The Chesterville Record.

VOL XLIV. NO. 46. CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1938 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Community Hall is Used High School Not Ready

Rooms Will Be Completed for Monday Morning Opening.—Attendance is Increased by New Courses.

Much difficulty has been experienced with the opening of the school term by the high school staff as the repairs to the school building have not been completed and classes have had to be organized in the Community Hall, and sickness has caused the absence of one of the new staff members. Miss E. Kavanaugh, from assuming her duties and it is not expected she will be able to start teaching until the end of this month. She is at present in hospital at Kirkland Lake where she recently underwent an appendicitis operation.

However, the school building will be ready for Monday morning and the classes will be brought into regular work. The new rooms in which the courses of Home Economics and Manual Training will be taught are expected to be opened by the first of October and the high school board and staff are negotiating the purchase of the equipment for these courses.

Music Course Inaugurated.

One of the finest advances in the courses in the high school here will be made this term with the decision made by the board Tuesday evening to teach music in Grade Nine to replace the study of art. This will be under the guidance of K. L. Gauthier of the staff who is an accomplished musician and has taken two summer courses in Toronto in school music.

The new music course takes theory and sight singing, which includes the rudiments, ear training, sight singing, and elementary compositon, appreciation of fine music, assembly singing, and, possibly, orchestra and band.

Of all the arts that enrich and beautify human life, there is none that speaks a language more generally understood than music. The love of music is a primitive instinct which has never been lost. There are three great possiblities in the study of music: pupils may learn to listen, to perform, to create. This course of study is built upon the assumption that the school should strive to raise the level of appreciation of music, largely through performance up to the limit of individual capacity, and to discover and encourage musical talent.

Attendance Increased.

Registration at the school now stands at 140 and it is expected to reach 150 which will be 30 more than last year, the increase being due to a large number of entrance pupils, 53 who have entered first form, and the new courses of study offered by the curriculum.



DAWSON BEATTIE
Who died yesterday at Winchester in his 98th year. Was one of the few pioneers of Winchester Township.

Another Pioneer Gone As Dawson Beattie Dies

Born in Lakefield, Que., November 19, 1840, Came to Farm Near Chesterville With His Parents.

The death of Dawson Beattie severs another link in the line of pioneers of this district. His death occurred Wednesday morning in Winchester at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Geo. E. Earle. His passing was not unexpected for he was in his 98th year and his advanced age had taken toll of his physical resistance and since last December he had become very frail. His mind, however, was keen and active until the last.

Born in Lakefield, Argenteuil county, Que., on November 19, 1840, he was the eldest son of the late Robert Beattie and his wife, Margaret Hamilton, and came when 18 years of age with his parents to the farm north of Chesterville where his son George now resides. He was married October 11, 1870, to Mary Dawson, who passed away May 10, 1928. For some time he farmed near Morewood, later in the Summers Settlement, then returned to the homestead until he retired nearly 20 years ago and went to Winchester to reside.

His last appearance in public was at the Chesterville Old Home Week celebration.

In politics, he was a Liberal. For many years he was secretary of the school board and also of the cheese factory and was tax collector for the eastern part of the township for some time.

He is survived by three sons, Robert, of Mount Holly, N.J.; George, of Chesterville, and James, of Winnipeg; and two daughters, Mrs. I. E. Smith, of Edmonton, and Mrs. Geo. E. Earle, of Winchester. There are also 18 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be held tomorrow (Friday) at 1,30 p.m. in the Wesleyan Methodist church, Winchester, and will be conducted by his pastor, Rev. D. W. Summers, assisted by Rev. W. S. Atchison.

Chickens Stolen Last Night From Durham Wells' Farm

Family Returning Home Sees Two Men Leave Henhouse. — Police Expect Arrests Today.

One of the first reported cases of chicken stealing this fall came from the farm of Durham Wells, at Hoasic, Williamsburg township, last night and local and Provincial Police are today pressing their investigation and have hopes of an early arrest as they believe they have discovered important clues.

Returning home late in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wells sighted two men leaving the henhouse with bags slung over their shoulders and saw them strike back across the fields. Giving chase, Mr. Wells discovered tracks on the next road leading to where a car had been parked.

When police arrived, they traced the tracks and believe they found the car as there were two empty sacks in the rear seat and the engine was warm.

Provincial Constable Frank Rose and Constable Clair Bickum, of Morrisburg, and Constable Garnet McLean, of Chesterville, are investigating. It is not known definitely how many fowl were taken.

Chesterville Bowlers Win League and Caldwell Cup

Local Trundlers Lead League to Win St. Lawrence Trophy. — Divided With Kemptville Here Last Night

Last night the Chesterville bowlers divided the points with Kemptville to hold their lead in the St. Lawrence district schedule bringing their total up to 51 points and giving them a five-point margin over the second place Kemptville club to win the Caldwell Cup for the second time since it was put up in competition in 1934 and beating their own record of 48 points for that year, although this year the local membership is much smaller.

Play was close all night and owing to the tenseness of the situation, as four games for the visitors would mean championship of the league, the usual ribbing going the rounds was conspicuous by its absence.

Hutt won his game eight-up over Graham while Clayton won his game with Patterson by four. Eric Casselman lost out to Sutherland by four shots and Dixon went down to Haskins by three.

Doc Hutt took the lead in the fourth end and was then never in danger, gradually increasing his margin as the game wore on. Although there were no big ends, his rink pulled well together playing steady and consistent bowls with Tom Flynn's million-dollar arm leading the way.

Doc Clayton had a nip and tuck game with Dr. Patterson who gave Amos a run for his money when he got five in the sixth end. Clayton was down two at the halfway mark but got his five back on the 15th end when he made a beautiful pick of the opposition's shot to lay a bunch. Amos took two of the next three ends just for luck.

Casselman lost his game to Sutherland in the first 12 ends when he scored only twice but went good after he got started just too late to pull out a win. Bill Dixon scored eight ends out of the 18 against Haskins who as well as bowling airtight bowls had a barrel of luck and although Dixon's rink faltered in the early stages of the game against the perfect bowling of the visitors, bucked up to give them a scare in the 17th end when Bill, with three back bowls, trailed the kitty into the ditch only to have Haskins with his last shot miss the draw and drive in one of his own for second shot. Bill again in the last end built up a four which looked good enough to tie but

(Concluded on Page Four.)

THRESHED 930 BUSHELS OATS IN LESS THAN SIX HOURS

AFTER reading in The Record of the remarkable time made at threshing in Grenville county, Henry Armstrong, of St. Albert, reports that Ford Carruthers tfit on the former's farm at 12.30 p.m., and at 6.20 the same afternoon had threshed 25 acres of oats with a yield of 930 bushels.

Annual Fair Rained Out Postponed to Sept. 20

Heavy Rain Yesterday Caused Cancellation of All Events. — Complete Programme on New Date.

Rain coming in torrents the early part of the day, caused postponement of Chesterville's seventh annual fair yesterday, and the new date will be Tuesday, September 20. As rain continued throughout the morning, the board of directors was called together and made the decision.

Rain continued in showers during the afternoon but some exhibitors arrived with stock and a number of folk came to town to view the exhibits and were disappointed.

The weather for Tuesday's opening programme which is always devoted to children's sports, was almost perfect and a large number of public, separate and high school pupils entered the events on track and field. The results of these sports will be found on page three of this issue.

Labour Day Mixed Jitney Held by Lady Lawn Bowlers

Monday afternoon, a mixed Jitney was held on the local Bowling Greens and prizes were won as follows: Mrs. Lyle Marcellus, 27; Mrs. G .Senn, 26; Mrs. Geo. Barkley, 24; Mrs. K. Gauthier and Miss Dorothy Senn, 23 points each.

Following the Jitney, prizes were distributed to the winners of a ladies' tournament, each rink having bowled three games. Mrs. P. S. Boyd's team carried off high honours.

The teams:

First prize—Mrs. J. T. Campbell, Mrs. D. McKercher, Miss Dorothy Senn, Mrs. P. S .Boyd, skip.

Second prize—Mrs. T. Flynn, Miss Jean Merkley, Mrs. S. H. Hutt, Mrs. Geo. Cass, skip.

Third prize—Miss Rae Dixon, Mrs. N. Cameron, Mrs. B. Rowe, Mrs. Geo. Barkley, Mrs. L. Marcellus, skip.

Fourth prize—Mrs. W. N. Fulton, Mrs. H. E. Wales, Mrs. Chas. Munro, Mrs. W. O. Dixon, Mrs. Geo. Merkley, skip.

Refreshments were served by the ladies in charge of the Jitney.

* * * *

The South Side men are not alone in their glory. Last week a team of South Side ladies took the candy from a team of North side ladies. The teams were:

South—Mrs. J. T. Campbell, Miss Jean Merkley, Mrs. G. Senn, Mrs. G. Merkley, skip 19

North — Mrs. Geo. Cass, Miss Rae Dixon, Mrs. P. S. Boyd, Mrs. Lyle Marcellus, skip 16

AT OTTAWA ASSIZES.

Among the non-jury cases at Ottawa Fall Assizes will be Elizabeth Merkley vs. Ina May Seymour, Brockville. Plaintiff seeks a court order declaring certain Dominion of Canada bonds and a bank account to be her sole property. O. F. Howe for plaintiff. K. D. Lawson, of Chesterville, for defence.

BORN.

Wilson—On Friday, Sept. 2, 1938, to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wilson (née Grace Cunningham), of Boulter, Ont., a son.

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And Study means that the Eye-Strain if any is increased.
I can make clear to you if Glasses are needed.
Evenings by Appointment
Residence Phone 10W
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Chesterville, Ontario
Rev. R. C. Tait, Pastor.
Sunday, September 11, 1938.
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Public Worship
"Fishermen and Shepherds"
7.30 p.m.—Public Worship
"Beauty For Ashes"

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH -:- CHESTERVILLE
Mr. Jesse Bigelow, B.A., Minister.
Sunday, September 11, 1938.
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Public Worship.
2.30 p.m.—Service at Dunbar
7.30 p.m.—Public Worship
This is Mr. Bigelow's Farewell Service

R. G. Dodds, D.D.S., L.D.S.
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OVER BANK OF MONTREAL

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Dunbar, July 25, 1938.

Because his policy is fine. He's honest, upright, always kind; he satisfies both me and you, and helps to save Our Dollar too. And when Death enters at our door his service then means even more. His silent hand clasp at our call, he sorrows not with one, but all.

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Alice Faye and George Murphy
COMING "Mad About Music"
—with— Deanna Durbin

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME
Picadilly Theatre
Williamsburg - Ontario

THIS THURSDAY, FRIDAY & S SEPTEMBER 9 & 10
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MONDAY & TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12 & 13
WIVES UNDER SUSPICION With WARREN WILLIAM, GAIL PATRICK, CONSTANCE PATRICK WILLIAM LUNDIGAN, RALPH MORGAN and CECIL CUNNINGHAM. A drama that rips into the private lives of husbands, wives and lovers.

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Prescription For Romance With WENDY BARRIE, KENT TAYLOR, MISCHA AUER, DOROTHEA KENT FRANK JENKS and HENRY HUNTER. An exciting story of skipping scoundrels in a continental romance. Also THE MARCH OF TIME.

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SWISS MISS The Star-crammed musical Fun-Show that will make you shout with glee.
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Business notices inserted in local columns for 10 cents per line every insertion.

No advertisement published for less than 50 cents.

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

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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.

1938 SEPTEMBER 1938

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1938.

IMPATIENT DRIVERS ARE DEADLY DRIVERS.

"WHAT'S your hurry?"

Stop the average motorist on city streets and country highways and ask that question. Try to get a satisfactory answer.

But you won't.

They are just in a hurry, you will find, for no particular reason, except in rare cases. They must take chances, with their own or some other person's life. They can't pause to respect the rights of some other person's life. They can't pause to respect the rights of the other fellow.

They have no time to spare. They chafe as traffic signals halt them momentarily. They grudgingly make a pretence at obeying stop signs. They have got to go and keep going.

All this hurry may be the modern tempo, or it may be just ordinary impatience, but whatever it is, the result is the same—death and suffering that could have been avoided but for impatient drivers.

Ontario's motor accident records show conclusively the horror and tragedy which motorists who haven't a minute to spare leave behind them. Last year, 168 people were killed and 1,836 were injured because drivers simply had to travel faster than road or traffic conditions warranted. Thirty-four were killed and 840 injured because drivers could not stay behind the car ahead for another minute. Forty-six were killed and another 484 injured because motorists had not time to wait until they got around a curve or over a hill before passing the other car. Sixty-five more died and 126 more were injured because drivers could not wait for a train to pass the crossing. Many times drivers had no time to wait for traffic signals to change, so they barged through red lights and injured pedestrians who thought they were safe crossing on the green.

That list of accidents, impressive as it is, is only part of the indictment that could be drawn up against Ontario's impatient drivers, but it is sufficient to show the extent to which they are responsible for needless death and suffering. .

And it should be sufficient to remind motorists that life and limb are more valuable than minutes and seconds... and that in these times patience is more than a virtue.

A moment's thought may save a life —so be thoughtful.

THE COST OF ILL NATURE.

OUR neighbours furnish us with the main stuff of our conversation, and, if we think a moment, we realize that we do the same kindness for them. That is perfectly natural and justifiable, since it is only by observing and analyzing the life that goes on about us that we arrive at what knowledge we have of human character and motive, which, even so, with most of us, is very little.

Unfortunately, speaking of others too often means speaking unkindly. Being men and women, those others have human weaknesses, and in discussing their actions those weaknesses are bound to be discussed. Moreover, there is a certain sense of superiority in faultfinding, as if our seeing the fault implied that we were without it —an inference as natural as it is quite unfounded. And the follies and mistakes of others frequently furnish us abundant matter for wit and pleasantry, sometimes good-natured, sometimes ill-natured, but rarely of a character to be agreeable to the object of it. Jesting at our friends' and neighbours' expense is so easily devised and so quickly appreciated that few of us abstain from it altogether.

There are some who do abstain from such jesting, who speak seldom of others, and, when they do, speak kindly; who let rash deeds and speedily vented words pass into oblivion and emphasize only those acts that we all would gladly have done ourselves. Such people are not necessarily dull or unobservant, either. Indeed, if, as the cynical would have us believe, there is little good in human nature, it surely takes a finer and more active intelligence thus carefully to distill it out.

And those who treat human weakness gently are the men and women who are sought and loved by human weakness. We turn to them in joy and sorrow alike, confide to them our hopes and fears, unfold our lives to them. The brilliant talker who minces his friends' hearts to make a savory dish of gossip is listened to, and smiled at — and avoided. Hearts are hidden away from him as far as possible, covered close that they may escape mincing, and for that very reason he perhaps knows less of the things that are worth while. ...

A quick and eager and piquant tongue is a splendid instrument, but the too free use of it is an expensive luxury.

CANADA'S IMPORTS OF PEANUTS.

Interesting Facts About Our Dominion of Canada.

GROUND nuts, the fruit of a tropical to sub-tropical annual plant, are so called because the nuts mature in the ground; they are also known as earth nuts, peanuts—because the kernels grow inside pods like peas — and monkey nuts. The nuts are used for human food, as food for live stock —chiefly for pigs which are turned into the field to do the harvesting— or crushed for oil and oilcake. All but a small proportion of the ground nuts entering world trade are destined for the production of oil. India, China and West Africa, along with the United States remain the principal sources of supply.

Canada differs from most other industrialized countries in that she has only a small seed-crushing industry and, apart from linseed, imports almost all the vegetable oils she utilizes. However, there were nearly 36 million pounds of peanuts imported last year, China supplying 31 million pounds, British India nearly three million and Dutch East Indies over one million.

Australia is increasing her production of ground nuts and in 1931 a trade agreement was made with Canada which will give the Australian market the preference when the Commonwealth is able to supply all Canada's requirements. At present there is a duty of one to two cents a pound on ground nuts imported from other than British Empire countries but this preference has not yet resulted in any appreciable import from Empire sources.

Canada's cattle, sheep and pig population supplies much of the animal fats which form more than one-half of the oils and fats used in the manufacture of soap in Canada and limits the consumption of vegetable substitutes. Nevertheless, it is clear that the great bulk of the ground nut oil imported is crude oil for refining for edible purposes: the amount imported last year was 653,000 cwt., and came from the United Kingdom, China and some from the Netherlands. Oil for the manufacture of soap or for canning fish was 554,000 gallons. Last year's import of this particular item was only one-half that of the year before, that from China dropping from 383,000 gallons to 41,000.

Apples Sizing Up Well, Good Yield of Other Fruits

With sufficient rainfall, growing conditions have been favourable for the development of the apple crop and fruit is sizing particularly well. Where spraying was done thoroughly, scab and insect pests are being kept in check, with the exception of the codling worm moth which will cause considerable damage in a few orchards where a heavy infestation has accumulated from previous years. In the Trenton and Iroquois-Morrisburg districts several thousand barrels of apples were severely damaged by hail. Fall and early varieties are taking on considerable colour, and are up to normal in this respect.

Pears are developing well with size average and fruit clean in most orchards, although some codling moth injury is showing where regular control measures were not carried out. Plums are a light crop but there is every indication that the quality will be good, except on some trees where early sprays were not applied and some curculio injury is showing.

"Eatin'-Jack" Was A Good Man At The Corn Roasts

The Lindsay Post.

HOW many corn cobs can one man eat? This question might carry one into a discussion of gastronomics or some other scientific subject but, apart from that, looking at it as laymen, what capacity has a man for chewing the kernels from corn?

We will not attempt to answer this question. We quite realize that the answer could never be a general one since there are stomachs and there are stomachs, just as there are appetites and there are appetites. The fuss is being made about corn because of the visit of an elderly gentleman to the sanctus sanctorum of The Post recently.

"I saw your editorial on corn roasts the other day," he opened. Continuing, he said: "You were right when you said that young people today might be missing a great deal because of the near-extinction of corn roasts and I just dropped in to tell you of a corn roast I was at many years ago.

"It was before I was married and I was courting my wife. A bunch of our friends, neighbours to our farm and their hired men and everybody's girl were there and it was in a bush out in South Ops that we had the roast. One of the items on the programme was a corn-eating contest for men and what a contest it was.

"There was a fellow there, he worked on a farm in South Ops at that time about 50 years ago, and they called him 'Eatin'-Jack.' No one seemed to know his last name, at least I didn't. His appetite was the marvel of the section and the way he could lay away food at a threshing or at a corn roast was nothing short of amazing.

"He naturally entered the contest and his presence immediately established him as the favourite. He started out eating corn, and, with one of the girls as referee to count the cobs, he finished when he had consumed 23 cobs. Maybe he wouldn't have finished then only we had no more to feed him. The others weren't even in the race."

This seems to answer the question satisfactorily as regards one particular person. Do they breed those appetites today?

Looking Backward

20 Years Ago

From The Record Files

Thursday, Sept. 5, 1918.

A handsome bay horse was reported stolen from its pasture Friday night at Morewood. It was valued at $200 and belonged to John Fawcett.

* * * *

Pat McGowan, while attempting with Arnold Morrison to pass from one side of the bridge to the other overhand along the top framework, fell to the street and was rendered unconscious for some time. The drop was about twenty feet.

* * * *

Schools reopened with Principal Bowen, Miss Smith and Miss Thurston on the Public school staff, while Principal Ball, Miss O'Neil and Miss Kirkwood made up the staff at the High school.

* * * *

Miss Helen Steinberg, of Melvins, was bridesmaid at the marriage of her friend, Miss Isabel McKay, of Ottawa, last Wednesday.

* * * *

Mr. James Kearns, of Berwick, died August 23 and the funeral took place at St. Mary's church, Crysler, Monday, when the pall-bearers were Messrs. Archie Hunt, John Baker, Walter Whittaker, Edward Curran, J. M. McDonald and Archie Henry.

* * * *

Miss Bertha R. Gibbons and Mr. Alex. Foley, of Finch, were married Wednesday morning at St. Mary's church when Rev. Father Crawley officiated.

* * * *

In the school gardens competition in Winchester township, Willamae Parker, of Maple Ridge, secured first honours with a percentage of 99½ points.

* * * *

Friday night, D. B. Cameron's stable at Berwick was destroyed by fire of unknown origin.

* * * *

Bernard Beehler, Garnet Wereley and Percy Ouderkirk, of Ashburn, started at Finch High school.

* * * *

Mrs. Schular and daughters, of Chicago, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. .M. E. Curran, returned home last week.

* * * *

Mrs. Eleanor Beach was engaged as organist of Trinity Methodist church.

Scoring Nicely.

Mrs. Sharp (sharply): "And what would you have been now if it weren't for my money?"

Mr. Sharp (mildly): "A bachelor."

Not Likely.

"Good morning, Willie,'" said the neighbour to the small boy sweeping up the dead leaves. "Is your mother in?"

"Well, I wouldn't be doing this on a Saturday morning if she wasn't."

Those Butter Dishes.

He: "No two people ever think the same."

She: "Ah, but just wait until you see our wedding presents."

Meeting the Occasion.

Little Willie: "Daddy, give me a dime."

Daddy: "Don't you think you're getting too big a boy to be asking for dimes?"

Little Willie: "All right. Give me quarter."

Just Floating.

Uncle: "Well, Tommy, I hear you are learning to swim."

Tommy: "So are you, ain't you?"

Uncle: "No, my boy. Why ask?"

Tommy: "Oh, I heard father say the other day that you had a hard job to keep our head above water."

Making It Clear.

Marcellus: "Whaffo' yo' lookin' so unnecessary, Mose?"

Mose: "Ah feels like a dumb owl."

Marcellus: "Reveal yo' meanin', man."

Mose: "Oh, Ah jes' don't give a hoot."

Goldfield

Mr. Wm. McLeod left on Monday for Cornwall where he is teaching.

Miss Edith McMillan left for Cornwall on Monday where she entered the Nurses' Training School of the General hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson and sons, of Ramsayville, visited with Mr. and Mrs. A. P. MacLean and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus H. MacMillan and daughter Rose, of Avonmore, visited at the home of the Gillies Brothers on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex H. Gillies, of Ottawa, were the guests of the former's home here on Labour Day.

Miss Annie Foley left on Monday for Deloro where she is teaching.

The local school opened on Tuesday with Miss MacGregor of Ormond engaged as teacher.

Miss Verna Nephew left on Tuesday for Ashburn where she is engaged as teacher.

Mr. Merrill Rutherford, of Ottawa, is spending a few days with Mr. D. C. McLeod and family.

Mr. Ewan Carruthers, of Virden, Man., was the guest of friends here before leaving for Montreal where he is a student at McGill University.

Miss Lena Droppo, R.N., of the General hospital staff, Cornwall, was called home on Monday by the sudden illness of her mother, Mrs. Roland Droppo. Miss Gladys Beehler, R.N., is in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Higgs, Montreal, spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMillan.

Miss Vera Starke, of Montreal, visited with friends here Thursday.

TELEPHONE TALKS IN THE WATSON FAMILY



"MY DAD *can talk farther than* YOURS!"

When Donnie Watson's father greeted him over the telephone from 500 miles away, Donnie was impressed no end. He couldn't resist boasting a bit to his next-door neighbour and playmate.

Whenever you're called out of town, do as Bob Watson does — telephone home. It brings peace of mind at a trifling cost.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA — LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Reductions in telephone rates—local and long distance — in 1935, '36 and '37 have effected savings to telephone users in Ontario and Quebec of nearly one million dollars yearly.

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WINDSTORM & AUTOMOBILE RISKS ALSO

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FARM PROPERTY INSURANCE
CARRIED UNDER THREE-YEAR OR ONE- YEAR SYSTEM AS NECESSARY

James Clement Phone 67-r-2-3 Chesterville

Maple Ridge Family Honoured At Farewell By Friends

Mr. and Mrs. F. Erle Helmer and Family Presented With Gifts Before Leaving For Winchester.

More than 80 friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. Erle Helmer and family gathered at their home on Friday night when a farewell and presentation was held prior to their departure for Winchester, where the former is the newly appointed postmaster.

The affair was sponsored by Mrs. Irven Cross, Mrs. Aura Hutt, Murray Barkley and William Helmer, Jr. After an evening spent in games and music, with Myrtle Carkner at the piano, the address was read by Mrs. Cross, and the presentation of a buffet and piano lamp was made by Mrs. Hutt, William Helmer and Murray Barkley. Mr. Helmer replied to the address and thanked the friends on behalf of the family for the gifts. A book of remembrance designed by Miss Gertrude Weegar, of Chesterville, contained the names of all contributors.

Luncheon was served by the hostesses assisted by M. Carkner, Jessie Derby, Frances Merkley, Pearl McMillan and Harlan Helmer.

On Sunday, Marion Helmer, pianist for the Maple Ridge Sunday school, was the recipient of a pen and pencil set, gift of the teacher and members of her class.

Mrs. Howard Myers Died Funeral Held at Morewood

The death occurred at the Brockville General hospital on August 25 of Mrs. Howard Myers after a lengthy illness. She was formerly Carrie Mott, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Mott, and was born in Brockville in 1859. She was married to H. C. Appleby and after his death she became the wife of Howard Myers.

The funeral service was held Sunday morning in the Presbyterian church at Morewood by Mr. Thomas Lamonte and Rev. Alex. Nimmo assisting. Her favourite, "The Old Rugged Cross," was beautifully sung as a duet by Mrs. Jean Nadeau and Mr. Lyle Hunter.

Those left to mourn are, a sorrowing husband, one son, Harry Appleby, of Gouverneur, N.Y.; his wife, four grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

The late Mrs. Myers was a life member of the Morewood Presbyterian W.M.S. and was an active member of the Morewood Women's Institute for a number of years.

Floral offerings were: wreaths from the husband, son, Harry Appleby; Grandchildren and Great-grandchild, Presbyterian Choir, Fisher and Smith, Borden Milk Company of Gouverneur, N.Y.; W.M.S.; cut flowers from Mrs. Colin MacGregor.

The pall-bearers were William Steen, Jake Steen, Walter W. Steven and Milford Glasgow.

Progressive."

Real Estate Agent: "Well, what do you think of our little city?"

Prospect: "I'll tell you, brother; it is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights."

A Forward Step.

Stage Manager: "Have you had any stage experience?"

Job Seeker: "No, but I had my leg in a cast once."

PICOBAC
PIPE TOBACCO
FOR A MILD, COOL SMOKE



Catches Bullet in His Teeth Fired From Rifle at Fifty Feet

Fort Erie.—An amazed audience, literally gasping with fright, today saw a man catch a bullet in his mouth a fraction of a second after it had been fired from a gun.

Tel Anneman, dark-complexioned magician, performed a feat which has taken the lives of four men who attempted it during the past fifty years.

If the evidence of hundreds of pairs of eyes could be believed, Anneman did something that, on the face of it, confounded all reason. He stood fifty feet from a man holding a gun. The signal was given, the bullet was fired and Annamen wavered for a split second, spun around several times and then fell to the ground.

Afraid He Was Killed.

There was an immediate reaction from the huge crowd that had turned out to watch this highlight of the Piff Paff Poofers' annual convention, a meeting of magicians from all parts of Canada and the United States. There were cries of "He's killed" from the throng, but Anneman arose, and, without putting hand to mouth, spat out the battered bullet into a white china plate.

It was the bullet that had been fired, and no other. On the bullet were the initials "V.D.," scratched on by Provincial Constable Vernon Detenbeck before it was placed in the rifle. No one came near the New York magician while the gun and bullet were examined, and no one, except Chief Constable A. E. Griffin, was allowed near him after the shot was fired.

A dozen expert photographers, including representatives of a national United States magazine that specializes in exposing chicanery and fraud, filmed the bullet-catching episode.

He Alone Knows Secret.

They examined the smiling Anneman before the performance, searched his clothing, made him open his mouth and generally made absolutely certain that he had no confederate or apparatus. But when it was over they wiped perspiring brows and admitted it had them completely stumped. How did he do it? Did he actually catch the bullet?

Only Anneman knows the secret, and he isn't telling. His pretty, blonde wife was an anxious spectator and in the minds of newspaper reporters and photographers there was no doubt of her worry being genuine. She was white-faced when her husband stood awaiting the shot that meant—as far as the audience could tell—certain death for the man at whom it was aimed.

"I'm glad it's all over," she said, after the excitement had died down. "I wish Ted would stop doing this stunt. Some day I'm afraid there's going to be a slip and I shudder to think of that."

"Quite satisfied," said bewildered and puzzled Constable Detenbeck as he gazed at the ejected shell bearing his original markings.

The bullet was fired by Armand S. Weill, of Cosy Dell, an adjacent suburb. Originally a Detroit resident was to have fired the gun, but he was made to give up the idea by his wife who insisted that he should have no part in it. Chief Griffin probably had something to do with the change of mind, as warned the Detroiter that if Anneman were killed the man firing the gun would be charged with murder. The charge would not be manslaughter, the Chief said, because the firing of the gun would be premeditated and not the result of an accident.

Weill was pressed into service and he consented to take the chance. The weapon, a 303 British Army rifle, owned by Douglas Finlayson, municipal employee, was examined by Chief Griffin and Traffic Officer Trever Mathews of the local police, as well as Provincial Officers Detenbeck and E. L. Priest. A test shot was fired by Weill, and at a distance of 50 yards he shattered a glass dish, demonstrating that he was a experienced marksman.

Then came the big moment. At precisely 2.47 p.m. Anneman dropped the handkerchief. Weill, now obviously raised the rifle, took sight and fired. Anneman went tumbling to the ground and police had a hard job restraining the crowd from the roped-off area.

Blood on His Lips.

It was noticed by several who were able to get a short distance from the magician, that there were flecks of blood on his lips, but apart from this he was unhurt.

after the shooting, "that I wouldn't fire a rifle at a human being again for anything. I did it today to save the show. Actually, when I was taking aim at Annemin, I saw two men."

In the past half century four men are said to have died doing the stunt. Three of the four never succeeded in doing it, but the fourth, a Chinese, did the feat several times before making a slip on a New York stage and paying for it with his life. This was the second time Anneman has caught a bullet in his mouth. If his wife has her way, it will be the last time.

Children's Day Sports Draw Large Number of Entries

BOYS' EVENTS.

Races.

5 to 6 years—1, Donald Smith; 2, Clifford Thomas; 3, George Merkley.

7 to 8 years—1, Floyd Taylor; 2, Mac Casselman; 3, Douglas Senn.

9 to 10 years—1, Ernest Faubert; 2, Grenville Fyke; 3, Earl Cross.

11 to 12 years—1, Hubert McLean; 2, Charles Doering; 3, Richard Casselman.

13 to 15 years—1, Jack Lynch; 2, Ronnie McLean; 3, Raymond LeClair.

Junior Boys, 12 and under—1, Chas. Bouck; 2, Charles Doering; 3, Baden Boyd.

Senior Boys — 1, Ronnie Cass; 2, Cecil Plantz; 3, Eddie Moriarty.

"Horse Race"

5 to 9 years—1, Leroy Hamilton and Paul Steinberg; 2, Donat Faubert and Donald Harper.

10 to 12 years—1, Hubert McLean and Emmett Paul; 2, Glendon Taylor and Bernard Hall.

13 to 15 years—1, Douglas Casselman and Lockie Helmer; 2, Jack Lynch and Ronnie McLean.

220 yards, seniors—1, Ronnie Cass; 2, Bill Tulloch; 3, Cecil Plantz.

Bicycle Races.

5 to 10 years—1 Ernest Faubert; 2, Douglas Hough; 3, Grenville Fyke.

10 to 12 years—1, Douglas Smith; 2, Emmett Paul; 3, Baden Boyd.

Half Mile, open—1, R. Brown; 2, Douglas Casselman; 3, Lockie Helmer Time 1.30.

Broad Jump.

Junior Boys — 1, Dick Fyke; 2, Jack Lynch; 3, Chas. Bouck Distance, 14' 2".

Senior Boys — 1, Ronnie Cass; 2, Bill Tulloch; 3, Cecil Plantz. Distance 21' 3".

High Jump.

Senior Boys—1, Ronnie Cass; 2, L. Smith; 3, Bill Tulloch.

Junior Boys—1, Ronnie McLean; 2, Eric Fyke; 3, Dalton Casselman.

Half Mile.

Boys—1, Bill Tulloch; 2, R. Brown; 3, Ronnie Cass.

GIRLS EVENTS.

Races.

7 to 8 years—1, Kathryne Durant; 2, Odalene Hall; 3, Marjorie Kirkby.

7 to 8 years—1, Muriel Black; 2, Joan Montgomery; 3, Rita Paul.

9 to 10 years—1, Madeleine Price; 2, Isabel Paul; 3, Pearl Hall.

11 to 12 years—1, Marjorie Elliott; 2, Georgina Cameron; 3, Ruth Moore.

13 to 15 years—1, Marion Lynch; 2, Eileen Paul; 3, Dorothy Liscumb.

Junior Girls, 12 and under—1, Ruth Moore; 2, Madeleine Price; 3, Georgina Cameron.

Girls, senior—1, Marion Lynch; 2, Eileen Paul.

"Horse Race"

5 to 9 years—1, Rita Paul and Doreen Wagner; 2, Tena Baindese and Isabelle Paul.

10 to 12 years—1, Ruth Moore and Georgina Cameron; 2, Pearl Hall and Madeleine Price.

13 to 15 years—1, Eileen Paul and Grace Hall; 2, Marion Lynch and Eva Allen.

220 yards, senior—1, Marion Lynch; 2, Eileen Paul; 3, Grace Hall.

Bicycle Races.

Half Mile—1, Marjorie Boyd, 2, Doreen Gillard; 3, Georgina Cameron.

Broad Jump.

Junior Girls—1, Ruth Moore; 2, Betty Harper; 3, Marjorie Elliott. Distance, 11' 1'.

Senior Girls—1, Marion Lynch; 2, Eileen Paul. Distance, 13' 10".

High Jump.

Senior Girls — 1, Emily Olsen; 2, Marion Lynch; 3, Eileen Paul.

It doesn't cost to advertise in The Record. It Pays.

ALONG THE AIR WAVES

BY "ETHERITE"

CORPORATION FEATURES DAY BY DAY.

(All Times Eastern Daylight Saving)

THURSDAY, September 8:

8.30 p.m.—The CBC Summer Theatre, light dramatic series direction James C. Harvey. From Toronto.

9.00 p.m.—Promenade Symphony Concert, conducted by Reginald Stewart. CBC-NBC International exchange. From Toronto.

10.00 p.m.—Kraft Music Hall starring Bing Crosby with Bob Burns, comedian; Johnny Trotter's orchestra. NBC-CBC international exchange. From Hollywood.

FRIDAY, September 9:

9.00 p.m.—Hollywood Hotel, dramatic musical revue; guests; Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Anne Jamison, Ken Niles, Raymond Paige's orchestra with Ken Murray and "Oswald." CBS - CBC international exchange. From Hollywood.

10.00 p.m.—Scrub Oak Hollow, as reported by Bruce Hutchison. From Victoria.

SATURDAY, September 10:

8.00 p.m.—Bands Across the Sea, strings in swingtime with Dave Davies and the Rhythmettes. Directed by Percy Faith. CBC-MBS international exchange.

9.30 p.m.—Jazz Nocturne, orchestra and soloists. MBS-CBC international exchange. New York.

10.30 p.m.—Let's All Go to the Music Hall, direction George Young, with orchestra, dramatic cast and soloists. From Toronto.

SUNDAY, September 11:

2.00 p.m.—Romance of Sacred Song, dramatic interpretations of famous hymns and their origins, written by Estell Fox. From Vancouver.

4.30 p.m.—The CBC Singers, direction Albert Whitehead. CBC-CBS international exchange. From Toronto.

6.30 p.m.—The Band of His Majesty's Canadian Grenadier Guards conducted by Captain J. J. Gagnier, by permission of Lieut.-Col. G. S. Stairs, M.C., V.D., commanding. CBC-NBC international exchange. Montreal.

9.00 p.m.—Music for You, orchestra direction Geoffrey Waddington. From Toronto.

MONDAY, September 12:

8.00 p.m.—From a Rose Garden, orchestra and chorus direction of Marjorie Payne. From Halifax.

8.30 p.m.—Metropolitan Café, produced by P. S. Adkins. From Montreal.

9.00 p.m.—Orson Welles, dramatic series, CBS-CBC international exchange.

TUESDAY, September 13:

8.30 p.m.—Drama Series, produced by Rupert Caplan. Montreal.

9.30 p.m.—Evensong, with Jeanne Desjardins, soprano, and Buddy Payne, organist. Montreal.

WEDNESDAY, September 14:

7.45 p.m.—Outdoors in Ontario, talk by Stuart Thompson. Toronto.

8.30 p.m.—Souvenir Earle Spicer, baritone, with Acadian Concert Orchestra, direction of Marjorie Payne. From Halifax.

10.00 p.m.—Dance Orchestra. NBC-CBC international exchange. From New York.

Almost Sarcastic.

The tramp had unfolded his tale of woe to a dear old lady.

"You say you were locked in a cage for ten year? Were you in prison, my good man?" she asked.

"No, mum," replied the tramp, sarcastically. "I was a canary."

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H. J. McMAHON

Chesterville, Ont.

Berwick

Mr. Sam Rochon spent Wednesday at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Servage, Ogdensburg, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Servage.

Mrs. Manson Alguire has been confined to her room for a few days with an attack of la grippe, but is now improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Humes visited with relatives on Sunday at Mountain.

Visitors on Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kearns and family were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Barkley and family, of Moulinette; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barkley and Irene, of Cornwall; Mr. Len Ferguson, of Maxville; Mrs. J. V. Kearns, of Ottawa, and Mr. Michael Lynch, of Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dutt and son attended the funeral on Tuesday morning of the late Wm. Lachambe of Massena.

Miss Cecile Smirle, nurse, of the General hospital, Cornwall, spent over Sunday at her parental home.

School reopened on Monday with a large number of pupils attending. The teachers of the staff are Miss Margaret Alguire and Miss Jean Dickey.

Corn cutting and silo filling are the order of the day.

The Ladies' Association held their monthly meeting on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. A. Dingwall.

Miss Audrey Elliott has returned to Ottawa where she is attending school.

Mrs. Harold Thompson and children of Newington, spent Friday with relatives in town.

Miss Vera Hutt, of Ottawa, is spending a week of holidays at her parental home here.

North Winchester

Mr. Milton Hillis, of Lunenburg, and Mr. Harold Hillis spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hillis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Provost and Miss Aurele Provost, of North Valley, visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Omer Provost.

Mr. Robert Hillis returned to Bancroft to take up his duties as school teacher.

Mrs. J. James and friend, of Montreal, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milfred Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Marcellus, of Cornwall, were renewing acquaintances in this vicinity on Sunday.

Mr. Willie Worsfold returned home after spending the past week with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bowman, of Lunenburg.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends and neighbours who so kindly assisted and for words of sympathy extended at the death of our beloved daughter and sister. — Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Helmer and family.

DON'T FORGET

Mountain Fair

Thursday & Friday **Sept. 15&16**

$1200 in Prizes

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Mainly About People

stead, Grantley; Mr. and Mrs. James Cunningham, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant Beckstead and family, the occasion being the christening of their three granddaughters, Ethel Merkley, and Hilda and Thelma Beckstead.

* * * *

Succesful in Examinations.

Miss Helen McMillan has received her certificate of qualification as teacher of Elementary Agriculture and Horticulture from the Kemptville Agricultural School.

* * * *

Miss Gwen Hummel has returned to her school at New Carlo.

Mr. Arthur Hewitt has secured a teaching position at a school near Greenview.

Miss Dorothy Senn has returned home after spending a week in Cardinal the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Feader.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McKercher and daughter Beth left on Saturday to spend two weeks' holidays at Almonte and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Flynn, of New York, are spending a three weeks' holiday the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flynn, at the Dominion House.

Miss Mary Liscumb, of Cornwall, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Liscumb, last week, and had her sister, Miss Sussie Liscumb, with her in Cornwall for a few days.

Miss Cora Droppo, R.N., has returned to her duties as assistant superintendent at the Cornwall General hospital after spending the past month in town the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Jarvis.

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Clayon, Bobbie and Phyllis, and Miss Helen Moad accompanied Miss Edith Clayton and Miss Matilda Wilson to their schools at Greenview and Bancroft, respectively, at the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Ward, of Orillia, are spending this week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Orval Colquhoun in town. Miss Arlie Beth Colquhoun accompanied them home after spending the past month in Orillia.

Mr. and Mrs. F .H. Moore, who have been enjoying a three weeks' holiday, returned to town at the first of the week. They attended the wedding of their son at St. Johnsbury, Vt., late in August afterwards spending some time in camp at Joe's Lake.

Trundling With the Bowlers

By F. I. DuWobble.

Dr. Ruby rubbed one in for a second shot to end the game.

The teams:

Chesterville—T. Flynn, G. G. Merkley, P. J. Gilroy, Dr. S. H. Hutt, skip 19

Kemptville—A. Dickinson, H. Bustard, W. B. George, C. B. D. Graham, skip 11

Chesterville—L. David, H .E. Wales G. C. Lacey, Dr. A. B. Clayton, skip 18

Kemptville — Keegan, Wilson, M. Wilson, Dr. Patterson, skip.....14

Chesterville—A. Olsen, Haldane Durant, A. E. Jarvis, Eric Casselman, skip 11

Kemptville—Moxley, Milne, Johnson, Sutherland, skip 15

Chesterville—F. Hess, W. Harper, A. O. Robertson, W. O. Dixon, skip 11

Kemptville—A. Huff, J. Thompson, Dr. Ruby, B. C. Haskins, skip.....14

Thursday.

Doc Hutt was high scorer with 18 points for first place in the doubles with Jarvis—Baldy Durant and Olsen tied for second place with 16 points each. Alf Jarvis won out when they rolled a sudden death end for second place. Harper scored 12 points, Lacey 10, and Wood and Flynn four each. Tom Flynn and Ken Wood are going to play the tie off some night to see which is the poorer.

Can Bill Dixon's Scorpions take care of Doc Clayton's Smoke Eaters? Bill says they can; Doc says the South Side has never been beaten. Eric says they look easy but they're not—it cost him the ice cream to find out, so he should know.

The two Chesterville entries in the Iroquois Labour Day tournament drew blanks. Eric Casselman won one game and Doc Hutt lost all four. There was a lot of stiff competition and our boys lost by small margins but they just couldn't get in the money. The weather was a bit cool for good bowling and while not playing most of the boys hugged the stove. The prizes all went out of town to Cornwall, Prescott and Kemtpville.

If you aren't good and eat up all your spinach the South Side Gang will get you.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the many friends and relatives who so kindly assisted and for words of sympathy extended during the illness and death of my beloved wife. I especially thank Mr. Thomas Lamonte, Rev. A. Nimmo of Beauharnois, Que., the Choir, and Mrs. Jean Nadeau and Mr. Lyle Hunter for their duet; The Women's Institute, and Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Coulthart for their home. —

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SPELLING BOOK, 2	.20
TREASURY READERS, V	.25
TREASURY READERS, VI	.25
HEALTH BOOKS	.25
JUNIOR HISTORY OF ENGLAND	.22
COMPOSITION GRAMMAR	.25
MARY, JOHN & PETE READERS	4c
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DICTIONARIES	.15
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Garage in good condition, Practically new. will sell cheap for cash. — MRS. E. VANDUSEN, Chesterville. 7

FOR SALE

Hen House 10 x 12 in good shape; Studebaker Automobile, 1931, in fair condition (will sell cheap) and good used Snow Plow, Barrie make.—Apply SYDNEY MORRIS, Chesterville.

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Never less than 20 head Good Farm Work Horses at all times to choose from. — McINTOSH'S SALE & EXCHANGE STABLES, Box 27, Phone 610 r 4, Winchester Springs. 24tf

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Brick House on Victoria Street. In good condition. — Apply to JAS. A. JOHNSTONE, Chesterville. 46

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Dairy Farm for sale fully equipped, near Chesterville. Good modern buildings of all kinds. Ideal location. Horses, cattle, poultry, machinery. Big crop of feed and seed in barns. Possession at once.—Apply at RECORD OFFICE. 46

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$4500. One of the best farms in Winchester Township. Always has been a money maker. 115 acres, more or less, within three miles of R. C. and other churches in Chesterville. Good dwelling, barn and other buildings. If you have the money this is the farm to make you more money. —Apply The RECORD OFFICE. tf

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$4500 will buy 100-acre farm in Finch Township. All cleared and under cultivation. Good water supply. Fair buildings. Cheese factory two miles, school one and a half miles, churches two miles. $1500 cash will secure this fine farm, with balance arranged. — Apply RECORD OFFICE, Chesterville. tf

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The undersigned, who is giving up farming, will offer for sale by Public Auction on the premises:

N. ½ Lot 18, Con. 8, Williamsburg Tp.

At The Village of Dunbar

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1938

Beginning at One o'Clock, sharp:

Chestnut Mare, with foal, rising 11 yrs.; Chestnut Mare rising 3 yrs.; Sucking Colt, 7 Pigs 6 weeks old, 3 Holstein Cows, 5 Ayrshire Milch Cows 2 Jersey Milch Cows, 2 Holstein Heifers 2 yrs., 16 Geese, 25 year-old Hens 60 Pure Bred Barred Rock Pullets, 13 Turkeys, Springtooth Cultivator, 2 Disc Harrows, Hay Rack, Double Box Wagon, Corn Cultivator, Truck Wagon, M.-H. Mower, F.&W. Mower, 2 Pig Racks, Walking Plough, 2-furrow Plough, Set Sloop Sleighs, Corn Rack, 60 ft. of Piping, 4 8-gal. Milk Cans, 3 Milk Pails, 125 feet Rope, Set Double Harness, Set Single Harness, Set Milk Harness, Forks, Pullies, Quantity Mixed Grain, Many Other Articles, 150 Stooks Corn.

Some Household Furniture.

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PHONE 52 —— DAY OR NIGHT

"POLIOMYELITIS"

An Address Given by Dr. H. H. Casselman Before Chesterville Rotarians Tuesday Evening.

No positive preventive or aid in the fight against poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) has yet been evolved by the medical profession but research is being carried on steadily by health authorities the world over. As a sign of reward for their efforts, the death rate has been brought from about 27 per cent in 1916 to 4.3 per cent of the persons stricken during the epidemic in Ontario last summer. This was told by Dr. H. H. Casselman of town to the Rotary Club at the Tuesday evening luncheon.

While every one of the 2544 cases reported last summer in Ontario were given the convalescent serum, only 1207 escaped, and these may not have been serious attacks, stated Dr. Casselman. The nasal spray also had not proved its usefulness, one of its chief drawbacks being the damage it causes to the delicate nerve tissues. The sense of smell is invariably affected, he said, and some of the persons receiving this treatment last summer have not yet recovered this sense.

Transmission Unknown.

The chief difficulty lies in discovering how the disease is spread. The virus was discovered in 1909, and to illustrate the difficulty under which the medical men have to work, Dr. Casselman told his audience that the virus has a diameter of but one-millionth of an inch. This virus is present in the head of every person afflicted with poliomyelitis and is the agent that attacks the frontal portion of the spinal cord and thus kills the nerves of certain parts of the body, causing a crippling or paralysis.

Not all of the cases are left with paralysis, as there are three types or degrees of severity and neither is poliomyelitis confined to young children, so the title "infantile parlysis" is very misleading.

Rapid Onset.

All cases start in about the same manner, with rapid onset marked by quick rise in temperature to 101 and then to 103, severe headache, and vomiting, or it may appear as a head cold. The back becomes sore as well as the joints of the arms and legs. In mild cases this condition continues for several days. The child is restless and does not object to going to bed and may lose all interest in his surroundings. After four of five days this condition subsides and in about 10 days the patient is well.

The second or non-paralytic type, has the usual early stages but after the fifth day grows worse. The patient becomes nervous, anxious, the face bears a frightened expression, and the case has every symptom of developing paralysis. Then the condition improves and recovers completely, the time being governed by the severity of the attack.

The most severe type, that which causes loss of muscular power and may end fatally, attacks the spinal column and the nerves of certain muscles are affected. Nature may restore life to these nerves in a few days or perhaps after years of treatment but the loss of movement may never be regained.

"Iron Lung" Treatment.

Paralysis of the respiratory muscles is the worst type and the patient must be placed in an "iron lung" or respirator until the damage is repaired. In last year's widespread epidemic, 163 cases required respiratory treatment; of these, 40 died; 12 recovered, and 11 are still breathing artificially. Five of these are nearly recovered, but the remaining six will require the treatment indefinitely.

Poliomyelitis is not nearly as deadly in its attacks as other communicable diseases, of the 2,544 reported cases last summer only 113 died, but 839 are still paralyzed, 234 were partially paralyzed for a month, 131 for one to six months. Complete recovery was secured by 1207.

The transmission of the disease is a question that confounds the medical men of today. A person must receive the virus, and it is known this agent dies very quickly outside the human body so the transfer must not take a very long space of time. Persons have been known to have the virus in their nasal passages and not be afflicted and they may be "carriers" without knowing anything of the danger they were to the community. Dr. Casselman said it was proved flies and other insects did not play an important part in spreading the disease, and the only animal in which the virus will live and develop is a certain type of monkey on which experiments have been carried out.

Preventive Measures.

Preventive measures consist in keeping away from crowds if an epidemic is raging; pasteurization of milk kills the virus as does chlorinating the water supply. A doctor should be called if any sign of illness is shown. If the symptoms do not develop ten days after exposure, there is no danger of an attack occurring.

Tribute to Department of Health.

"The Ontario Department of Health is one of the finest in the world," said Dr. Casselman in paying tribute to the efforts of this province in combatting "polio." Three weeks of hospital treatment as well as any kind of splint is provided indigent patients, and five centres are maintained that are ready day and night to give a diagnosis in half an hour of a sample of the spinal fluid which proves positively whether or not poliomyelitis is present.

Walter Carr expressed the thanks of the club for this very instructive address, and later questions on the subject were answered by Dr. Casselman.

Attendance at this meeting was the best for some weeks and was encouraging to the officers. A card bearing international significance was received from a club in Chile extending congratulations to the Chesterville club. A speaker of international fame is to be heard September 22 when Dr. J. S. Thomas of the Clarkston Institute of Technology, Potsdam, will address the club. It is hoped to have the wives of the local club members present as well as Rotarians and their wives from surrounding clubs.

Grantley

School has reopened with Miss Brown as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hemmings were [illegible] on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Robinson were "at home" to a few friends and relatives on Saturday evening, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Miss Marion Gordon has returned to Ottawa to assume her duties as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Beckstead and family, of Aultsville, visited Mr. and Mrs. Howard Beckstead and Cecil on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Abbott and two daughters, of Montreal, were week-end and holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hemmings and were accompanied home by their son Stanley who has spent his vacation here.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Gallinger, Mr. Oliver Gallinger, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Styles and daughter Elva, of Colquhoun, were Monday evening tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Weegar, it being Mrs. Gallinger's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wallace were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McMillan and family in Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. David Countryman, of Dixons Corners, and Mr. and Mrs. D. Robillard, of Avonmore, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beckstead.

Mrs. Henry Elliott, of The Boyne, Mrs. Frank Beckstead and Mr. Albert Beckstead, of Madrid, N.Y., were Saturday tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Taylor.

Mrs. S. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hill and Miss Dorothy Webster, of Ottawa, were Monday guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Fader and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pillar, Russell, visited Mrs. H. Fader and family recently.

Mrs. Alonzo Murphy and Mr. Wallace Murphy were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Carr.

Mr. Cadieux and family have moved from here to Casselman where he has opened up a business.

Miss Lillian Darling is spending a few days with her parents.

Mrs. Alonzo Murphy was a tea guest of Mrs. Alex. Taylor recently.

Miss Mabel Robinson has gone to her school near Aultsville.

NEXT WEEK AT THE CAMEO THEATRE MORRISBURG

MONDAY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 12 & 13	ONE Of The BEST Of The YEAR'S PICTURES CLAUDE RAINS & FAY BAINTER —in— **White Banners** By Lloyd Douglas, who gave you "Magnificent Obsession"—Do Not Miss It.
WEDNESDAY THURSDAY SEPT. 14 & 15	WAYNE MORRIS & PRISCILLA LANE —in— **Love, Honor & Behave**
FRIDAY SATURDAY SEPT 16 & 17	LORETTA YOUNG & RICHARD GREENE —in— **"FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER"**
THIS FRI. & SAT. NOW PLAYING	CHARLES STARRETT .....in..... **THE OLD WYOMING TRAIL**

Seventh Ave. West, Osnabruck

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Graham, Brinston; Mrs. Douglas Hanson and little son Graeme, of Dixon; Mr. and Mrs. Fay Shaver and baby Beverly, of Kemptville, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Grandaw and June.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gibb and baby Jannett, of Hull; Miss Vera Flynn, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Charles Stoffer and Sandra, of New York City, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Ross Holland.

Miss Leitha Warner returned home on Sunday after spending the summer in Ottawa with her mother, Mrs. Willis Warner, who has been a patient in the Civic hospital for the past six weeks. We are pleased to report that Mrs. Warner is now convalescing and is at the home of her daughter, Miss Arla Warner.

Miss Olive Brownell returned to Toronto after spending two weeks with her father, Mr. Geo. Brownell and other relatives here.

Mrs. Clifton Gallinger spent a day recently with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Shaver, of Aultsville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurl, Lachine, were guests last week of Mrs. Jas. Green and family.

Mrs. Ralph Murphy and family, of Newington, spent last week with her parents, Mr .and Mrs. Wm. VanDyke.

Misses Phoebe Graham and Grace Allison, Chesterville, were Friday tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Grandaw.

WINCHESTER MAN INJURED IN HIGHWAY CAR CRASH

Anselme Servais, 41, Winchester, is in the Ottawa General hospital suffering from a possible fracture of the right leg, a deep cut behind the right knee and head injuries following an automobile accident four miles north of Winchester at 9 p.m., yesterday.

It is reported a passing truck hit Servais after his car had been in a minor collision with another auto which had put out the lights on both vehicles. The truck swept around the curve travelling toward Winchester and crashed into the two setationary vehicles.

BORN.

Nichols—At the Hotel Dieu hospital, Cornwall ,on September 6, 1938, to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Nichols (née Altha Baker), 62 Seymour st., Cornwall, a daughter. (Beverley Joan.)

Finch

Mr. and Mrs. James Stark and family, of Carleton Place, are spending their holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brownlee.

Mrs. John Black spent Wednesday with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hodgson and family have returned to their home at Sawyerville, Que., after spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brownlee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brownell were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Plumley and son, of Cornwall, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Neville.

His many friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Dan Nephew, who is a patient in the Civic hospital, Ottawa, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. James Starke and Mrs. W. J. Brownlee were guests at the home of Miss Bella McMillan on Monday.

Miss Mary MacIntosh was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell.

Orchardside

Mrs. Guy Wilson, of Boulter, is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cunningham.

Mrs. Thos. A. Loucks and Mr. and Mrs. John Bolton, of Winchester Springs, spent Friday last in Cornwall and took in the fair.

Miss Eldred Edgerton, R.N., of Ogdensburg, spent Tuesday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilburn Edgerton.

Miss Betty Henderson and Miss Gladys Loucks are attending High school in Chesterville.

WINCHESTER TWINS BORN 40 MILES APART ON SUNDAY

Twin daughters born to Mr. and Mrs. Ward Whitteker, of Winchester Springs, on Sunday at two different points in the Ottawa district, 40 miles apart, were reported to be "doing nicely" at the Ottawa Civic hospital yesterday.

The first was born at the Whitteker home in Winchester Springs at 5.30 a.m. Mrs. Whitteker was transferred immediately to the Ottawa hospital where the second baby was born about noon. Both fine healthy babies weighed six and a half pounds.

FINCH GARAGE SAFE CRACKED THIEVES OBTAIN ONLY $30

Blowing open a safe in the garage of G. L. MacLean, Finch, thieves escaped with about $30 in cash and some cheques early Tuesday. An attempt was also made to open another safe in the C.P.R. offices but failed.

The tools used were found lying on the floor of the garage and were identified as those taken from the C.P.R. workshop which had been entered earlier.

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SHOPS AT MORRISBURG AND WINCHESTER



Good Things To Eat

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

EVEN THOUGH WE ARE NOT ALL IRISH.

IT IS SAID that the Irish are very fond of potatoes, but that doesn't say those of other nationalities are not fond of them. I always think potatoes taste better this time of year than any other. In the spring and late winter the old ones seem to lose their flavour and then there are some people who don't like the very new ones—and anyhow they are too expensive for all to enjoy. So I al ways say the fall is the best time for potatoes. Let's eat a lot of them, an d let's try some new recipes.

POTATOES WITH SAVORY SAUCE

2 cups potatoes cut in match-like strips
1 small onion
1 teaspoon dried summer savory
2 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
pepper
Grated cheese

Cut the raw potatoes into long, match-like strips. Cook in boiling water until tender. Drain and turn into a warm dish. Brown the chopped onion and summer savory in the fat. Add the flour, stirring thoroughly, add the milk, salt and pepper and cook in a double boiler 20 minutes. Strain and pour over the cooked potato. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve.

O'BRIEN POTATOES.

6 medium potatoes
salt
chopped pimento
onion juice

Wash, pare and cut potatoes into half-inch cubes. Dry between towels. Fry in deep fat until a delicate brown. Drain on paper, sprinkle with salt, add chopped pimento and a few drops of onion juice.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES.

6 sweet potatoes
salt and pepper
butter
1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup water

Boil the potatoes in their jackets and when tender, drain and remove skins. Make a syrup by boiling together the sugar and water. Cut each potato in half or in thick slices. Dip each piece into the syrup, then place in a greased baking dish. Season with salt and pepper and add bits of butter. When all potatoes are in the dish, pour over any remaining syrup. Bake in a quick oven until potatoes are brown. They brown very quickly.

POTATOE CAKES.

Shape cold mashed potatoes in small flat circular cakes. Sprinkle with flour. Fry on one side until a delicate brown in a small amount of fat. Turn and fry on the other side. Serve hot with tomato ketchup. This is a good method of using left-over mashed potatoes.

MASHED POTATOES AU GRATIN

6 potatoes
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
2 eggs
¼ cup grated cheese
½ cup buttered crumbs

Add butter, seasoning and eggs to the hot riced potatoes. Beat until fluffy and pile lightly in a baking dish. Cover with grated cheese and then butter crumbs. Bake in a hot oven until crumbs are brown.

FRENCH-FRIED SWEET POTATOES.

Pare sweet potatoes and cut in quarters, lengthwise. Dry in a towel. Fry in deep fat at a temperature which will brown a cube of bread in 40 seconds. When potatoes are soft, remove from fat, drain on paper, sprinkle with salt and serve while hot.

POTATOES WITH MINT.

Cook potatoes in this way to serve with roast lamb:

Add one or two branches of mint to the water in which the potatoes are boiled. When tender, drain, sprinkle with salt, melted butter and a little chopped mint leaves.

CREAM POTATO SOUP.

1 cup mashed potatoes
4 cups milk
1 small onion
2 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
few grains cayenne
2 tablespoons butter

Scald the milk with the onion; add slowly to the potatoes. Melt butter, blend in flour and seasonings, add hot milk slowly, stirring to prevent lumping. Cook until thickened.

A variation of baked potatoes can be had by making a hole in the potato with an apple corer and inserting a small sausage in the hole before baking.

* * * *

Soups if made in a double boiler can be kept hot very easily until wanted.

* * * *

Boil potatoes in their jackets occasionally for a change. Besides being easier to prepare, they are richer in vitamins and minerals as most of these valuable materials are close to the skin and a great deal is lost in paring.

* * * *

If you are one of those persons who must watch his diet to keep down the pounds, choose potatoes instead of bread, as potatoes are richer in vitamins and minerals and are lower in calories than bread.

Morewood

Miss I. Jervis, Correspondent.

Misses Helene and Doreen Faulkner visited for a few days with their aunt, Mrs. Ward Johnston, of Chesterville.

The following ladies were entertained on Wednesday to a quilting bee at the home of Mrs. Edgar Strader in Brinston: Miss Laura Moffatt, Mrs. Thos. Reveler and Phyllis, Mrs. James Bogart, Mrs. George Bogart, Mrs. H. Faulkner and Marjory, Mrs. Warren Feeley and Lily, Mrs. Abner Dillabough.

Miss Rita Faulkner spent a few days with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baker of Finch.

The sympathy of the community is given to Mrs. Henry Smirle and family in the death of a husband and father who passed away on Thursday morning after a long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Kerr and daughter Phyllis, of Mountain, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coulthart.

Mrs. Allen McCart, of Philadelphia, N.Y., spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Coulthart.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stephenson and family and friends, of Ottawa, visited on Monday with Mrs. Annie Moffatt.

The following teachers left Monday for their respective schools: Miss L. Allison, Cass Bridge; Miss Sybil Dillabough, Newbourne; Mr. Joseph Parkin, Burnstown; Miss Marjory McGregor, Dernby; Miss Blanche Loucks, Wales; Miss Dora Loucks, Moulinette; Mr. Ralph Dillabough, Westboro; Miss Margaret Carlyle, Westboro.

Miss Addie Swerdfeger has returned home after visiting with her uncle, Mr. Herbert Swerdfeger, of Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Jervis left Saturday for their home in Beachburg after spending the past few weeks with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Jervis and Mr. and Mrs. W. Fielding.

The High School opened on Tuesday morning with the following teachers on the staff: Mr. Wilfred Boyd, principal; Miss Mewhort and Mr. Hugh Loucks, the assistants.

The staff for the Public school consists of Mr. Fred Weaver, principal, and Miss Ruth McIntosh, assistant.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Faulkner and Miss Marjory returned home Sunday from a motor trip on which they visited Albany, Plattsburg, and other points.

It doesn't cost to advertise in The Record. It Pays.

The New Pharmacy.

"I hear Jones fell down on his pharmacy examination."

"Yes—he got mixed on the difference between a Club and a Western sandwich."

A Little at a Time.

Bill: "I got my whiskers on the instalment plan."

Rob: "The instalment plan?"

Bill: "Yes, a little down each week."

Desperate Character.

Judge: "Were you ever in trouble before?"

Prisoner: "Well, yes and no. I kept a library book too long once and was fined two cents."

Vernon Boy Electrocuted Climbs Into Tree By Home

Orville Thomas, 7, Killed Before Brothers and Sisters Sunday Afternoon.—Fell 25 Feet to Ground.

Climbing a tree to touch a Hydro power line carrying 4,600 volts while his younger brothers and sisters watched, Orville Thomas, seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Thomas, of Vernon, was electrocuted in front of his home at Vernon on Sunday afternoon.

Dr. C. E. L. Morrow, of Metcalfe, who was summoned by Mrs. Thomas, practised respiration for two and one half hours to no avail. Dr. R. M. Cairns, coroner of Ottawa, pronounced life extinct, and decided an inquest would be unnecessary.

The boy was playing on the county highway in front of his home and he climbed a tree which had been lopped off at the top to permit the Hydro wires to pass over it. He climbed to the topmost branches and reached up to touch the wire. He fell about 25 feet as his brothers and sisters looked on.

Naturally an active youth, the boy was keenly interested in sports and took part in a boxing programme at Kenmore recently. In addition to his parents, he is survived by six brothers and sisters.



Run, Betsey, Run!

ORLOND is nine miles from Bangor and Bucksport is close by. Toddy Pond is three miles from the old homestead where my ancestors lived for generations. There my father toiled to clear his fields, picking up stones until the blood ran from his finger tips. There was laid the scene of many a frontier battle.

Not far away, in the early part of the century, lived an old man and his wife Betsey. On the wall above the fireplace hung the old flintlock rifle that had been used years before on the Indians and British. Under it swung a bullet pouch and powderhorn. In a pen behind his house the old man had three hogs, fat and comfortable. He meant to kill two as soon as winter set in. It was getting frosty, and the leaves were flaming in gold and red.

"Nathan," said Betsey one morning, "what's that comin' acrost the ro'd? I left my specs in the bedroom and can't see good."

Nathan hobbled to the window to look. "I don't see nothin', Betsey. Where is it?" he added.

"You're too slow, Nathan. Whatever it is, it's gone past the corner, headin' fer the back yard. Better go see."

"Sho! I ain't traipesin' all over the place to watch every dog that trots in or out. He's lookin' fer scraps, most likely."

So the old couple settled down to read the weekly paper from Bangor and forgot the dog. Nathan began to drone through the shipping news, when he was interrupted by a terrific noise of smashing and squealing from the pig pen. The old man hobbled to the back door and looked out. He came back wildly waving his arms and shouting at the top of his cracked voice, "It's a bear, and he's killed a pig!"

"For the land's sake, Nathan! Whatever shall we do?" screamed Betsey.

"What should we do but kill the tarnal critter?"

So old Nathan took the rifle down from its hooks. With trembling hands he poured out a charge of powder, selected a bullet and rammed it home. He struck the stock on the floor to make the powder run into the pan for priming, and with determination in every line of his old face he started for the piggen. Betsey stood in the door and watched him go; his white hair floated out in the chilly breeze and his blue eyes blazed.

The bear was tearing at the body of a hog that lay close to the fence. The other two hogs had rushed to the end of the pen, where they stood champing their jaws and squealing shrilly. Thrusting the rifle between the rails, old Nathan aimed at the bear's head and pulled the trigger. There was a snap as the flint struck, and nothing more. In his haste the old man had left the pan open, and all the powder in the charge had run out.

"Come on 'ith the powderhorn! Run!" he yelled to Betsey, and she ran. Snatching the horn he poured a new priming into the pan. Shoving the gun through the fence he again snapped it, and the priming flared. Over and over he primed and snapped, primed and snapped, completely ignorant of the fact that there was no charge behind the ball.

At last the bear grew tired of having the gun poked at him and the flash of the priming in front of his eyes. He looked up and growled menacingly.

"Growl away, gol darn ye! Ye ain't scarin' no one. Ef I c'n git this tarnal gun t' shoot, I'll fix ye fer a hog-stealin', mangy-hided, bobtailed son of a sea cook!"

Finally the bear grew so annoyed that he left his breakfast of pork and started to climb the fence. One more flash of the pan and then the old man clubbed the gun.

"Come on, ye old sneak thief!" shouted Nathan. "Stick yer nose over that fence and give me a whack at it! Run, Betsey, run! One whack is all I'll git. Run, Betsey, run!"

Betsey ran; ran with all the speed her old limbs could muster; and as she ran the bear rose until his nose slid over the top rail. He brought his nose down so that his chin hooked over the rail and held a little in pulling his heavy body up. Just then the old man swung the rifle.

The flintlock was heavy, its hammer stuck up straight and long, and the grip Nathan held was well out to the muzzle. Although his arms were feeble, some measure of his old power seemed to come back to them, and the butt of his gun swung over and down with force. The bear was holding his weight on both front paws and could not fend; neither could he dodge, and the hammer of the gun drove full length into his skull. The bear dropped back on the hog, dead.

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Nation Valley

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jamieson and Miss Agnes Jamieson, of Montreal, spent the week-end at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allison attended the Allison picnic held at the home of Mr. Alex Allison, Russell, at the first of the week.

We are pleased to welcome to this vicinity Mrs. Carl Fetterly (née Annie Cross), of Merrickville.

Mrs. W. G. Barkley and son, Mr. Harvey Barkley, and Miss Vivian Fetterly have returned from Syracuse, N.Y.

Some from here attended the farewell party for Miss Hilda Short of Dunbar. She left September 1 to attend the Nurses' Training School of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Mrs. Tom Johnston, of Cass Bridge, and Miss Jean and Miss Shirley Brown were visiting relatives in the Valley.

Mrs. Willie Clark and children, of Cass Bridge, were calling on relatives in this vicinity.

Some from here attended the farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. Erle Helmer and family of Maple Ridge who have taken up residence in Winchester.

Miss Mabel Rae has returned to her school at Stoney Creek, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Rae and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Donald Darling of Kenmore recently.

Elma

Miss Grace Rainey, B.A., has been a guest at the home of Mrs. A. N. Barkley.

Rev. W. A. Morrison spent a few days in the vicinity calling on old friends and very graciously took charge of the morning service in the United church. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred McMillan while here.

The Misses Dora and Mary Smith have returned to Quebec City after spending the summer at Ann Arbor, Mich., and at Elma.

The United Church Woman's Association held a social in the church hall at which a goodly number were present despite a rainy night.

Mr. Scott Kneeland, B.Sc., has been visiting for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Bernice Barkley.

Mr. Herbert Smith, B.A., has returned to Montreal after spending the summer at the University of Michigan and a few days at his home here.

Miss Jean Armstrong has been appointed to a school at Northfield Station.

Spoiling It All.

Johnny played hookey from school one day and on the following morning was quite worried as to how to square himself with the teacher, when he decided to write a note of excuse, signing his mother's name, which resulted in the following:

"Dear teacher plees excus Johnny for bean absent. I to my pants. Yours truly, Mrs. Jones."

WITH THE BOY SCOUTS



THE TALE OF A COTSWOLD MILESTONE.

In 1844, Simeon Pearce left the little village of Randwick, Gloucestershire, and settled in New South Wales on a site which today is occupied by the city of Randwick, of 67,000 inhabitants. Recently the Boy Scouts of Randwick district village sent a four-cwt. Cotswold milestone to the 1st Randwick (St. Jude's Scout Troop, as a goodwill tie between the Randwicks old and new. The stone was carried free of charge by the P. O. liner "Cathay," and personally delivered at the end of its 13,000 mile trip by Captain R. H. Rhodes. A stone previously sent by the people of Randwick village to be built into the church of St. Jude, of Randwick, N.S.W., was thrown into the sea by mistake, suspected of containing smuggled dope.

* * * *

CORRIGAN FORMERLY A SCOUT.

Douglas Corrigan, who made air history by his flight from America to Ireland, was at one time a Boy Scout in a New York City troop. He declared his hiking experiences had been of value to him when he took up flying.

* * * *

The big annual parade of Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs was not held this year at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Instead there were displays of Scoutcraft work of various kinds. The usual large staff of public service Scouts will be maintained, including those who each year are assigned to the special task of finding and caring for lost children.

* * * *

INDIAN SCOUTS SPECIALIZE IN RESCUES FROM WELLS.

Rescues from drowning in rivers, lakes and the sea have become almost a looked-for service by Boy Scouts of the world. In India the Scouts have added the frequent rescue of persons who fall into the many wells from which whole village communities draw their water. A recent typical case was the rescue at Shahadra, Punjab, of a small boy who had toddled to the well and fallen in. The rescuer, Scout Mubarrak Ali, called by the child's excited mother, at once dived in, grasped the infant, and held it above the water until a rope was procured and lowered by villagers, when both were drawn up to safety.

Plea For The Defence.

Mother: "Which one of you children ate the grapes I had in the refrigerator? There's no use denying it, for I saw the skins and seeds on the floor."

Janey: "It wasn't me, mother, 'cos I ate skins, seeds and all."

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The Buggy Wheel Bass



"THERE goes the hermit," said Ned Libby. Half a mile up the lake a gray skiff propelled by a solitary occupant was heading toward Second Point. Steve Milton's interest was more pronounced than that of any of his three companions on the camp landing, for in all his fifteen years he had never seen a live hermit! And that he was seeing one now seemed doubtful when Warren Cowler observed carelessly: "That means it's Saturday. Old Hemwitt's as regular as—as baked beans!"

"Oh," said Steve disappointedly. "You mean he isn't a real hermit?"

Warry and Ned chuckled, but Laurie Sawyer, bronze-skinned six-foot councillor, explained. "No, that's just a name the fellows have for him. His real name's Hemwitt. He lives in Levinth, but he has a cabin around there in Whisper Cove and comes out here every week-end and fishes. He'll anchor off Second Point yonder in about ten feet and stay there until dark. Always fishes in the same spot, and if he ever catches anything I've never seen him do it.'

"Next month," added Libby, subsiding again on the weathered planking and shading his eyes with brown hands, 'he'll come for two weeks, and then you'll see him over there every day except Sunday. He's after that big bass, Laurie—the one they call the buggy-wheel bass. Or so the fellows said last summer. Hope he catches him."

"Are there really fish in this lake?" asked Steve eagerly.

"Of course there are," answered Ned. "Slathers of 'em. Mostly small, though."

"Maybe, Ned, but there are some big ones, too." Laurie Sawyer stretched his strongly muscled arms and glanced up the slope toward headquarters. It was almost time for the morning "souse," and he wondered why the bugle didn't sound. "Last year after the crowd had gone, the Chief and I went out one morning about five o'clock and got two whopping pickerel up there in North Bay and that same afternoon caught a three pound and a half black bass just under the bluff yonder. Of course that was September, and the big fellows bite better then. You can get plenty of white perch, and some yellow, but, as Ned says, they're usually small. There's plenty of fish here, and I guess all the kinds there are: bass, pickerel, perch, chub, shiners, pout, pumpkin seeds, eels and turtles!"

"Any trout?" asked Steve.

"No trout. At least, I never heard of any."

"Well, what's a buggy-wheel bass, please?"

The councillor started to explain, but at the moment the bugle sounded, up under the pine trees, and his official duties claimed him. Later, poised on the diving tower, Steve looked across the lake to where a motionless figure sat in the stern of a small gray skiff under the pitiless noon-day sun.

Steve was fond of fishing, but his experience had been all on the running water of river or creek, and until that morning it hadn't occurred to him that this smilingly placid lake held possibilities. This was his first season at Lookaway, and, although the term was a week old, none of the other fellows at camp had evinced any disposition to fish the waters. The conversation on the boat landing reawakened his enthusiasm for the sport and after supper that evening he sought Laurie in the recreation hall and talked fish and fishing for almost an hour, or until the summons to the campfire sounded.

"I brought my rod," said Steve, "and some mighty good flies too, but I don't suppose you use flies in still water. Down home I cast into the ripples and let it float downstream, but of course you can't do that here."

"I've never fished with a bass fly," said Laurie. "I don't believe you'd have any luck. Here we use about any kind of live bait or, if we're trolling, a wooden minnow or a pork spinner or something like that. The best lure I have is a little tin spoon I bought in a five and ten once. I've caught bass and pickerel both on that little dingus. Any time you want to fish, Steve, come down to my tent and I'll fix you up."

"Thanks. I mean to try it Monday. I've never fished in a lake before, and I don't expect much luck. I suppose when you go trolling you ought to have another fellow along to row for you."

"Much better to, but you can do fairly well alone in a canoe. Keep along the shore, of course. By the way, have you taken your canoe test yet."

"No, I haven't," answered Steve ruefeully. "I guess I'd better get Warry Cowler to go along with me. I'd like to get a good pickerel. I never caught but one. Or a big bass. You were going to tell me about that buggy-wheel bass this morning. What is it?"

Laurie laughed. "Well, I've never seen it, Steve, and maybe it's only a tradition, but the story goes that it's a gosh-awful big critter that sticks around Second Point.. Of course, he probably doesn't do anything of the sort, but they say no one has ever seen him anywhere else, and that's why Mr. Hemwitt fishes in that same spot. Maybe he's seen him there. I've heard it said that half a dozen folks have hooked him and that he's always broken away, but that's probably just a yarn. I've heard about the buggy-wheel bass ever since I began coming here, and that's four years ago, but I've never talked with anyone who has actually seen him. It he's as big as they say he is he must be the granddaddy of all the bass in this lake!"

"But," asked Steve, "why is he called that? Does he look like a—a buggy wheel, or—"

"Oh, no, he isn't that big." Laurie chuckled. "I asked that question once myself, and here's what I was told. Over across between Second and Third Points there's a sand beach, like ours here, only smaller, and there's a road to it from the turnpike. Folks sometimes come there to picnic, and in the old days they drove their horses into the lake to let them drink. Any way, the story is that some man lost a wheel off his buggy over there, and that until quite recently you could see it on the bottom in about six feet of water, and that if you rowed up mighty mighty careful you'd always find a big bronze-coloured bass lying there with his belly between a couple of the spokes. He was so big that his tail fanned the hub and his nose hung over the rim! That's the story. Take it or leave it!"

Steve grinned. "Gee, I'd like to see that fellow! Isn't it there any more? The wheel, I mean?"

"I guess it's there, but it's probably covered with silt now. I've looked for it, but I never found it. I know where it is, though— or was; it's just the length of a bass rod from the ste of Mr. Hemwitt's boat, on a line with the dead chestnut on shore. So if you are going to try for the buggy-wheel bass, Steve, observe carefully where the old gentleman anchors and go and do likewise."

"I will some day," replied the boy determinedly, "when I've got the right kind of bait. What would you use?"

"Live minnows or frogs, for choice. Or helgramites. Or, if you can't get any of those, a nice big nightcrawler. You never can tell what a fish is going to fancy. I ran out of perch bugs up in Maine one time and baited up with little pieces of yellow silk cut from the lining of my cap. I got three pretty nice perch on those."

"Did you really? I knew you could catch frogs with red flannel."

"So you can sunfish I guess if the fish is feeling real hungry he'll take a chance at anything."

Warren Cowler, Steve's tent-mate in No. 2 and recently acquired chum, was not at all enthusiastic about fishing. He said disparagingly of the Isaac Walton tribe that they were nitwits, adding that, even if you caught fish, Doc—who was the camp cook —wouldn't cook them unless you cleaned them, and if Steve thought he was going to get him, Warry, to clean a lot of smelly old perch—

Steve promptly denied any such intention. "You don't even have to do any of the fishing if you don't want to. What I want you to do is row me along the shore so I can troll or cast."

Strangely, Warry agreed to perform the work. He didn't mind rowing, he declared, and so long as Steve didn't want to sit in one place for an hour at a time and watch a bob he was ready to help. So, provided with an assortment of Laurie's spoons and spinners, they made a two-hour circuit of the north end of the lake Monday afternoon and caught one seven-inch white perch which, to Warry's expressed relief, was at once restored to its native element.

Steve, however, was not discouraged. He bought several dollars' worth of artificial baits in the village and went fishing every afternoon that week until Saturday, sometimes with Warry, as often alone. Fortune, though, seldom smiled, for the lake was high and food was plentiful. Others emulated him, but lack of success soon conquered patience, and in the end Steve's own enthusiasm waned. On Saturdays Mr. Hemwitt was always to be seen in his boat just off Second Point, and Steve would have liked to scrape acquaintance with him, but, since Saturday was fully occupied, with invariably a ball game in the afternoon, he was not able to satisfy that inclination. Other fishermen appeared on the lake on Saturdays and and Sundays, increasingly as the summer began to wane, but their number was never great enough to lend the lake, which was almost five miles long, a populated appearance. Now and then reports of startling catches reached Camp Lookaway—of a six-pound bass or a thirty-four-inch pickerel or a phenomenal number of white perch; but the events always took part at some remote part of the lake, and the fortunate fishermen never showed up to substantiate the yarns. Sometimes after listening to one of these encouraging reports Steve had a recurrence of the fever and set forth with rod and landing-net. When he did, however, he went alone, for Warry could no longer be beguiled into accompanying him. Fortunately, Steve's canoe test had by now been successfully passed, and so he was no longer obliged to tug at the oars of an unmanageable skiff. In a canoe he could troll, cast or still-fish, and if the denizens of the blue waters of Lake Levinth had been a little more willing to cooperate he would have asked nothing better than to spend his afternoons afloat. But the fish exhibited a discouraging perversity, and Steve frequently expressed the opinion that there wasn't a thing in Levinth except small fry, and as frequently relegated his rod to its place under the platform of No. 2 tent with the intention of letting it remain there until the end of camp. And he began to suspect Mr. Hemwitt of having fallen on his head while at a tender age.

However, there were other pursuits open to Steve, many of them quite absorbing, and by the latter part of July fishing was practically forgotten to him. And so it continued until a certain Sunday morning in the first week of August, when he and Warry had one of their infrequent quarrels, this time over what was a just division of police duties around tent No. 2. About nine o'clock Steve still smarting under the caustic comments of his chum, wandered down to the boathouse, pulled out a canoe, and embarked. Except for a far-distant rowboat he seemingly had the lake to himself as he paddled toward Pine Bluff. Once around that bold and ledgy promontory, Whisper Cove enticed him, an almost circular body of tranquil blue water bordered at its farther side by rushes and pads and a fine sandy beach. From the beach extended a narrow pier and at its nearer end a gray skiff floated. Straight back from the pier, in a small clearing, stood a tiny brown cabin, and from its chimney a pencil of blue smoke arose into the still sunlight.

Here, thought the voyager as he entered the cove, was an opportunity to satisfy himself on two subjects of interest: namely, Mr. Hemwitt's sanity and the existence or non-existence of the fabled buggy-wheel bass. He turned the bow of the canoe toward the nearer margin and, in the most casual manner he could assume, followed it as it curved toward the beach. Presently he came to the mouth of Whisper Brook, a quiet, modest little stream issuing with scarcely a murmur from its leafy tunnel; and he would have passed it without a second glance, being concerned with the whereabouts of Mr. Hemwitt, if a sudden hail hadn't left his paddle in midair and caused him to turn.

From under the arched elders and hazels, wading barelegged over the stream's stony bed, came a small, elderly man, tanned and wrinkled but with the friendliest of twinkling blue eyes. He was in faded khaki, sleeves and trousers uprolled, and in one hand he held a small lard can and in the other a tin sieve. Steve answered the hail with a polite "Good-morning, sir," and Mr. Hemwitt demanded somewhat startingly, "Want some helgramites, young man?"

Steve shook his head. "No, sir. I don't think so."

"Well, I've got a nice lot here." Mr. Hemwitt gazed approvingly into the pail and then, wading through the shallow water, exhibited the crawling black horrors to the occupant of the canoe. "You're one of the camp boys, I take it."

"Yes, sir. My name's Milton. And you're Mr. Hemwitt."

"That's me, sure enough," agreed the old gentleman cheerfully.

"I've seen you fishing over by Second Point lots of times, sir."

Mr. Hemwitt chuckled. "Guess you have. That's where I'm generally to be found of a Saturday. I've been fishing this lake pretty regularly for six-seven years now. Got so I know most every drop of water in it! You fond of fishing?"

"Yes, I am; but I haven't had much luck here, sir."

"Well, it isn't very good fishing between the middle of July and September. What you been using?"

Steve smiled ruefully. "About everything, sir; artificial minnows and spinners and all sorts of live bait; except those things." He nodded at the pail. I didn't know where to get those. Are they good for bass?"

"Sometimes they are. Sometimes bass won't pay any attention to 'em. Sometimes bass won't pay any attention to anything. That's the way they are. Bass are sort of queer. You've got to know 'em. I've caught 'em, one time or another, on all kinds of bait, but if you should ask me which was the best I just couldn't tell you. You have to consider a heap of things: time of year, time of day, condition of weather, height of water, natural food supply, a dozen or more things. You going any place particular?"

"No, sir. I'm just out for a paddle."

"Well, come ashore and visit. Hitch up to the dock while I put these varmints away, and then we'll have a talk. Don't have many visitors here, young man, and have to make the most of 'em when I get 'em." Mr. Hemwitt chuckled and started off with his treasure. "Come right up to the cabin," he called back from the beach.

Steve followed instructions, and his host was awaiting him when he neared the little dwelling. Inside it consisted of just one room that served all purposes, but it was comfortable enough and as neat as wax. There were a number of fishing-rods on nails above the small fireplace, and dozens of artificial lures were dangling amongst them. Those things interested Steve and Mr. Hemwitt exhibited them all, reminiscing as he did so. But finally they were seated on the edge of the tiny porch that ran acrosst he front of the cabin and Steve had put his question about the buggy-wheel bass. Mr. Hemwitt turned his twinkling gaze of his very bright eyes to his visitor and made answer.

"Yes, sir, there most certainly is a bass in this lake that's called the buggy-wheel. He's been seen many's the time, and he's been almost caught by four men I know of. And I'm one of them."

"You mean you actually hooked him, sir?"

"Twice. The first time was two years ago next month. He got most of my leader that time. Then last July I got him right up to the boat, and he bust the snell and got away again."

"Gosh!" murmured Steve, "he must be a big one!"

"Is. Not so awful long, not more than sixteen inches, likely, but mighty big t'other way: I never saw a broader bass in my life, and I've seen a-many. Black, he is, well down the sides; a real old-timer I guess."

"And he's still uncaught," mused Steve.

"Still uncaught. But he and I will get together again some day, and then by gum, we'll see if it ain't my turn. Got so it's kind of a matter of pride with me now." Mr. Hemwitt chuckled. "Fishing doesn't mean one thing for me but the Big Fellow."

"Well, sir, I do hope you get him," said Steve.

"Expect I will,—sooner or later," replied Mr. Hemwitt with quiet conviction. "I've had him on twice, and you know what they say about the third time!"

Steve managed by the next day to enthuse Warry on the subject of the buggy-wheel bass, and they paddled over to Second Point and sunk an anchor about where Hemwitt spent his Saturdays. But, although they stayed until almost supper time, they got not a nibble. Again on Wednesday, Steve spent two hours there,—alone this time,—and again his vigil was undisturbed, and he decided that the Big Fellow wasn't for him. And perhaps he wouldn't have taken up his rod again that summer if it hadn't rained all of the following Sunday and kept up all day Monday. When it subsided at two o'clock to more than a heavy drizzle Steve suggested trolling, and Wary, bored to extinction, welcomed the idea. They donned heavy sweaters and loaded a canoe with what Warry called "fishing junk" and set forth. Warry paddled, and Steve snuggled himself in the bow and trailed a brilliantly coloured wooden minnow some fifty yards astern. That minnow was a crafty affair, fashioned to swim just under the surface with the pathetic wavering of a crippled fish. But, although the afternoon was theoretically ideal for its purpose, the minnow failed to receive any attention. Warry paddled down the shore to North Bay, skirted the rushes and came back on the other side, and save for an occasional halt to clear the bait of grass or weed the voyage was uneventful.

They passed Third Point and brought their own beach and clustered tents and cabins into view across the water, and Warry, beginning to tire of the monotony of his task, swung the bow of his canoe toward home. But Steve begged for another stretch of the shore. "Just go on past Second Point, Warry, and we'll get the old buggy-wheel bass and have him for supper!"

Warry grinned derisively but headed back to parallel the shore. Second Point and the little beach passed, and after a dozen more strokes Warry glanced inquiringly at Steve. Steve looked back past his companion and estimated the location of his minnow. "Only a little farther," he said. "It's just about coming to the buggy-wheel now, Warry, and the old bass is eyeing it and licking his chops. About ten more strokes—"

The reel sang and the line slipped lightning-fast through the guides! "Wow!" yelled Steve, grabbing for the twirling handle. "I got him!"

"Yeah? Where is he now?" asked Warry. For the line was coming back to the reel easily enough, and Steve's face began to fall. "Hit a snag, I guess, and broke loose again. Reel in and let's go home, Steve—"

"We-ell," muttered the other, "but ——"

Whe-e-ee! went the click, and once more Steve sought agitatedly for the handle; and then, back by the end of the point, a great fish broke the water, strove mightily to shake loose from the lure and fell back again with a splash that seemed to wake the echoes!

"Want any help?" yelled Warry. He dropped his paddle and made a grab for the line.

"Don't!" gasped Steve. "Don't touch it! I'll—I'll get him!"

There was drama then under the dripping, overhanging pines. The big bass made a gallant fight, rushing madly away while the reel shrieked, stopping finally to sulk a moment before yielding grudgingly to the efforts of Steve's aching fingers. Twice more he spun upward into the gray mist, every inch of his powerful body in agitated protest, yet each time nearer the canoe. Warry, his brown eyes fairly popping, watched in silence save for an occasional explosive exhalation of despair or triumph as the struggle favoured prey or captor. Steve, pale of countenance, was cool enough now. He had fought bass ere this and knew their ways. He didn't attempt to let the big fellow tire himself out before attempting to land him. He kept his line free from slack, let the fish feel the spring of the rod when he could, and won the battle inch by inch as the dripping silk cord wound back on the spool. He spoke only twice during the struggle, once to warn Warry from attempted assistance and once to express a fervid wish that they had a gaff instead of a net!

Then, finally, the big bass was alongside, still darting wildly, the pole was bending alarmingly and Warry breathing stertorously was reaching outward with the landing-net. "Not yet," gasped Steve. "Wait till I get him. Now!"

A thrashing of the surface, a shower of drops, and the net, a violently agitated net, was heaved into the rocking canoe. And Steve and Warry sank to their knees and gazed. Here, beyond the shadow of a doubt was the buggy-wheel bass, black of back and sides, colossal of girth, staring up at them with still indomitable eyes! He began to fight again now, and Warry fell upon the net to keep it down, while Steve deftly extracted the hooks and removed the minnow.

"We'll have to kill him," panted the latter.

"Use our knife," counselled Warry. "Try to brain him and you'll stave a hole in the canoe!"

"That's right. Keep the net over him! Gosh, isn't he a corker?" Steve straightened himself on his knees and thrust a hand into a pocket in search of his clasp-knife. As he did so there came across the water the deliberate creak of oarlocks, and he looked toward Whisper Cove. Dimly through the drizzle he made out the ghostly shape of a rowboat coming toward the point. In it was a small lone figure—Mr. Hemwitt! Mr. Hemwitt, hopefully returning for another bout with his ancient enemy the buggy-wheel bass! Steve forgot the knife and stared thoughtfully into the mist.

"Hurry up!" growled Warry. "Want to lose him? I can't hold this net forever!"

Steve's eyes drew away from the still distant skiff. "What? Oh, yes, I've got it!" He drew out the knife and edged closer on his knees. And then in the most clumsy fashion he somehow lost his balance and toppled heavily against the gunwale. There came an alarmed shout from Warry that was speedily silenced in a tremendous splashing, and they were both floundering in the lake!

Beside them was the glistening blue hull of the overturned canoe, a landing net, a fishing rod, and one canoe-back. What wasn't to be seen was the buggy-wheel bass.

The next afternoon Steve sent the fisherman's hail across the ruffled sunlit water. "What luck, sir?" he called.

Mr. Hemwitt smiled and waved a hand. "None yet," he answered cheerfully. "You can't hurry the Big Fellow, you know. But there's time enough. Time enough."

Steve's canoe floated closer under the little breeze, and presently he asked: "Mr. Hemwitt, when you do catch him what will you do with him?"

"Do with him?" He was silent then, his wrinkled countenance expressing perplexity. When he finally replied his tone held genuine surprise. "Why, now, I never thought about that! No, sir, I never did." He leisurely applied a match to the bowl of his blackened corn-cob, frowning thoughtfully. Then Steve saw the corners of the ancient mouth curve upward and heard a faint chuckling as the twinkling blue eyes came back to him. "Guess," said Mr. Hemwitt, gently, "there ain't but one thing I can do with him, and that's put him back!"

The Retort in Kind.

Father: "I'm sure our boy did not inherit his silly ideas from me!"

Mother (icily): "No; you've still got yours complete!"

Mainly About People

Miss Violet Murphy, of Rochester, N.Y., spent some time at her parental home.

Miss Francis McAvoy, of Montreal, is spending a week's vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McAvoy.

Mrs. Rene Smith has returned home from spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Angus Brownell of Stormville, N.Y.

Mrs. E. VanDused has returned home after spending some time visiting with her daughter, Mrs. E. Empey and other friends in Cornwall.

Miss Olive Casselman, of the Kingston General Hospital Training School is spending three weeks with her father, Mr. W. H. Casselman.

Miss May Grady, of Cornwall, has returned home after spending a week with her two aunts, Mrs. Denis Kearney and Mrs. George McMahon.

Mr. and Mrs. Rene Smith entertained the latter's sister, Mrs. Angus E. Brownell, of Stormville, N.Y., for a week.

Misses Thelma and Adele McKeever, of Wrightville, Que., have returned home after having been the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Catherine Merkley.

Mrs. Margaret Wallace, of Sprague, Wash., and Mrs. Rose Smith, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, have returned home after spending a month with relatives in Chesterville and district.

Mrs. C. Empey, of Cornwall, accompanied her mother, Mrs. E. VanDusen home from Cornwall and is spending a few days in town.

Miss Veronica Murphy, of Montreal, who spent her vacation at Old Orchard Beach, Me., was at her home in Connaught on Labour Day.

Mrs. J. H. Ouderkirk, accompanied by her father, Mr. David Hurst, of Saskatoon, Sask., is spending some time with Mrs. E. VanDusen and other friends in town.

Miss Helen Lacey, B.H.Sc., left on Sunday for Stirling where she has become a member of the staff of the High School and will have charge of the new department of Home Economics.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cowan have returned to their new home in Parent, Que., on Duck Lake, Mrs. Cowan having spent the past three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Brownell, of Stormville, N.Y., and Mrs. Rene Smith, of Chesterville, were entertained by Mayor Albert Slocum and Mrs. Slocum of Pawling, N.Y., at their summer home in the Catskill Mountains.

* * * *

Returns to C.N.R. School Car.

Mr. Andrew Clement left Thursday to resume charge of a C.N.R. school car out of Port Arthur after spending the vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Clement.

* * * *

Dodds-Alford

THE parsonage of Rev. Robinson of Ottawa, was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding ceremony at 10 o'clock yesterday, of Marjorie Gertrude Alford, second daughter of Mrs. Gertrude Alford and the late William Alford, to Ray Garfield Dodds, D.D.S., L.D.S., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Dodds of Perth.

The bride wore an attractive costume of midnight blue chiffon velvet with matching turban hat and suede shoes to match. The corsage bouquet was of Talisman roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Miss Rowatt Howes, of Ottawa, the bridesmaid, was in maroon satin, and wore black hat and shoes to match, and her corsage bouquet was of Joanna Hill roses and baby's breath.

Mr. Albert Smith, of Chesterville, acted as best man.

Following the ceremony, the bridal party had luncheon at the Chateau Laurier. Later Dr. and Mrs. Dodds left for a motor trip through the Maritime provinces.

The bride travelled in a smart costume of hunter's green wool trimmed with Persian lamb, with hat and accessories to match.

On their return in October they will take up residence in Chesterville.

* * * *

Hamill-McAvoy

THE marriage of Miss Madolyn McAvoy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McAvoy of town, to Mr. Daniel Hamill, of Montreal, son of the late Thomas Hamill and of Mrs. Hamill, also of Montreal, took place in St. Anthony's church, Montreal, at eight o'clock, Monday morning, the Rev. M. T. J. O'Brien officiating. Autumn flowers decorated the church for the occasion. Miss Addie Campderros sang Rosweig's "Ave Maria."

The bride, given away by her father, wore a gown of madonna blue lace simply fashioned on princess lines with a short train over which was worn a bolero jacket having long sleeves extending in points over the hands. She wore a halo hat in matching hue and carried an arm bouquet of coral gladioli.

The bridesmaid, Miss Frances McAvoy, sister of the bride, wore a rose-pink chiffon gown with matching turban, and carried pale pink asters with cornflowers. Mr. J. P. Hamill, brother of the bridegroom, was best man and the ushers were Mr. T. G. Hamill and Mr. J. P. McAvoy.

Mrs. McAvoy, the bride's mother, wore a navy blue triple sheer suit with matching accessories, stonemarten neckpiece and corsage bouquet of Johanna Hill roses. Mrs. Hamill, the bridegroom's mother, was in a black lace gown with black velvet hat and stone-marten furs, her corsage being of Talisman roses. The reception after the wedding was held in the Mount Royal Hotel where the decorations were composed of autumn flowers.

Later Mr .and Mrs. Hamill left on their wedding trip to New York and Atlantic City, the bride travelling in a brick rust French wool dress with nigger brown accessories and kolinsky furs. Upon their return they will reside on Mayfair avenue, Notre Dame de Grace.

Among the out-of-town guests at the wedding were: the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McAvoy, the Rev. P. J. Keaney, Mrs. F. McCloskey, the Misses Ella and Kathleen McCloskey, Mrs. Amelia Lambkin, Mrs. Thomas Flynn, Mr. Matthew Flynn, Miss M. MacMillan, Mr. R. M. Campderros and Mrs. James Hughes, all of Chesterville; Mr. and Mrs. M. Gillen and Mr. and Mrs. D .Flynn, of New York City; Mrs. W. Unger, Miss Kathryne Coyne, Dr. C. Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gillissie, of Ottawa.

* * * *

Engagement.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gillard wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Olive Mildred, to George Thomas Hosie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hosie, Sr., of Perth, Ont. The marriage will take place early in October.

* * * *

Davidson-Casselman

PALMS and ferns, with effective baskets of gladioli, were used in decoration of Stewarton United church, Ottawa, for the wedding ceremony on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, of Miss Eva Mae Casselman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Casselman, of Williamsburg, and Russell Joseph Davidson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Davidson, of Manotick. Rev. F. S. Milliken officiated.

During the signing of the register, Mrs. H. S. Britton sang "O Perfect Love," and Mr. Kenneth Meek presided at the organ. The bride was given in marriage by her father, and was attended by her cousin, Miss Hilda Casselman, of Berwick. Mr. Harold Davidson, the bridegroom's brother, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Glendon Casselman, cousin of the bride, and Mr. Garnet Smith, nephew of the bride.

The bride's gown was a lovely model of forget-me-not blue crêpe, fashioned with a bolero of the same material, made with short puffed sleeves. The bodice was softly shirred and designed with a V neckline. The dress was trimmed with self-coloured buttons from the decolletage in the back to the waistline. The skirt was floor length and her wide-brimmed mohair hat of the same shade was trimmed with forget-me-not. She carried a bouquet of Joanna Hill roses, with streamers of sweet peas.

Miss Hilda Casselman chose a gown of laVenta green chiffon, with short puffed sleeves, and a square neckline. The skirt was floor length and the velvet ribbon girdle of the same shade of green was draped from the waistline to the hem of her skirt. Her velvet turban matched her dress, and she carried a sheaf of pastel-shaded gladioli.

Mrs. Casselman, mother of the bride, chose a gown of navy blue crêpe, with long, close fitting sleeves, finished with drawn work. Her hat was a black straw model and her corsage bouquet was of Better Time roses.

Following a reception at an Ottawa tea room, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson left on a motor trip through the Adirondack Mountains and the Eastern States. Travelling, the bride wore a tailored turquoise blue flannel suit, with a scarf to match, and hat and accessories of navy blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson will reside in Ottawa.

Out-of-town guests included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and family, Finch; Mr. and Mrs. Aden C. Casselman and family, of Berwick; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence MacKiddie, Westboro; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Davidson, Miss Hilda and Miss Eileen Davidson and Mr. Donald Davidson, of Manotick, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Davidson, Peterboro.

* * * *

Three Granddaughters Christened.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Beckstead had as guests at their home on Wednesday last, Rev. A. and Mrs. Nimmo and family, of Beauharnois, Que.; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Murray and daughter, of Dickinsons Landing; Mrs. David Beck-

(Concluded on Page Four.)

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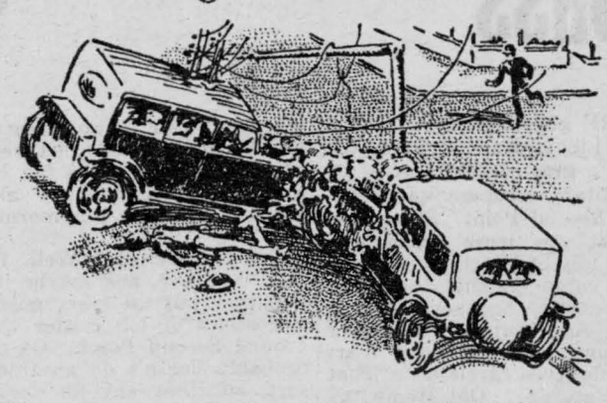

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Erasers Each	5c	**Ruler** each	1c., and .5
Crayons per pkg	5c	**"Dip-it" Pens** each	.15
Crayons per pkg	10c	**Ink**	5c. & 10c
Pencil Sets each	.25	**Skrip Blue Black Ink** each	.15
Pen Points		**Pencil Boxes**	5c & 25c
Pen Handles		**Writing Pads**	10c, 20c, 25c
Fountain Pens	.35, .50, 1.00	**Measure Compasses** each	10c
Lead Pencils each	1c	**Book Bags**	25c. and 50c

"The House For Hardware"

ALLISON & GILLARD, CHESTERVILLE