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	New Year!	

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17th, 1935.

PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE.

Toronto Telegram.

IT IS NO USE to reflect that if everyone who was involved in an automobile fatality was stood up against a wall and shot there would probably be no more automobile fatalities. The present day would not accept death as a penalty for motor homicide. Too many people own automobiles, for one thing.

But it is worth considering that if public opinion were sufficiently aroused, a street death might become what it once was—a shocking event to be remembered by reason of its rarity.

But motor deaths no longer shock beyond the circles of those immediately involved A couple of young people meet death in a motor crash and it gets casual comment. "Terrible, wasn't it?" "Yes. It's a wonder there are not more motor accidents." With that the incident is disposed of. And as long as that remains the sum total of public indignation, motor casualties may be expected to continue their toll of life."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Walkerton Herald-Times.

MR. John A. Cunningham, former patrolman on the Walkerton-Kincardine highway, thought last week that the fates were against him when on going to his barn he found a plump Leghorn that had got soaked in the water-trough lying to all appearances frozen stiff on the barn floor, with the temperature without hovering around the zero mark.

Believing that life had long since departed, but bent nevertheless, on thawing the bird out, Mr. Cunningham threw it behind the cook stove in the kitchen, where a wood fire was crackling in the grate.

Believe it or not, as Ripley would say, but that bird came to, and to demonstrate that it was no ingrate, laid an egg, and then cackled vigourously for the boss to come and behold "Business As Usual. Nothing that he had lamped on the farm gave him more satisfaction than biddy's performance on that occasion.

HOW THE OLD BILLS ARE DISPOSED OF.

SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS in Canadian money goes down the sewer annually—into the Ottawa River.

From the east block of the Parliament Buildings, it is poured into the sewage system with all kinds of refuse periodically. It is beyond retrieve, even in times of depression.

The sum total represents Canadian bills of all denominations, taken out of circulation. Because of wear and tear, their life averages from nine to ten months. In one and two dollar bills alone, $40,000,000 are thus destroyed each year.

No longer may the financial hopes of a visitor to the Capital be raised momentarily by the flicker of pieces of paper money on lawns of Parliament Hill. That was when the practice was to burn the bills, parts of which sometimes escaped through the flue.

Time-worn currency is now treated by the Department of Finance in paper-mill fashion. Boiled beyond recognition with the aid of chemicals to obliterate the print and colouring, the bills are put through a steam pressure and heater and then shoved into the sewer pipe. Time was when after going through the macerating plant they were rolled into laps and sold as pulp. But in recent years, lack of a market for low-grade pulp made the present treatment much less expensive

Branch banks all over Canada almost monthly hand over old bills to the various assistant Receivers General in return for fresh, crisp bills. The withdrawn currency is shipped to Ottawa then for destruction, cut in half, but in separate parcels to guard against theft.

ARE YOU A CRAB, A GROUCH, A WOLF?

Bowmanville Statesman.

CHARITY Begins at home! With your husband or wife. With your children. With your mother and father, your sisters and brothers.

Why be nice as pie to total strangers, the soul of politeness and courtesy to mere acquaintances, and then go home and be a crab, a grouch, a wolf? Why show such a perfect side of yourself to an audience that really doesn't count and then make such an ass of yourself before the people who really matter?

You yourself don't care two cents for those strangers, and really deep down you love and prize your family; the whole trouble is you don't seem to know that charity begins at home.

You would think long and seriously before you would hurt a stranger deliberately, and then you go home and think up petty little schemes to injure, to annoy, to distress, to really hurt those near and dear to you. You would never hesitate out of business courtesy or straight sociability, to do an acquaintance a favour, and then you go home and act like you were parting with your right eye when asked to render a trivial mechanical help which requires even less effort!

Charity begins at home! Give that great gift of sociability to those who most deserve it—your own family. Be a real sport at home, willing to "go along" with your family's desires, anticipating their needs and their unspoken wishes, surprising them with good humour, playing their games, having their emotions, thinking and feeling as one of them.

Home is the only test of sociability, the only test of unselfishness. If you are an impossible man around your own house, there's not a drop of sporting blood in you no matter how loudly the outside world shouts you're a "good sport!" Charity begins at home!

The sociability you expressed while you were courting the girl is the sociability she deserves now that you are married. The care and love and service you gave your children when they were mere infants are more precious now that they are able to take care of themselves. The decent character you really possess should not be shrouded in a cloak of inhumanity, but exposed in the full illumination of a clean heart once you go home. Charity begins at home.

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tens to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," said the smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Exactly,' retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

Dundas County Agriculture Hub of Eastern Ontario Farming

Dr. J. H. Grisdale Praises District in Ottawa Speech.—The McIntosh Apple One of Notable Achievements Noted by Former Deputy Minister, Who Says District Will Lead the Way as Agricultural Possibilities Are Realized.

"We have in Eastern Ontario probably the best population mixture in Canada. The generation now handling our farms is doing astonishingly well," declared Dr. J. H. Grisdale, former Deputy Minister of Agriculture, to members of the Ottawa Rotary Club at their weekly luncheon in the Chateau Lourier.

Dr Grisdale spoke on "Eastern Ontario; its agriculture, actual, and potential." He paid high tribute to the productive capacity of this part of Canada, and claimed for it many remarkable achievements.

The address of Dr. Grisdale, and the presentation of Royal Canadian Humane Society Life Saving Certificates to three winners were the features of the luncheon.

Dr. Grisdale was cordially greeted by his former club associates, and thanked by the chairman for his loyalty to his old club. Bower Henry, in thanking Dr Grisdale on behalf of the gathering, said he hoped they would find more farmers able to tell of such achievements.

40,000 Farmers in Area.

Dr. Grisdale defined the area of which he spoke as stretching from Point Fortune to Belleville, thence along the St. Lawrence shore, and back to Point Fortune, an area of 11,000 square miles, or seven million acres. About 5½ million acres had been taken up as farm lands, he said, and occupied by about 40,000 farmers who had brought 2,750,000 acres under cultivation.

About 150 years ago this area was "desolate wilderness," with just a few Indians roaming it. It had been peopled with U.E.L. stock, and Britishers, with some Scandinavians, Germans, and a few from other European countries. "No one can claim to important race; they all count," urged the speaker.

He claimed, amid laughter and applause, that the agricultural population were the cream of the people; no doubt about that.

There was "every phase of soil in Eastern Ontario, from rock to black muck." From it were produced 1½ million tons of hay each year. Two years ago 17 million bushels of oats were raised. Barley did "exceedingly well on our heavy lands." Dr. Grisdale paid high tribute to the achievements of D. L. Scott, of City View, in this connection. Mr. Scott is a member of the Rotary Club. He won one of the big prizes at the recent Chicago Exposition.

Peas were another good crop. "We could supply all Canada and still have three-quarters of our crop left," said Dr. Grisdale. Buckwheat, rye, and some wheat were all raised in this area. As to corn, the speaker said he had never seen a crop fail in Eastern Ontario.

700,000 Head of Cattle.

"We have 700,000 head of cattle, of which 400,000 are milch cows. They produced two billion pounds of milk in a year, in fact, two-fifths of all the milk in Ontario came from this area. It is the dairying part of Canada, par excellence."

There were 55 million pounds of cheese made in Eastern Ontario which was more than half of the total production of cheese in Canada. Despite the production of 20 million pounds of butter, the people of Eastern Ontario were supplied with all the milk they wanted. "There is a surplus of milk in Eastern Ontario," said the doctor. But "seventy cents per hundred pounds of milk at the cheese factory does not pay very good wages," he urged.

There was not anything like the sheep raising there should be. Renfrew county had immense possibilities for that, declared the speaker. Swine were "fairly good," but not as good as they ought to be. Alex. Dynes' achievements in this respect were eulogized by the doctor.

No better place in the whole of Canada could be found for the production of eggs. "We are going to develop along that line, without question," he said.

"The best apple known to-day in Canada, the McIntosh Red, was developed in Eastern Ontario. You can grow these better in Eastern Ontario than anywhere else in the world. It has no peer as a dessert apple." He named areas between Belleville and Kingston, and between Brockville and Cornwall as the best for this production. "There is a tremendous future for the apple industry in that country," he said.

The very best red clover seed was grown in Eastern Ontario. And the possibilities of special crops were almost unlimited. "While this area has made tremendous progress in the last twenty years, it is only a beginning of what we can do," concluded Dr. Grisdale.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Conducted By
MISS HELEN LACEY, B. H. Sc.

"MANY PEOPLE NOWADAYS LIKE MARMALADE INSTEAD"

YOU will want to try some of the following recipes unless you are like the king in the story who, when it was suggested he try marmalade on his bread instead of butter, would not hear of it and his henchmen must needs find "butter for the royal slice of bread."

MARMALADE WITH BITTER ORANGES.

12 bitter oranges
3 lemons
16 cups sugar

Peel the oranges and remove most of the thick inside membrane. Cut peel very fine. Remove seeds from pulp and add pulp to peel. Soak pulp and peel in 11 pints of water and let stand overnight Soak seeds in a pint of water overnight. In the morning drain water from seeds and add it to the pulp and peel. Boil until reduced one-half. Add sugar and boil quickly until it jellies. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE.

1 grapefruit
1 orange
1 lemon
12 cups water
10 cups sugar
Juice of 1 lemon

Wipe fruit; squeeze out juice, reserving the seeds Cut rind into paper thin strips. Add 11 cups of water to rind and juice and allow to stand covered, overnight. Add one cup of water to seeds and let stand overnight. In the morning, add water from seeds to rind, tie seeds in cheesecloth and put into kettle. Boil uncovered until rind is very soft and liquid has been reduced to about one-half. Remove seeds at the end of first hour. Add sugar; stir until dissolved; cover; heat to boiling, then boil uncovered 10 to 15 minutes or until syrup will jelly Add lemon juice; remove from heat; pour into sterile bottles; seal.

APRICOT CONSERVE.

3 lbs. dried apricots
2 tins sliced pineapple
6 cups sugar
¼ lb. almonds
1 lemon

Wash apricots; soak overnight in 9 cups of water. Cut pineapple slices into quarters, add with juice to apricots. Cook, below boiling, until tender; stir frequently to prevent sticking. Add sugar and cook ten minutes. Add lemon juice and almonds, blanched and cut in strips; cook five minutes longer. Pour into sterilized jars and seal when cold.

COCOANUT CREAM PIE.

1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup cocoanut

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt. Beat egg yolks and add dry ingredients. Scald milk, and add slowly to cornstarch, egg and sugar mixture, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Cook until thick and there is no taste of raw starch. Add butter, vanilla and cocoanut. Turn into baked pie crust. Top with meringue made from egg whites. Sprinkle meringue with cocoanut and brown in a slow oven.

FROZEN COFFEE CHARLOTTE.

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold coffee
¾ cup boiling coffee
½ cup sugar
1 egg white
1 cup whipped cream

Soak gelatine in cold coffee. Make a syrup of boiling coffee and sugar; boil five minutes. Pour over softened gelatine; stir until dissolved. Chill, stir occasionally. When partly set beat until foamy. Add egg white beaten stiff; beat well, fold in whipped cream. Turn into a mould and freeze without stirring. This dessert may be served without freezing if desired.

The food which we consume may be divided into groups ,each group contributing in a different way to our well-being.

Proteins help to make strong flesh and good blood.

Minerals, such as calcium, phosphorus and iron, help in the manufacture of bones, teeth and blood, muscles and nerves.

We derive our energy and heat from **carbohydrates, proteins and fats** we eat.

Vitamins promote growth and vigour. They also prevent various diseases.

Protein Foods—Cheese, eggs, milk. meat. fish, dried peas and beans, cereals, nuts.

Fat Foods—Cream, cheese, butter, fats and oils, nuts.

Carbohydrate Foods — Cereals, sweets, fruits, vegetables.

Foods Supplying Minerals — Milk, cream, cheese, fruits, vegetables, eggs, meat, cereals.

Foods Supplying Vitamins — Milk, cream. cheese, eggs, butter, fresh vegetables and fruits, cod liver oil.

Questions should be addressed to Miss Helen Lacey, Chesterville Record.

Instructor: "Lay the ball on the tee and hit hard."

She: "Is that the tee? It looks like ground."

Instructor: "Of course, it's ground, but they call it a tee in golf."

She: "Well, why don't they call it coffee? It's ground."

A Chicago man was boosting the charms of his native city. "There are more railway lines running out of Chicago than out of any other town in the world."

The New Yorker yawned. "You've gotta give every chance to a guy," said he, "to make a getaway from a city like yours."



MELBA Tissue Cream

To Feed Starved Skins

55¢



Nourish the skin and tissue *beneath* with rich, emollient *Melba Tissue Cream.* Use this gentle, penetrating cream to prevent lines and wrinkles and counteract the drying effects of exposure and time.

PARFUMERIE MELBA OF CANADA, LTD . . . . TORONTO

The Bishop's Coadjutor

THE STAGECOACH was rolling briskly out of Trapper's Bend. Just as Jim Farron, the driver, flung out the whiplash over the flanks of his leaders, a shout from the alder bushes at the left made him pause.

"Hi, there! Wait a minute, Jim! Wait for the bishop!"

The bishop was swinging himself down over the wheel of a lumber wagon on the other side of the fence At the sight of his white head and gold-rimmed spectacles, Jim Farron chuckled.

"Held up!" the stage driver shouted. "Held up by the bishop!"

The bishop dropped his valise over the rail fence between the alders and put his hand on the top rail Jim Farron almost had to rub his eyes as the bishop's feet touched the ground on the other side.

"You'd have a mighty interested congregation up in Snowball to-night if you was to edify them with that there selection." he remarked.

Much to the driver's regret, a sleepy Swedish miner occupied the seat beside him. The brown valise and the broad, black shoulders of the bishop disappeared inside the coach.

The only other passenger in the coach, a young girl. drew a wooden guitar case out of the way to make room for the bishop's valise. He noticed the rough redness of her little ungloved hands.

"You're the bishop," she said, regarding him with her keen blue eyes "I shook hands with you once at Dead Timber. I'm Maggie Connoran."

The bishop had a good memory. but he searched it in vain for any record of this child, who could not have been more than sixteen years old. She was short and slight and poorly clad, but she gave evidence in every feature of an energy vigourous enough to manage effectively the several small worlds of her existence. The bishop took refuge in generalities.

"I'm glad to see you again, Maggie," he said. "And so you are taking your guitar up to Snowball?"

Maggie laughted. The sharpness dropped away from her face, and the bishop saw the long black lashes over the blue eyes.

"That's no guitar," she said. "I had one once, but it got broken up at the mine one day. That's a cat in there now."

"A cat!" the bishop repeated.

"Sure—that is ,a kitten." She drew the guitar across her knees and patted it. "It's close quarters for him, but it was the best thing I had to bring him in. I whittled two holes for fresh air down at the side, here. They'll give him air enough, don't you think?"

At one time, before the needs of his church sent the bishop out to do the work of six men on the frontier, he had been president of a humane society in the east. He bent down with much interest to examine the openings and passed the fingers of one hand over them.

"I think so," he answered. "Ah!"

He drew his hand away suddenly. Maggie looked from his face to the opening, through which a gray paw was retreating. It was no use trying to be solemn. The bishop and his passenger laughed aloud together and thus sealed a bond of perfect sympathy.

From his box seat Jim Farron heard the laughter and yearned to share it. "I reckon Connoran's Maggie'll keep the bishop entertained, all right," he said to himself.

They were out of the level country by this time, winding up among the foothills. At their right the snowy crest of Bald Knob rose against the gray sky. Far ahead, appearing and disappearing on the slopes of the range, the road stretched on toward the blue-timbered hills where Snowball lay.

The bishop turned up the collar of his overcoat and then, noticing that his companion shivered a little, unstrapped a travelling rug from his valise and wrapped it about her.

The road became more uneven when it crossed the ridges under Bald Knob. As the stage crept along Jensen's Bluff, the bishop gazed into the ravine below and reflected the damage that a cloudburst or a heavy thaw in winter might work. Suddenly, at a curve where the road swept round a shoulder of the bluff, Jim Farron brought his leaders to a sudden halt and gazed ahead in dismay.

"What's up?" the bishop asked, leaning out.

"Landslide, I reckon."

Farron set the brake against the slipping wheels and swung himself down to the ground. The red sun had pierced a rift in the clouds and as he walked forward was dropping out of sight behind Bald Knob.

The bishop left the coach and joined him.

"Pretty bad." Farron commented.

For a hundred yards ahead the road was blotted out. A gaping scar on the mountain side and a heap of tumbled earth and boulders marked the place where it had been. Further on, the brown ribbon of the track began again, clinging against the steep wall that stretched above and below; but as for any hope of reaching it with the stage, it might as well have been a thousand miles way.

"'Twas all right when I came down yesterday!" Farron grumbled.

"Any other way round?" the bishop asked.

"Nary a one," Farron answered. "A fellow could get round on horseback, going down by the lower trail. And that's five miles out of the way."

"Let's do it, then," the voice of Maggie Connoran suggested. "That will be fun. Let me ride the gray, won't you?"

"Well, now, there's this about it," Farron said "The gray ain't broke to the saddle. And there's none of 'em that'll carry double. Now, it's my duty to see that the government mail get's to Snowball to-night, and they'll make a pack plenty big enough for another of 'em. The question is, Which of us four folks has got to be in Snowball to-night?"

"Me!" said the Swede, suddenly vehement; and he added a torrent of broken words to explain the absolute necessity of his presence in the mining camp.

"I can camp here in the coach, if it's necessary," the bishop said as he slapped his hands to warm them.

"'Tisn't necessary, not a bit of it," Maggie announced as she pulled the bishop's rug about her. "If there's no chance for me to ride, I'll go back there to Thompson's. There's some of them at home; I saw one of the children when we passed. And I guess if the bishop is going to preach at Snowball to-night you'd better see he has a horse to ride."

She looked menacingly from Farron to the Swede. The driver laughed, but the other man scowled.

"Maybe they've got some sort of a cayuse at Thompson's," Farron suggested. "Let's go back and see."

They started back toward a group of cabins that they had passed a short time before. The bishop carried the guitar case, and Farron led the horses, with the mail sacks and a part of the express slung in a pack on the back of one.

A towheaded girl opened the door of the cabin at Farron's knock. She shrank back, dazed, at sight of four people, and looked around as if in terror Farron had to repeat his question twice before she could collect herself to answer.

"No, there ain't any horses. There ain't any cayuse. We haven't any stock left. They drove off the cow last week"

"Where's your daddy?" Farron asked.

The child's eyes grew black as her pupils dilated. "He ain't here," she said shortly.

"And your mammy? Is she here?"

"Ma's sick. Been sick for two weeks. She's in there"

A figure huddled under the coverlets of a bed in the corner stirred feebly.

"Isn't there anyone to take care of her?" Maggie demanded. "Haven't you got a doctor?"

The towheaded child looked at Maggie with dull interest. "There ain't anybody but Tilly," she answered. "Tilly's tired"

"And your father's been away all the time?"

"Since Sunday." The curious look of terror came into the child's eyes again. "Ma, she told Tilly what to do. But she don't talk any more now. I guess maybe she's going to die"

"Don't trouble yourself any further, Farron," the bishop said suddenly. "I'm going to stay here. Get a doctor down from Snowball to-night if you can. You can tell Farnsley why I'm not there. I suppose you can take Miss Maggie on one of the horses and see that she arrives safely."

Maggie turned on the bishop in scorn.

"I like that!" she declared. "You'll not get me out of this house to-night. Tilly Tompson, get up out of that chair and go and lie down. You're worn out! I guess you remember me, don't you?"

A girl a year or two older than the tow-headed one stared up into Maggie's face and burst into tears.

"There, you mind me," Maggie adjured her. "Go and lie down I want this chair myself, anyhow. Good-bye, Mr. Farron. I wish you'd tell Katy Parkins I'll be up in Snowball after a few days."

"You come here a minute, bishop," Farron said.

The bishop joined him outside the door. After a minute he came back, with his bushy gray eyebrows knotted as if in deep thought, and went over to the bedside. Farron and the Swede mounted and rode off.

There are people living in every scattered hamlet of that mountain state who whisper under their breath what the bishop is when there is trouble or sickness. Maggie heard his voice asking one or two very quiet questions; and then, turning, she saw that the sick woman had opened her eyes, half smiling.

"Yes, tell me," she heard the bishop say.

Maggie turned away again and began an investigation of larder and wood box. Tilly, utterly exhausted, had curled herself up in a heap of blankets in one corner. When the bishop came back to the rusted stove where a little fire burned feebly, Maggie faced him with flashing eyes

"They haven't had a stick of wood split for two days .They've been burning bits of greasewood brush and cottonwood bark that the girls picked up. Say, bishop, there's a pile of fence rails and an axe out yonder."

"Yes, certainly," the bishop said "I will, at once. But, Miss Maggie—"

"They've been living on corn pone and condensed milk!" Maggie went on hotly. "There's a box of eggs in the stage the Martins were sending to Snowball. They'll be frozen if they stay there. You bring them down."

"I will," said the bishop. "But I want to tell you, my dear, how this family is situated You ought to know, if we are to be here. The father is suspected of horse thieving. He is in hiding somewhere—I believe Mrs Thompson is telling the truth when she says that she does not know where. She believes this place is being watched by men who are ready to lynch him, if he comes back."

"I reckon they would," Maggie said coolly. "Do hurry up and get those fence rails!"

The bishop went out and found the axe Presently the towheaded girl came staggering in with an armful of dry sticks.

"There's twice as much more split up!" she gasped gleefully. "My, but he's a dandy!"

Maggie looked out of the window and beheld the bishop's erect figure and clerical hat moving up the hill toward the abandoned coach.

When the bishop reappeared, he carried the box of eggs on one arm, and from the other dangled something white and furry.

"It's a jackrabbit!" shrieked the towhead in a paroxysm of delight.

Maggie opened the door for him. She had got a gingham apron and tied it over her short, scant skirt She had also found time to sweep the littered room and bring the kettle to a boil. On one arm she carried something wrapped in a blue shawl.

"Say, you killed the rabbit with a rock, didn't you?" she said. "You must be a good thrower! I reckon these kids will be glad of a bite of meat. And I wish you'd take the baby here. It woke up and I had to carry it."

The bishop held out his arms meekly. It had been many a year since his own children had grown up; but most of the babies in the state had been in his arms at one time or another. This one nestled down peacefully.

The towhead and a pair of three-year-old twins were playing in a corner with the gray kitten, released from Maggie's guitar case. The fire burned more brightly in the growing dusk, and the kettle sang. The warmth and peace of the room affected the bishop with a gentle drowsiness as he sat in the high-backed wooden chair and rocked the baby.

Suddenly his drowsiness was broken. Was it footsteps he had heard? Maggie had noticed nothing She was pouring water from the kettle into a basin.

The footsteps came again on the drift of snow beneath the window—cautious steps and very slow, pausing after each sound, soft and stealthy, but unmistakable.

Rising quietly, the bishop tiptoed over to the bed. He laid down the small bundle in the blue shawl, and then he went to the door.

"Bring me in a bucket of water, won't you?" Maggie suggested. "There is a well out yonder."

The bishop let his fingers close on the handle that she slipped into them Once outside, with the keen wind ruffling his hair in the dusk, he stood motionless.

A shadowy figure slipped away from the rear of the cabin toward the group of outbuildings at the south. The bishop watched it for an instant, and then he called softly:

"Thompson! O Thompson!"

The man halted. Irresolutely glancing round him with nervous eyes, he came up to the front of the cabin.

"I saw you in there," he stammered. "I saw you when you come. She—she isn't worse?"

"I think she may do very well when the doctor comes down," the bishop answered. "I've sent for one from Snowball. Get inside there. Man, don't you know you're risking your life hanging about here? You'd far better give yourself up to the sheriff and get a fair trial under the protection of the law. The warrant's out for you."

"If it wasn't for her being sick!" the man groaned. "She begged me to get over into Canada, but I can't go clean away and leave her like this!"

"There's only one thing for you to do," the bishop said. His voice was stern, but the clasp of his hand on Thompson's numb fingers never wavered. "I'll see to it that your wife is cared for. And you'll go with me to Snowball and give yourself up. I think they won't succeed in lynching you if you're with me. Then, if you're innocent, we'll prove your innocence if it takes all the lawyers in the state. But this is no way for an innocent man to do."

"They're dead against me," Thompson said, gulping. "Dick Becker'd shoot me at sight. I've no show in a court room against rich ranchers! You let me go in and get a bite and tell 'em good-bye, and I'll be off.I'll go this time sure, bishop!"

"Well, get in, then," the bishop said. "Perhaps I can make you see reason after a while."

It struck the bishop. when he opened the cabin door again, that Maggie Connoran's face was a shade paler than it had been, but she held her head high.

Thompson collapsed in a chair at the bedside. In the light of the candle that Maggie had placed upon the table his face was ghastly white under its grime, unshaven, with sunken cheeks and blue hollows under the eyes. His head rested against the back of the chair motionless. Maggie crossed the room to his side with a steaming cup.

"Drink this," she commanded. "You will feel better after a bit. Betty, you pull down that curtain at the window. If anybody should see you in here—"

She did not finish the sentence. The cabin door shook suddenly under the sharp strokes of a whipstock Betty screamed and shrank back from the window as the blue steel of a rifle barrel outside flashed in the candlelight.

There was silence for an instant while Thompson slid to his knees beside the bed, still holding his wife's hand. Then a voice called from without:

"Come on out here, Thompson! We've got you this time!"

The bishop moved toward the door

"There's no need for you to break the door in," he said, slightly raising his voice. It was a voice that most men in that part of the country knew. "I'm going to open the door in a minute. I want your word first that you won't make a rush There's a woman lying here at the point of death."

There was a murmur of voices outside. Some one protested, with curses. Another laughed. After a minute the answer came.

"All right, bishop. We'll have a sermon before the funeral"

The bishop opened the door. His own bulk filled it fairly as he stood—erect, broad-shouldered, clean-limbed, with the light glinting on his white hair and gold-rimmed glasses. He put his hand up to his chin in the gesture that his Western world remembered so well at countless weddings and christenings.

The men in the front rank winced under the steady, level gaze. Those at the rear moved restlessly. Out on the frozen ground a pony stamped.

"I told you there is a dying woman here," the bishop said "By God's help we might save her, if the doctor should come in time. She's been for three days without proper food or nursing."

He dropped back into a conversational tone. "I was going up to Snowball to-night, you know. Why, there are several of you I thought I'd see there." His glance singled out one man and another. He did not speak their names; but one remembered, uncomfortably, that his little girl had wanted to be confirmed that night; and another man saw as if in a vision the picture of another cabin room where, a year before, the bishop had knelt beside a dying boy.

"Did any of you pass Jim Farron as you came here?" the bishop asked. "He was going for the doctor. He was going to tell the folks up in Snowball why I couldn't be there. It isn't very often I miss an appointment, you know."

"Rode sixty miles with him once myself!" a man muttered to his neighbour. "Last ten of it was through a blizzard, too. He's all right, but he hasn't any business here to-night."

The bishop heard the remark, and his splendid frame seemed to loom taller in the doorway.

"No business here!" he thundered. "What in heaven's name is my business, then! I stayed here because of sickness and the shadow of death. That's all right, you say. But is a servant of God to stand by and let men stain their souls with murder."

An angry murmur answered him. For a moment it seemed that the dark line would surge forward and sweep him from his place. He stood his ground, unflinshing, and presently the men grew quiet.

"I've not asked you to show me your proofs,' 'the bishop went on. "I am not here as a judge. Thompson is my friend, but I don't know certainly whether he is innocent or guilty. I'm not asking you to let him go. What I do ask you—for my sake, and God's sake, and your own sake—is to let him stay here with his wife to-night. Put a guard on the house. if you like. And then let a committee of you go with me to Snowball tomorrow and put him safe into the hands of the law, to be judged as the evidence shall decide. You are going to remember this night, every man of you, for time and eternity. I shan't plead with you. That's all."

A dead silence fell on the group of men outside the door. The bishop stood watching them. At last a slow voice spoke:

"Say, boys, every one of you that thinks Thompson needs hanging, hold up his hand."

The hands went up unanimously. But the slow, drawling voice had been charged with a power other than murderous suggestion. A grin began to steal from face to face.

"Every one of you that's willing to do the bishop a favour this once, say aye."

The ayes came thunderously. The speaker turned toward the bishop.

"I reckon the ayes have it. Good God!"

The candle went out as a scream and a shot rang through the cabin. There was a sound of footsteps running from the window; a moment later a horse's hoofs rang out on the culvert of the road, galloping down the hill.

"Stop him!" shouted the leader; his voice no longer drawled. "It's that scoundrel Becker we left at the window! Here, bishop, let me in! Did he hit you? Who's hurt?"

He struck a match. Thompson was still kneeling by the bed. In the centre of the cabin Maggie Connoran, laughing and sobbing and shaking, pressed her apron against her left arm.

"I saw him!" she gasped. "I was watching him, for I didn't like the looks of his face, while the bishop was talking He had his rifle sighted on Thompson all the time, but I saw him steady it extra careful and squint again, and I clapped my hand on the candle and jumped. Yes, it hit me, but that's nothing, glory be!"

The bishop took her in his arms as she staggered against the table.

"I'll see Becker swing for this!" the leader of the men growled. "No, I'll see him in the pen, I mean. But he ought to swing! Horse stealing's one thing. and shooting at women's another! Hello, Farron, where'd you drop from?"

The big stage driver pushed into the room, panting. A smaller man carrying a little black case followed him.

"Met up with the doctor on the road," Farron explained "The mail's going to be late to-night in Snowball. Now, then,"—he looked from the face of Thompson, still buried in the coverlet, to the bishop and Maggie and the men crowding round the door,—"I reckon the rest of us fellers better get out of this and give the doctor a show."

He pushed them gently from the room and shut the door. From time to time, as the bishop and the doctor of approval, indignant words and bursts of laughter from the winter darkness outside.

"It'll be a fight for the woman's life, but I think we'll make it," the doctor said. "And as for you, Miss Maggie, the ball only grazed your arm You'd better go over there and lie down on the blankets with Tilly—and get some of these other children and kittens and things put to bed and out from underfoot."

But Maggie refused to go on the invalid list. "They've had no supper," she said. "You see, I was interrupted. And, oh! my kettle's boiled most dry, and the eggs are spoilt entirely!"

At eight o'clock she went out with fresh coffee for the men who remained to guard the cabin.

It was a fight for Mrs. Thompson's life, as the doctor had predicted But in the gray light of dawn the bishop bowed his head in thanksgiving at the answer to his question.

"Fairly safe now. You and I didn't do it at all. This black-haired minx you picked up in the stagecoach has been worth a regular staff of nurses. And do you know what she's done? Gone over Thompson's defence with him, inch by inch, and cleared it out and set it straight better than the best lawyer in Snowball could do. He'll have no trouble in court if he retains Maggie Connoran for counsel!"

"H-m-m-m!" said the bishop, with his hand on the back of the rocking-chair in which Maggie had dropped down, exhausted but radiant, holding the kitten on her lap. "They are not in the habit of giving us missionary bishops assistants, you know But," he added with a smile, "I'm thinking after this I shall have to call Miss Maggie my coadjutor.

The story is told of Adolf Hitler that one afternoon he called a taxi and drove to the Reichstag in a great hurry. Leaping from the cab, he put his hand in his pocket to pay the driver and at the same time said, "I shall want you back here at six p.m."

"Sorry, sir," said the driver, "but I will not be able to come."

"Why not?" demanded Hitler.

"Well, you see," said the driver, "Herr Hitler is speaking here this afternoon in the Reichstag and I am staying home to listen to the great man on the radio."

"Splendid!" said Hitler, throwing the man a large tip.

The driver looked at the coin for a moment and then said, "Oh, to heck with Hitler. What time did you say you wanted me to call for you?"

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Mainly About People

Mr. Thos. J. McMahon of Rochester, N.Y., is spending a few days renewing acquaintances in the district.

The many friends of Mrs. T. O Keyes of Winchester will be pleased to know that she passed safely through her operation in the Montreal General Hospital on Monday morning and is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. Samuel J. Dillabough, Athens, who is a nephew of Mr Harvey Dillabough and Mrs. Davidson of Chesterville, is seriously ill at his home with little hope for his recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J French, of Blanche, Que, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs Harry Carruthers of Elma. Mrs. French is remaining with her daughter for the week.

Mr. James Robinson, who died so suddenly last week while at his work in Winchester, was an employee of the Fennell Feed Co., not of the M F. Beach Co., as stated in the last issue of The Record. His funeral on Friday was very largely attended in St. Paul's church, conducted by Rev W. D. Turner, assisted by Rev. D. W Summers and Rev. John McKay.

Large Audience on Tuesday Hears Miss Mitchell Speak

Miss Mitchell's Challenge Was Inspiration to Missionary Workers to Give Greater Help to Outposts.

Miss Mitchell, travelling secretary of the W.M S. of the United Church in Canada was greeted by an audience which comfortably filled the Sunday school room of Trinity United church on Tuesday afternoon. Those who were fortunate enough to hear this wonderful address regretted that the whole auditorium of the church had not been occupied so that more might have received the information and inspiration which the speaker brought.

Mrs. W. H Lloyd, president of the local auxiliary occupied the chair and introduced the speaker. A very beautiful solo by Mrs. W. N Fulton was much appreciated, and harmonized in theme most fittingly with the address of the afternoon.

Miss Mitchell's entire address was a challenge and an inspiration to the W.M.S. to put forth greater efforts in the missionary cause. The speaker carried her listeners from the far east outpost of the work in Canada on the bleak shores of Labrador, across the continent to the far-flung corners of the work in the Northwest. Miss Mitchell personally visits each and everyone of these missions bringing to them the inspiration of her splendid personality and her unfaltering faith in the power of the gospel to help every living creature. The speaker described vividly the educational work among the ignorant and exceedingly poor inhabitants of Labrador, the service of the port workers to the in-coming strangers at the ports on our eastern shores, the deaconess' work among those ill-favoured by fortune in Nova Scotia, the work of the redemptive homes in New Brunswick, the splendid service of the workers in Quebec and especially in the city of Montreal and, with particularly telling emphasis, of conditions in the west Listening to Miss Mitchell, we feel that it is altogether impossible for us, in our comfortable Ontario homes and churches, to realize the hardships and privations of our fellow-Canadians in the West and of the all-too faithful workers who are giving of their best to minister to them.

The thanks and appreciation of the meeting were expressed to Miss Mitchell in a motion by Mrs. Houlehan which was seconded by Mrs. L. H. Doering The society was pleased to have as their guests, members of the sister societies from Morewood and of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church and Holy Trinity Anglican church. At the close of the meeting afternoon tea was served by a committee under the able convenorship of Mrs. O. L. King

Goldfield

Mrs. Donald McIntosh who underwent a throat operation in a Kingston hospital at Christmas time returned to her home here this week.

Mrs. Wm. McEwan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McIntosh, who underwent an operation in a Kingston hospital, is expected home shortly.

Mrs. D. A. Gillies and Mrs. C. F. Warner received the news of the death of their father, Mr. John Ferguson, at Avonmore, on Sunday evening. The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved.

Rev. H. M. Beach, the newly inducted minister of Chalmer's United church, Finch, called on Mr. and Mrs. Peter Droppo and Mr. and Mrs. John Nephew at the end of the week.

Messrs. John Nephew and Simeon Ouderkirk, councillors, attended the meeting of the township board at Berwick on Monday.

Misses Margaret and Rose McMahon visited with Mrs. Catherine Gillies and family on Friday evening.

Death Was Unexpected of Chas. Dwyer on Monday

Had Not Been in Good Health of Late Was Around as Usual and Was Talking Five Minutes Before End

The funeral of Mr. Chas. Dwyer of the Boyne was held on Wednesday morning at St. Mary's church, officiated at by the Rev P. J. Keaney. He was the son of the late Francis Dwyer and Esther Henderson and was in his 69th year.

Mr. Dwyer died at his home on Monday morning, and although he was in poor health his death was sudden and unexpected. He had been around at his work as usual, retired for the night and was talking about five minutes before his death.

He had a wide circle of friends of all ages Mr. Dwyer was born in Chesterville and is survived by his widow, formerly Miss Mary E. Kendrick; one daughter, Mrs. Arthur Baker (Mollie), also one brother and Mrs. Wm. Summers (Nell), of Vermont, N.Y. One sister and two brothers are deceased: Esther, James and Frank.

Friends from a distance included Mr. Wm. Dwyer, Jr., of Montreal.

The pall bearers were Messrs. Henry Elliott. Howard Kittle, Chas Kearns and John Devaney.

Many spiritual offerings and letters of sympathy were received. Floral offerings included a pillow from the family.

RE-APPOINTED GAME WARDEN

Harry Merkley, of town, has received notice from the Game and Fisheries Department, Toronto, of his reappointment for 1935 as deputy game warden of this district.

LOSERS TURN TO TREAT.

The Young People's Society of Trinity United met Tuesday evening. The losing side of the attendance competition, with Miss H. Gardner as its captain, prepared a most enjoyable programme of amusements, comprising games and contests of unusual fun-provoking character. A hearty lunch was served afterwards.

The meeting on January 22nd will be cancelled. The illustrated lecture on "Beautiful Trinidad" scheduled for this meeting is to be given Sunday at the evening service.

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