THE WINCHESTER PRESS

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APPLES!

This advt. is here to remind you that we have some good No. 1 Spys No. 2 Spys, Domestic Spys, No. 1 Baldwins and No. 1 Starks, at their best now. Come in and see them Order by the barrell, bushel or lb.

FENNELL & WALLACE, Winchester, Ont.

DUCO PAINTING AND OVERHAULING

We are here ready to serve you with a full staff of Mechanics and will give you a 100% job of Duco Painting or Overhauling. We ask you to please bring you car in at your earliest convenience so we will have it finished and ready for you before the Spring Rush.

MELVIN'S GARAGE, Winchester, Ont.

OUR WEEK END SPECIALS

Marmalade 3 lb. jar 50c
Fresh Ground Coffee 70c per lb.
Black and Green Tea 70c per lb.
Cocoa 20c lb. Honey 5 lb. pail 75c
Raisins 2 lbs. for 25c
Prunes, large size, 2 lbs. for 25c
Walker's Fresh Sodas 20c per lb.
Potatoes, 90 lb. bag $1.75
Creamery Butter 45c lb.
Sunkist Oranges 60c per doz.
Red Onions 7c lb.

Come to our store for Fresh Bread, Doughnuts and Cakes.

We deliver goods promptly. Phone 145 for your next order. We are prompt.

J. E. JACKSON, Winchester.

THE DRUG STORE FOR FEBRUARY.

Antiseptic Solutions, Atomizers, Antiphlogistine, Aspirin, Catarrh Remedies, Cough and Cold Remedies, Pure Cod Liver Oil, Wampole's Cod Liver Extract, Face Cream, Formolid Throat Ease, Hand Lotions, Household Drugs, Hot Water Bottles, Linaments, Licorice Pastilles, Manicure and Toilet Goods, Paraformic Throat Lozenges, Rheumatic Remedies, Shaving Accessories Soaps, Tooth Brushes, Playing Cards, etc.

All 10c Cough Drops 3 for 25c

5c Neilson's Chocolate Bars, all fresh, 6 for 25c

Eveready Flashlight, complete with holder, bulb and two large cells, it's a real bargain at 65c

"TRY THE DRUG STORE FIRST."

B. F. SMITH, Druggist, Winchester, Ont.

Our Column

The merchant who advertises realizes—

It is now we begin to tink of pancakes and new maple syrup.

The coming warm days of spring will drive away the gloom of an empty coal bin.

How does the date on the label on your paper suit you? Does it remind you of anything.

It is up to everyone now driving cars to see that they have their 1928 license plates at once.

There really is no doubt about prosperity being in the air; Lindbergh has already made about $225,000.

The past two weeks has seen a large amount of stove wood brought to town. The sleighing in the country is excellent.

It is a great thing to have a happy past but a greater thing to have a bright future. These men are rich, they have both.

"Advertising increases turnover. Increased turnover means increased income. Advertising is an investment not an expense."

From Trenton west there is practically no snow on the ground, and auto buses are running all the way from Kingston to Toronto.

"The wealth of Canada," says Hon. R. B. Bennett, "lies in the character of its people." There is no doubt about it that Hon. Mr. Bennett is right.

In former days driving was dangerous when the horse felt his oats. Nowadays, driving is dangerous when the driver feels his rye.—Acton Free Press.

"I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist, and doesn't believe there's a hell."
"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

Twenty years ago Canadian products were sent abroad to the total value of $235,000,000. Today the Dominion's exports of grain and grain products alone are nearly twice that figure.

Mr. M. Christie, Calgary, in renewing his subscription for the Press writes "We enjoy keeping in touch with our friends in Winchester and the Press is a welcome paper in our home."

In response to a request from several quarters the Public Library Board of Carleton Place decided to open the Library on Sunday afternoons from 1.30 to 4 o'clock. The idea will be tried out as an experiment.

"Dad, I wish you'd help me find the Common Denominator in these problems," said a young hopeful.
"Goodness,' replied the father, "Haven't they found it yet? They were looking for it when I was a boy in school.

The snow plow that is intended to clear the highway between Morrisburg and Winchester is a long time in making its appearance. The Prescott Ottawa highway, running through Kemptville, is kept in good shape however.

A sharp little girl was taken to Sunday School for the first time. The t eacher noticing a little stranger, remarked: "I fancy I see a new face." Whereupon the child replied; "No it ain't new, miss, only mother just washed it.

Through all the ages there have been those who thought their day and generation the worst ever, and that the young people were going to everlasting destruction. Yet, and it is even so to day, this old world has been improving, the people are living better, the conditions are better. Don't be a pessimist.

Oshawa is to have the first public school in Canada which will be supplied with windows that will admit the ultra-violet rays, and the result will be watched with no little interest to see if there is any perceptible difference betweed these windows and the ordinary ones so far as the pupils' health and progress are concerned.

The first move in an effort to stop the activities of "auto mashers," who patrol the streets invited women out for a ride, was made by Hamiton police on Wednesday of last week when John Walker, of Mary Street, was informed that his license to drive a motor vehicle had been cancelled for a period not exceeding a year by order of the Ontario Department of Highways.

Little did Mr. Auger or Mr. Percival, of Burritt's Rapids, think on Sunday afternoon last th t one would today, be in his coffin and the other the cause of death. He who ruleth his temper is greater than he who wins the biggest fight, and when one can rule both tongue and temper he is greater than a conqueror. Quarrels between neighbors are always bitter. Far better to endure a little than become a party to such quarrels as that which caused the death at Burritt's Rapids, of Auger.

It is a good thing for a man to have a mind of his own, but he should be sure it is of the right type. Independence with some people is only another name for mulishness. Anyway, none of us can be independent one of the other. The more brains a man has the more he is inclined to look and listen. When you are sure don't go ahead until you have asked your wife or some-one who is not seeing things through colored spectacles. Lots of us would have been healthier, wiser and even better, if we had only hearkened to counsel we might have for the asking. Above all, he is a wise man who asks wisdom of Him. "Who giveth to all men and upbraideth not."

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Francis Huggard, a well-known farmer, of the River Road, west of Morrisburg, and a life long Conservative, died on Feb. 2nd, in his 81st year.

Culminating an illness of several weeks' duration, James Miller passed away at his home, Third Concession, Matilda, on Wednesday, Feb. 1st.

We are sorry to report Mr. Wesley Patterson suffering from a very severe attack of rheumatism, having been confined to his bed for a few days this week.

At its last meeting, the Prescott Board of Education decided, upon motion, to suspend all pupils of the Prescott High School who were found to be forging the signatures of their parents to excuses for being absent from school.

Rev. C. W. Barret of Sterling has accepted an invertation to become pastor of Princess Street United Church Kingston, in succession to Rev. J. K. Curtis who has resigned after five years in the charge. The ceange well take effect in July next.

A consignment of British Columbia goats is to go to Columbia South America, for the establishment of a heard of milk goats in that country. This comes on top of purchases by the Government of Columbia of Holsteins. Avreshires and Jerseys in Canada for its Experimental Farms.

It has been decided to dedicate and open for divine worship new St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Perth on Sunday March 11th. That date will be exactly five years from the date of the destruction by fire of the historic St. Andrews Church at the corner of Craig and Drummond streets on Sunday, March 11th, 1923.

A limited quantity of good apples still for sale. We are offering them at reduced prices to clean them out. Also P. E. I. Potatoes and a quantity of hard wood for sale.
A. W. Beach & G. C. Reveler

On Tuesday evening of last week, the sudden death occurred of William H. Lock, a farmer in the Third Concession of Matilda Mr. Locke had remarked to his wife on coming in from a drive that he did not feel well and would not take supper. A very short time after she found he had passed away while lying on the sofa. He was in his sixty-ninth year. Besides his wife, a sister Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, of Iroquois, survives, as well as four brothers:

A petition from the Beach Rural Electric System, Iroquois, was presented to the village Council Cardinal, at their last meeting, by W. Workman, asking for a franchise to erect a line through the north part of the right to distribute light and power to the residents on the north side of the Canal. After considerable discussion it was laid over until next meeting of Council for further consideration as it may be enlarged upon to cover the lighting of the whole municipality.

Mr. George H. Algeare of Osnabruck Centre, has been awarded a fine gold medal donated by Mr. Gilbert Rancier, Instructor for the Cornwall District, to the cheesemaker making the highest average score for the season of 1927, according to Montreal grading in this district. Mr. Rancier will present the medal to the winner at a meeting of makers to be held at some central point in the spring the date and place of which will be announced later.

Allan Grant, C. P. R. station agent Perth, has been superannuated after 46 years' service at the Perth station. Mr. Grant came to Perth in 1882 from Coteau Que., after working for the G. T. R. for ten years. The C. P. R. shops located here the same year Mr. Grant took over his duties. In his younger days he took a prominent part in athletics and at one time played lacrosse for Cornwall seniors. He was and is an ardent horseman and acted as Judge and timer at a number of race meets. Mr. Grant took a keen interest in municipal politics and was Mayor of Perth in the year 1913, 14, 15. Since then he has sat at the Council board.

Mr. Grant's fellow employees at the station, freight shed, express office and section hands tendered him a banquet last Wednesday night at the Revere House, where they presented him with an illuminated address and a club bag with fittings.

New Postal Regulation

According to a post office announcement, on and after February 4, parcels posted in Canada for delivery in Canada on which charges of 40 cents or more have been prepaid may be insured for a sum up to $50, without the payment of any insurance fee being required. There is, however, no change in regard to the insurance of parcels on which charge of less than 40 cents have been prepaid.

A Correction

In an editorial note last week the Winchester Press stated that the Bell Telephone Company instal their phone "Free of charge." In this the Press is mistaken as there is a small service connection, which at Winchester is for new phone $2.00 and $1.75 and for changing from one place to another $1.15 and $1.00. In other respects the article speaks for itself as to comparative service and cost.

Baptist World Alliance Congress

Toronto will be host to more than 10,000 delegates to the Baptist World Alliance Congress to be held in the Queen City, June 23 to 29. Of this number, about 700 will come from Europe and plans are being made to billet these in Baptist homes throughout the city. It will cost $15,000 to entertain the visitors. A feature of the congress will be an exhibit of Baptist world work in the Horticultural Buliding, which will include a 30 foot electrictlly lighted map of the world.

Will See Some Hockey

Citizens of Winchester and surrounding district are promised a special brand of hockey during the next two weeks that they should not fail to see. The town league "play-off" games, four in number, are to be put on. They are the Rovers, Royals, Thistles and Speed Boys. These games will be duly announced, and will be as lively and full of pep as any games ever played. The Royals think they have a cinch, but watch out for the come back of the other combinations. The admission to these games is 25 and 15 cents, or four 25c tickets for 80c. or four 15c tickets for 50c. The four tickets admit the purchaser to all four games.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

At the last meeting of the Village Council at Iroquois $25 of a grant was given the Horticultural Society.

They used to say that "talk is cheap" but you don't think so when you get your long distance telephone account.

Service will be held in St. Matthias Church on Sunday evening next. Sunday School at 3 o'clock. Wednesday evening service at 7.30 p. m.

There passed away at Syracuse hospital on Thursday, Jan. 26th, Mr. Wm. F. Merklev, aged 77 years, elder brother of the late Mr. J. C. Merkley, who died suddenly at Chesterville a few weeks ago.

On Tuesday of last week there passed away at Irena a well known resident of Matilda Township in the person of William Locke, who succumed to heart failure. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. George Smythe M. L. A.

At the Annual County Meeting of the Orange Order for Grenville County held at Kemptville last week at which a hundred delegates were present from all over the County, it was decided to hold the next 12th of July celebration at Cardinal.

Don't forget that we allow a discount on goods purchased and charged during this month if paid before the 20th Fennell & Wallace

Miss Phyliss Whittaker, Williamsburg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whittaker, has entered the Civic Hospital, Ottawa, as nurse-in-training. Before leaving Williamsburg the Women's Institute of that village presented Miss Whittaker with and address and purse.

Falling while engaged in uncoupling cars at Bedell station on Wednesday night last week, William Brown, C. P. R. brakeman, Smith Falls, had one hand run over by the wheel of a freight car with the result that it was found necessary to amputate it at the Smiths Falls General hospital.

On Monday morning, while going out of the house for a pail of water, Mrs. Wesley Patterson received a bad gash across the back her neck, when she was struck by an ice-cycle which had fallen from the roof. She was unconscious for a few seconds at the time, but is recovering nicely at present.

A freak in the form of a little pig having two snouts and two tongues on one head was born recently on the farm of Stanley Purvis, Esqnesing Township. In all other respects the animal was normal, although dead when found. Both tongues lead to one throat. Mr. Purvis is preserving the euriosity.—Milton Champion.

The Women's Missionary Society of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church will hold a Tea and Money Shower at the home of Mrs. B. F. Smith on Wednesday, Feb. 29th, from 3 to 6 o'clock. Remember the date.

Violet Gallinger, five and a half years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Rolland C. Gallinger, 82 Buell St., Brockville, died on Wednesday at the family residence from the shock of a scalding she received late Tuesday afternoon when she accidently fell backwards into a pail of hot water, which was about to be used by the mother for scrubbing purposes.

A Memorial Service for Field Marshall Earl Haig, Grand President of the Canadian Legion, was held in the Music Hall, Morrisburg last Sunday afternoon at which seats were reserved for the Ex-Service men who were requested wear a vet-craft poppy which was given them at the door. There was a large attendance and an impressive service service was held.

A letter received this week from Mr. O. D. Casselman, South Pasedena, California, states that he and Mrs. Casselman will soon be returning to their home in Chesterville. He says the winter has been pleasant but the people are getting anxious because of the lack of rain. He reports that their is a small colony of Dundas County people out there. Dr. Keyes, Principal of the Ottawa Normal School, he says, is much improved in health, and hopes to be completely restored in a few months.

A very pleasant social evening was spent at the home of Mr. Bishop Coons, on Friday last when about forty friends and neighbors gathered and took possession of the home. A splendid program was soon arranged consisting of games, instrumental selections, recitations, songs solos, and addresses. These were greatly enjoyed by all. At the close dainty refreshments were served. Mr. Coons proved an ideal host, and responding to the vote of thanks tendered by those present, assured his friends that it was a real delight to have them present.

Queens University girls hockey team defeated McGill by the score of 1-0 in the Ladies Senior Intercollegiate game at the Harty Arena, Kingston, on Friday night. It is of interest to Winchester friends to know that our own Erma Beach was the star player of the teams, scoring the only goal of the game. The Kingston paper in reporting the game said "The Queens defence played in splendid style last night, while Erma Beach's skating and stick-handling were pretty to watch."

Erma is not only a good all around sport but is a good student, and is one of the most popular girls at the University. This is shown by the fact that Miss Beach was made President of Ban Righ Hall, this year.

Takes Possession

Mr. Chester Robinson, who purchased the business block on Main Street from W. J. Holmes has taken possession and is having the interior renovated. The store will be enlarged, and greatly improved. Mr. Robinson who comes from South Mountain, where he conducted a successful bakery, is a keen business man and will make a good citizen. He intends conducting an up-to date grocery store.

NOTICE
W. C. T. U. Prayer Service

The W. C. T. U. will observe Francis Willard Day by holding a Prayer Service in the Baptist Church on Friday at 3 p. m., on Feb. 17th. A cordial invitation is extended to all and any interested in Christian work.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. A. Sweet spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Miss Gladys Conley spent the week end with Ottawa friends.

Dr. McKendry visited his brother at Westport, Ont., who is very ill, this week.

Miss Minnie Earle of St. Sixte, Que., spent the week-end at her parental home here.

Mrs. J. H. Ross will spend a week with her daughter at Bellville, leaving tomorrow morning.

Miss Ena McMillan of Winchester Springs, spent the week-end with Miss Lola Belway.

Miss Jennie Beattie of Chesterville, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Beattie.

Mrs. Waddell and daughter Jean, left on Tuesday to spend a few days with her mother in Kingston.

Mr. Willie Fisher, of Toronto, who was operated on two weeks ago for appendicitis is progressing favorably towards recovery.

Mr. Albert Turner was operated on for appendicitis in the Cornwall Hospital one day last week and is doing as well as can be expected.

Miss Margaret Durant, of Mountain, and Miss Linda Steele, of Winchester Springs, returned home after spending a few days, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Gordon.

Mrs. Mabel Ingle, Mrs. Lorne Patterson and little daughter Pauline, of Brockville, Ont., and Mr Omer E. Gilroy watson Sask., have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gilroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner Dillabough, Morewood, Ont., wish to announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Mildred, to Mr. R. S. Allison. The marriage will take place early in March.

A Hockey Match—Play-down Series—Russell vs. Chesterville on Chesterville Rink, Friday Night, Feb. 17th. Train Service from Mountain and Winchester. Leaves Winchester at 5.27, returning at midnight.

Found Caterpillar

Evidence's of Spring are beginning to appear. Mrs. Munroe, who resides near the Press Office, yesterday found a caterpillar on the snow, and it was alive. We are now waiting for Rose Haven to report the first robin.

Broke Her Wrist

Miss Jean Beach, of the Public School Staff, is carrying her arm in a sling. She was, with many others, enjoying a skate at the rink on Thursday, when she was accidently ran into and knocked over, the fall resulting in a broken wrist.

In Another Month

The work of installing the machines, the shafting, and motors in the new Beach Mfg Co. shops is progressing and it is expected that the power will set the wheels in motion in four or five weeks hence. It has been a somewhat slow process, as machines such as are being placed, require to be carefully set.

See Leo Maloney in "The Long Loop" at Lannins Hall, Saturday night. The picture show worth seeing. Usual prices.

Case Settled

The case involving a young man aged 23, and a young girl aged 13 years that has been much talked about locally for the past week or more has been settled by the young man paying all the cost of the case and pledging himself to keep away from the young girl. The case is one where going into all particulars is not advisable, and if Magistrate McCormick, after careful investigation, thought a settlement best, it no doubt was. The trouble however is that the public are not made acquainted with the true facts. If, as reported, that child was living with the young man in question, the case should not be settled except according to law, no matter how much desired by parents or friends.

Some Dates Of Interest

Recent comment has drawn attention to the fact that there are three Fridays the thirteenth, this year, one of which, Friday January 13th, has has already passed, and the others occur in April and July. It may also interest the curious to note that three of therecognized Dominion holidays fall on Sunday, namely: New Year's Day, January 1st; the King's birthday June 3rd, and Dominion Day, July 1st. Three, Easter, April 9th; Labor Day, September 3rd, and Armistice Day, November 12th, fall on Monday. Christmas Day, December 25th, is on a Tuesday; Victoria Day, May 24th, on Thursday, and Good Friday, of course, on a Friday, April 6th. No holidays fall on a Wednesday or Saturday this year. In regard to Armistice Day which is celebrated by a public holiday on the Monday nearest to November 11, it may be pointed out that this year the true Armistice Day falls on Sunday, November 11th, with the public holiday on the following day.

EXHIBITION HOCKEY

Inkerman vs. Winchester

ON THE RINK HERE

FRIDAY, FEB. 17th

This will be a real game as Inkerman has not be defeated this year. Puck faced at 7.30 p. m. Admission 25c. Skating after the game. Season tickets good after 9 o'clock. Band in attendance

GANONG'S Chocolates

Known all over the world for their exquisite flavours, the centres fresh and varied, the coating thick and deliciously smooth,
Our stock is carefully selected to meet every taste and occasion.
Never a disappointment.
By the Pound or Package.
See our fine assortment.

L. FLORA, Winchester
Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

Winchester Baptist Church
PASTOR—Rev. Ernest Butcher.
SUNDAY, FEB. 19, 1928
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Service at 11 a. m.
"ISAAC."
Service at 7.30 p. m.
"Christ's Vision of the Throne and It's Glory."
The first of a series of sermons on "The Throne."
Strangers and Visitors Welcomed.

The Needlecraft Store

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

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

IDA F. GARDNER

Notice

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

1928 CAR LICENSE

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

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

W. WORKMAN,
Main Street.

For Sale

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

For Sale

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

For Sale

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

Wood For Sale

Standing Wood on Mrs. Campbell-Johnston's Lot, Con. 10, Tp of Mountain, known as the Robt. Lang Farm. Apply to
Fraser Fawcett
41-2c Winchester

EGGS EGGS EGGS

We want Newlaid Eges, also Live Fat Old Hens, Dressed Veal and Dressed Hogs Write for prices. We pay spot cash and guarantee satisfaction. Gunn, Langlois & Co., Limited, Montreal, P. Q. 40-2

For Sale

13 High Grade Holstein Milk Cows, 1 Pure Bred Holstein Cow will freshen in a few weeks, and 3 Jersey Cows. Also 2 Brood Sows, due to farrow third litter last week of March and one Delco Light Plant in first class condition. Apply to
David Bruce
41-2p. Winchester

For Sale

A number of young milk cows.
Apply to Alex J. Meldrum,
42-4p Ormond, Ont.

Wanted

A man with some experience as helper in Cheese Factory. Apply to
G. H. Summers,
42c Cass Bridge, Ont.

Be Your Own Boss for $10 Reads Canadian Publicity In English Magazine

Work and Wealth in Plenty Waiting for Men with a Will to Work in the Land of Promise—What the Prince of Wales says about Canada—How to Book a Passage for $10 in all

THE WILL TO WORK

By John England

'Canada," said the Prince of Wales in a speech that he made before the Canada Club the other day, "is on the threshold of one of the most astonishing eras in its extension and development that the world has ever known."

These are stirring words, and the reader may ask himself just what they mean—just what Canada can offer him or her, that is better than life in the Old Country.

The answer is that Canada offers the right type of newcomer what the unworked goldmine offers the miner.

The Long Trail.

But, as any gold prospector who has mushed along the Dawson trail could tell you, before the gold comes, there is work to be done—hard work, wracking work, disappointments sometimes, hopes deferred—but in the end the gold. In this case it is the gold of prosperity and independence that offers itself.

Canada wants population, for her vast acres lie waiting the plough. If she can get it, she wants British population; but she wants population.

The man who sits contemplating his future in England wondering when he will next be out of work, what his boys and girls will find to do when they leave school, what will happen to him in his old age, may toy with the idea of Canada; but reject the thought of emigration because it is, as it were, a step in the dark.

He does not quite know what the new conditions will be like, what the folks will be like, whether he could "make good." So, too often, he decides ot hang on, and by so doing misses his share in that vast expansion of a young, virile, and vastly wealthy land about which the Prince spoke.

Very briefly I will describe what Canada wants and what she will give the newcomer in exchange.

She wants farm workers and domestic help.

You may say that does not sound very exciting. But in dealing with a new country like Canada, you must forget home conditions.

The "hired man" of the Canadian farm does not stay a "hired man" all his life. He gets his own farm if he is any good, and the Government, as I shall show in a moment, helps him to get it.

But, and make no mistake about this: Canada is no land of loafers, for blow-whistle-down-tools workers. It holds out its rewards only to those who work, but them it favors richly.

As a youngster, I went out to Canada, went steerage, and landed in a prairie city in mid-winter with only thirty-five shillings between me and starvation.

But I didn't starve. I got a job. It was manual labor at fifteen shillings a day.

That was a start that led on to a freehold farm, a car, and a fine saddle horse.

That was twenty years ago, and things have changed, but the opportunities to-day are even greater than they were then.

Nowadays the Imperial and Dominion Governments are working together, and will carry the newcomer to Canada for £2. They will take as many of the class described as like to come.

Canada is willing to help the man who will help himself.

Let us consider the scheme known as the Three Thousand Family Scheme.

For this number of families there are farms in settled districts with wooden buildings, schools at hand, the railway near-by, waiting tenants.

The Government puts the newcomer in. Tries him out. If he makes good it enters into an agreement to sell him the farm he is working on the instalment plan. No fewer that 14,172 men have taken advantage of this scheme.

Only four per cent. of these people have failed.

Inadaptability and domestic trouble accounts for that odd four per cent. of failures.

New Brunswick alone is open to take 500 families from the Old Country and to put them on improved farms.

Money Lent by Government.

The Imperial Government, co-operating, as I have said, with the Canadian Government, will advance each of those families £300 for stock and equipment, and this advance and the cost of the farm will be repayable over twenty-five years.

The whole cost to the immigrant is the £2 a head fare, and a free passage for all youngsters under seventeen.

In a word, it means this. In England a farm worker, failing a miracle, will be a farm worker all his life.

In Canada, if competent and hard working, he will become a master man in a very short time, a freeholder and a man of means, owning his own home, employing his own help, saving his own cash.

But it is not only the man with a family who is beckoned to the new land.

Ontario offers scholarships for clever lads under the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition.

There are twelve scholarships and the winners (they are annual) are provided with two years' training to fit them for their future life.

The Imperial and Dominion Governments are going to spend £1,000,000 on boys between 14 and 20.

They will be looked after while learning their new work, and there will be no outlay on the part of the parents at all.

The course of instruction is essentially a practical one, for each boy will earn while he learns and he will be able to claim a loan of £500 with which to start on his own.

Good Time for Workers.

Now a word about the conditions of domestic service in Canada.

What a difference from the Old Country! Wages can everywhere be had up to £15 a month, family life is shared with the employer, evenings are off, and most Sundays, too.

Not so bad in a land where round every corner there is a fellow looking for a wife!

In Canada, when they dig into work, they don't watch the clock: they dig in.

But once the work is done, there is a jolly good time for all.

During a recent tour through Canada, I came across a pretty girl sitting in a big car, whose face seemed familiar.

She turned out to be a servant girl who had gone out to Canada from the house of a relative of mine.

She had married—and, apparently, married well. She had, she told me, married within six months of landing.

Just one word of warning!

Canada has no use for the man who wants to dig into the lucky bag, but who has not any idea of giving anything in return.

Productive work is what the Dominion asks, and since she still has millions of fertile acres awaiting the plough, that term is synonymous with agriculture.

Things are a lot easier than they used to be, for the newcomer.

When a certain Scots lad named Donald Smith went out to Canada in the early days, he was sent off by the Hudson's Bay Company to a post, where he saw no one but Indians and trappers.

But, in the end, he became Governor of that company, chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway—which he largely built, and Lord Strathcona.

For every chance young Donald Smith had, the man who goes to Canada to-day has ten. But he must have The Will To Work.



Wifey: Are you swearing off anything?

Hubby: No—just swearing.

Charwomen Tea Guests at 10 Downing Street

London—Flappers took a back seat at a tea at No. 10 Downing Street the other day. The charwomen who tidy up the Whitehall government buildings were having their inning at an "at home" given them specially by Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister.

There were sixty-odd, all having grown gray in this branch of the government service, and Mrs. Baldwin received her guests in the reception hall so often trod by the mighty.

In their Sunday clothes they felt more than home than a great many other visitors at No. 10, as they were familiar with the premises from basement to attic.

Holding down a soft job is sometimes a hard proposition.

Chimpanzee Stories

J. L. Buch, Veteran Animal Hunter, Tells Interesting Tales of Our Animal Cousins

EASY TO TEACH

Many tales are told of the ferocity of the chimpanzee, but I am convinced that non of the great apes—not even the gorilla—will attack unless he feels in danger. He may attack when not in danger; then it is merely a difference of opinion between man and ape.

The "outlaw" chimpanzee is an amazingly interesting individual. He is a great male who roams the woods alone. Some authorities say such an outlaw is the deposed leader of a troop, cast out by a younger rival. Others believe these exiles have been sent forth for feeble-mindedness or other eccentricity. At any rate they roam the forests, repeatedly repulsed when they try to join a new band. Like Ishmael of old, their hand soon is against every man and every man's is against them. Such outlaws often reduce a native village to the extreme of terror and hysteria. Once, when I was on a snake hunt in the Kono country of Sierra Leone, runners from Kanjama, a native village, came begging me to "kill the ghost."

"What ghost?" I asked mystified.

"The ghost of bug babboo (chimpanzee) we kill and chop (eat)." They told the story.

"He go humbug (attack) the women working in gardens. He kill pikin (baby). He tramp down, dancing in middle of the rice patch. He make swear. Massa, make you kill him for good, one time."

It sounded like an outlaw chimpanzee. And when I reached Kanjama other tremblers told how he had come tramp, tramp, tramping through the village. One old woman left behind when all had fled went shaking up a ladder to a rice loft. The old villain pursued and killed her. I decided to try this chap with a pit, since he impressed me as to wary for nets. I selected a likely approach to the village and set my snare. We dug the pit twenty feet deep and five feet square, covering it with light limbs and carefully leaving it to look as we had found it. The chimpanzee would come along his usual path, tread upon the slight barricade, fall far within, and then my watchers would finish him.

I spent more time than I could afford with the watchers, as I was interested in this chimpanzee. But we planned with vain things. He never came within ten feet of our pit. Once we spied him loping along his forest path. Within twelve feet he stopped short. Then he turned about and trotted away. Truly a sagacious chimpanzee.

After a week of waiting I was about ready to acknowledge defeat when I remembered a story told beside a night fire in a trading village by a drowsy Frenchman. A Swiss by the name of Penderson was said to have kept a pet chimpanzee tethered in his back yard at Freetown, on the coast. One day he was surprised to see a large ape trying to make friends with his little captive. It seemed the interloper was an outlaw driven into civilization by his loneliness for ape companionship. Once I had laughed at his story. But now, as I tossed sleeplessly, I wondered. And conceived a plan.

Next morning I tethered a young chimpanzee near the spot where, we believed, our outlaw came out of the woods. I set watchers in a hut within sight. And soon I found that idea, hatched in insomnia, as a last resort had succeeded where all the old methods failed. The same afternoon I had hardly laid down when my boy Hector stood over me. He pointed toward the peep hole cut in the mud side of our hut. I understood his gestures, which are always expressive in the moment when a coveted animal is yielding. I made for the peephole. What I beheld in the drone of the hot afternoon was epic in its elemental drama.

The old outlaw, a big chap, heavy haired and solemn faced, was stretching one arm out to our little captive, as his morose countenance expressed what to me seemed like an almost human tragedy. His attitude, his quiet gloom, his stark supplication were as if he were saying:

"Here we are, you and I. You are a captive on a chain. I am an outlaw scorned by all other chimpanzees. Come, let us comfort each other!"

The stern scientists of the textbooks may say that I am sentimentalizing. But I am merely trying to put the interpretation that appealed to me upon the acts of this murdering exile. As I watched I was fascinated. But at last reality brought me back. I stepped to the door. I raised my weapon. In two seconds the great chimpanzee had passed out of the land where villages are terrorized by such as he.

Battling bands of chimpanzees have always filled me with interest, but I have never once seen a band battle near enough to watch its minute happenings. I have heard such battling, more than once, and my boys have told me marvelous tales of such encounters.

The great males of one band, they say, fall upon the great males of another, while the females wait nearby quite passively. Though it is necessary to take all stories the natives tell with some skepticism, I still believe they have described the attitude of the females correctly. For the "weaker sex" among these great apes are never belligerent unless the young are concerned.

Ladies and leadership—these are the chief causes for which chimpanzees go to battle, as I suppose, these have been potent causes for battle between men since ever our race began. Leadership brings bands of apes to the fray. When it is a "lady" two contesting apes do battle together, while other members of the band go about their business in strict neutrality.

I can remember one terrific encounter I watched as I lay prone on my stomach looking into a leafy inclosure where a band of chimpanzees came regularly to nibble the "kratch kratch," or Christmas tree leaf, of which they are very fond. They were fairly evenly matched, these two males. Each was about five feet six, broad of shoulder, possessed of the most amazing pairs of long arms.

They fought with arms and claws and great jaws. Sometimes it was such a tangle of members that I could not tell to whom the battle was going. Along toward the end I could see they were fighting in a mist of blood, but fighting desperately still. At the beginning their cries had mingled in fierce rage. Sometimes these cries were quite treble, but as the fight thickened they became throaty.

Always they seemed to be baffled in the grand gesture. I knew very well what this was, from the boys' talk. Each was trying to wind his fierce arms about the other, to lift himself by this hold, and to tear the enemy apart with the cruel claws of his hind legs. So, also, does the leopard deal with his human enemy. But neither was successful, and still the fight went on. Finally, after many minutes, one was down. The victor stood upon his body, stamping up and down with flat-footed emphasis. Then Hector, my head boy, who had been crouching at my side, motioned for me to follow him through the underbrush. It was time to go—"Not good, massa; we be here when"——

Of course the chimpanzee battles in his family circle, as do most animals, but the battles are never of great moment. I have watched mother chimpanzees cuff their young. I have peeped upon tiny battles between little fellows fighting for the same green leaf or wild nut kernel. And, on the happier side, I have watched these little chaps, in their leafy retreats, press themselves upon the older members of the tribe, till these "took baby up."

There is nothing more nearly human among animals that what I might call the "domestic behavior" of the chimpanzees. Each band invariably has a leader. I have imagined he has been chosen at some conclave of apes, because his wisdom was most mature and his strength most protecting. Certainly it has always seemed to me that these old fellows felt the responsibility of their leadership, though I can think of one rather cowardly exception.

This happened once when I had laid a pit along a path where a certain band often passed. Though I had carefully strewn the top with leaves to make it appear as the other ground, the old leader was suspicious. He sent a weak little female ahead, to test out the ground. And when she fell into my trap, he right about wheeled and led his family in quite a different direction.

I could write a book about my experiences with chimpanzees, for each African voyage brings new adventures. Perhaps I might speak of Joe Mendez, whom I took at Cape Mount. He was a wild, scratching, spitting, fighting little brute when brought to camp. But I knew him on the spot for an unusual chimpanzee. The monkey who will bite is the monkey that learns tricks. So it is with chimpanzees.

I kept Joe Mendez without food for several days and then I approached him, eating a banana. Finally I smeared the banana on my bare forearm and held it out. He ate it off, not offering to bite me. So had hunger reduced him. It wasn't long before I let him out of his cage. Soon he did not need to be tethered. He merely dragged a rather heavy chain, to prevent distant explorations.

At the risk of seeming vanity, I must confess that Joe grew fond of me, as he showed those cool evenings in Cape Mount, when he took his courage in both hands and scrambled up upon my cot. Joe dearly loved to cover himself with a blanket, and soon the little rascal indicated that he preferred to have me to peel his pineapple rather than to prick his fingers by peeling it himself.

He quickly developed many of the tastes of civilization, including a marked liking for canned cherries. It did not take me two months to teach Joe to wear clothes. Some chimpanzees I have never been able to persuade into a regalia.

Five months after his capture Joe was the pet of my family at Camden, N.J. He could hammer a nail, when I commanded. He could shoulder a stick which I called "gun" and march like a soldier. After some coaxing I taught him to stand with one thumb in his waistcoat, in an oratorical pose. And he did this when I ordered: "Now, make your stand like William Jennings Bryan speaking against evolution." I finally sold him to some people in Dayton, who used him as a mascot at the famous opera-bouffe trial that happened there three years ago.

I do not claim that Joe understood the significance of his position at the famous litigation, but he plainly showed that he associated oratory with the chief exponent of fundamentalism.

Another extraordinarily able chimpanzee named James I sold to the Zoological Gardens at Chicago. Three years after we had said good-bye at Camden I visited the ape quarters. Suddenly there was a scurrying and a stampeding from a far corner of the park. Then an older James, now grown nearly to my shoulder, came rushing upon me, crying, "Go—Go—Go"—the chimpanzee cry of emotion. He thrust his arms about my neck. He lavished his love upon me. After three years!

You may keep your pet cat or bird or pony or rabbit or raccoon. You may even keep your pet dog. And I say this slowly, for I have loved more than one noble dog in my day. But when my African voyages are over and I settle down at home I will find me a teachable young chimpanzee for pet and companion. Of the animals I have handled they interest me most.

They may be our cousins, or again they may not be. But they are to me unquenchably fascinating. Whimsical, jocular, mysterious, morose—supplying antics for a merry hour and meditation when the hour of play is passed and an old animal man sits quietly, pondering the riddle of life.

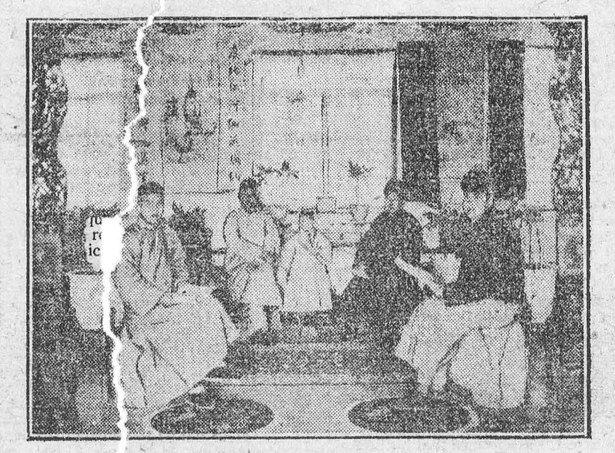
Young Canada at Washington



SON OF CANADA'S MINISTER

Lionel Massey shows the Washington children that horsemen and horses develope well north of the boundary line.

Oriental Business Methods



ARTISTIC SURROUNDINGS

The managers of a factory that has been turning out the same product, rugs, for 1,000 years. It is the largest rug factory in Pekin, China, where the designs and colors are wrought on looms that have changed little since the days of Confucius.

Radio Equipped Hotel Guests Tell Why They Tune-in

Coolidge Most Popular Radio Speaker, With Hoover Second —Only 124 Out of 2210 Enjoy Sermons —Jazz Is Not Favored

Radio taste of the traveling public varies greatly according to statistics gathered since March, 1925, among guests in the Robert Morris Hotel in Philadelphia, the rooms of which are radio equipped.

The method of securing this opinion is by placing a card in each room, to be filled out by the guest and on which preference may be expressed for any particular style of entertainment. This was done in order to make sure that the best selection from the various radio programs was being sent into the guest rooms. Out of 2,210 cards which expressed a preference it was found that 1,952 persons (or nearly 90 per cent.) preferred music. Of the various types of music the vocal selections were the most popular, and the most popular single vocal feature was the Atwater Kent concert on Sunday evening. Following vocal selections in popularity were the orchestral features in which the Gypsy String Ensemble and the Silvertown Orchestra led. Opera, symphony and classical music generally were third in the list, and jazz music proved to be the least enjoyable to patrons in the hotel. Only 239 out of 1,952 persons who preferred music enjoyed jazz, and almost as many people expressed a decided dislike to hearing jazz as there were those who preferred it. One hundred and twenty-four out of 2,210 enjoyed sermons and church music best of all, and 241 expressed a preference for the special features. Of these special features sports were most popular, divided almost equally between prize-fights, baseball and football.

Of the individuals who spoke on the air Coolidge led in popularity, with Hoover a close second. Expressed preference for varous instruments showed that the organ was the most popular single instrument, followed by the violin. The saxophone holds third place.

It is pointed out by the management that one of the greatest advantages to a hotel having radio in the rooms is that it makes the guest feel less lonely or, as expressed on the cards, it makes him feel "at home." It has been found that the radio is used more on rainy nights than on clear nights, and that the time when most people listen in is between 8 and 11 at night.

Novel Radio Installation

The Robert Morris has just completed a novel installation by which, for the first time, the guest has the selection of programs of three radio networks, the red chain in which WEAF is the primary station, the blue chain of WJZ and the Columbia chain of WOR. By this new installation the guest can select any one of the three programs at any hour of the day or night these stations are operated. In the original installation there was only a single pair of wires to each guest room. However, there was an arrangement by which any one of the three local programs could be put at the disposal of the guest. The main objection to this, from the standpoint of both the guest and the hotel, was that only one program could be sent through at one time, the hotel being forced to select from one of the three local stations that program which it believed would be acceptable to the majority of its patrons.

The radio control room is located on the top floor of the hotel, and the equipment is all controlled in the main office on the first floor by a system of distant control. The radio-receiving apparatus consists of four standard sets and one amplifier, all operated by socket-power equipment. All the hotel rooms are wired through the distribution panel, located in the control room. The equipment is supplied by three separate antennae which are connected to three of the four receivers. The fourth receiver is parallel with the third set and is cross-connected through relays in such a manner that either the third or fourth receiver may be thrown on to the house circuit by a control switch in the main office; In this way there are arranged two fixed programs, and the third program can be changed at will. Constant volume lepel throughout the entire house is maintained by the use of compensating and repeating coils. By grouping the jacks in the various rooms in parallel series it is also possible to maintain radio reception throughout the rest of the house ... uld any trouble develop in any particular room. The power equipment is balanced, and the charge rates are adjusted so that the equipment will run for months without the necessity of adding water to the main filament batteries.

Outside of the installation cost, there is practically no expense of operation, and it has been found a most satisfactory method of providing the hotel guest with entertainment in the privacy of his room.

Aden Water Supply Found by Airplane

Population of 40,000 and 1500 Ships Dependent Before on Distilled Sea Water

Bombay.—Information has been received from Aden, the Arabian port under the jurisdiction of the Bombay Government, that an artesian supply of fresh water has been obtained at Sheik Othman, from a depth of 1600 feet. With pumping, the supply is expected to reach 100,000 gallons a day.

The importance of this discovery will perhaps be realized from the fact that the population of Aden, numbering some 40,000, have had to depend for their water upon the costly process of condensing sea water, which has also to supply the needs of the 1500 vessels which enter the port annually, for Aden is the only port at which ships call for water between the Suez Canal and Indian and Ceylon.

The Government of Bombay, at the requqeqstq of the Aden authorities, had sent the engineer in charge of boring works to Aden to find out the possibilities of obtaining water by artesian supplies. He went by airplane to the hills lying 30 miles to the north of Aden, where a river discharging at least 20,000,000 gallons daily flows through the hils on a rocky bed, and disappears into the desert nearly 1000 feet above sea-level, not being seen again on the surface.



NEW ATTACHMENTS

"Has he any new attachments on his car?"

"Yes; almost as many as he has debts."

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a shiny new coupe.

In balancing up the books for 1927, one should not overlook placing credit where credit is due.

S'MATTER POP—By Payne



Royal Bank Annual Meeting

The annual General Meeting of shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada marked the close of the most successful year in the history of the Bank.

Sir Herbert Holt, President, in his address, dealt more particularly with general conditions throughout the country, but touched on many developments of great importance, more especially from the standpoint of trade and industry.

C. E. Neill, General Manager, reviewed the growth of the Bank to the foremost position it now occupies and gave to the shareholders an interesting insight into the part the bank is playing in all centres in which it is now doing business.

Outlook Favorable.

Sir Herbert referred to the year's developments in industry, trade and finance as generally satisfactory. The foundation for the development which has taken place is sound. Sir Herbert declared that as yet there are no indications of industrial and commercial inflation. Production is not expanding to a point unwarranted by growth and demand and it is a noteworthy fact that the whole expansion has taken place during a period characterized by moderately declining prices. On the whole the financial situation in agriculture, industry and commerce is more settled than at the beginning of the period. Summing up the business situation, Sir Herbert stated that the "outlook was never more favorable for prolonged prosperity in Canada."

Necessity For Curbing Unwise Speculation.

In commenting on the annual statement, Mr. Neill referred at length to the importance of call loans, which represent loans against stock exchange collateral, not only of the Royal Bank, but of all banks. He pointed out that this was indicative of three things:

"1. Increase in the number of securities available to investors.

"2. Increase in the market value of securities.

"3. Increase in speculation.

"In a growing country the development of its resources produces new securities. Prosperous times result in the enhancement in value of securities and for these reasons it is clear that the two first mentioned causes for the increase in Call Loans are at least to some extent justified. As to the third, it is obvious that speculation has reached a dangerous stage. The best-informed financial and brokerage firms are already operating on an unusually conservative basis by calling for increased margins, by declining to open new accounts and by restricting the liability of their customers to reasonable amounts. In times of excessive speculation, the lure of easy profits cannot be denied, but speculation can be checked and held within reasonable bounds by the financial interests, particularly the banks, and bond and brokerage houses."

American Women Gives Church 32-Carat Diamond

York, England.—A 32-carat diamond, the gift of an American woman, now studs a golden chalice of York Minster, the cathedral which has celebrated the thirteen hundredth anniversary of its founding.

The donor is Mrs. Lily Forepaugh, of Brewster, N.Y., a former Yorkshire woman. Mrs. Forepaugh visited England last summer and made arrangements for the presentation of the jewel.

Canon C. C. Bell showed Mrs. Forepaugh the various ornaments of the Minster, especially the chalices, but Mrs. Forepaugh was unable to find any which seemed suitable to enshrine the diamond. She then arranged to have a chalice and paten made at her own expense, the chalice to contain the diamond. Mrs. Forepaugh said the jewel had formed part o fa brooch which had been given to her as a wedding present by her husband.

From Rab and His Friends

"Who made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, "God made me that length," indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a newborn infant; "and I growed the rest mysel'."

—This story was current in Scotland long before Topsy "Spects I growed."

The BABY



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

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

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

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

OWL-LAFFS



Little Boy (on the beach)—"Mummy, I want to go deep into the sea."

Mother—"My dear, you cannot."

Little Boy—"But, Mummy, daddy does."

Mother—"Yes, but you see his life is insured."

Marshall (on phone)—"Yes, this is the fire department. Do you want to report a fire?"

New Bride—"Oh, no, I just want to order coal for the winter."

Seven Stages of Matrimony.

Patrimony
Ceremony
Parsimony
Inharmony
Acrimony
Alimony
Out o' money

A friend of mine was discussing his roommate the other day. He said: "Fred is one of those fellows who would hold the lamp while his mother chopped the wood."

Nothing can take the place of common sense.

"O mother, guess what! I just saw a lady with great long hair gathered up in a bump on top of her head and held there with pieces of bent wire."

He kissed Helen,
Hell ensued.
He left Helen,
Helen sued.

"The cat was making an awful noise last night."

"Yes, ever since she ate the canary she thinks she can sing."

It is said a diamond will turn green when exposed to the rays of radium. We have never tried the experiment, for two reasons: One is that we have no diamond, the other that we lack the radium.

He—"I saw an attractive selection of garters on the street to-day."

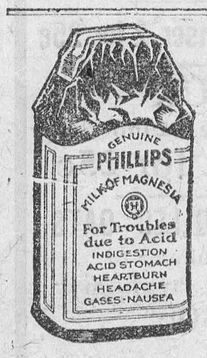
She—"Where on the street?"

"Just above the knee."

Man, who always used to like to head the procession, now since the era of short skirts seems to want to lag behind.

Teacher—"Robert, here is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to the creek to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go into the water. Now, can you inform me how many went in?"

Robert—"Yes'm, seven."



When Food Sours

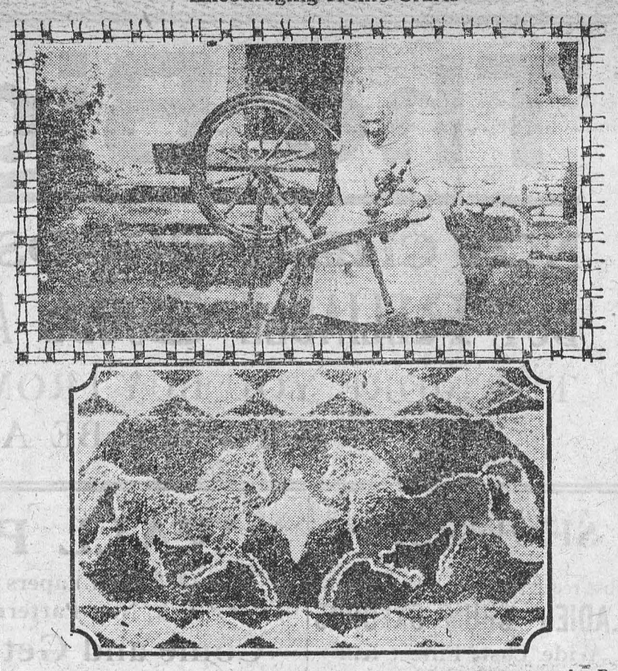
About two hours after eating many people suffer from sour stomachs. They call it indigestion. It means that the stomach nerves have been over-stimulated. There is excess acid. The way to correct it is with an alkali, which neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

The right way is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—just a tasteless dose in watetr. It is pleasant, efficient and harmless. It has remained the standard with physicians in the 50 years since its invention.

It is the quick method. Results come almost instantly. It is the approved method. You will never use another when you know.

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

Encouraging Home Crafts



One extraordinary result of the immense tourist traffic to Canada, especially in the eastern section, is the revival of home industries which in some cases have not been practised to any great extent for many years. So much so, that visitors to Quebec Province have been afforded the privilege of seeing rug-weaving, which is again flourishing after many years of disuse.

Tourists naturally desire to take home with them something of unique design or individual charm which cannot be obtained at home. They also look for something which had an attachment to and is representative of the country they have toured. Rugs especially are much appreciated, and in scores of homes, nimble fingers are executing the designs of fifty to a hundred years ago, while there is great rivalry in the creation of new and artistic patterns representative of the country and atmosphere in which the workers live.

The revival of an old industry is due in part to the festivals promoted by th Canadian Pacific Railway, where exhibitions of this art are shown and greatly appreciated by interested spectators. Another festival of this kind will ge given soon in Quebec, while others will be held in Banff and Vancouver.

FOUND A HEALTH BUILDING TONIC

A Nova Scotia Lady Was in an Anaemic Condition.

Men and women who do not sleep well and are not refreshed and strengthened by a night's rest, are generally suffering from thin, watery blood. The nerves fail to get the nourishment they demand and headaches and a worn-out feeling is the result. Building up the blood is the one sure step to renewed health and strength, and for this purpose nothing else can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From first dose to last they enrich and purify the blood, and in this way promote better appetite, better rest at night, and renewed strength.

Mrs. Mary E. Uhlman, Williamstown, N.S., writes:—"I have received so much benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that I would feel myself ungrateful if I did not let you know.

"I was in a very bad state of health and reached the stage where I had to remain in bed. A doctor was called in and he told me I had no organic trouble, but was simply run down from overwoork. I had been left with a family to support, which I did by dressmaking. The doctor said my blood had almost turned to water, and advised a rest cure. I did not see how it was possible for me to take a very long rest, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Soon I found my strength returning and before very long I was able to go about my duties as usual again. This was a few years ago, and my health remained good until about a year ago, when I broke out with humor of the blood. Again I consulted the doctor, who said my blood had become so thin that it had really poisoned itself. I told him I had bought several boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he told me to go on taking them as he thought they were just what I needed. I took eight boxes and again was in good health. I can therefore recommend these pills to all in a weak or run-down condition."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. Try them to-day.

Rhodesia Ruins Hold Secrets of Ancient Races

Fear of Diseases Retards Explorations to Uncover Lost Cities of Africa; Relics Arouse Interest

Cape Town—Africa is still a mysterious continent, but glimpses of the romantic past are always being revealed to explorers. The recent discovery of an ancient city in the tropical bush at Gedi, near Mombasa, is one of many fascinating finds.

These relics of lost civilizations must make the archaeologist feel that he is on the edge of incredible wonders. Year after year the misty legends of primitive natives are taking shape as new links with the ancients come to light. Desert, jungle and bush are bush are giving up their secrets.

Fever, sleeping sickness, dozens of African diseases make research work dangerous in many remote corners of the continent. That is why so little exploration has been carried out in Rhodesia, a land rich in traces of the ancients, probably the fabled Land of Ophir. Beyond a certain amount of work at the famous Zimbabwe ruins, practically nothing has been done to uncover lost cities that are known to be awaiting the spade of the explorer.

Terraced Walls on Mountainside

At Inyanga, in southern Rhodesia, there are miles of terraced walls along the slopes of a mountain range. No organized party of scientists has investigated the strange finds which have been made there. An urn containing bangles was dug up by a farmer not long ago, and experts agreed that they were thousands of years old. The bangles were of pure copper and had evidently been made by craftsmen who understood the art of refining minerals.

Zimbabwe has absorbed the interest of excavators, and other ancient cities in the Rhodesian bush have been left alone. There is a forgotten city to the north of the Zambesi much greater than Zimbabwe, with walls and brick towers and slave dungeons hewn out of the solid rock. It has been visited, but that is all. Yet this lost city may contain the key to the mysery of the old, unknown gold workers of Rhodesia, for many of the buildings strongly resemble the architecture of South Arabia.

Old Portuguese settlements are often rediscovered in the palm forests of East Africa. Jesuit priests sailed out of Lisbon bound for Africa as early as the sixteenth century. In the cellar of one of these medieval missions interesting relics were found a few years ago—a priest's private seal, silver plate, a molten silver cross, gold chain and bronze breech-loading cannon bearing the Portuguese royal coat of arms.

Relics Linked to Phoenicians

Wave after wave of invaders swept southward into Rhodesia or voyaged perilously from the east in tiny dhows to the African coast. Persian pottery and Nanking china have been found in some of the ruins, and there are many relics which are supposed to be the work of the Phoenicians.

In the Kalahari Desert of Bechuanaland live a brown people called the Makalakas, Professor E. H. L. Schwarz, the well known South African scientist, thinks they are the descendants of Malays who colonized Madagascar 2,000 years ago, sailed on to the mainland and built towns near the lakes of Bechuanaland. Makalaka means people of the sun, and their arts are certainly the arts of the East. Their towns offer a splendid field of research. Until Professor Schwarz visited them a year or so ago the existence of this remote tribe was hardly known to any one.

Minard's Liniment for asthma.



NOT THIS LITTLE GIRL

"I trust that you're not a drinking girl like so many of our younger set of today."

"Nosiree! Not me! I'm cuttin' out the old demon for the New Year."

Prepare for an emergency and nine times out of ten you won't have to meet it.

Minard's Liniment relieves pain.

A sergeant-major, relating his experiences in the Great War, told the company in the mess-room that on several nights the temperature was down to zero. "That nothing!" remarked a sergeant. "What's nothing?" said the sergeant-major, evidently angered. "Zero!" was the sergeant's quiet answer.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Compulsory Marriage at Early Age Favored

London—"If I were dictator of this country every girl should be married at eighteen and every man at twenty-one—if necessary, by compulsion," declared "Tay Pay" O'Connor, M.P., recently. Mr. O'Connor also advocated "Votes for Flappers," as he said the average woman of twenty-one had twice the sense of a man of the same age; but he didn't indicate whether it was for this alleged disparity in intelligence that he advocated early marriages.

GREAT PRAISE FOR BABY'S OWN TABLETS

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. has received the following letter from Mrs. Griffith, of 21 Merchison Ave., East Hamilton, Ont., concerning her experience with Baby's Own Tablets:

Dear Sirs,—I wish to thank you for the handy little booklet you sent me on the Care of Children. My baby boy was six weeks old when I first used Baby's Own Tablets, being new to Canada, but since the first proof of their many uses in bringing up a family, I have never been without them, for they are worth their weight in gold. There is no trouble in getting the little ones to take them and they often prevent an illness if taken in time. My first baby is now, at the age of four and a half years, a picture of health, and my nine-months-old baby is also well and happy. They are both a real good sample of what Baby's Own Tablets can do, for I have never yet needed a doctor for either of them."

The booklet to which Mrs. Griffith refers is entitled "Care of the Baby," and treats with what a mother ought to know for baby's sake. A copy of the booklet will be sent free to anyone requesting same from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



"When cremation becomes more popular probably a dust pan will replace the skeleton in the closet."

There is a great difference in men. Some are well to do, and others are hard to do.

Mining Investors

Intrinsic values govern market prices eventually. We shall be glad to analyze your holdings from that angle without obligation.

LYLE, BELL & CO.

Stock Brokers, Mail Bldg., Toronto

ELgin 2136-7 Write, Wire or Phone

Assisted Passages for British Subjects

If you give us their names, your relatives and friends may obtain the low ocean rate of £2, reduced railroad fares, and FREE transportation for children under 17, providing they are placed in farm or domestic employment.

Ask at once for details of the British Nomination Scheme from any of our offices or agents

CANADIAN SERVICE
Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson LINES

HALIFAX, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, CALGARY, EDMONTON, MONTREAL, SASKATOON, QUEBEC, SAINT JOHN

Buy Trees Direct

We grow our own nursery stock and sell direct to you—no salesmen, no agents, no costly commissions that you have to pay for. Our sales plan saves money—you can buy your plantings direct from us and save up to 50%. Nothing but high grade, No. 1 stock, of proved standard varieties suited to Canadian conditions. All stock guaranteed true-to-name.

Grow Your Own Fruit

Plant fruit trees and berries this Spring—before you know it they will be producing delicious crops for table use and canning.

Beautify Your Home

Trees and shrubs add value and improve appearance yet cost but little. Get details of our special low price collections. Write for catalog today—it's FREE.

UNION NURSERIES, Box G Fonthill, Ontario

Sore Back

Drive away the pain by massage with Minard's.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The Orange Pekoe, at a little extra cost, is extra good

In clean, bright Aluminum

16

8-Hour Day for Horses Asked by French League

Paris—An eight-hour day and one day off a week for horses is the starting point of an animals' Magna Charta.

The French League for the Protection of Animals hopes eventually to get the League of Nations to sanction these proposed rights of dumb animals.

Dr. E. G. See, head of the protective society, is actively seeking support for his plan. His proposal is that a number of laws applicable to the labor of man be applied by the government to the four-footed beasts which are protected now only against extreme physical abuse.

The eight-hour law, he says, and the six-day week, are needed as badly by horses as by man. The difference is that the horse has no vote and he doesn't go on strike for better working conditions and more pay. He works for his board and sometimes doesn't get it.

Solicitor (at County Court)—"What are your husband's assets?" Wife—"All I know of is an unpaid motor car."

Woodsmen—Keep Minard's handy.

Mistress—"Why don't you light the fire?" Maid—"Because there's no coal." Mistress—"Why didn't you let me know before?" Maid—"Because we had some before."

Save LABOR

during the spring rush when time is at a premium. Because D W Fertilizer is double strength, you save in bags, freight, teaming, and spreading

DW FERTILIZER

Double Worth

Because one Ton D W 8-16-8 = two Tons 4-8-4.

D. W. GUNN, LTD.
200 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Edge-Holding Saws
Fast Easy-Cutting
SIMONDS SAWS
Guaranteed because made from our own steel
SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LTD.
MONTREAL
VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.
TORONTO

ASTHMA STANDARD REMEDY

For 58 years Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound has successfully and quickly relieved the distressing paroxysms of Asthma. Two sizes $1.50 and 35c, also cigarettes (box of 24 60c), at your druggist or sent direct post paid for cash. FREE TRIAL box of 6 cigarettes with treatise on causes and treatment of Asthma, etc., sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO.,
Dept. 22, Rupert Vt., U.S.A.
Distr. for Can., Lyman's Ltd., 344 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

Haggerston Wife — "My husband does not mind what people call him, but I come of a good stock and do.

"Tell me this." "Well?" "Has anybody ever successfully fought the high cost of living?" "A religious sect called the Doukhobors have, but every time they start out to show the world it can be done they get arrested for not wearing any clothes."

Minard's Liniment for sick animals.

Classified Advertisements

POULTRY

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

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

WE SELL AND TRADE PROPERTY anywhere in Canada. Sterling Exchange Co., Box 94, Galt, Ont.

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

BE AN AUCTIONEER. EARN FROM $25 to $100 per day. Send for large illustrated catalogue; also how to receive Home Study Course free of charge. Address: Reppert's Auction School and Business College, Box 119, Decatur, Indiana.

for Coughs and Colds

A Pleasant Sip—Instant Relief

There is an effective way to pleasantly relieve that distressing Cough. Buckley's Mixture is delightful and "friendly". Yet it acts like a flash in clearing the throat and chest. One dose stops coughing—and there are 40 doses in a 75-cent bottle! All druggists sell it under a money-back guarantee.

W. K. Buckley, Limited, 142 Mutual St., Toronto 2

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
Acts like a flash—
a single sip proves it.

TO WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Wilson's Experience a Guide to Women Passing through the Change of Life



Hamilton, Ontario.—"I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot speak too highly of it as I was at the Change of Life and was all run-down and had no appetite. I was very weak and sick, and the pains in my back were so bad I couldhardlymove. I got very sad at times and thought I had not a friend on earth. I did not care if I lived or died. I was very nervous, too, and did not go out very much. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I did. I am a farmer's wife, and always worked hard until lately, and was in bed for two months. I began to feel like a new woman after the first bottle and I recommend it with great success, also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about your medicines, as I cannot speak too highly of them."—Mrs. Emma Wilson, 471 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

Sold by druggists everywhere. C



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

Physicians prescribe Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

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

The Winchester Press.

Thursday, Feb. 16th, 1928

The United Church

(Contributed)

Rev. J. A. Waddell talked to the Juniors in the morning on Jacob the Supplanter, drawing from his story, this fact: "Be sure your sin will find you out." From II Cor. 9: 7, he preached a great sermon on the stewardship of money, which is not a popular theme, but yet it is one that need no apology about mentioning. Jesus emphasized generous, systematic, pure-minded giving so how can we plead exemption. How much greater are our privileges today than those of the Jew? We have not grasped the right idea of stewardship. We are only trustees of what we have. Many of the benefits and blessings of tithing were shown. If we lay by for God as He has prospered us, taking Him as our partner, He will richly bless us.

The old selection, "Come Thou Fount," was splendidly given by the choir in the morning, leading parts being taken by Mesdames Steele and Wallace. The rendition of "Now The Day is Over" was also enjoyed in the evening when Mr. David Rodney took the solo part in good form. The pastor's text was II Tim. 4: 11 He said Mark had a splendid start in life and coming from a good home, was influenced by the atmosphere around him. A call comes to every young man and woman to give themselves to the building up of Christian life wherever they are. Mark started well but at a certain point he quit It is a tragic thing for a fellow to fall below the ideals he has set for himself. Keep your ideals high at any cost and you will be respected infinitely more than if you lower them. The pastor urged the young to set before themselves the ideal life of Jesus, and if we fail to live up to those ideals to trp again

To the Shareholders Winchester Rink Co., Ltd.

As the annual meeting of the Rink Co. does not take place until May, your Board of Directors at a recent meeting decided to publish the following statement re the financial affairs of the Company.

Cost of construction to date	$13500 00
Probable cost to complete	500 00
Total	14000 00
Stock sold	11089 00
Village grant	500 00
Total	11590 00
Deficit on construction acc't	2410 00
Income to date (skating & hockey)	1700 00
Expenditure to date re same	700 00
Profit to date	$1000 00

Your Board is of the opinion that the profits for the season will be from $200 to $400 greater than the above sum.

Your Board has decided to offer for sale $2500 stock to cover deficit on construction account and to apply a large share of the season's profits towards the payment of dividends.

Provided this additional stock be sold the Board of Directors will be able to declare a dividend of not less than 5% and not more than 7% to all fully paid up shareholders as of April 2, 1928. A distribution of 7% would require approximately $950 of the present season's profits. If this stock be not sold it is apparent that no dividends will be paid for two years as it will take this length of time to make up the deficit on construction account.

Shareholders, who are in arrears of stock payment on April 2, 1928, will not participate in this distribution of dividends. Certificates are now being distributed to fully paid up shareholders. Certificates may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Winchester Rink was not built to produce dividends. It was erected to provide wholesome recreation for the community at reasonable cost. Your Directors believe that these objects have been attained and that due to the splendid support of the village and rural communities, dividends to stockholders are possible.

Place your applications for shares, each of $10 par value, with the officers of the Company or at the ticket office any evening. Your certificate will be issued promptly.

N. W. Beach, Sec.; J. L. Dixon, Treas.; T. O. Keyes, Vice Pres.; D. H. Weir, Pres.

Mellon—Haggerty

A very quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr and Mrs. Austin Haggerty, Toys Hill, on Wednesday, Feb. 8th, when the Rev A. F. Fokes, of Brinstons, united in holy wedlock Lauretta May, their eldest daughter and Alex Mellon, son of Mrs. Margaret and the late William Mellon of Hulbert. The bride, who was unattended, was given in marriage by her father and wore her wedding dress of Havana Rose georgette with a front panel of a lighter shade embroidered in gold. Immediately after the wedding supper the newlyweds left on the midnight train for a ten days trip to Detroit and other western points, the bride travelling tn a sand crepe-de chene dress. a Rosevale colored coat of Kashana Suede trimmed with mink mandel fur and a close fitting Appliqued hat in harmonizing colors. Although the wedding was a quiet one about twenty-five friends and neighbors drove to Winchester Station, well supplied with rice and confetti and to wish them bon-vovage. On their return they will reside at Hulbert where the groom is a highly respected and prosperous farmer.

Presentation at W. Springs

At a meeting of the W. M. S., held at the home of Mrs. Robt. Kirkwood, Winchester Springs, the following address was read by the President to Mrs. Earl Johnston, who is shortly leaving for her new home near Iroquois.

Dear Mrs. Johnston,—

It is with much regret we learn of your intended departure from our midst, and we, as members of the W. M. S., wish to express our appreciation of the splendid work you have done as our Glad Tiding's Secretary and also as Treasurer of our Society. You have always showed a keen interest in everything concerning the well-being and advancement of our society, and have ever been ready to lend a helping hand.

It has often been said that virtue is its own reward, and that the consciousness of a duty well done is satisfaction enough. Yet we, of this society, feel that that is not enough and we would be ungrateful did we not express in some tangible form, our gratitude for the willing service rendred We ask you to accept this gift as a slight token of the esteem and love we have for you, and trust you may long be spared to continue the good work in the Master's Vineyard.

We shall miss you very much in our Church, Sunday School and W. M. S., but we wish you and Mr. Johnston every happiness and success in your new home. May all that is highest and best be yours, may the constant presence of God, still enrich your life, so that it may continue to radiate the same hope, joy and confidence which have ever inspired our Society to better living.

Signed on behalf of the W. M. S.

Mrs. P. R. Walker, Pres.

Burritt's Rapids Barber Killed In Row

Quarrelling over who left a gate open and allowing cattle out of a yard, a man named Joseph Auger aged 52 yrs., barber, was shot by a man named W. H. Percival aged 76 years. This occurred on Sunday afternoon at Burritt's Rapids. The particulars are as follows:

Francis Joseph Auger was shot in the head with a 22 caliber revolver following a quarrel. His condition is quite serious, but the attending physician says he has good chances of secovery. Walter Henry Percival, who is alleged to have done the shooting, gave himself up to the police.

It is alleged that there had been bad feeling between the two men for some time, which came to a head Sunday afternoon following an argument over a gate having been left open so that cattle, which were in the yard, wandered out onto the road. The injured man is at his home under the care of Dr. Walker, of Merrickville, and was later removed to the hospital at Smiths Falls.

Mr. Auger, it is alleged, seized Mr. Percival by the coat and threw him violently to the ground and was about to bite his face when Mr. Percival fired one shot. Another shot was fired, which struck Mr. Auger just above the left eye and lodged in his head.

Mrs. Auger, who witnessed the affair, helped her husband into the house, where he collapsed. Dr. Walker, of Merrickville was summoned. Mr. Auger sank into a state of unconsciousees shortly afterwards

Mr. Fred Coyea, who lives on the other side of the street, ran accross to intervene, but his arrival was too late.

Mr. Percival, following the shooting entered the house dressed and went to to Kemptville and gave himself up to the authorities. Here he was placed under arrest by Constable G. Ault and will be held until tomorrow when a charge will be laid against him.

According to Witnesses, Mr. Auger went out into the yard, which is entered only by the street, to bring in some wood and left the gate open and the cattle were going out on the street. Mr. Percival, it is alleged, went out to stop them. Words between the two men followed. Mr. Percival, it is stated closed the gate and dared Auger to open it. Auger is said to have seized a small stick of wood, thrown it at Perciva and struck him on the head. Mr. Percival, according to witnesses, went into his home and returned with a gun. Mr. Auger again attacked and struck him full on the head, which dazed him.

Mr. Auger, a man of 52 yeers, moved to Burritt's Rapids a few years ago and conducted a barber shop there during the winter months, aad in the summer time at Deeks, a few miles distant.

Mr. W. H. Percival, an old resident of the community, was born three miles east of the village 76 years ago. He was a retired farmer, and left the farm last spring and moved to the village. Considerable trouble arose between the two men in Oetober and in November Mr. Auger was bound over to nine months to keep the peace.

F. J. Auger, shot in the neck, it is alleged, by W. H. Percival, following a quarrel at Burritt's Rapids, died in the Public Hospital Smiths Falls, Tuesday night, at ten o'clock without regaining consciousness.

The body was removed to Burritt's Rapids on Wednesday and an inquest will be opened some time during the day. In the meantime, according to Crown Attorney M. M. Brown, the alleged slayer, Percival, will be arraigned on a charge of manslaughter and a preliminary hearing will take place as soon as possible.

F. J. Auger at one time conducted a barber shop at Hallville. He moved from there to Montreal, and afterwards to Burritt's Rapids.

Angry Bull Gores Youth

Arthur Bush. a ward of the Salvation Army, working for James Knapp, Merrickville, was seriously injured when gored by an infuriated bull. Bush was leading the bull to water when it became unmanageable. Before he could protect himself, the animal had gored his body, severely lacerating the stomach muscles. Doctor Walker dressed the wounds and had the youth sent to Smiths Falls Public Hospital, where he is in a critical condition.

The force was out to lunch—leaving the book-keeper alone in the store. A handsome young chap strode in. "Do you keep automobile accessories here?" he asked.

The little book-keeper smiled her sweetest. "Only me," she replied.

Stewart Ford, D.C. Ph.T.D.
Chiropractor
Victoria St., Morrisburg.
Electronic Reactions of Abram's.
Consultation Free
Iridiognos Dietetics Urinanalysis

NOTICE OF DIVORCE

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

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

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



Used after the Bath
Dr. Chase's OINTMENT
Relieves Chafing and All Skin Irritations

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Ottawa, Ontario
No school in Eastern Ontario offers a better training, or ensures a more successful future. It leads all others, and ranks among the employers as "The School of Higher Efficiency," a fact borne out by 580 pupils who have since January, 1913, left Ottawa Schools to come to Henry's
It is not surprising then that business men, in advertising for stenographers, specially say. Graduates of Henry's Shorthand School preferred. Write for particulars about our course.
D. E. HENRY, Director.
196 Sparks Street

CANADIAN PACIFIC
TIME TABLE

Westbound—To Smiths Falls and West.
No. 23—12.33 a.m. daily except Sunday, flag for passengers to and beyond Sharbot Lake—Stop for passengers from Montreal.
No. 35—9 52 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 29—7.33 p.m. daily except Sunday.
Eastbound—To Montreal
No 24—5.27 a.m. daily except Sunday flag for passengers to Montreal, stop for passengers from Sharbot Lake and points beyond.
No. 30—8.40 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 36—5.27 p.m. daily except Sunday.
For particulars and Tickets apply to
T. W. BOYES. Agent.

W. BARNARD, Jeweller
Nesbitt Block, Winchester
All kinds of Watch, Clock, Jewellery and Spectacle Repairs.
Work Guaranteed.
Prompt Service.
Your Patronage Solicited.

Nursing
Mrs. Mary D. eks, nurse, of Piety Hill is open for engagements for maternity cases and all other general nursing, and will go any distance in the country.
Phone 124, Winchester.

Nurse Susie Dixon
Will take maternity cases in this home also general nursing. Apply at home of Mr. D. Levere, phone 118. Church St., Winchester.

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

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

Ross Morrow
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Dundas, Stormont Glengarry, Carleton and Russel
Sales of all kinds handled.
Phone 603 r 31
Winchester Springs, Ont.

Zutoo Tablets
Do Three Things
—stop Headache in 20 minutes
—break up a Cold over night
—stop Monthly pains of women.
There is one thing they will not do—they won't hurt you.

The Big Store

NOT CHEAP GOODS AT A HIGH PRICE BUT RELIABLE GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICE!

THE MORE YOU BUY FROM US THE BETTER PRICE WE WILL BE ABLE TO GIVE.

SHOE DEPT.
Just received a new shipment of
LADIES' CHUM OXFORDS
Wide Last, Finest Kid and Calf
$5.00 to $5.50
Chums always give Extra Wear

Ladies' Black Kid Oxfords
Cushion Sole, Low Heel, A Comfortable House Shoe
$3.00 pair

Ladies' Black Pat. Oxfords
Wide Model, Low Heel with Rubber Lift.
$2.25 pair

Ladies' Black Kid Oxfords
In Large Sizes, Cushion Sole, Medium Heel with Rubber Lift
$3.50 pair

Ladies' Tan Side Ties
A Beautiful Shoe
Cuban Heel, Medium Width
$4.50 pair.

NEW GOODS
Kiddies' Patent 1 Strap Slippers
In Brown or Black, made with soft soles. Sizes 0 to 3
60c pair

WALL PAPERS
The 1928 Wall Papers are Distinctly Different
Better Stock, New Patterns and Lower Prices.
Come and Get First Choice

COTTONS
36 in. BLEACHED COTTON, smooth, even thread and good weight 18c yard.
36 in. UNBLEACHED COTTON, Close Weave and a cloth that will give satisfaction 20c yard.

SHEETING
72 in. Heavy Unbleached 50c yd., 84 in. 60c yd.
80 in. Plain Bleached Sheeting 60c yd.

Circular Pillow Cotton
40 in. wide 40c yd. 42 in. wide 45c yd.
One Piece Circular Pillow Cotton
44 in. wide to clear at 40c yd.

FLOOR COVERINGS
We have the sample cards from the Linoleum People, of all the New Patterns for 1928. We do not carry all the sizes in stock but will procure anything desired on short notice and without extra charge. Ask to see the New Patterns and get the New Prices.

A BUSHEL BASKET FULL OF
Odd Pairs of Boots and Shoes
Chums and Williams Make for Boys, Girls and Women. Values from $3.00 to $6.50
Your Choice $1.98

Men's Silk Socks
One lot of Men's Silk and Lisle Fancy Socks, Mill Samples, to be cleared at
50c pair.

Men's Heavy Pure Wool
English Made Socks
50c pair.

Men's Extra Large
Blue Chambray Shirts
$1.00 each

Men's Large Size
Pin Check Shirts
Good Weight
$1.25

White Honey Comb
Bed Spreads
74 x 84 in.
$2.00 each

"WENDY"
The New Wash Dress Goods 70c yd.
"GUARANTEE" We will replace any garment made of Genuine "Wendy" if it fades

We are showing the New Choice Patterns of PRINTED CREPE. Come early and have First Choice

SPECIAL
Farmer's Friend
HAND SAWS
26 in. for $1.29

Manure Forks
First Quality 4 tine $1.50
5 tine $1.75, 6 tine $1.75
Second Quality 4 tine $1.25
5 tine $1.40

HAY KNIVES $1.50 each.

5 Tine D Handle
BARN FORKS
Strapped Ferrull $2.40

8 Tine
Ensilage Forks
$3.00 each

CURRY COMBS
20c to 25c
HORSE BRUSHES
25c to 50c

Extra Quality
Trace Chains
7 ft. long $1.50 pr.

ROPE HALTER SHANKS
25c, 35c, 40c

OUR BEST
Stable Shovel
with patent D handle and extra Heavy Blade.
Only 90c

MENS' & BOYS' MITTS
In spite of the Sharp Advance in all kinds of leather we are still selling our entire range of Mitts and Gloves at the old 1927 prices.

HEAVY BLUE DENIM
OVERALLS $1.50 per pair
Though the market price is higher our old contract enables us to offer them at the same old price.
BUY NOW and BUY ALL YOU NEED for the Summer Months.

HIGHEST GRADE LAMP OIL
British American "LAMPOLENE."
28c per gal. 5 gals. for $1.35
Best for Lamp. Best for Stove.
Best for Incubators.

GENUINE O'CEDAR DUSTLESS MOPS
Large Round or Triangular $2.00
25c bottle O'Cedar Oil given FREE with each mop this month.

Here is Where our Heavy Buying means a Real Saving to you.
"SABADILLA" Louse Powder
PURE AND FRESH 45c lb.

WE EXPECT TO HAVE OUR NEW PRICES ON
"SILVERTOWN" CORD TIRES
In a Few Days. Don't Buy Your Tires until you get our prices.

"LION"
READY CUT MACARONI
2 boxes 25c

Ottawa Valley Creamery
BUTTER Today 44c

12 oz. Pail
PEANUT BUTTER 18c

For One Week Only just to prove to you that CROSSE & BLACKWELLS Selected Sockeye SALMON is the Best on the market, we are offering the Regular 50c can for
46c

Regular 50c
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
For 39c

Quaker Corn Flakes 11c

HEINZ Cream of
Tomato Soup
Small Cans 2 for 25c
Large Cans 15c

Old D. Cleanser 2 for 25c

"LUX"
For all Fine Laundering
2 pkgs. for 25c

PURITY ROLLED OATS
Fine Flake 55 oz.
Without Premium
30c

SPECIAL
ELECTRIC LAMPS
20, 40 and 60 Watt
Clear
5 for 98c

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

KOW-KURE
Small Can 65c
Large Can $1.15

BAG BALM
60c per can.

Incubator Bargains
Slightly Used and Second Hand Incubators For Sale at Bargain Prices.
We also sell the New Miller Oil or Electrics in sizes from 85 to 1800 eggs.
BROODERS & EQUIPMENT—We handle and recommend the Miller and Royal Brooders, either oil, electric or coal burning. See our new Sunshine Brooder before building—it's better and will save you money. We use and thoroughly try out on our own farm every article we offer to the public.
BABY CHICKS—We can take orders for a few thousand early chicks as yet, in either Rocks or Leghorns at April—$20 per 100. $95 per 500. $180 per 1000. May $18 per 100. $85 per 500. $160 per 1000
Full line of Poultry Feeds, Laying Mash, Grit, Shell, etc. always on hand.
With the exception of Incubators we do a Strictly Cash Business.
Berryholm Poultry Farm
D. L. Berry, Prop., Phone 28 r 21, South Mountain

Hallville

Mr. Hubert Bush accompanied by his friend Miss Hazel Wylie spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. P. O'grady of Ottawa, spent a few days last week with his sister Mrs. James Troy.

Mrs. D. Beggs and daughter Marjorie, of Mountain, spent last week at the home of Mr. Robt. Beggs.

Mr. Lloyd Bell spent the week-end at his home in North Gower.

Mr. Abe Weiner and family, spent Sunday in Winchester.

Mr. J. C. Tinkess spent Monday and Tuesday of this week attending the Ottawa and Montreal Conference held in Ottawa.

Miss Marion Bush is at present visiting with friends at Brinstons.

Miss Addie Kerr returned home after spending the past week with friends in South Gower.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scarlet called on friends at VanCamps one day last week.

Miss Flossie Tinkess spent Tuesday in Winchester.

Mr. Geo Thibault has rethrned home after spending the past five week with friends in Matilda.

Mrs. James Roach went to Cornwall Hospital Monday to undergo an operation. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Lillian Dougall, of Ottawa Normal School, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs Wm. Allen of Reids Mills spent Sunday with friends in Hallville.

Mrs. Larue spent a few days last week with friends in Mountain.

Our boys went to Dalmeny Monday night to play hockey and defeated the Dalmeny boys by a score of 4-2.

Nation Valley

Miss Mary Munro visited relatives in Ottawa last week.

Mrs. Donald Darling visited her parents at Kenmore recently.

Mrs Willie Coons visited her mother, Mrs. Thompson, of Finch.

Mrs. Duke, of Chesterville, has returned home.

Mrs. Alex Summers visited her parents in Winchester.

Mrs. Jas Rae and niece Helen Jamieson visited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Johnston.

Miss Margaret Gordon, of Richmond, Ont. has returned home having visited Miss Nell Elliott.

Miss Gladys Weegar and friend, of Ottawa, visited the former's home in the Valley.

Mrs. Christena Carlyle, of Lethbridge, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Agnes Munro.

Mr. Tom Mundle, of Merrickville, visited his cousins Messrs Grant and Ernest Gray recently.

Mrs. Peter Darling and son Wallace visited relatives in Chesterville.

Toy's Hill

Mrs. Jos Hunter spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Moore of Haddo.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jeffrey, of South Mountain, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas Johnson, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casselman, of Winchester Springs, spent a few days last week with Mrs. Arlea Coleman.

Miss Charlotte Moore, of Brinston, spent Sunday at her home here.

Mrs. LeRoy Geggie returned home on Tuesday from Marcellus, N. Y., where she attended the funeral of her father, Mr. L. Cooper.

Mr. Fred Jeffrey spent Sunday with Mrs. Nora Merkley of Winchester Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Holmes, of Shanley, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs R. S. Peterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Coons spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo Smyth, of Dundela.

A number from here attended the hockey match at Brinston on Monday evening.

Cloverdale

The C. F. C. held a business meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stoodley monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Docksteader and baby, spent last Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Docksteader

Miss Betty Derby was the week-end guest of Miss Edith Docksteader.

Miss Ada Lamoureux has returned home after a two weeks visit at the home of her uncle Mr. H. St. Pierre Melvin Settlement.

Miss Hilda Cinnamon was the guest of Miss Eva Docksteader Tuesday.

Mr. David Lamoureux has returned home from Waddington N. Y.

Mrs. John Baker spent the week-end at her home here.

Mr. Hercules Coughler spent the week end at the home os Mr. and Mrs. S. Froats Finch

Mr. Eli Lamoureux is at present on the sick list.

The C. F. C. is unloading a car load of feed at Winchester Station.

Sawing wood is the order of the day around our dale.

Terrible Death Toll

The awful disaster at the Hollinger mine, Timmins, Ont., last week whereby 39 men lost their lives, and a dozen or more rescued from the depths of the earth, has caused a sense of deep depression all through the provi ce. Many of those whose lives were sacrificed leave widows and children, one man leaving a wife and nine children The fire is supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion. but that is to be investigated. It is one of the most disasterous mining disasters in the annals of mining in Canada. No doubt the government will conduct a searching investigation.

Cass Bridge Wins

On Saturday afternoon last the Cass Bridge Public School team played the Winchester Public School Team in a closely contested game at the Arena. It was a real good game from start to finish and some real hockey was displayed to a large crowd of spectators. In the first period the visitors opened the scoring C. Summels made a lone rush which netted their term the first goal. It was a nice shot from behind the defence. Winchester in turn broke into the scoring when Kincaid shot from the blue-line to beat the goalie and tied the score. The second frame went scoreless but both teams worked hard and some neat rushes were seen.

In the last period the Cass Bridge team started fast and had the locals tied up nearly all period but the play was very close. Finally Houghaboam, a sturdy defence player grabbed a puck and drove it in the net before the goalie had a chance to move. This ended the scoring and the Cass Bridge team went off the ice winners The stars of the game were Summers and Houghoboam for the visitors and Kincaid for the locals.

Melvin News

Mrs. Walter Erratt spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hogoboam of Cass Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs Sherman Christie had tea with Mr. and Mrs. John Coulthart, of Morewood, on Tuesday

Mrs. M. R. Black spent Monday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Docksteader of Winchester.

A number from here attended the funeral in the United Church, Morewood, on Tuesday afternoon of the late Mr. Charlie Coulthart. Mr. Coulthart being a teacher in our school a few years ago.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Geo Wilson had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Ab Dillabough of Morewood, on Tuesday.

Reviews Position Of United Dairymen Co-operative.

At the general meeting of the United Dairymen Co-operative, Limited, which was held in Belleville, February 1, the president, Hugh Moloney of Marmora, in his opening address referred to the decrease in the production of cheese in Ontario last season, but stated that the U. D. C. had handled a larger proportion of the output of the cheese in Ontario than in the previous year. He stated that the increasing demand from the large cities for milk and cream, also the large number of milch cows that were being bought by American buyers and taken out of the country, were tremendous factors in affecting the production of cheese. He pointed out, however, that the U. D. C. was not suffering in proportion to the decrease in production. He stated that the Company had continued to sell cheese through its British agents, the well known firm of A. J. Mills & Co., of London, under its own U. D. C. brand and that American connections had also been made to supply some of the demand for American markets. He referred to the Company's cold storage warehouses in Montreal, Belleville, Campbellford and Picton and stated that the warehouse that was opened in Campbellford last year had won the commendation of the factorymen in that district to the extent that every factory in the district would assemble in cheese there in 1928. He pointed out that the centralization of grading points where the cheese would be assembled, properly cooled and then graded before being sold, was growing strongly in favor among the factorymen and cheesemakers of the country. He stated that the U. D. C. was prepared to establish warehouses similar to the one in Campbellford where it was economically sound, thereby giving the factorymen of the various districts the facilities which they are wanting. From different reports he referred to, he showed that the U. D. C. was recognized throughout the country as the greatest competitive factor in the cheese trade, and was the one most responsible for the stabilization of prices. He predicted that owing to the growing favor which the Company was enjoying and the efficient manner in which the business affairs were managed that the coming year would prove another banner year for the Company.

This Modern Life!

Its Habits Produce Constipation, which "Fruit-a-tives" Corrects

MONTREAL, Que., — "After suffering many years from constipation, I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' All my ills are gone now." Mrs. H. Godin.

Indoor work, soft, rich foods, lack of exercise impair our bodily functions. The most common evidence is constipation. Normal intestinal activity, denied to most of us by our way of living, is restored and maintained by "Fruit-a-tives," made of the juices of fresh, ripe fruit, blended with health-building tonics.

25c and 50c a box.

Sootha-Salva

THE GUARANTEED OINTMENT, UNEQUALLED FOR BOILS AND ULCERS

Auction Sale!

FARM STOCK, FEED, IMPLEMENTS & HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

I have been instructed by the undersigned Executors of the estate of the late Thos Hamilton to sell by Public Auction on Lot 18, Con. 6, Tp. of Winchester, 1 mile north of Chesterville, on

THURSDAY, FEB. 23

Commencing at 12 o'clock, noon, sharp.

20 high grade Holstein Cows, 6 already freshened, balance to freshen later on; 7 high grade Holstein Heifers rising two years, 3 high grade Holstein Heifers rising 1 yr, 1 high grade Ayrshire Bull rising 2 yrs, 4 good Work Horses, 90 pure bred Barred Rock Hens.

2 sets Double Harness, 2 sets Single Harness, 1 M H Binder with fore truck, 1 Mower, 1 Steel Horse Rake, 1 Corn Binder, 1 M H 12 disc Seed Drill, 1 Springtooth Seeder, 1 Riding Plow, 1 2-furrow Gang Plow, 1 2-horse Corn Cultivator, 2 1-horse Cultivators, 1 Disc Harrow, 1 Manure Spreader, 3 drum Steel Roller, Fanning Mill, pair of Sleighs, Lumber Wagon with double box, Hay Rack, Stock Rack, 2 Corn trucks, Single Buggies, Rubber Tire Buggy, Milk Wagon, Cutter, Buffalo Robe, Cream Separator, good as new; Barrel Churn, 8 8-gal. Milk Cans, 2 30-gal Milk Cans, 2 Extension Ladders, Crosscut Saw, set of 1000 lb Scales, Steel Scraper, quantity of Mixed Grain, quantity of Clean Seed Barley, 2 bags of Grass Seed, quantity of Potatoes, 2 Cream Cans and number of Milk Pails, quantity of Square Timber and Mixed Lumber, dry

2 Bedroom Suites, 2 sets Bedroom Dishes, Couch Bed, 2 Wash Stands, Dining Room Suite, Table and 6 Chairs, 2 Kitchen Tables, 2 Small Tables, 2 Couches, 7 Kitchen Chairs, 1 Connor Washing Machine and Wringer, 2 Good Findlay Ranges, 1 pr. Woolen Blankets, 3 prs. Pillows, 4 prs. Window Curtains and Poles, Floor and Stair Carpets and Linoleums, quantity of Canned Fruit, Vegetables, Jelly and Pickles, quantity of Empty Sealers, Bottles and Crocks, quantity of White Stone Dishes and Glassware, Cooking Utensils, Pots and Pans, 1 Clock and numerous other articles.

TERMS:—All sums of $10.00 and under Cash, over that amount 6 months credit on approved joint notes or 4% off for cash.

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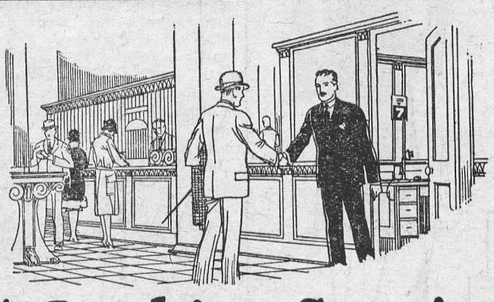

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Reg. 25c Chambry 18c
20% off all Flannettes & Dress Goods.
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Groceries

Corn Starch 11c
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5 lb. Corn Syrup 34c
10 lb. Corn Syrup 63c
Shortning 18c lb.
Pure Lard 20c lb.
10 lbs. Pure Lard $1.85
6 lb. Mince Meat 95c
2 cans Peas, Corn or Tomatoes for 25c
20 lbs. Rolled Oats $1.15
7 bars Castile Soap 25c
6 bars P & G Soap 25c
6 bars Pearl White 25c
7 lbs. Sulphur 25c
6 lbs. Salts 25c
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Coupons will not count during this sale.

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H. McMaster, Winchester.

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

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

Ishmin and Dorothy go to Alaska to return Peter's body to Georgia. They do not recognize Peter, who is chosen head guide. A storm carries their ship to sea, stranding them at the grave. Ishmin urges Dorothy to marry him but she ould first ask the spirits of her husband, whom she believes dead. They hold a seance with one of the guides as medium. She receives the message: "Change name," and believes it means to marry Ishmin.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"You want me—call Paul Sarichef?"

"Yes—"

"Why, Dorothy?" Ivan whispered tensely. "He would have no message for you—"

"I want him to try, just the same," the girl replied. "Can you call him, Joe—"

The native was already calling; and all of them knew that psychic energy expended in that summons was beyond their wit to grasp. Fortune Joe seemed immersed in a terrific struggle that would seemingly rend the spirit from the body. "He come," the witch-doctor muttered at last. "He no want to—he here soon—"

The muttered words grew unintelligible, then ceased. The circle waited for Paul Sarichef—Newhall's victim of months before—to speak to them from beyond the grave.

"Hasn't he anything to say to us?" Dorothy asked, after a long period of waiting. Word of Sarichef's forgiveness was an urgent need with her.

But as they waited, Joe himself emerged into their familiar world. He was white and drawn; and he seemed more like a man drowsy with slumber than one who had pierced the greatest of all mysteries. The chain was broken, and he got up.

"No no try any more to-night," he said simply. "Maybe some other time."

The girl gave him a smile of heartfelt gratitude. "Thank you for what you've given me," she told him earnestly. "You've answered my greatest question—I really don't need to know any more."

Ivan, at the door of the tent, read the truth in her radiant face. He reached her hands, then drew her slowly toward him. "Do you know now?" he asked, holding her and peering down into her luminous eyes.

"I know now," she told him tremulously. "Ivan—you can have my promise, now I know that it's Peter's wish as well as my own. He wouldn't advise me wrong."

"Then I've on you at last."

"Yes. When we come home again."

He could not urge her, to-night, for anything more. His plan of immediate marriage, the Russian priest officiating, could be discussed at another hour. He kissed gently, triumphantly, her soft, yielding lips.

From the door of his hut Pete saw their forms in the dusk, the girl's white blouse and the man's encircling arms. He guessed the truth; that this was the first kiss of their definite betrothal. Despair swept over him like a great wave of the sea he had once battled, but the madness, the haunting and torturing jealousy was spared him now. He had conquered that; and he must never let it sweep him into hell again.

CHAPTER XIII.

FALSE STANDARDS.

At the appointed time Ivan packed his supplies for his journey across the narrow, rugged Peninsula in quest of help. He took three days' rations, tied them up in Pete's light caribou robe, that was in itself sufficient protection from even severe cold, and strapped the pack on his lean, well muscled back.

"Pete, I'm leaving you to take care of Mrs. Newhall," he said simply. "I know you'll do it—as you've done before. She'll be wholly in your charge till I get back, and don't let any harm befall her."

"Don't worry about that," Pete assured him.

Ivan shook his lean shoulders carelessly, to settle the pack. "I won't be back for three days," he went on casually, with no emphasis whatever in his musical voice, "unless I choose to come back before—so I can't look after her personally. But I might say that if any harm did befall her, I would chase the man down, no matter what corner of the earth he fled to, keeping after him and after him till I got him. When I did get him—"

He paused, and Pete looked him squarely in the eyes. There was no doubt whatever that this man meant what he said, and no doubt of his reason for saying it. "That isn't necessary, sir," Pete told him stiffly.

"Well, I didn't think it was, but I wanted you to understand, in case you were tempted. I am a man myself, and I know what temptation is."

Pete's eyes blazed. "Temptation of that kind doesn't come to men of our race, unless they are perverts," he said easily. He was somewhat pale, but he lit his pipe with a steady match as he spoke. "I don't know about the inferior races."

Ivan smiled inscrutably. "At some other place and time—perhaps just before we sail—I'll give you a chance to show whether the Anglo-Saxon is superior to the Mongol. It would be really diverting, for a moment. At present, both of us have work to do—you to take care of the camp and I to go after supplies." His voice changed and softened, but it had never been perceptibly hard. "Keep up the hunt for caribou," he directed. "The boys haven't done so well lately. Take care of the meat and cure it as fast as possible." Then he turned to say good-bye to Dorothy.

She walked a short distance up the hill with Ivan; and her trust in herself and her love for him swept back to her to the full when he gave her a good-bye kiss.

"Take care of yourself, Ivan," she told him with a plaintive sweetness that carried him off his feet. "You are all I have now. I have lost so much, and I couldn't bear to lose you."

They clung together, and then she watched him as he strode away up the hill. Sighing, she turned back to the camp.

Pete had her breakfast ready when she reached the camp, and his homely face glowed when he brought it to her. He had taken especial pains today—venison liver fried with bacon, coffee such as her colored mammy herself could make, brown flapjacks not too thick, served with maple syrup. His broad shoulders towered above her; and he was boyishly elated when he saw she was pleased.

The day ore on, and his care of her, his watchfulness, was a wonder. Although his work carried him far afield, he had cut fuel always ready for her hand in case the fire burned low; he personally superintended her meals, and he saw—with fine generalship—that at no time she was left alone with Pavlof and Fortune Joe.

When the day paled, and the dusk crept in from the sea, she appreciated his care more and more.

He took special pains with her dinner. He made reflector biscuits, thin and light, to be served with marmalade; he pot-roasted a fine canvas back duck that Pavlof had decapitated with the pistol; he fried potatoes crisp and brown. He watched her devour every mouthful of her portion, then after he had remade the bed and built up the fire in the camp stove, he turned to the task of washing dishes. Pavlof and Joe, meanwhile, were cutting into strips for curing the caribou meat they had procured in the day's hunting.



"Then I've won you at last?"

"I wouldn't mind washing the dishes to-night," Dorothy told him in a friendly tone. "Maybe you'd like to help the men take care of the meat—"

"Couldn't think of it," Pete returned. "If you'll excuse me saying so—I suspect you're not very experienced at it. But if you should care to help me dry 'em—"

They made quite a little party out of washing and drying the metal plates and the crude, iron knives and forks. And soon it was deep dark, and night winds were blowing from the sea. This work done, the girl started to turn away.

But she halted; and he saw her girlish profile in the soft light of the camp fire. "Would you like to come and sit at the door of my tent a little while?" she asked. Her voice was somewhat tremulous; but she did not try to ask herself why.

Pete glanced about him. "Camp work is pretty well done, for to-night. I will smoke my pipe once at your tent door, if you don't mind. Human companionship is very reassuring, very necessary in this North."

She went in and sat comfortably on her bed, while he sat at the tent mouth. They talked easily, surprisingly freely while the lesser stars were emerging, and his pipe paled and glowed and paled again in the gloom. She felt wholly secure and at peace.

"Sometimes there is a throwback in your speech, an accent or a choice of word that interests me immensely, Pete," she told him. "I don't want to be curious—but curiosity is a very human trait, after all. Sometimes I'm caused to think that you must have known something very different from this—before you came here."

"I did," he answered quietly. "It's nothing unusual, up here. This end of Alaska is a port of missing men. I don't see why the police don't look here first for them: a man who wants to get away finds himself up here before he knows it—or in South America."

"And you are exiled from home?" she asked him bluntly. Yet there was no hint of vulgar curiosity in her tone. He turned to her with a grateful smile.

"Forever. But I can blame no one but myself. I guess I simply couldn't stand civilized existence. If you'd ask the trouble, I'd say—false standards."

This had been the cause of Peter's downfall, too: false standards of which both Peter and herself had been guilty. "I'd know better again," she heard him say. "I'd never sacrifice my birthright again—waste all I have. But that's always the song we exiles sing."

(To be continued.)



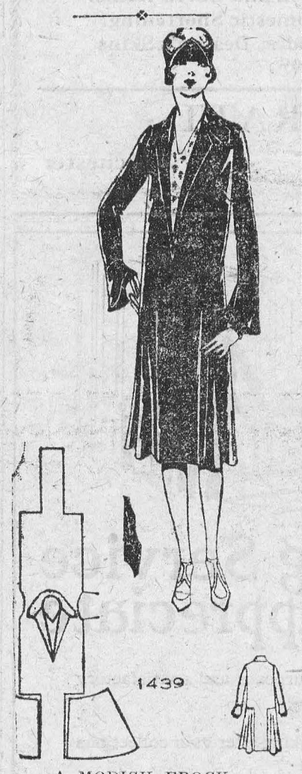
Britain's Dumb Dora

The shade of Dora (historians may remember her more official name of Defense of the Realm Act) still hangs over England. When the lovely lady first appeared to hold up a forbidding hand against the sale within certain hours of various commodities ranging from tripe to whisky sodas, there was a war. And, although Britons never will be slaves, they bowed to necessity and submitted to the petty annoyances prescribed by Dora with what grace they could. But when the war was over Dora remained and England has ever since rebelled.

The matter has just been again submitted to investigation and the Dora Committee has made its recommendations. It would not sweep away all the restrictions still left as war-time relics, but it does suggest certain concessions to British love of liberty. It would allow theatregoers to buy chocolates as late as the third act and permit vendors of spirituous liquors, within certain prescribed limits, to sell cigarettes, but it would by no means permit truly open shops—in a merchandizing and not industrial sense of the word. The London Times declares that the recommendations of the Dora Committee will be hailed with general relief," but the Saturday Review wants complete freedom and no compromise. "The majesty of the sovereign British people," it declares, "is indeed reduced to a low state if we are to imagine it purring with delight at these privileges."

In the campaign being waged against Dora there are certain vague reminders of the reaction to certain laws in this country. It is asserted that it is a restriction upon personal liberty, that despite the pettiness of the regulations imposed by the act an important principle is involved and that it results in contempt for the law.

We wish the English more power in their struggle for freedom and hope that they may uphold Anglo-Saxon traditions relating to the right to personal liberty with greater success than in certain cases we have succeeded in doing in this country.—N.Y. Times.



A MODISH FROCK.

Particularly graceful is this attractive frock, having a flared side section at each side of the skirt. The front of the bodice opens in a deep V over a vestee, and the long dart-fitted sleeves have wide cuffs placed a short distance above the lower edge. No. 1439 is for Misses and Ladies, and is in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 4½ yards 39-inch, or 2⅞ yards 54-inch material without nap. Width at lower edge about 76 inches. Price 20c the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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

Incandescent Ideas.

Sometimes an idea is so brilliant that it makes people blink and the originator is penalized for not dimming his headlights.—Farm & Fireside.

Success of recent experiments with a fuel consisting of mixed gasoline and alcohol indicate that the place for the latter is in the motor, not the motorist.

THE GIRL WHO WAITED

A Short Story of the Dope Traffic in London England

Sally Deane hated Oscar Svensen, the giant Swede, almost as much as she loved and adored her absent sailor-boy, Peter West.

More than all, she was afraid of Chang, the fat, squat Chinaman, who was rich and powerful in Limehouse, and had a shop at the corner of the street where Sally lived, not far from the docks.

Every day, as Sally was either going to her work at the factory in the Commercial-road, or when she was returning home, she would see Chang standing in his shop door.

His almond-shaped eyes would glitter as they looked at her fresh young beauty, and he would crease his yellow face into a horrible leer.

"Longee waitee till best boy comee back again!" he would chuckle.

And Sally would feel curiously afraid, though she tried not to show it, and was always polite in her smiling answer.

But this morning, when he spoke to her, she was without fear.

"No more waiting, Chang!" she laughed gaily. "The Ocean Star comes into dock this afternoon. Peter wil be home this evening for good!"

"Chang welly glad!" grinned the Chinaman. 'Muchee nice boy, Peter West! You likee velly well, I see. But Svensen fellow likee you velly well also. Plenty talk about you to me."

"Oscar Svensen?" flashed Sally, tossing her golden curls derisively. 'He ain't in the same street with my Peter, Chang; and he knows it. Peter is coming home this time for good. Got a land job, and we're being married in a week or so."

"Allee same, my dear, Oscar Svensen he swear he mally you, and not Peter!" chuckled the Chinaman smugly, sending a chill of fear through Sally as she passed on.

* * * *

It was not by chance that Oscar Svensen was waiting outside the factory at the time when Sally would be making her way back home that night.

He stepped in front of her, a big and uncouth man with fair hair and cruel blue eyes.

Her mind was full of Peter—she would have passed him by, but he gripped her wrist and swung her round so that she was forced to stand beside him in a dark alley-way.

"You're in an almighty hurry, ain't you?' he sneered. "No time for me to-night—eh?"

"Never did have, Oscar!" retorted Sally coldly. "Let go of my wrist. I'm wanted home to get supper ready. Peter'll be back to-night."

"Will he?" snarled the other. "Maybe, and maybe—not. Supposing he don't come? Supposing he's been kept out in China?"

"Kept out in China?" laughed Sally. "Don't be soft! How'd that happen, I'd like to know?"

"It has happened, anyhow. Chang's seen to it all right."

"Chang—seen to it? What d'yer mean, Oscar" gasped Sally, startled by the queer certainty with which the Swede spoke.

"You remember, maybe, how the day after the Ocean Star left here this last time for China with your Peter aboard, the police made a raid on Chang's place?"

Sally nodded. The police had expected to find a big haul of cocaine, the drug popularly known as "snow," on Chang's premises. They had received information from someone to that effect.

But the raid had been without effect. Nothing had been found.

Afterwards Chang had talked a good deal about wanting to know who had reported him to the police.

He had mentioned the matter to Sally more than once, now she came to think of it.

"Well," laughed the big Swede harshly, "it was Peter who gave Chang away to the police, only luckily Chang had been cute enough to have the stuff hidden where the police couldn't find it. But Chang didn't forget. Being a Chink, he took care to revenge himself, you can bet. When the Ocean Star got to China this trip, and your Peter went on shore, he was met by some of Chang's friends and—that's the last to be heard of him. So you might as well make up your mind, Sally, that you'll not see him again."

"It's a lie!"

Sally was very near to fainting, so terrible was the fear that gripped at her heart.

She knew enough of Limehouse and Chinamen to understand that if Peter had given Chang away to the police the Chinaman was quite capable of acting as Svensen had said.

Peter, before leaving on this last trip, had been a good deal in Chang's company, and he had let drop in Sally's hearing some angry words about the traffic in "snow" which was going on. Peter had also been very friendly with Detective-Inspector Wade at the Limehouse police station.

Sally, trembling with a sudden dread in the darkness of the alley, tried hard to persuade herself that this story was not true.

"You're trying to frighten me!" she said, wrenching her wrist free from the Swede's hold. "I'm going home, and if Peter ain't there already I'm going to the docks to find out."

* * * *

But Peter was not at home when Sally reached the house, and, though her mother told her it was early to expect him as yet, fear took her straightway to the dock gates to find the Ocean Star and make sure if he was on board.

She did not tell her mother the story Oscar Svensen had told her, fearing to worry her until the truth was out.

At the dock gates, however, she was unable to gain admission, owing to some trouble with the dockers, who were striking.

But an official on the gate told her he had heard something about the Ocean Star coming back without one of the crew, who had been ashore and never rejoined ship. He believed he had heard the man's name given as West.

Blindly, with tears in her eyes, Sally began to grope her way slowly back homeward.

It seemed impossible that she would never see her Peter any more—Peter, with his brown curly hair and his laughing eyes, his tender but strong mouth, his heart of gold, his great love for her!

Reaching the corner where Chang's lighted shop stood, she saw the Chinaman inside, talking to the Swede.

The shutters had been put up, and he was ready to close the door. But Sally slipped into the shop.

* * * *

The Chinaman was asking Svensen to step down into the room beyond. Sally followed, determined to confront the Chinaman with his villainy and to bring him to justice.

Through the open door, she heard Chang speaking.

"You gottee new lot of 'snow'?" he was saying.

"You bet!" laughed the Swede softly, showing a large packet in a capacious pocket. "My pal on the Ocean Star dropped it me as they docked. I wasn't able to get a word with him, so I don't know if he's got any more. Look here! That's all right about West, isn't it. Your friends kept him back in China for good?"

"You flustee Chang to see Mister Westee safe and soundee!" chuckled the Chinaman greasily. "Now you mally the pretty little Sally, you thinkee?"

"When she's got over the crying business. But meantime I'm off to get rid of the 'snow' up West——"

"No you ain'tt!" demanded Sally frenziedly, stepping into the room. "So you two are playing that game, are you? And because my Peter knew of it' you've tried to get rid of him? But I'm going to the police. I'm going right away to Inspector Wade at the station—"

"You waitee!" Chang's squat figure prevented Sally from leaving the room, and she recoiled before his almond-shaped eyes. "What for you go to police, pletty little Sally?"

'To have you both put inside!" blazed Sally, aflame with hate and determination to avenge Peter. "To have that beast of a Swede caught with drugs on him!"

"Your Peter tellee police about me last timee ship in dock," said the Chinaman. "Mister Svensen know that for fact. Didn't you think if he give Chang away, Chang going to gettee own back? But Chang no murderer. You can't jrovee that to police Chang know nothing about what happen in China. Chang nice, kind, simple man. Chang velly fond of you. Likee mally you himself. You go to police if you like. Chang know nothing. By time you go police, Svensen hidee dlugs all away. Better wait a minute——"

Here, to Sally's astonishment and amazed relief, someone pushed a way into the room from the shop beyond.

She could scarcely believe her eyes. It was Inspector Wade himself, with another figure behind him.

"Hullo," he said, as he saw her. "You here, Sally? Hullo, Chang! Has our trap succeeded? Has the Swede another haul on him?"

Svensen, with a sudden cry, flung backwards, one hand held over his capacious pocket with its large packet of cocaine, the other fumbling at his hip. But Inspector Wade had suddenly drawn a gun.

"No, you don't!" said the inspector. "You're trapped, Svensen, and you may as well make the best of it. You've been playing a 'snow' running game for a long while, and we've been waiting to catch you. I've someone here with me who can give evidence against you."

Sally stared in greater amazement than ever.

From behind the inspector there appeared Peter—Peter, whom she had believed to be in China, and lost to her for ever!

In a moment she was enclosed in his arms, kissing him and crying with delight.

"But they told me at the dock gates that a man named West had been left behind in China!" she said, "but Svenson told me—"

* * *

"There was another man named West on board," laughed Peter, "and Svenson believed I was to be left behind. But Svenson was wrong. He was told that by Chang."

"But Chang is in with him in this 'snow' business. I heard them talking just now!" urged Sally.

"You're wrong, my dear!" murmured the inspector. "Chang has been hand in glove with me since Svensen tried to put him under suspicion and got us to raid his place. For that is what happened, though he told Chang that your Peter had given him away."

"And Chang never forgives an enemy who stabs him in the back!" smiled the Chinaman inscutably, rubbing his lean hands together as the handcuffed Svensen was taken off by the inspector.

So the vengeance of Chang ended in a different way from that which Sally, safe in her lover's arms once more, had imagined possible.

There were no bakers in the New Year Honors list. We are passing through a time, we might say, when knighthood is not in flour.

Judge the quality of Green Tea by the colour of the brew when poured into your cup before cream is added. The paler the colour the finer the Green Tea. Compare any other Green Tea with "SALADA"—None can equal it in flavour, point, or clearness. Only 38c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA 209

A Big One in Dry Dock



SOME IDEA OF HOW BIG THEY REALLY ARE

The Giant Liner Berengaria as she looks when ashore for her winter overhauling. The vast size of the hull is indicated by the fact that two men working on the ladders are almost completely hidden by one blade of her stern propeller.

Sir Thomas Beecham Explains His Antipathy to Broadcasts

He Believes Radio Improves Jazz, But Tones of Great Orchestras Suffer if Wafted into Space as Ether Waves

Sir Thomas Beecham, British orchestral conductor, following his recent debut on the radio as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra over WOR, explained, in part, his antipathy to the broadcasting of orchestral presentations at which he officiates as conductor.

"The broadcasting of jazz over the wireless," said Sir Thomas, "may actually succeed in making it sound better from the loudspeaker than it would sound if one were present in person at the playing. However, orchestral selections may suffer a great deal by virtue of the very complicated nature of the tones from the many and widely different instruments that go to make up the great modern orchestral organization. When one hundred or more instruments are being played harmoniously the resultant tones are extremely complicated in structure. It follows that if they are taken out of their naural medium, the air, placed on a wire as electrical particles, then broadcast into space, they are bound to suffer in quality.

"It is unfortunate that orchestral music, which I consider the highest type of musical presentation, should so suffer in the transfer."

Sir Thomas likened the tones heard from the loudspeaker to one speaking through an obstructing medium so that the tone and modulation of the voice are rendered unnatural in quality. He likened the tones of complicated musical numbers to a maze of threads, all combing to produce the effect desired by the conductor, which are hopelessly thrown out of order by their transfer from their natural medium, the air.

"If a slight detrimental effect is interposed," he said, "the whole suffers."

"I am yet in doubt whether the effect on radio listeners is good or bad when the higher forms of music are put on the wireless," he said, after his debut with the Philharmonic musicians over WOR. "I shall have to listen to a concert in America when the opportunity presents before making a serious decision. Of course, I cannot decide for every one, but at least I can form my own impression of what one can hear over American wireless stations and compare it with what is heard when one is present in the music hall."

"The average British listener," he said, "is phlegmatic, and therefore in many cases he may beu sing a radio receiver which is antiquated and not capable of intercepting and reproducing the radio waves with fidelity. However, I am told that many listeners in England have excellent receiving sets. The Briton is a great home lover. When he arrives in the evening he generally stays home. This makes for the general popularity of wireless receiving sets in England, which are generally found intercepting the lighter musical numbers. When a Londoner wants to hear orchestral or good musical numbers he goes to a music hall."

The Famous Quotation

Sir Thomas's famous quotation in regard to broadcast, made less than one year ago, was: "Ever since the beginning of the present century there has been committed against the unfortunate art of music every imaginable sin of commission and omission, but all the previous crimes and stupidities pale before the latest attack on is fair name—broadcasting it by means of wireless."

Just before his radio debut in America he said: "In England I have never played for the radio because I felt that it had a bad effect on the radio audience. I feel that radio receivers are not capable of doing the best for the higher complicated types of music. Possibly radio is more advanced in America and may be capable of reproducing the concerts more faithfully. I may have more to say after I broadcast."

Sir Thomas stepped out on the stage at Carnegie Hall when he made his radio debut without the slightest resitancy at being placed, for the first time, within the hearing of the largest audience before which he had ever waved his baton. The presence of his avowed enemy, the microphone, apparently did not cause him the least bit of worry, for he conducted with vigor and even grasped the microphone stand between numbers.

During the intermission he made a brief address over the announcer's instrument and thanked the people of America for the wonderful reception that had been accorded him. "So far as I am concerned—I do not speak for the audience—the concert so far has been a complete success," he said.—(N.Y. Times.)

Natural Resources

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): The Federal Government is to take up the question of the return of the natural resources to the Prairie Provinces. Action is long overdue on the part of the authorities at Ottawa and in connection with Manitoba the need for an early decision is particularly pressing. The Manitoba Government has asked for arbitration. The matter of right is so obviously on the side of the western provinces that the Federal Government would be well advised to get down to business without delay. The people of the West have had enough jockeying on this matter.

Like the past year, the new one will be a leap year—for pedestrians.

PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST 71

What King George Did to Chicago

An Englishman Interviews Mayor Thompson, a "Shrewd, Coarse Man of Violent Ambition and Few Scripples

DELIGHTFUL IRONY

Beverley Nichols Describes His Visit to Big Bill in "The World's Work."

The anterooms of the great are silently eloquent of the men to whom they lead. One used to approach the late Lord Curzon through chilled and lofty corridors in the manner of Louis XVI., and await his arrival upon couches in the Empire style. The road to Lloyd George, on the other hand, leads through a homely door in Chelsea, painted a cheerful green, redolent of optimism. White walls, starkly simple, conducted one to Bernard Shaw's apartment in the Adelphi and an iron gate, securely locked, barred the populace from ascending the staircase that led to the sage's study.

And so it would need no Sherlock Holmes to form an adequate picture of Mayor Thompson's mind merely by observing the preparatory paraphernalia of his office. I had received a hurried call to that office, which is situated in a vast Chicago hotel, and had thither precipitated myself with such haste that I feared I should have little time to collect my thoughts before being ushered into the Presence. However, as it happened, I had a good half-hour to wait, in an atmosphere of clicking typewriters and buzzing telephones, before he was ready for me. And that half-hour, in view of the strange objects with which the office was filled, was by no means wasted.

First, the pictures. What immediately caught my attention was four panels, enclosed in a single frame, each representing Mayor Thompson at some stage of his career. The first picture showed a husky youth standing against a blue sky, contemplating a somewhat misshapen football. (Moral: this is a real he-man.) The second picture showed that youth grown to maturity, a large pink face beaming from above a highly starched collar. (Moral: this is a kindly- red-blooded man.) The third picture was quite a tour de force of imaginative art, for it portrayed the Mayor, magnified to some seventy times his natural size, perched on top of the City Hall, from which position he surveyed the world triumphantly (Moral: this is a Colossus.) The fourth picture showed, one trusts, the most vivid imagination of all, for it appeared to be a view of the White House, slightly improved from an architectural point of view. (The moral of this is too obvious to be indicated).

As soon as I had observed these pictures I was happy to note that his Honor, with that impartiality so becoming in the great, had permitted a picture of another American to be hung beside his own. This was none other than Lindbergh himself, and it was gratifying to read the verse that was printed underneath, for it showed that the Mayor understood that so supreme an exploit could be celebrated only in lyric words. The words (am I wrong in attributing them to the Mayor himself?) ran as follows:

They asked me how I did it
And I pointed to that Scripture text:
"Keep your light a'shining
A little in front of the next."

His Artistic Tastes.

Making a mental note to discover at the earliest opportunity the precise Biblical origin of those words, I resumed my examination of the room, under the suspicious eyes of a number of secretaries, journalists, and satellites. Stepping over a quantity of spittoons, conveniently disposed, I entered a second anteroom, to be greeted by further evidences of the Mayor's intellectual leanings. His Honor's taste in music was happily displayed by three phonograph records bearing the title "Two Black Crows.' His Honor's taste in art was agreeably demonstrated by various bronze figures of elephants and other monarchs of the jungle, occasionally relieved by a recumbent figure of a Moorish female, executed in china and daintily picked out in blue, yellow, and red. His sense of the whimsical was evident in two plaster figures of girls, such as one observes in certain of the remoter streets of Paris. These girls were clothed in little bunchy frocks tied round the waist. Across the chest of each of them there crawled a miniature fly.

I was about to investigate a picture that showed a large likeness of Mayor Thompson surrounded by some very small likenesses of such lesser figures as Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, when the door of the sanctum was thrown open, and a voice roared out that I should go in. I went in.

I saw seated before me a man rather past the prime of life, built on a very large scale, with the complexion and figure that one usually associates with a bon viveur. A half-chewed cigar protruded from his somewhat full lips. (I observed a dozen discarded cigars, well chewed at both ends, in the wastebasket by his side). He was in shirt sleeves, very much at his ease, and apparently in an amiable mood, for he held out his hand in a gesture of welcome.

"Come right in, Make yourself at home."

"They told me I'd never get out of this office alive."

"Well—d'you think that now?"

I shook my head.

"What d'you want, anyway?"

I leaned forward and faced him. He returned my stare frankly. Give the man his due—he looks you straight in the eyes.

"I've come to you," I said, "as a fairly typical Englishman who happens to possess a considerable personal affection for America. I have a feeling that I haven't got the truth about you from the newspapers. The newspapers make you"—(I wanted to say that they made him look a prize idiot, but that seemed impolite)—"they hardly seem to treat your contentions with the seriousness that they deserve. I want to know exactly what are your charges against England and how you substantiate them."

The Wrong George.

For a moment he said nothing. He remained staring into my face. Then he reached out his hand and grasped a roll of parchment. (The gesture looked as though it had been well rehearsed). He unrolled the parchment on his knee, and this baffling dialogue took place:

"George Washington," he said, "was the father of our country."

"Quite."

"I revere George Washington."

"Quite."

"This is a copy of the American Constitution."

"Quite."

"America doesn't meddle in the affairs of other nations."

"Quite."

"Well?"

He looked at me as though expecting me to say something. I was at a loss. I was waiting impatiently for him to say something. So far, he had only delivered himself of four moral platitudes. It was my turn to say "Well?" and I did. Whereupon he resumed:

"Why, therefore, should other nations meddle in the affairs of America?"

"But what nation is actually meddling?"

So surprised was he at this naive question that his cigar, which had now the consistency of damp seaweed, fell with a dull splash on to the floor. It was picked up by an attendant and deposited with its fellows in the waste basket. "What nation is meddling?' 'roared his Honor. "What nation is . . . Here! Look at that book in front of you."

He pointed to a small blue volume that lay on the table. I took it up. It was a copy of Schlesinger's "New Viewpoints in American History."

"Turn to page 160."

I turned.

Read the passage that is marked in pencil. Then tell me what you think, not as an Englishman, but as tsmanan honest man."

The Cause of the Trouble.

At last, I felt, I was at the heart of the matter. Taking a deep breath, I read the passage. And since it was the only evidence that Thompson showed me, since it was presumably the most powerful argument that he had to offer, it is only fair that it should be reproduced in full. Here it is:

When the representatives of George V. rendered homage a few years ago at the tomb of the great disloyalist and rebel of a former century, George Washington, the minds of many Americans reverted, with a sense of bewilderment, to the times when another King George was guiding the destinies of the British nations. The fact is that the average American still accepts without qualification or question the partisan justifications of the struggle for independence which have come down from the actual participants in the affair on the American side. These accounts, colored by the emotions and misunderstandings of the times and designed to arouse the colonists to a warlike pitch against the British Government, have formed the basis of the treatments in our school textbooks and have served to perpetuate judgments of the American Revolution which no fair-minded historian can accept to-day.

I finished reading the passage, but for a moment I kept my eyes on the book. This was really a little embarrassing. For I saw absolutely nothing of an offensive nature in it. If Washington was not a 'great disloyalist," what was he? Was it not the fact that he had chosen a greater loyalty than his allegiance to an Anglo-German sovereign that entitles him to the respect of history? If he were not a great "rebel," what was the meaning of the phrase: "the American Revolution"? It was on the tip of my tongue to give utterance to these reflections when Thompson interrupted me.

"Are Chicago's public school children to be taught that George Washington was a traitor?"

"No," I said, "but—"

A Wordy Flood.

I was answered by a torrent of words. He gave me no opportunity to say that I thought his bogey was a fake. The air was thick with vituperation. "They" had removed from the history books the name of Von Steuben, the German who helped to drill Gearge Washington's army. "They" had omitted to pay due homage to De Kalb, who had served in a similar capacity. "They" had impudently lavished their ferver on the Battle of Quebec in 1759, which made Canada British. Who "they" were, and where "they" had done these things, I was not informed. But if "their" activities were fairly exemplified by the very mild passage to which he had drawn my attention, I cannot imagine anybody but a neurotic old maid being honestly alarmed by their activities.

Already, therefore, I had begun to realize that as far as the schoolbooks were concerned, the Mayor's campaign was a farce. I was still, however, undecided as to whether he was honest in his contention that George V. was "conspiring" against Chicago. The idea was so obviously opera bouffe that one hesitated to suggest it to any person of adult intelligence, but here before me, apparently, was its originator, and I had to get at the truth.

Hence I began: "Now, about George V."

At once, an interruption. "I'm not talking about George V. I'm talking about George Washington."

"I know. But you have talked about George V., haven't you?"

He moved impatiently in his chair.

"I want to know, quite definitely, what you think he is doing in Chicago."

He moved still more impatiently. Suddenly, with a disarming smile, he jumped to his feet. And this time the diversion that he introduced was so amusing that I almost welcomed it. He lumbered over to the other side of the room and pointed to a singular object that hung on the wall over his bed. It appeared to be partly a telephone and partly a radio set.

His Sense of Humor

"See this?" said Thompson.

Momentarily relegating George V. to the back of my mind, I looked at it.

"Well, a friend of mine said it was about time that I had a telepho-radio set so I could ring up Buckingham Palace whenever I felt like speaking to King George. Here it is. Three rings for Buckingham Palace. Listen."

Hand on hip, beaming at me, cigar dripping from his mouth, he pressed a button. A bell rang three times. A musical box tinkled a gay tune. And suddenly, the doors of the apparatus flew open, disclosing a bottle containing a yellow fluid, surrounded by six glasses.

"What d'you think of that?" He slapped his thigh and doubled up with laughter. The laughter was caught up by the attendant satellites and secretaries. The room echoed with guffaws. I had a momentary acute vision of another Mayor I had once seen—the Lord Mayor of London, sitting in an immense room at the Guildhall, in robes of scarlet and gold, with a face like fine parchment. That Mayor had spoken in a quiet voice, and had given me sherry to drink out of a fragile glass embossed with the King's arms. However, London was far away—far, far away. Here, it seemed almost "like the land where the Jumblies live."

"He's a reg'lar guy."

"That's the stuff all right."

"Some stiffs would give a hundred dollars for a spoonful of that."

A sudden silence. It was up to me. What should I say? Evidently, the wrong thing. Because I said, for the second time:

"Now, about George V."

There was a rustle of impatience. Rather sullenly his Honor closed the doors of the apparatus and lumbered back to his seat. He took another cigar and almost bit it through in the first two seconds. For a moment his eyes wandered round the room as though to find some other toy with which to placate me, his persecutor, but since none presented itself, he looked me straight in the eye once more.

"Are American children to be taught that—"

This time it was my turn to interrupt. In a loud voice I said: "American children are certainly not to be taught that George Washington was a traitor. We are both agreed upon that point. What I want to know is if you really think that King Ge——"

In a still louder voice he chased away the phantom of His Majesty that I was so desperately endeavoring to materialize. Speaking very rapidly, he said:

"When I was out West a man came up to me and asked me how my private war with King George was getting along." I said, "I've got no private war with King George."

"I leaped at my opportunity. It seemed a case of now or never. I said "Then you didn't ever actually refer to George V. in so many words when you were fighting the library committee?"

He looked at me fiercely and ignored that question. He said, "And another man asked me if I hated all Englishmen. I told him not to talk nonsense. I told him, for example, that Sir Thomas Lipton was one of my greatest friends."

Silently I cursed Sir Thomas Lipton. I didn't want to hear about Sir Thomas Lipton. I knew Sir Thomas quite as well as the Mayor knew him, and I hadn't come to hear any more. I had come to find out if it was possible that the mayor of one of the greatest cities in the world could actually be so plunged in ignorance as to be convinced that the constitutional monarch of the British Empire was endeavoring (by what means, heaven knows) to poison the minds of American school children. I had come to find that out, and since the Mayor would not say it himself, I decided that the only thing to do would be to say it for him. I, therefore, took a deep breath, threw awaw my cigar, which out of sheer nervousness I was beginning to masticate in a manner similar to my august host, and spoke as follows:

The Big Boss Dumb.

"I imagine that when you referred to George V"—I paused to see if he marked the fact that I said "when" and not "if"—"you were using him only as a symbol?"

No reply.

"I imagine also," I continued, "that you are aware that His Majesty's powers are exceedingly limited? That the consent of Parliament is necessary before he can change a button on his soldier's uniform?"

No reply.

I was becoming a little irritated, which accounts for what followed. "I imagine also," I concluded, "that you would agree that it would be insane to regard King George V. as in any way a menace to anybody at all?"

No reply.

And then, I abandoned that particular avenue of approach. I think I was justified in concluding that Mayor Thompson had expressed the sentiments that had been attributed to him. And also that he was not particularly proud of having done so.

But I obtained an admission a few minutes later. And so significant did that admission appear to me that I copied it down, word for word, on his Honor's desk, under his Honor's nose. We had been discussing the letter that a young American named Durant Smith, residing at Oxford, had just published in The London Dairy News condemning Thompson and all his works. Thompson, referring to that letter, said:

'Certain of my friends"—he paused, and added quickly, "my emotional friends, have been inclined to deplore the existence of the Rhodes Scholars. They have said"—(always "they," you observe)—"they have said that young Americans who go over to Oxford become imbued with pro-British and anti-American ideas. Up till now I may not have agreed with them. But after Durant Smith's letter, I'm not so sure. That kid was a friend of mine." He looked at me rather pathetically. "He used to be a 100 per cent. American. And now . . . this."

He handed me a telegram from Smith himself. In it Smith stated that he was a patriotic American. He also stated that it was absurd to maintain that the British ruling classes were conspiring against America. And

Galley TWO—Mayor Thompson .....

as soon as I read that, I fixed upon it and asked: "Do you think that the British ruling classes are conspiring against you?"

Words of Wisdom.

It was a direct question, and Thompson could not evade it. He gulped, set his mouth and said these words: "I may think that the British ruling class is spreading insidious propaganda, or some one else."

That was enough for me. Heedless of manners, heedless of the attenadnt secretaries, satellites, and publicity men, I seized a pencil and wrote down those sixteen words of folly. For folly they are. The picture that they evoke is too ludicrous to warrant any but the briefest consideration. Yet, consider it for a moment. You would have to picture a darkened room in London, with Lord Balfour whispering evil thoughts into the ear of Premier Baldwin. You would have to place before them certain history books, into which they penciled their wicked imaginings. There would be a rap at the door, and there enters an American professor, his pockets loaded with British gold, his horn spectacles removed in order that he may pass for an Englishman. The two perfidious statesmen show the professor their handiwork and he examines it with gloating approval. And then they all repair to Buckingham Palace, to receive the sanction of the bloodthirsty King-Emperor, whose forked tail can be perceived sticking out of his ermine robes.

And this is the pictures that sufficiently deluded the inhabitants of one of the world's greatest cities to cause them to elect, by a majority of 180,000, the man who painted it. And caused them not only to elect him but also to forget every real issue that concerned them.

It had taken me an hour to stop Thompson's posings and to get him down to brass tacks. The process had been exhausting, for apart from his own evasions there had been a constant stream of comment from the satellites. This mass of comment was evidently intended to cloud the issue for when Thompson began to tell me stories in which he appeared in rather a less dubious light, it ceased abruptly. One of these stories seems to me very well worth repeating, for it not only illuminates the corruption of a certain section of the press, but it also serves to clear Thompson of one quite unwarranted accusation.

He said to me: "I expect you have heard that during the war, I publicly insulted Joffre by refusing to meet him at the station."

I muttered that such information had indeed reached me.

"Very well. Look at this."

He pushed across the desk a press photograph and requested me to study it. I did so. It showed Thompson, immaculately hatted and cravatted, sitting in a car whose only other occupants were Joffre and Viviani. All three men wore smiles of beaming amiability. The picture was certainly a record of fact, and it appeared to be a record of a sufficiently happy fact. "Got it?"

I intimated that I had "got it."

"Very well, then. A certain newspaper in Chicago printed that picture that you see before you, in its 12 o'clock edition. When the 3 o'clock edition appeared, the picture had been taken out, and in its place there was a story that I had publicly insulted Joffre by refusing to meet him at the station, and incorporated in that story was a suggestion that any British delegates would be well advised to keep away from Chicago for fear that they would be subjected to similar insults. What d'you think of that?"

Needless to say, I thought—as any decent person would have thought—that Thompson had been subjected to extremely shabby treatment.

A Man of Peace.

But it was not that story that made me think better of him. It was the answer—entirely unexpected—that he gave me just before I left, on the subject of international armaments. True, the impression was only momentary—a sudden flash of light upon a dark field—but it was strangely vivid while it lasted. For suddenly, out of those lips that had been muttering inanities and hollow phrases, there came a passage that had both statesmanship and vision. He said: "I am a man of peace. You mayn't believe it, but I am. I believe that all American men are at heart men of peace, and I am quite convinced that no American woman is ever again going to vote for the man who may send her sons to fight on foreign soil.

"But we need to do more than wish for peace,' he continued. "We must will it. And one of the finest ways of willing it, in my opinion, would be to incorporate in the body of the American Constitution a clause that made it illegal for America to declare war until after a referendum had been taken by the great body of the nation. And it wouldn't be only the old men (the type which declare war so flippantly in Europe) who would vote on that referendum. The young men, the fighters themselves, would vote, and the young women—the sisters and sweethearts—would vote as well. In that way I believe that you would guard against the risk of any war that the nation had not willed with its heart and soul. And if a nation does not will a war with its heart and soul, what is it but slaughter?"

"And then?" I asked him.

"And then, when we had altered our Constitution, we could turn to other nations, and say: 'If you are in earnest about peace, if you sincerely and honestly wish to avoid unnecessary wars, alter your constitutions in a similar manner'." He leant over the table toward me. "Have you any criticism of that, young man?"

I looked at him gravely. "It is much the best thing you have said yet." There was a faintly applauding rustle from the chorus in the background. But I paid no attention to them. I was thinking, thinking furiously. You, in America, can have little idea of the extent to which the cloud of future wars hangs like a blight over Europe's youth. It is a form of creeping paralysis. It checks endeavor, it stultifies ambition. It poisons the whole springs of young existence. What is the use of building, of studying, of looking forward to the years of fruition that must normally follow the years of serving, when at any moment the tempest may be upon us once more?

I remembered walking, a few months before, through a peaceful English village. Suddenly in the distance I heard the rattle of lorries, the metallic click, click of soldiers marching. I stepped aside and waited. Soon it was upon me—the "mechanized" army of which we in England have recently heard so much discussion. Young men of my own age tramped forward like Robots, their faces masked with gas masks, their bodies clothed in some complicated apparatus of steel and leather. They seemed brutal and tragically dehumanized. And after them had rolled a monstrous parade of tanks, looking for all the world like those dragons that it was the glory of English heroes in the old days to destroy. They passed by, those young men in the flower of youth, and the world was the sweeter for their passing, since they had been twisted by civilization to grotesque and evil purposes. And when they had gone there was nothing left but a peaceful English village, and the smoke coming from the cottages and the faint chime from a church that had once echoed to the tramp of Cromwel's men.

Full Steam Ahead.

Would it ever stop? Would peace ever come? And would it come from such men as Thompson? I looked at him again. He was reading aloud from a pamphlet that he had printed for his "America first" campaign. Phrase after phrase came drifting across the table, each with a chorus of approval from his attendants.

"Nail Old Glory to her masthead and keep her there."

"Send to Congress red-blooded Americans."

"Maintain our national defenses in such way that none dare attack us. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

"To be prepared for war!" At that grisly old lie, which has killed three million young Europeans in the last decade, I almost laughed aloud. So it had all been a dream. That momentary vision of Thompson as a peacemaker was a mere mirage. After all, he was on the side of the old regime, the big battalions, all the hideous apparatus of carnage from which we Englishmen—at least, we young Englishmen—are so pitifully endeavoring to escape. A moment later he declared his colors beyond any shadow of doubt, by dictating a telegram to a "pacifist"—(why is that great word a sign of contempt?)—a telegram that was as brutal (and incidentally, as ungrammatical) as was the average recruiting pamphlet during the war.

With that, I left him. I had enjoyed one of the most singular mornings of my life. That he is a demagogue is palpable; nobody but a half-wit could honestly have believed in the campaign that he had been conducting. And Mayor Thompson is not a half-wit. He is a shrewd, coarse man, of violent ambitions and few scruples.

And yet, in some ways, a pathetic figure. For, in another age, Thompson might have been great. Set the clock back four hundred years, place him upon a ship with the wind at his back, and what might he not have accomplished? Sir Francis Drake would have counted him among his sturdiest men. The Spaniards would have quailed before him. And if he had survived, Queen Elizabeth herself might have bestowed upon him one of her most gracious smiles, and knighted him—'Sir William Thompson, Lord Mayor of London."

The Type Who Follow.

The following little incident may please all those who feel that I have treated Mayor Thompson unfairly. As soon as I had left his Honor's office, I sought out a stenographer's office in one of Chicago's latest hotels, with the object of dictating, as rapidly as possible, the foregoing incidents and arguments while they were still fresh in my memory. I had not dictated more than three hundred words when, to my great astonishment, the stenographer threw down her pencil, rose to her feet, glared at me ferociously, and said: "D'you think I'm going to take down that sort of bunk? I happen to be a 100 per cent. American, and I can tell you that Mayor Thompson's little finger is worth more than any Englishman that ever came over here."

With which sentiments, I am sure, a great many people would agree. However, perhaps it was all for the best, Her spelling was atrocious.

Dot was a kid you had to like;
She was a peach, until
Her young man bought a motor-bike
To give the girl a thrill.
They go each Sunday for a spin—
Alas for pretty Dot!
For, since those pillion-seats came in
She's fallen off a lot.

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



A Silent Horn

Big Increase in British Exports

Foreign Trade Figures Issued —Decrease in Import

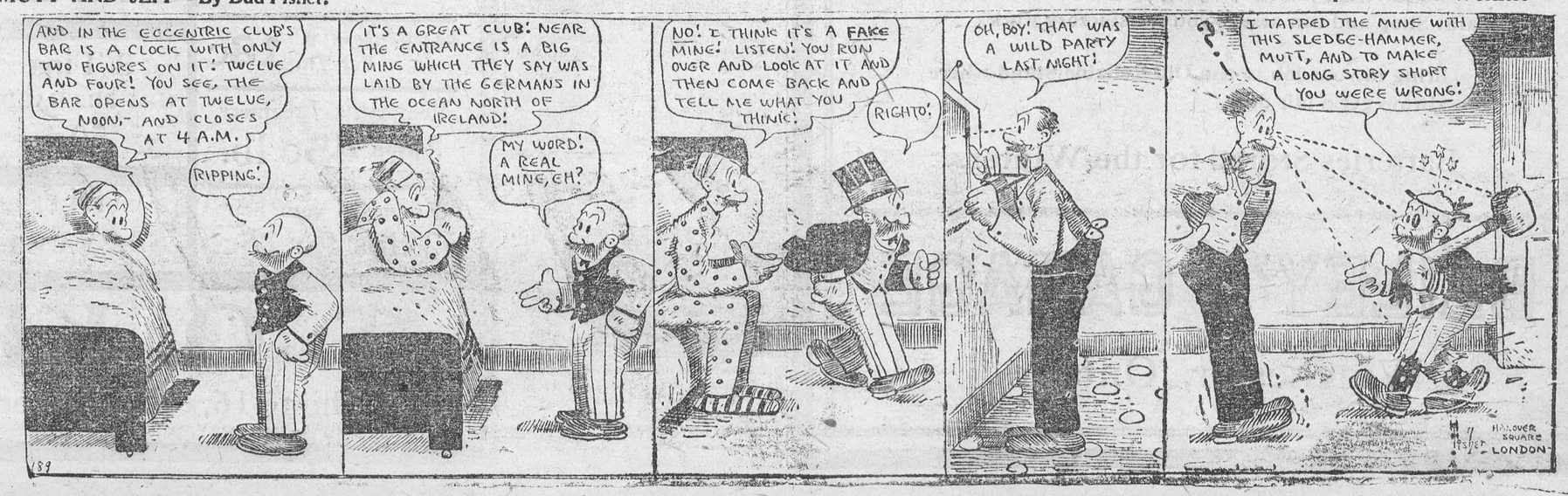
London. — Great Britain's foreign trade figures for 1927, just published, show encouraging increase in exports and decrease in imports as compared with those for 1926.

Imports totalled $5,944,513,682, a decrease of $109,869,265 under those for 1926.

Exports totalled $3,456,888,835, an increase of $280,292,564 over those for 1926.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

A Couple of Fast Workers.





You can tell a good driver by the mileage he gets from his tires

SOME fellows are sure rough on tires—slam on the brake and slide a yard or two in stopping—drop in the clutch and spin the rear wheels in starting—speed round corners and skid.

It may save a few minutes running time—it may even look a little "showy" to the man on the sidewalk—but the real driver knows that it means miles off the running life of the tires.

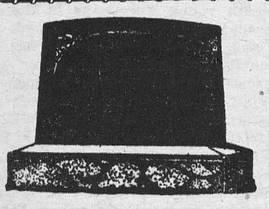
Good tires will give unbelievable miles of service if you treat them right. Drive sanely.

Come in and let us put the gauge on the valves once a week—under inflation means certain trouble. Let us examine the casings regularly for embedded flints and nails. This service will save dollars on your year's car expense.

DOMINION TIRE DEPOT

M. BAILEY

177



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Large size tins Pork & Beans 20c 1 lb. tin Crisco 25c
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PAINTING REPAIRING

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

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

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

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

Batteries Stored for the Winter.

BAILEY'S GARAGE

Winchester, Ontario.

The Mizpah Mission Circle

The regular meeting of the Mizpah Mission Circle was held on Monday February, 13th.

The meeting was opened by the singing of a hymn after which the minutes of last meeting were read and adopted and the roll called. The crusaders were thanked for their splendid success in their recent campaign. The way of raising money for this year was discussed and the Easter Thank Offering, the Birthday Box were decided upon. The program committe for next month are; Mrs. Harry Flora, Mrs. Waddell and Miss Margaret Ault. Miss Jessie Preston consented to write Mrs Merrill in reple to her letter

Mrs. Eldon Fennell then took charge of the program. After the singing of a hymn the responsive reading was led by Miss Helen Ellis. Agnes Parker then gave a "Devotional Leaflet" which was followed by prayer led by Miss Jean Beach and Mr. Albert Beattie. Miss Eleanor Hitsman gave a piano solo which was very much appreciated by all. The second chapter of the study book, "New Paths for Old Purposes" was then taken up by Mabel Waddell, Jean Stewart, Evelyn Fennell and Eva McQuaig. The collection was then taken.

The president Mrs. Wallace then asked each member to quote the title of a missionary hymn, or a verse of scripture, in answer to roll call at the next meeting.

After the singing of a hymn Mrs. Wallace closed the meeting with prayer.

Birth

At Iroquois, on Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1928 to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shaver, a son, Frederick William

Died

At Iroquois, on Wednesday, Feb. 8th, 1928, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shaver.

In Memorium

In loving memory of Urias Steinburgh, who passed away, Feb. 12th, 1927.

Oh; our hearts are sore with sorrow
And our eyes are dim with tears
Dearest Husband, Father, Loved one
In our thoughts your always near.

42p Wife and family

For Sale

13 young Tamworth Brood Sows, due to farrow in April and May. Your own time or 12 mos. credit without interest

42-3p A. J. Kahala, Inkerman, Ont.

Wanted

Two girls at Hotel Winchester.

42c Apply to Geo F. Mowatt

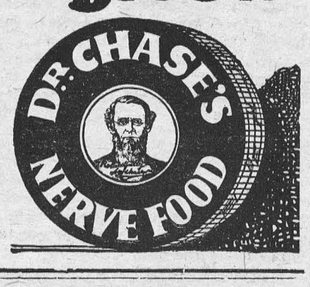
To Rent

Good Dwelling House at Winchester Station. Possession March 1st. For all particulars, apply to W. J. Cass. 42-3c

For Sale

1 large Holstein Cow, 7 yrs. old just freshened, and others to freshen soon. also 1 pure-bred bull, 8 mos. old. All T. B tested. Apply to Henry Rennie
Phone 623-21 Kemptville

for Thin Blood



Interscholastic Hockey

The Winchester High School qualified to meet Cornwall in the semifinals of the Interscholastic League when they defeated the Chesterville team on Winchester Ice to the tune of 2-1 on Tuesday night last. The game was one which kept the spectators in a turmoil and was featured by speedy rushes and fast combination on both sides. In the opening frame Winchester opened the scoring when Boyes broke through the Chesterville defence and drove a shot in on McMillan that he had no chance to save at all. The Chesterville boys came back fast but they were not able to break through the sturdy defence put up by Boyes and Scott.

The second frame was a duplicate of the first with rushes predominating. Doug Maclean finally grabbed a puck and sailed a shot at the goalie which rested in the corner of the net and which accounted for Winchester's final goal. Towards the last of this period the Chesterville team began to rush four men up the ice in an endeavour to break through the Winchester line but to no avail.

In the final period the Chesterville team forgot about defence and opened up with all they had. Time after time they stormed the citadel of Don Morrow but the little goalie was working like a machine and the net might as well been boarded up as far as goals were concerned Finally Tibby Gillissie grabbed a puck in front of the Winchester net which he drove hard against the heel of Boyes' skate and it glonced in for Chesterville only counter. Chesterville tried desperately but they could not beat Morrow and the home team skated off with the game in their belts.

The outstanding star of the spectacular work of Don Morrow in the local nets. This boy stopped everthing that came at him from cannon-balls to cream-puffs. They couldn't beat the boy that is all there is to that, he grabbed everything that came within reach and kept the Chesterville forwards at bay from start to finish. Winchester High now journies to Cornwall to try their wares against the factory town squad and as they did the trick last year lets hope they repeat the performance and came up against the winners of the Renfrew-Tech. game in the upper leagues.

Morewood 3, Winchester 1

The Winchester Junior Hockey Squad journeyed to Morewood on Monday night last, to take part in a Junior O. H. A. League game, which resulted in a win for Morewood by a score of 3 to 1. The game was fairly good one, nothwithstanding the fact that the Winchester team was a complete substitute, only two of the regular players being in uniform. However Winchester is still at the top of the heap and will enter the play-offs with Chesterville.

JUNIOR O. H. A. LEAGUE

	W.	L.	T.	P.
Winchester	4	3	1	9
Morewood	3	2	2	8
Chesterville	2	4	1	5

Town League Gossip

(Contributed)

"Cognawaga Jake" has been developing a team of his own on his upper lip. He declares it to be a great windbreak and greatly increases his style and speed.

The coach of the Rovers has advised Hart Melvin that he had better not lie around on the ice so much during the games or he'll beunable to assist his team during the playoff due to an attack of rheumatism.

The writer has been advised that Clint Benedict Ault's eyes are greatly improved from his rest and that he will be right up to form for the play-offs.

$100 reward will be given to any person finding a capable refree for these games. For other information apply to Ching Johnston Melvin's Garage.

The coach of the Royals has been spending considerable in getting Clint Benedict Ault to sit down gracefully. The coach states that when the coaching is finished it will be a pretty sight to watch the form of Benedict when he sits down on the puck.

A serious matter has been brought to light by Rastus Sambo Lannin, the colored trainer of the Speed-boys, when it was discovered while rubbing down their goalie Bill Reid that he was decidely bow-legged. An appeal will be made to the league president to see if a special set of pads may be used to fill out the vacancy.

A protest has been entered to the League president that the Rovers will have to put amuzzle on John Fader or they will withdraw their teams. This man is very ferocious and it is not unlikely that he will be sinking his bisceps into the calf of someone's leg during one of the games. This is a very favourable suggestion.

Sab Keyes has been suspended from hockey for putting his finger in Ivan Knowlaudski's eye while pointing at the retree. Sab has been notified that he will be reinstated when he cuts his fingernails

TOWN LEAGUE STANDING

	W	L	T	P
The Royals	4	0	0	6
Speed Boys	2	2	0	4
The Rovers	0	2	1	1
The Thistles	0	2	1	1

South Mountain

Miss Marion Thompson spent over the week end with Miss Marion McCarley, of Hyndman.

Mrs. H. C. Barkley and Miss Lila visited friends over the week end at Oxford Mills.

Mrs. Wm Farrell was the guest of her parents at Chesterville one day this week.

A number of relatives attended the funeral of the late James Steinburg at Ogdensburg on Thursday last.

Mrs. Lorne Armstrong and Robt are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nesbitt at Hyndman this week.

Mr. Wilbert Holly, of Smiths Falls, is visiting at Mr. Thos Francis.

Miss Erma Mulholland visited her friend, Miss Marjorie Wallace, of Winchester, over the week end.

Mrs. Wm Farrell and Arthur spent a few days this week with friends at Williamsburg.

There was a large attendance Friday, Feb. 10th, at the annual birthday meeting at the home of the Rev. and Mrs. P. Pollette of the W. M. S Mrs. Charles Patton, President of the Society ably filled the position and the meeting was a decided success.

Miss Madeline Wood, of Chesterville, is a guest this week of her sister, Mrs. W. Farrell.

We are sorry to report Mrs. J. Thorpe, on the sick list this week.

Mr. Delbert Murdock, of Detroit, is visiting his parents here, at present.

Mr. and Mrs James Payne, of Ventnor, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ennis.

Mr. Canning and family of Haddo, have taken up residence in town.

Mrs. John Forrester was in Ottawa a few days this week and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Crowder.

Miss Hazel Ellis of Saskatoon, is visiting friends here at present.

We are sorry to report Mr. W. W. Bellinger very ill at present.

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Phone 85 for your next order

DRY GOODS

Bias Seam Tape, Assorted Colors 15c per card.
Rick Rack Braids, assorted colors 5c per yard.
Tailor's Tapes 10c each.
Cotton Tapes.
Silk Thread, all colors 8c spool
Cotton Thread, colored 8c spool
Artsyle Rope Floss, assorted colors, 4½ yards in each pkg. 5c
Darning Wool on cards and in skeins 5c each
Mercerised Darning Cotton in balls 10c each
Silkateen Mending Floss 10c ball.
Kiddies Small Fancy Purses 50c
Shoe Laces, tan and black 5c pr.
Leather Laces 10c pair
Skating Shoe Laces 5 ft. long 15c
Linen Thread 15c spool
Thimbles, all sizes
Black Silk Twist.
Electric Curlers $1.25
Curling Irons 25, Hair Wavers 35
Talcumn Powders 20c and 35c
Perfumes, Bathing Salts 65c
Collar Buttons, Men's Garters
Cuff Links, Shirt Pins
Tie Clips, Armlets
Steel Crochet Hooks,
Steel Knitting Needles
Darning Needles, Common Pins
Dressing Combs, Fine Comb.
Lamp Wicks A and B
Mouth Organs

It is our intention to keep everything that is asked for in small wears. A lady clerk will be in charge of the small wares, hosiery and underwear.

Now is the time to do your sewing. In a few weeks the house cleaning and Spring Rush will be on.

PRINTS

A good assortment of patterns in the lighter shades, very neat at 25c yard.

Have you seen the New Dress Goods, namely

"PEBBLESHEEN"

Here is a charming material, soft, in a bright finish that will not crush or pull. In all the new shades. The price is 55c per yd.

COTTONS

CIRCULAR PILLOW COTTON 40 in. wide, smooth round thread. This piece will please you 50c yard.

BLEACHED COTTON, "Pure White" 34 in. wide, good smooth thread, good value at 18c yard.

FLANNELETTES

35 inches wide, in pink and blue stripes, a good heavy cloth suitable for any wear. This flannelette was bought before any advance took place and we are giving you the benefit. You can't duplicate them at this price 20c per yard.

HORSE BLANKETS

Medium size, cut out fronts with strap and buckle, lined throughout, price $3.00

Large size blankets, gusset neck, straps in front with sercingles sewn to the blanket, fully lined $4.00

Sercingles, good quality cotton webb, with leather ends and buckle each 85c

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Oven-Kist SODAS 20c lb.
Sunkist ORANGES 60c doz.
Choice Assortment of CAKE 15, 20 & 25
PUMPKIN Per Tin 18c
SAUR-KRAUT Per Tin 18c
Kemptville Creamery Butter 45c lb.
Campbell's Tom. Soup 2 tins for 25c

WATCH OUR WINDOWS and Save

Special BROOMS 34c each 3 for $1.00

Sabadilla Fresh 60c lb,

2 Tins CLARK'S BEANS 25c

COW SALTS 4 lbs. 25c

3 Tins G-M PILCHARDS 50c

SULPHUR $3.25 cwt.

2 Tins or Peas or Tomatoes 25c
6 bars Toilet SOAP 15c
Sherriff's Jelly Powders 4 pkgs. 25c
2 lbs. Corn Syrup 20c
Rice Choice Quality 10c lb.
Monarch Baking Powder 25c lb.
Redpath SUGAR $7.00 cwt.
PINEAPPLE Per Tin 15c
COOKING APPLES 7c lb.
Kippered Snacks 3 for 25c
Hand Picked White Beans 3 lbs. 25c

T. O. KEYES

Store Phone 16, Winchester, Meat Market 85