The Chesterville Record.

VOL. XLIII, NO. 18. CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, FEB. 25, 1937. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Leafs Fade From Play-Off As Prescott Wins 6-0

Largest Crowd Ever in Local Rink Sees Fort Towners Win Close 1-0 Decision Friday Night. — Locals Smothered 5-0 Saturday Night.

When the curtain dropped on the St. Lawrence Hockey League for the season Saturday night in Prescott, Chesterville Maple Leafs were far from being in the spotlight. After the first game of the series with Prescott on the local rink when the score was 1-0 in favour of the visitors Friday night in a game which might easily have gone the other way, Saturday night's win was so impressive, 5 to 0, that there is little to be said except that the Leafs went down fighting hard until the last whistle. There was no score in the first period. In the second Prescott counted twice, with Swede Olsen getting one and Frattura the other. With the ice very heavy, play was very good and the goalies had plenty of work. Chesterville faded badly in the final when Olsen bagged another and Farmer and Christie clicked for one each.

The triumph of Prescott showed that the Leafs had it well doped out when they stated they would much sooner meet Canadiens in the first game.

The game here with Prescott saw the rink packed with the largest crowd ever to gain admittance, there being almost 1500 present, with the gate amounting to $668, which takes hockey out of the red for this season. The game was full of thrills from the first whistle, both teams giving all they had through the first and second frames without a score, and into the third with less than five minutes to go when Prescott fired one into the twine. With redoubled effort, if that were possible, and with only 10 seconds to go, Pud Plantz appeared to have tied the game up, but it was disallowed. The puck had gone behind the net and Shi Harper in passing it out raised it into the air. Pud swiped while it was in the air and it is claimed the rubber struck the ice before going into the twine, which we understand would make it a legal counter, but Arnie Peterkin could not see it that way, taking the face-off to the side of the net for the few remaining seconds of play.

The Leafs have nothing to regret on the season's play, each has given his best and every citizen is proud of the team and of the fact that it has gone into the finals oftener than any other team playing hockey in Eastern Ontario.

CRANKS TRACTOR; BREAKS ARM

Yesterday morning about nine o'clock, as Ralph Loucks, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Loucks, north of Chesterville, was cranking a tractor at the home of his grandfather, Jacob Froats preparatory to sawing wood, he had his right arm broken in three places below the elbow when the engine back-fired. His right wrist was also dislocated. Dr. W. H. Lloyd reduced the fractures.

Want Municipality Billed For Its Indigents Only

Reeve Casselman Attending Convention in Toronto.—Cost Now Is Lumped Into County Rate.

Reeve W. H. Casselman, who was a director of the Ontario Association of Rural Municipalities, attended the fifth annual convention in Toronto this week. The hospitalization of indigents was among the subjects to be discussed and from which it is hoped to have the matter arranged with the Provincial Government that each municipality will be called upon to pay only the costs of its own patients instead of the whole bill being taken care of in the county rates as has been done in the United Counties.

Reeves Wallace Gallinger, of Osnabruck, and W. J. McConnell, of Winchester township, are also in Toronto on the same errand as well as attending the Good Roads Convention which will go into session to-day and conclude with a banquet to-night when Premier Mitchell Hepburn will be the principal speaker.

HEPBURN TO SPEAK IN MORRISBURG APRIL 14

Mitchell F. Hepburn, Premier of the Province of Ontario, will address the banquet of the Morrisburg Canadian Club on Wednesday, April 14th, it was announced by Dr. J. H. Grisdale, ex-Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Canada, president of the club. Premier Hepburn's topic has not been announced.

George Black, Kemptville, Former Chesterville Resident

Funeral Held Sunday of Respected Kemptville Man in His 91st Year. Fell Down Stairs Week Ago.

Following an illness of a few days, George Black, one of Kemptville's oldest and much respected citizens, died at his home on Friday afternoon. Mr. Black was in his 91st year, and a week ago fell down the stairs, which possibly hastened his death. He was a man of sterling character and generous spirit. He was born at New Glasgow, Que., a son of the late Jas. Black and his wife, Isabella Hamilton, of Ireland. He spent many years of his life in Chesterville and in the Winchester district where he farmed and travelled much as a drover.

Surviving are one daughter, Mrs. M. Hutt, of Kemptville; two sons, Hamilton Black, of Winchester, and Sergeant, of Smiths Falls; two brothers, M. Black, of Osgoode, and J. J. Black, of Winchester; also two sisters, Mrs. E. J. Ford, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Albert Steinburg, of Morewood. His wife died nine years ago.

The funeral service was held Sunday afternoon, the body being placed in the vault.

MRS. M. BRANDSTETTER DIES IN OTTAWA, AGED 76 YEARS

Word was received of the death in Ottawa on Sunday of Mrs. Mary Brandstetter, until nine years ago a resident of Morrisburg. Death followed a long illness. The funeral was held Wednesday in St. Theresa's church, Ottawa, with interment in Morrisburg in the spring.

Mrs. Brandstetter was born in Chesterville 76 years ago, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien, and went to Morrisburg as a child. Her husband, Gregory Brandstetter, died in 1916. One son survives. John G. Brandstetter, secretary of the Rideau Club, Ottawa, with whom she had resided for the past nine years.

"LAY-DOWN" 'STRIKER LEAVES HIS BED FOR JAIL CELL

First "lay-down" striker to be reported hereabouts, Edward Duguay, giving Port Elgin, N.B., as his address, was sentenced to seven days in jail when he appeared in Magistrate's Court in Brockville on a charge of vagrancy. According to evidence, Duguay accepted a job as a farm hand in Oxford township and promptly went to bed, refusing to move. He further declared he intended remaining in bed as long as he chose. Provincial Constable A. MacLeod, Prescott, settled the "strike" by appearing and moving Duguay to the County Jail.

LAST NIGHT'S HOCKEY SCORES.

Ottawa District Playdowns.

Smiths Falls, 3; Prescott, 2. (First of two-game total-goal series.)

Cornwall District.

Maxville, 2; Clarkson Freshmen, 1. (Series tied at one game each.)

Junior District Playdowns.

Perth, 5; Brockville, 2. (Perth wins round 9-6.)

Cardinal, 8; Finch, 0. (First game, total-goal playdown series.)

Winchester Juniors, 2; Russell Imperials, 3.

Winchester Town League.

Nation Valley, 2; Maple Leafs 7. (Maple Leafs win round 10-4.)

Local Young Business Man Married at Winchester

Miss Georgina Mae Clarke, Williamsburg, and William Gordon Lannin Wed at Home of Groom's Mother.

The marriage of William Gordon Lannin, son of Mrs. Lannin and of the late William Lannin, of Winchester, to Miss Georgina Mae Clarke, of Williamsburg, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Clarke, of Campbellford, was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Lannin, the Rev. W. S. Atchison, pastor of the United church, officiating.

The bride wore a gown of rose silk crêpe, fashioned on long fitted lines and trimmed with gold sequins. Her corsage bouquet was of yellow roses, the accessories being in blending rose tones.

After the ceremony Mrs. William Lannin was hostess to immediate friends of the family at a buffet luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lannin left on a motor trip to Toronto and other western points, and upon their return will reside at Chesterville.

Finance Committee Formed For Old-Home Re-union

Official Announcement Will Be Made Soon As Financial Backing Is Assured by Committee.

Steps toward the founding of the Old Home Re-union planned for Chesterville in 1938 are being taken surely as committees are beginning their work. The finance committee is now functioning and as soon as they obtain the necessary amount of financial backing the executive committee will officially declare the event and announce the date for the re-union.

A general meeting of the executive committee was held Monday evening with the following members present, W. O. Dixon, chairman; Mrs. M. Hughes, J. H. Fulton, Walter Carr and Dr. S. H. Hutt. In the discussion of the Finance Committee, it was moved by Mrs. M. Hughes, seconded by Dr. S. H. Hutt, that Messrs. J. H. Fulton, Geo. H. Barkley, Dr. A. B. Clayton, Clem. McCloskey, Chas. McMillan, Geo. Gillard and A. J. Barrie be the members of the Finance Committee with Mr. J. H. Fulton as the chairman, and the motion was carried.

The meeting adjourned until the call of the chair on motion of Mrs. Hughes and Walt. Carr. Dr. S. H. Hutt was chairman of the meeting.

INSECTICIDES

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Hellebore .....40 lb.
Special LOUSE POWDER Guaranteed. 30
Bell's Louse Killer. 30
Hess Louse Killer. 35

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GEO. J. HUNT, R.O.
CHESTERVILLE, ONT.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
Chesterville, Ontario
Rev. R. C. Tait, Pastor.
Sunday, February 28th, 1937.
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Public Worship
"The Transforming Power of Love"
7.30 p.m.—Public Worship
"What Shall I Do With Jesus?
"Judas: Shall I Betray Him?"

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH -:- CHESTERVILLE
Rev. Geo. Extence, B.A., Minister.
Sunday, February 28th, 1937.
10.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Public Worship
No. 2—"Zacchaeus."
2.30 p.m.—Service at Dunbar
Conducted by
Rev. W. D. Turner, B.A., Winchester.
7.30 p.m.—Public Worship
Rev. W. D. Turner, B.A., Winchester.

CORNWALL JUDGE ADVISES MAN TO KEEP ON WASHING

Mr. Justice Nicol Jeffrey gave a word of good advice to a budding young private detective, who appeared in Supreme Court at Cornwall as a witness in a case of criminal conversation. In giving his evidence, the young man said that he was a laundry worker, but had accepted remuneration for "keeping an eye on the defendant."

"Is this the first time you have acted as a private detective?" asked the judge.

Witness replied in the affirmative.

"Then let me advise you to let it be your last," Justice Jeffrey said. "Stick to a clean job of washing clothes. That is a nice clean trade, and the other is not very clean."

Coming Events

PLAY AT ELMA

"The Glow Lights of San Rey," a three-act comedy drama, will be presented by the Elma Young People's Union in the Church on Friday evening, March 5th, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25c and 15 cents. 18

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- The -
Case Against War

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Text of a Paper Given Before The Women's Institute Yesterday By Mrs. Ingram. Cross.

THE greatest argument against war is war. Much of the difficulty connected with the issues of war is caused by confusion of thought, so let us at the outset attempt to clear the air by definition—What is war?"

According to Cicero, "War is a contest or contention carried on by force."

The New Standard Dictionary defines war as "a contest carried on by force and with arms."

Great Britain defines war as a means of attempting to settle international or civil disputes, by armed forces, through the organized destruction of life and property, in which each side seeks to impose its will upon the other by force."

Will you notice that justice upon which peace hinges is not mentioned in any definition of war?

First of all, war is a means or method and not an end—we must not confuse it with the high and holy ends that may be in view, such as freeing slaves, the protection of the helpless, the attempt "to end war," "to make the world safe." The end may be right while the means may be futile or wrong.

The Civil War freed the slaves, but other countries liberated their captives without shedding blood. Great Britain, long before the American Civil War, liberated all her slaves with full compensation to the owners without leaving her country embittered, divided, impoverished, and with a lasting prejudice against the Negro, a hatred which to-day is a disgrace to civilized America, and the result of war.

Oh, no! Noble motives and high ends do not justify war. War is always wrong!

(Concluded on Page Five)

COMMUNITY THEATRE
Chesterville

FRIDAY & SATURDAY—FEBRUARY 26th & 27th
FRIDAY, 8 p.m.—30c SATURDAY, 7 & 9 p.m.—30c

"Roaming Lady"
—with—
Fay Wray

COMING
"Showboat"

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME
Picadilly Theatre
Williamsburg - Ontario

THREE MATINÉES WEEKLY—MONDAY ,WEDNES'Y, SATURDAY

FRIDAY & SATURDAY FEBRUARY 26th & 27th
GO GET 'EM HAINES
With Bill Boyd and Sheila Terry. A thrilling action story of an ace reporter who gets his story and his girl.
GAGS AND GALS ADDED ATTRACTION
PARAMOUNT NEWS SPECIAL—with more scenes of the Devastated Flood Area.

MONDAY & TUESDAY MARCH 1st & 2nd
ROSE BOWL
with Tom Brown, Eleanore Whitney, William Frawley and Larry Buster Crabbe. Full of Football cheers and touchdowns in the Classic game of the year.

WEDNESDAY ONLY MARCH 3rd
BROADWAY HOSTESS with Wini Shaw & Warren William. A dandy Detective Yarn with the Clever Perry Mason solving it. Swell entertainment.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY MARCH 4th, 5th & 6th
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD with WILLIAM POWELL, MYRNA LOY, LUISE RAINER and many other celebrities.
One of the most spectacular pictures of the year and truly IMPORTANT!
A Three-Hour Picture, running only once during these three evenings at 8.15 and a Matinee Daily at 3.00 p.m.
Evening prices 35c plus 3c tax. Daily Matinee, 25c, Children 15c

Morewood

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Dillabough and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McConnell visited on Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Flegg of Brinston.

Mrs. Harry Popplewell spent a few days visiting her mother, Mrs. James Andrew, of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Johnston, of Chesterville, and Mrs. Fay Shaver, of Finch, took dinner on Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Faulkner.

Mr. Archie Coulthart, of Cardinal, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coulthart.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter MacLaren and family, of Russell, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alex McConnell.

Mrs. Rathwell, of Cornwall, visited for a few days with her sister, Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger.

Mrs. John Wagner and son Ralph spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wagner, of Limberick.

Mrs. George Bogart entertained a number of ladies to a quilting bee on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Steinburg attended the funeral on Sunday of the late George Black of Kemptville.

Miss Cassie Cunningham, Ottawa, visited for a few days with Miss Mary Loughridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Steinburg attended the funeral on Sunday of the late George Black of Kemptville.

Mr. Murray Steinberg is visiting friends in Carleton Place this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Kerr, Mountain, called on friends in town on Tuesday.

MOREWOOD UNITED W.M.S.

The February meeting was held in the home of Miss E. Smith last Thursday. The president was in charge and conducted the devotional exercises. A leaflet on the devotional theme 'Jesus, the Pioneer of Life," was read by Mrs. Jas. McMillan.

The secretary, Miss E. Smith, read the minutes and arrangements were made to have supplies for the bale ready in May. Mrs. Harold Allison, supply secretary, asked that donations and quilt blocks be handed into her as soon a possible.

The roll call was answered by the name of a new member secured, one member giving in three names and receiving hearty applause. The president, Mrs. W. Coulthart, urged all to help in the Life Membership certificate to be given to one of the members this year. The sick calls were enrolled by the secretary, Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger. A letter was read by Mrs. Bezanson announcing the Home Mission Night at Spencerville, February 27th.

Part of the fifth chapter of the study book was given by Mrs. F. Bezanson in a very interesting and instructive way. The first part was on a "Chinese Mother," by Dr. Judd, and the second on a girl, "Beautiful Jade," and her experience on going to a modern city to receive an education.

The attendance was gratifying and the new members welcomed. Mrs. A. B. Allison and Miss Smith were appointed to make arrangements for the Easter Thankoffering. Mrs. Jas. McMillan will have charge of the March programme.

Plaintiff in Damage Action Commits Suicide in Well

Eli Lague, 69, Moulinette, Struck by Car Last August, Suit Scheduled For Assizes This Week.

Eli Lague, 69, of Moulinette, plaintiff in a damage action which was to have been heard at the Spring Assizes of the Supreme Court in Cornwall this week, was found dead in a well near his residence Friday afternoon.

Last August, Lague was struck by an automobile driven by R. L. Silmser, superintendent of the House of Refuge, at Moulinette, and suffered serious injuries. He had entered action against Silmser, who claimed in his statement of defence that the elderly man had walked into the side of the moving car.

Shortly after he had had his noon meal Friday, Lague left his house, and two hours later his son, Robert, found his body in the well. The man had fallen 15 feet before striking the water and a severe head injury indicated that he must have struck the wall of the well in descending.

Coroner C. A. Stewart decided after investigation that it was a case of suicide and said he did not think an inquest would be necessary. Lague's wife and fourteen children survive.

ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Exchange.

COURT DECISIONS respecting newspaper subscriptions are very clear. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office, whether in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken or not. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post office or removing and leaving them unpaid, is prima facie evidence of intention to fraud.

Second Brother is Dead Former District Family

David A. Irving Died at Tamworth Ont., Aged 83 Years.—Was Born At Grantley.

Just last fall we chronicled the death in Nelson, B.C., of John A. Irving, a native of this community, and now we must report the death of his elder brother, David, of Tamworth, Ont.

Mr. David Irving was born west of Grantley 83 years ago but most of his life was spent in Hastings county where he was a valued employee of the Daly Tea company of Napanee for the last 42 years. Only last October he was forced to retire owing to ill health.

He is survived by his wife, who was formerly Lavina Brown, of Tamworth. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Irving celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The following members of their family also survive: Mrs. Albert Teskey, of Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. F. Keller, of Utica, N.Y.; Mrs. C. R. Tucker, of Tamworth; Mrs. G. Williams, of Kingston, and John Irving, Brockville, Ont. A sister, Mrs. J. E. Lewis, of Walla Walla, Wash., survives and another sister, Mrs. T. A. Hill, of Ottawa, died in 1913.

The funeral service was conducted in the United church by his pastor, the Rev. W. H. Truscott, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Quarterman of the Anglican church. The members of the Orange Order, to which Mr. Irving belonged, attended the service. The Daly Tea company of Napanee was represented by one of the firm and by other members of the staff.

Riverside

(Intended For Last Issue)

ST. PAUL'S W.M.S., BERWICK.

The regular meeting of the W.M.S. of St. Paul's United church, Berwick, was held at the home of Mrs. Robt. Starke on February 17th, Mrs. R. C. Bogart, the president, in charge. The meeting opened with the singing of a hymn, followed by prayer by Mrs. S. Hutt and Mrs. R. C. Bogart. The scripture lesson, John I:1-18, and John x:10, was taken by Mrs. Lewis Hutt. The devotional leaflet, "In the Footsteps of Jesus," by Mrs. Roy Miller; hymn, "Take Time to be Holy," the fourth chapter of the study book by Mrs. Aden Casselman; reading, "An African's Prayer," Mrs. R. Starke; a hymn, minutes, roll call and offering, business. Programme committee for March 17th—Mrs. Aden Casselman and Mrs. Dan Pollock. The meeting closed with prayer by Rev. H. Beach.

Mrs. Dan Pollock visited Mrs. R. Starke on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay M. Droppo, Thelma and Garnet, Mr. Frank T. Dafoe and Mr. I. G. Bogart were recent visitors at the home of Mr. R. C. Bogart.

The regular meeting of the Young People's Society of St. Paul's United church was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman with a number from here attending.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Smith visited the former's mother, Mrs. George Smith, who is a patient in the General hospital, Cornwall. Mrs. Smith's many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Aden Casselman entertanied a number of her neighbours to a quilting bee on Friday.

A large number attended the regular meeting of the Women's Institute at the home of Mrs. Wendall Henry, Berwick, on February 11th.

Mrs. R. C. Bogart visited Mr. and Mrs. Fay M. Droppo and Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Shaver at the week end.

Mr. Milton Pollock visited friends in Avonmore on Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Ouderkirk is spending this week with Mrs. Arnold McIntosh.

Mrs. Murphy (concluding an argument) "Every time I look at you, Mrs. Patrick, I feel I'm doing the government out of the entertainment tax."

Magistrate: "When were you born?
No reply.
Magistrate: "Did you hear what I said? When is your birthday?"
Prisoner: "What do you care. You're not going to give me anything."

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture

POULTRY PRICES DOWN.

Anyone marketing live fowl, especially chickens, will find the price down around four cents a pound from last year. The fact that feed is considerably higher has nothing to do with setting the price of fowl. The law of supply and demand is supposed to be the ruling factor. It was pretty well broadcast early in the fall that the supply of fowl was above average. Unfortunately too many of the birds being marketed are not in as prime flesh as they should be. One produce dealer who pays a higher price, proportionately, for dressed birds, if they are good, than he does for live birds, claims he prefers buying dressed birds, as he can then see what he is getting. At 10 and 11 cents a pound for five and six-pound birds, there should be increased consumption of fowl on the farm and a considerable quantity canned for spring use. If birds are crate or stall fed, it will pay to dress them rather than sell alive.

SEEDSMEN'S ANNUAL.

Fifteen thousand bushels of Ontario variegated alfalfa seed, valued at more than $250,000, was purchased by the Soviet Government last year for use in Russia, according to an announcement made during the annual meeting of the Ontario Field Crop and Seed Association in Toronto.

Ten years ago two bushels of the Ontario variegated seed were sent to Russia, which also secured United States Grimm and Western Canada Grimm for experimental purposes, a delegate announced.

"And," he added, "the Russian Government last year purchased 15,000 bushels of Ontario variegated alfalfa. The purchase was of considerable importance to our business.

Speakers during the annual meeting were: Mr. Gordon McRostie, of the Ontario Agricultural College; W. E. Nixon, M.L.A., of New Liskeard; W. R. Reek, of Ridgetown Experimental Farm; Prof. G. W. Rhunke and James Laughland, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and Elliot Moses of Ohsweken.

The following officers were elected: Hon. President, J. Lockie Wilson; President, Alex. M. Stewart, Ailsa Craig; Vice-President, B. L. Scott, City View; Secretary, W. J. Stephens, Treasurer, D .H. Andrews; Executive, W. C. Barrie, Galt; H. A. Dolson, Georgetown; Elliot Moses, Ohsweken; R. J. McCormick, Paris, and L. H. Hanlan, Kapuskasing.

Other directors are: Clark Young, Milliken; L. J. C. Bull, Brampton; L. C. Fraser, Streetsville; J. A. Carroll, Toronto; W. R. Reek, Ridgetown; H. A. Comack, Arthur; Will C. Barrie, Galt; Alex Hunter, Melancthon; Jas. McLean, Richmond Hill; A. C. Porter, Jarvis; George E. Foster, Honeywood, and J. W. MacRae, Alexandria.

CURRENT FARM REPORTS.

Durham County reports that the majority of farmers have enough roughage to carry their stock until spring, but the supply will be pretty well exhausted by the time pastures are ready. The initial T.B. test of cattle there will be completed in mid-March. Live stock are on the thin side of Northumberland due to shortage of feed. Large quantities of seed grain are required there. Prince Edward reports that due to lack of snow and lower temperatures, fall wheat is looking brown and farmers in some districts report clover to be heaving. The market for horses there remains keen at satisfactory levels. Live stock are in good condition in Frontenac. Hay prices there have advanced with good quality timothy at $9.00 per ton, baled and mixed hay, including red clover and alfalfa, selling at $10 per ton baled. Glengarry reports a considerable movement of Ayrshire and Holstein cattle, with American buyers paying $45 to $70 for grades and $90 and up for pure breds. Milk production in Grenville is a little above average for this time of year, with several cheese factories making cheese throughout the winter months. Continued lack of sleighing in Leeds has slowed up farm work, with hauling of wood, logs and ice almost at a standstill. Movement of hay has been light and prices low in Renfrew. An increased demand for seed grain is noted there and seed dealers seem assured that all available supplies of seed grain will be cleaned up at an early date. Wonderful winter weather is reported from Manitoulin Island, with working conditions in the woods excellent.

POTATOES FOR SEED.

All growers of seed, whether it be seed grain, vegetable seed, or any other kind of seed, should endeavour to produce seed of superior quality by starting with the most suitable varieties and strain, and selecting the very best seed for their own plantings. In the production of seed potatoes, there is much room for improvement, and all too frequently bruised, damaged, small off-type, or otherwise inferior left-over potatoes are planted, particularly if prices have been alluring. Actual selection of superior strains of potatoes is apparently not receiving the attention that is so fundamental to success and yet the seed potato growers may be producers of really high quality cattle and other live stock, and would not for a moment think of using the same tactics in their breeding programme. Why then, not apply similar care and principles to the production of high quality seed potatoes.

The Seed Potato Certification Service has been advocating such a system for years with varying success. It is true, that diseases have been controlled, or methods for their control practised but that is not the whole story. An effort should be made by every seed potato grower, through selection, to produce stock, which in addition to being more or less free from serious diseases, is also apparently disease resistant. Good seed should be true to type, high yielding, and of good appearance. That is to say, tuber shape, colour of skin and eye characters should all be considered and an effort made to cull any not conforming to a certain set standard of excellence. In other words, seed selection.

The tuber unit method of planting of which much has been written, is one big step toward such an end and growers would be well advised to practise every means by which the quality of seed may be improved.

WITH THE BOY SCOUTS



CHIEF SCOUT 80 YEARS YOUNG.

Lord Baden-Powell, Chief Scout, is emphatic in his statement that he is 80 years young, and is peeved if you say he's getting "old." To show his pep, he celebrated his latest birthday on a tour of India, Monday, where he reviewed the All-India Jamboree with the Lady Baden-Powell, who is the Chief Guide and whose birthday also falls on the same day, February 22nd.

The 1st Chesterville Troop observed the Chief's birthday by investing three boys as Scouts on Monday evening. Merle Summers, of the Whippoor-wills; Edwin Smith, of the Beavers, and Campbell Robertson, of the Wolves, took the Scout Promise before the Troop and were made Boy Scouts. The service was in the light of the indoor "camp-fire" around which the Scouts sang and played for a half hour following the investiture.

* * * *

WHIPS RETAIN HONOUR FLAG.



The Whip-poor-wills are still in possession of the Honour Patrol Pennant and as a new six-weeks competition was started Monday, they say they're going to hold it. Perhaps with the coming of Spring the Wolves and Beavers will waken up a bit and give the Whips a merry chase.

* * * *

Venezuela, one of the most recent additions to Boy-Scouting countries, already has a Scout membership of some 3,000.

* * * *

Scouting is truly international in Java, with troops composed entirely of Arabs, Chinese, Papanese, Eurasians and Javanese, and all following the same Scout Law and Promise.

* * * *

Real Wolf Mascot For Boy "Cubs"

A live timber wolf, captured as a cub in Northern Ontario and brought up by one of the young members of a new Wolf Cub Pack at Mount Dennis, Ont., was the excitingly interesting central figure of the organization meeting of these junior Scouts. The wolf sat docilely on the "Council Rock" in the centre of the council circle of small boys while they practiced their "Grand Howl."

* * * *

Scouts May Get Captured Rum Runners.

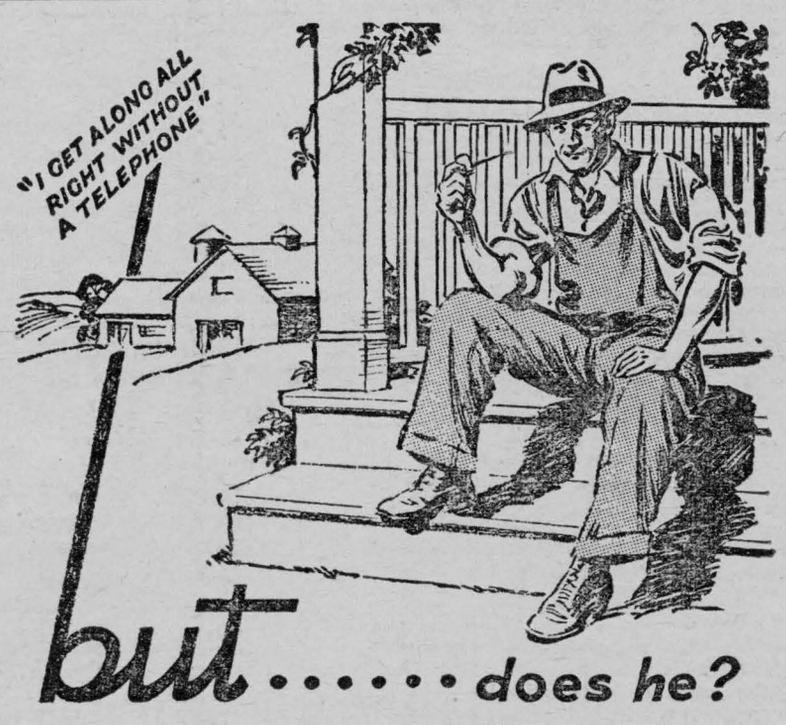
Fast, low, rakish craft crewed by hard-bitten, gun-spitting rum runners may soon be plying the Atlantic seaboard with peaceable crews of Boy Scouts, if a bill now before the U. S. Congress becomes law. The measure, sponsored by Congressman Mead of New York, will legalize the turning over of captured rum runners to groups of Sea Scouts for cruising and training.

* * * *

English Oaks For The U.S.

English oaks, from acorns from ancient trees on historic English estates will soon be growing in the United States. In response to a request from the United States Department of Agriculture, received through the Boy Scouts of America, English Boy Scouts gathered acorns from 17 old estates closely linked with English history, and these have been forwarded by the International Scout Bureau at London. The estates included Windsor Great Park, the home of the King, those of Princess Mary, the Princess Royal, and the Dukes of Norfolk, Portland, Newcastle, Devonshire and Rutland. Acorns also were sent from the forests associated with Robin Hood and the poet Byron.

PICOBAC
PIPE TOBACCO
FOR A MILD, COOL SMOKE



Sure you "get along", Mr. Brown, and you could get along without a lot of other things, too. Your car, for instance, and that shiny tractor over there. And lots of others. But your idea isn't just to "get along", now is it, Mr. Brown?

You invested money in those other things because they give you good return, either in money, comfort or enjoyment.

And so, Mr. Brown, since you haven't a telephone, you're missing a bet! It will give you *maximum* return in money, comfort and enjoyment. Drop into our nearest office. They'll tell you more about it!



Nothing yields so much for what it costs as the TELEPHONE

Local Dentist's Brother Treats Over Million Miles of North Country

Brother of Dr. R. G. Dodds Has Patients Scattered Over Northland. Molars Eased Out and Plates Made "For Cash" for Indians, Policemen and Trappers by Plane-equipped Dr. L. R. Dodd of Edmonton.

By Ken. W. MacTaggart, Globe and Mail Writer, Who Is Visiting Canada's Northern Frontier Towns and Settlements by Airplane.

FORT McMURRAY. — Pilot Marlowe Kennedy of Mackenzie Air Service was walking down the hill at Cameron Bay last Sunday morning when a tall fur-clad man hailed him.

"Marlowe," said the newcomer, "it's about my lowers. They are in your mail bag on the ship, I guess. Now, I wondered if you'd do me a special favour. When do you come back down here from Edmonton?"

"The day after I get up there," said Pilot Kennedy.

"Well, would you please telephone when you get to Edmonton and ask them to rush my lower plate. It's broke, and I can't eat anything much until I get it, and you might be able to bring it down next trip. It'll help me out if you do that."

So Pilot Kennedy pulled out his little notebook and jotted down something right beneath the notation about the size sixteen pattern for Mrs. Ingraham. Two days later, 1,200 miles south of there, he called up the dentist.

Pains Are Eased

All of which reveals another of the ways in which aviation has eased the aches and pains and afflictions of the impregnable Northland. But it also leads into the story of Dr. L. R. Dodd the dentist of the Northwest Territories.

Dr. Dodd, graduate of the University of Toronto and former amateur wrestling champion, has a big practise in Edmonton, but that is only part of his work. His field is actually bigger than that of any other man on this continent, possibly in the world.

He is a husky, blue-eyed, prematurely grey-haired man of early middle-age who has a wide reputation for his skill at exodentistry, probably because of the strength developed on the wrestling mat. He eases out molars as if they were the first childhood teeth. And he makes swell plates and dentures. Lot of them smiled brightly at us during our trip.

Once a year Dr. Dodd climbs aboard a plane and starts a tour of his practise. He covers everything from Fort Nelson to Aklavik and clear over to Fort Reliance. Look at the map and measure it out. It is up in the million square miles of territory.

Announced by Wireless

He stays three to five days at each outpost, depending on business and plane schedules. Wireless carries the annoucement of his coming weeks ahead of him and trappers, Indians,, police, signal operators and all others seeking attention head for the nearest outpost. He will do a complete extraction and have the plates ready next day. His business is all cash because there is lots of money in this country.

His whole kit goes into an ingeniously arranged portable bag that cuts down weight yet preserves all the essentials to good work. His drill is operated by foot, a sort of pedal gadget that maintains an even speed because of a balanced flywheel. Despite his big, well-equipped city surgery, he says a foot drill is more satisfactory at all times and is easier on the patient than an electric drill.

"Imagine me trying to serve all that country and all those people without aviation," said Dr. Dodd, and laughs as he tries to visualize such an impossible state of affairs. "Just consider Bear Lake alone. I can land in there, set up for practice and have everything done and be hundreds of miles away in a few days. It means that there is a far higher standard of oral health in that country to-day than any one in the South could realize."

Puzzles Dentist

"You leave some equipment in some places, don't you, Doctor?" asked The Globe and Mail innocently.

"No," replied Dr. Dodd, puzzledly.

"I understand that there was some dental equipment at the Eldorado Mine in Cameron Bay," said the reporter.

Dr. Dodd threw back his head and boomed his laughter high.

"I forgot about that," he said. "There is some. But unfortunately it belongs to one of the miners. You see, another dentist went in there last time. He was a poker player. I'm not."

Teacher: "But how could skin trouble give you a broken arm?"

Willie: "It was a banana skin, miss."

Master: "Do you mean to say, Pat, that your last employer treated you better than I do?"

"Yes, sorr, and oftener."

Aunt: "I saw you put your tongue out to that little boy. Don't you know it's very rude?"

Little Girl: "I was not being rude, Auntie. My tongue was wet and I put it out to dry."

CHICKENS—61,000 TO THE ACRE!

A POULTRY FARM near Coeysville, Md., employs factory methods, condensing what ordinarily require 610 acres into a single acre of ground. Here an average of 61,000 chickens live in tiers of wire cages, with as many as 2500 laying hens in one large, air-conditioned, disinfected, thermostatically heated and cooled, photelectrically-lighted room. The daily production of laying hens is 58 per cent, against the 50 per cent of conventional methods.

There are no nests. The hens never reach the ground, never go outdoors. They live, singly, in batteries of little wire cages in tiers six or seven high. The floor of each cage is of the same wire mesh as the sides and tilts toward the front. Eggs, when laid, roll down into a little rack outside, to be picked up by attendants on hourly collection rounds.

A conveyor belt runs on each tier, affording a constant supply of food within easy reach at the back of each cage. From a metal nipple at the top there is a constant drip of water. Under the cages runs a second conveyor belt which catches the waste and carries it to a bin from which is drawn a supply of high-grade fertilizing material. Outside each layer's cage is a card, resembling a hospital chart which gives the entire record of the hen and her production. There are also elaborate electric incubators and hatchers.

Once started, infection could spread rapidly through such a mass of poultry. Cleanliness therefore is most important. In addition to the automatic elemination of waste, the floors, walls and ceilings are kept spotlessly clean, each rooom being disinfected once a day. All cages are subjected to live steam at short intervals.

As neat and clean as their surroundings are the 21 employees. The women wear spotlessly white uniforms and caps, much like those of hospital nurses, and the men wear clean striped linen trousers and coats.

Several thousand visitors pass through the plant each Sunday, many of them chicken farmers from distant lands, including South Africa and Egypt. But these week-end crowds are becoming something of a problem, because of the fear of disease from the outside. So they are being separated from the cages by walls of glass!

Barber: "How is the razor, sir? Does it go easy?"

Man: "Well, that depends upon the operation. If you're shaving me, it goes hard, but if you're merely skinning me it goes tolerable easy."

†—Looking Backward—† 20 Years Ago †—From The Record Files—†

Thursday, February 22nd, 1917.

The Epworth League of Trinity Methodist held a sleigh drive and social when sleighs left the Post Office for the home of Mr. Abram Ball on Monday evening.

* * * *

Mr. Ira Christie, of Winchester, was elected the new president of the Conservative Association of Dundas county at a meeting at Winchester Springs, Monday last.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, Grantley, visited Mr. and Mrs. James McMillan during the week, the latter being ill.

* * * *

Mr. John Carruthers and Miss Hattie were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gainer of Melvins for dinner on Friday on their way home to Crysler after visiting relatives at Cass Bridge and Winchester.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Smith and Mr. and Mrs. George Marcellus, of The Boyne, attended the wedding of Mrs. Marcellus' brother at Chesterville on Wednesday last.

* * * *

Sympathy was expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Adam Carlyle, of Morewood, on the death of their son Clifton, which occurred on February 19th.

* * * *

Mr. Ivan Barkley and sister, of Spruce Grove, attended a party held at Mr. Arthur Whitteker's, Williamsburg, Tuesday evening.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whitteker and baby Vena of Williamsburg, were the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. H. Sargent, of Spruce Grove, on Wednesday.

* * * *

Mr. R. C. McDonald, of Butte, Mont., who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Catherine McDonald, for the past two months, left for his home on Saturday.

* * * *

Miss Aggie Gormley became the bride of Mr. Harry L. York at Crysler on February 14th. and spent their honeymoon in Montreal.

* * * *

In examinations on the New Testament following a teachers' training class at Melvins, Miss Jennie Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Earle passed with honours, obtaining 100 per cent.

* * * *

Audrey Kyle, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Kyle, met with a rather peculiar accident Sunday which resulted in a broken collar bone. When awakened, she arose quickly in the bed and, becoming entangled in the bed clothes, fell heavily to the floor with the above result.

* * * *

Mr. Herbert W. Morrissey and Miss Anna Moriarity were married in Kingston on Tuesday morning.

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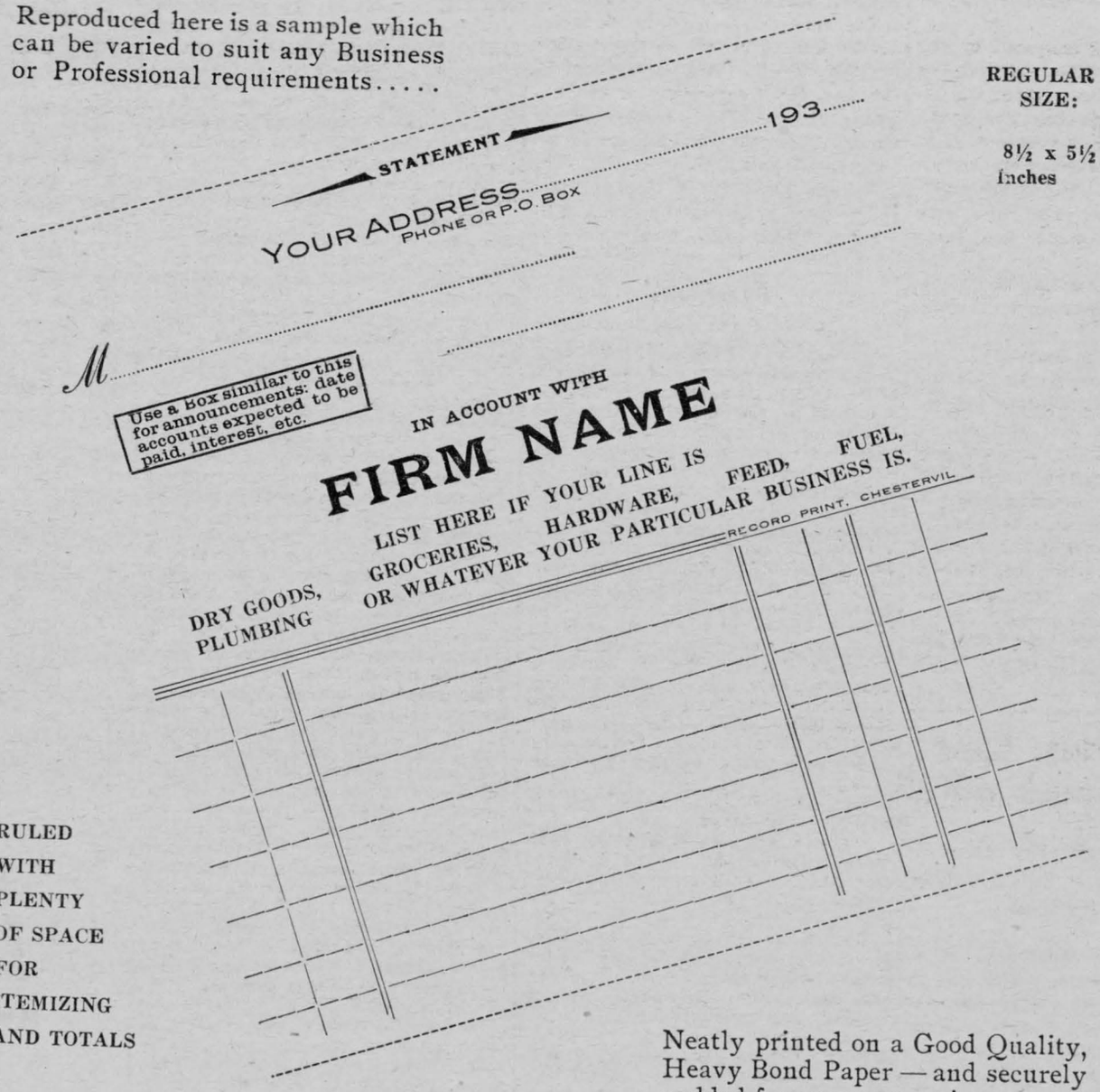

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The Record Office

CHESTERVILLE Phone 90J ONTARIO



Spring Clothes

We have just received our Spring & Summer samples from

W. R. Johnston & Co.

As you know Easter is early this year so do not delay too long in coming in to look over this fine range of Suit & Topcoat samples.

We are showing a complete line of

Axminster Rugs, Congoleum Rugs, Linoleum Feltol & Oilcloth

4 yards wide 2 yards wide

Stair Oilcloth

24 inches wide

Wilkie's "Glove-Phit" Shoes

LADIES, you should try a pair of these Shoes with the "BUILT-IN" Arch.

SPECIALS

White Flannelette Per yard .....**.15** **Yellow Cotton** Per yard.....**.10**

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

Phone 62

H. J. McMAHON

Chesterville, Ont.

Elma

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Dillabough on Sunday were Mr. Edgar Robinson and Douglas, Misses Pearl and Lois Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Dillabough and son Claude.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Thom and family and Miss Nettie Thom, R.N., were calling Sunday on Mrs. M. Thom and Mr. Douglas Thom.

Miss Ethel McMillan, of Eganville, was a week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S McMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Baker and children were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. K. Casselman, Dunbar.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Loucks, Doris and Jean were Sunday guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Loucks of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wereley were the guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong on Saturday.

Mrs. M. Dillabough and Claude were calling on Mrs. Stuart Wallace on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald McMartin and Mr. Egerton Barkley were in Ottawa on Friday.

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. McMillan on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Lorne McLatchie and children. Cornwall; Mr. and Mrs. Milton Barkley and children of Dundela.

Mrs. Luther Deeks and son Barton and Mrs. Herbert Loucks were calling on Rev. and Mrs. Robinson, Winchester Springs, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sweetman were guests for tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bouck on Sunday.

The Y.P.U. held their annual Valentine Party on Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beckstead. The evening was spent in games and contests, which were enjoyed by the large number present.

Orchardside

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edgerton, of Chesterville, visited on Thursday last with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Loucks and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Elliott and family spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Shaw of Archer.

Miss Dorothy Merkley spent Friday night with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Barkley of Dunbar.

Miss White and Miss McCollaugh are holding meetings in the school each evening and all are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Robinson, Riverside, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cunningham and Irene.

Mr. and Mrs. John Young visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Harper of Chesterville.

Mr. Nathan Thomas, of Gallingertown, was a recent caller at the home of Mr. Thos. Loucks.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Irving spent Sunday visiting relatives at Berwick.

Mrs. Thos. A. Loucks visited Sunday with Mrs. J. Fetterly of Grantley

A number from here attended the hockey match in Chesterville on Friday evening last.

Fire Insurance

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One year instead of Three Years

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

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SHOPS AT MORRISBURG AND WINCHESTER

Dies Four Days Following Death of His Aged Wife

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Baldwin, of Inkerman, Were Pioneer Residents of Mountain Township.

Surviving his wife by only four days, George Daniel Baldwin, pioneer resident of Mountain township, died at his home near Inkerman on Sunday following a long illness. He would have celebrated his 80th birthday the following day.

Mrs. Baldwin, the former Ida Jane Johnston, daughter of the late John Johnston and his wife, Elizabeth Donnelly, died Wednesday last and was buried on Friday afternoon following a service at Inkerman United church conducted by Rev. R. C. McConnell. She was in her 79th year.

Mr. Baldwin was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Silas Baldwin, among the pioneers of Mountain township.

His funeral was held on Tuesday, from the residence to Inkerman United church and his body placed in the vault at Maple Ridge cemetery beside that of his wife. The double burial will take place in the spring.

Surviving Mr. Baldwin are one son, Gordon, of Cass Bridge; three daughters, Mrs. G. Pollock, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. William Irvine, Saskatchewan, and Mrs. H. G. Broeker, of Chicago; two brothers, Wesley, of Cardinal, and Silas H. Baldwin, of Inkerman, and one grandson, George Baldwin, at home. Mrs. Baldwin is survived, in addition to her children, by three half-brothers, Dr. G. O. Barclay, Ottawa; Milton Barclay, of Almonte, and Samuel Barclay, of Ottawa, and a half-sister, Mrs. Willim Balharrie, Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were married 61 years ago. For many years, Mr. Baldwin had been an invalid from the effects of a stroke, and his wife's death is thought to have hastened his own passing.

Eighth Line, Osnabruck

Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. William Ostler and family were Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ostler, Clare and Helen Ostler, Norman and Evelyn Kyer, of Cornwall, and Orval Moak.

Mrs. Andrew Helmer and Mabel called on Miss Alice Winter on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Hilda Lapier spent Sunday at her parental home here.

Mrs. Ernest Beckstead, of Grantley, spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Edward Gillard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ostler and Lottie spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. William Ostler and family.

The many friends of Mr. John Dunbar are sorry to learn he is a patient in the Cornwall General Hospital, and all wish him a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Clarence Moak called one day recently with her aunt, Mrs. Bert Winters.

Mrs. Andrew Helmer and Mabel visited Mrs. Alex Carbino on Thursday.

Mrs. Wm. Gillard was called to Potsdam, N.Y., by the death of Mrs. Nelson Grant. She spent the week with friends.

Clarence Moak spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. George Moak.

Berwick

Mr. Alex Starke of Prescott spent Monday at his parental home.

Miss Teresa Kearns is confined to her bed after falling on the ice and injuring her knee cap a couple of weeks ago.

Mrs. Barrigar returned home re- the past couple of weeks.

cently from Ottawa where she spent

Miss Freda Hutt of Queen's University, Kingston, spent Sunday at her parental home here.

Master Jack McQuaig is confined to his home as he suffered a broken bone in his foot while descending from a truck a couple of weeks ago.

The Junior Farmers held their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening at the home of Garfield Nicholas.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dutt, Massena, spent a couple of days this week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Blair, Crysler, are spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ouderkirk.

Mrs. D. Rutley is spending a few days at Aultsville this week taking care of her sister, Mrs. H. Alguire, who is very ill.

A number of our citizens are confined to their homes by the grippe.

The Junior school room was closed last week owing to the illness of the teacher. Miss Mildred McMillan.

Mrs. Thos. Kendrick and her daughter, Mrs. Wm. McDonald, of Limerick, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Spotton and family on Saturday last.

Mr. Clare McQuaig spent Monday at Ottawa.

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The Store of Quality
But not of High Price



SPECIAL
Fry's Cocoa
FRY'S COCOA .21 Can

Bitter Oranges
For Marmalade.
Dozen .39

Fresh Ground
Coffee
CHASE & SANBORN
.29 Pound

For Lenten Season
FRESH SALMON
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FRESH FILLETS
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Special
CHOICE QUALITY LARGE TIN
Tomatoes
10c
TIN

CANNED
PINEAPPLE
Sliced
.10
TIN

BEE HIVE,
CROWN —or— LILY WHITE
SYRUP
2-lb. Tin .18 5-lb. Tin .39
10-lb. Tin 75

Honey
CLOVER HONEY
DARK HONEY
HONEY IN COMB

WRAPPED
BREAD
7c
LOAF

SHELLED
WALNUTS
.39
Pound

FRESH
ROASTED PEANUTS
.10
Pound

SPECIAL THIS WEEK
EASIFIRST SHORTENING
PICAKE SHORTENING
2 lbs for .25

Oyster Shells
100-lb. Bag.....**.90**

TRY US FOR
POTATOES
25-lb. Bag of choice New Brunswick.....**.75**
P.E.I. POTATOES.....**1.90**
ONTARIO POTATOES **1.50**

Kleenex
200 Sheet Box..... **15**

Writing Tablets and Envelopes
Special Linen Note Paper or Large Size Tablet and Package of Envelopes.
Both for.....**.19**

Ice Creepers
.25 PAIR .65 PAIR

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Try NEPTO-LAC

An Enamel for all Interior or Exterior use such as Furniture, Woodwork, Metal Work, Automobiles, Pipe Lines, etc...Quick Drying...Very Easily Applied, and holds its beauty.

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PHONE 36 r 2 CHESTERVILLE PHONE 36 r 2

The Bargain Table

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

FOR SALE

Three Brood Sows, 2 Berkshires and 1 Yorkshire, due to farrow in March, and 9 Grade Oxford Sheep, for sale.—Apply WM. SMITH, Box 744, Chesterville. 19

FOR SALE

Stack of Timothy Hay for sale. — Apply ROBERT DUKE, Morewood. 8

FOR SALE

Five High Grade Holstein Cows, springers. T.B. tested and cleared.—Apply ALLEN SMIRLE, Morewood. 6

BARGAIN IN FORD V-8 COUPE

Having gone to the city and not requiring my Ford V-8 Coupé, I will sell it at a most reasonable figure. It is a 1934 model with low mileage, having been used only in summer seasons. Finish of car is like new. Has two horns, two tail lights, good tires and a heater. Rumble seat is upholstered in brown leather and shows no wear. Has always given good mileage on gas and is economical on oil. If preferred can offer a Dodge sedan at an interesting price.—Apply HELEN LACEY, The Record Office, Chesterville. 18tf

MAN WITH CAR.

Watkins Dealer needed for nearby rural route supplying established demand for World Famous Spices, Extracts, Baking Powder, Soaps, Cleansers, Medicines, Fly Spray, Stock and Poultry Tonics. 69 year reputation. 10,000 dealers. Must be satisfied with $30.00 weekly at start. Selling experience unnecessary. Farm experience helpful. Credit furnished right parties. Write immediately, J. R. WATKINS COMPANY, Montreal, Que., Dept. O-C-7. 20-4

MEN WANTED

Have you a hundred dollars to invest? Share profits with 600 other successful business men. Start a modern business of your own SELLING direct to consumers. Do not wait behind a counter. Variety of 200 guaranteed necessities. SELL, then order. Experience not essential. NO RISK. NO DEAD STOCK. No heavy expenses. Great possibilities for active, ambitious workers. Free catalogue and details BOX 424 (F) STATION "M," MONTREAL. 18-4

North Winchester

Born—At North Winchester, to Mr. and Mrs. John Worsfold, a son. Both well.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hillis, Lunenburg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Hillis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gardiner, of Cannamore, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. S. Gardiner.

Mr. Dick Merkley spent the week end at his home in Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ball, of Maple Ridge, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Coulthart.

Miss Betty Clarke, of Ottawa, and Miss Hazel Gordon, of Winchester, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bowman and baby spent the week end with Mr. John Bowman of Berwick.

Mr. Charlie Gardiner, Mrs. J. S. Gardiner and Mrs. William Coulthart spent Saturday evening in Crysler.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bradford spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ouderkirk of Crysler.

EXCURSION

CANADIAN PACIFIC



to MONTREAL

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th
& SUNDAY a.m., FEB. 28th
Returning until Monday Night, Mch. 1
Tickets Good in Coaches Only.
No Baggage Checked. 18
RETURN FARE $1.75

MORRIS'

Transport

Local
&
Long Distance
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ONLY LOCAL TRUCK WITH FULL P.C.V. COVERAGE

EVERY LOAD INSURED

SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FOR HAULING LIVESTOCK

PHONE 76J

S. MORRIS - CHESTERVILLE

Melvin

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Presley and sons spent Sunday guests of Messrs. Willard and Ernie Presley of Newington.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Redmond and children, of Winchester, were callers Sunday afternoon of Mr. and Mrs. R. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Poole, of Harmony, were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Shaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Arrington Stewart and children were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Blake McMillan of Winchester Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Presley and son Clarence spent Monday evening with Mr. Frank Carruthers and mother, Mrs. A. Caruthers, of Crysler, Monday evening. Master Delbert Carruthers returned home with them to spend the week here.

Mrs. John Scott, of Winchester, is spending a few days with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scott.

Mrs. John Darling, of The Boyne, spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. George Beckstead and Mr. Beckstead.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baker and family, of Metcalfe, were Sunday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Black, Mr. and Mrs. John Barrett and Mr. Elgin Black attended the funeral of their uncle, Mr. George Black, of Kemptville. Mr. Black was an old resident of this settlement. Sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Pruner spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Christie spent an afternoon recently with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross of Chesterville.

The Case Against War.

(Concluded From Front Page)

War is wrong in its method. Military necessity imposes the weapons of modern warfare. These include poison gas, burning oil, submarines, airplane bombs, hunger blockades and in the future will include death rays and disease germs. Need I enlarge upon these or remind you that the war lords have discovered more terrible and deadly devices than were used in the World War? There is an abundance of evidence to indicate that the next war will be vastly more destructive than any war of the past.

War employs the method of reprisals. In its very nature, war is retaliation under the sway of passion. Neither side thinks the score is even or is ready to stop short of exhaustion caued by devastating destruction.

War is a boundless provocation where force overwhelms force, hatred kindles deeper hate. And might rules instead of right and reason.

War is wrong in its results because it is intrinsically, inevitably and utterly destructive. It is destructive of material wealth, of human llfe and of moral standards. In the end it is futile and suicidal.

The total cost of the world war was 337 billions. No human mind can comprehend these figures but they become more terribly intelligible when we remind ourselves that if we had paid $20,000 an hour from the birth of Christ until the end of 1925, the war would not yet have been paid for. We burned up $9,000,000 an hour or 215 million dollars a day in the World War. Think of it, ladies. And that is not all. After patient, plodding, centuries of slow construction, we have mastered the art of swift and devastating destruction. And this is not the accident, but the very essence of war. With the money burned up we could have built a $2,500 house, put $1,000 worth of furniture in it, placed it on five acres of land worth $100 an acre and given this home to each and every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia. To each city of 20,000 inhabitants and over, in each country named, a five million dollar library and a 10 million dollar university. Out of what was left we could have set aside a sum of five per cent that would provide $1,000 yearly to an army of 125,000 teachers and a like salary for another 125,000 nurses.

War is destructive of human life, the most precious thing on earth. Here are the estimates of the World War:

26 million death toll,
20 million wounded
9 million war orphans,
5 million war widows,
10 million war refugees

We read with horror of a single human sacrifice offered to Dagon or Baal; but what shall we say of this modern offering to the Pagan God of War?

Nothing could work worse than war. It carries with it all other evils in its train—hatred, vengeance, murder, deceit, disease, famine, poverty, despair, revolution, crime and death. What evil is wanting that war does not multiply and intensify? What good does it accomplish that could not be better won by peace?

Napoleon, that great war lord, said: "I doubt if war ever really settled anything. It un-settled everything... the more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable." Napoleon should know his war. He spoke the truth.

What, in reality, did the World War settle. It was a war to end war. Did it in fact end war? No, a thousand times no! Never in the history of the human story has the world been in such a turmoil.

Eighteen years after peace we live in a world reverberating to the war god's ponderous tread on every continent except our own. One by one, the ideals we fashioned for the future have faded almost to illusions.

Nations are spending five billion dollars a year on armaments. France has built a steel fortress around her frontiers. She has built the greatest air fleet in the world. Japan has vastly increased her military budget. Russia, her borders now upon the new Japanese controlled Kingdom of Manchu-kuo, has a mighty army, a great air fleet. Germany under Hitler more formidable than under Kaiser Bill, Italy, through Mussolini, glorifies war. I dare not pass without mention of Great Britain who within the past month proposes in the next five years to spend the staggering sum of over $7,500,000,000, and British statesmen assure us: "Britain doesn't arm for war, she arms for peace."

Tragic and terrible is the whole spectacle. The legacy of death and debt of the World War is still with us. We shall be paying treasure for it, and suffering, for generations to come. Yet, despite it all, despite all that has been said and vowed these past 20 years, the world spends more for blood-letting weapons than ever before in the human story.

The muffled cries of under-nourished millions for change and chance—are stilled to hopeless silence by the iron hand of old despots re-incarnated in new dictatorships.

Our last point—War is un-Christian. It is the utmost negation of Jesus' way of life—Love your enemies. Man is not to retaliate. He is to overcome evil with good. In a word, Jesus teaches the way of the cross; war is the way of the sword. Jesus comes that men may have life—war is organized for death.

The Jesus way of life—the way of peace—has never yet been tried.

The fact that the Great War is the one great reason for the world's financial and industrial crisis ought to make any sensible being demand that the wealth of a nation should be used for constructive purposes and not war. Isn't it time we put the God of War off his bloody throne and put in his place the Prince of Peace? The definite education of the people is the way which all world reforms have been brought about. You cannot convert the world with a club but you can do it with the power of love. Let us shake hands and not fists across the international tables of the world.

FINE PROGRAMME GIVEN WO'S. INSTITUTE MEETING

A very fine programme was given at the meeting of the Women's Institute yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Ingram Cross and Mrs. Chas. Graham presented "The Case Against War," and Mrs. L. Marcellus gave some very forceful arguments that "War is Justifiable."

Instrumental music was provided by Miss Marjorie Hanna and Miss Olive Casselman. Afternoon tea was served by Mrs. A. Jarvis, Mrs. F. Smith, Mrs. O. Colquhoun, Mrs. J. Turner, Mrs. J. Sutherland and Mrs. Harold Durant.

Payne Valley

Mr. and Mrs. Willie MacIntyre spent a day last week with friends at Avonmore.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Cameron visited friends in Ottawa recently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bicks visited Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Eligh recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughie Cameron and son George visited friends at Finch on Wednesday.

We must congratulate Mr. D. P. Cameron on his winnings at the winter fair, he got two first prizes, two seconds and a third, two specials and a bronze medal for the best turkey in the show. At the Montreal Poultry Show on January 3rd, he won three first prizes, two seconds and one third, and two fourth prizes, a prize on each bird exhibited, which were White Holland turkeys.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eligh and Miss Clara Garlough spent Tuesday with friends at Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Eligh visited with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Eligh, Newington, Sunday.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Master Keith Shaver, and we hope for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Jim McMillan returned home on Tuesday after spending the week end with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eligh and Miss Clara Garlough spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Cameron and Mr. and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bicks.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacKenzie and Mr. and Mrs. John Hazely spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Shaver and Mr. Donald Shaver.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eligh and Miss Clara Garlough called on Mr. and Mrs. Abe Eligh, Newington, on Saturday.

We regret to report Mr. Donald McMillans on the sick list, and we hope for a speedy recovery. Mrs. Hoople of Newington South is attending.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stephenson and family, of Cornwall, spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eligh's celebrating Mrs. Stephenson's birthday.

Mr. Earl Bicks spent Wednesday evening at Finch.

Mr. Clifford Eligh leaves for Toronto on Monday, expecting to be in that city for a few days.

A number from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Cameron which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McLeod. We extend sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

NEXT WEEK AT THE

CAMEO THEATRE

MORRISBURG

MONDAY TUESDAY MARCH 1 & 2 — The Beautiful Technicolor Picture "RAMONA" —Starring— LORETTA YOUNG and DON AMECHE. One of the World's Greatest Love Stories in One Glorious Picture

WEDNESDAY THURSDAY MARCH 3 & 4 — GUY KIBBEE and SYBIL JASON —in— "THE CAPTAIN'S KID" The Smallest Skipper on the Seven Seas gangs up with the Biggest Liar in Seven States. Do not miss this delightful picture.

FRIDAY SATURDAY MARCH 5 & 6 — RICHARD DIX and KAREN MORLEY —in— "The Devil's Squadron" THRILLS! ACTION! ROMANCE! COMEDY

THIS FRIDAY SATURDAY — "THE BENGAL TIGER"

BORN.

Bourke—In Chesterville, on Sunday, February 21st, 1937, to Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Bourke, a son. (Thomas John.)

Seventh Ave. West, Osnabruck

Miss Vera Flynn, Ottawa, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Ross Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wert and little son Billy were Sunday tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Alguire.

Mrs. Willis Warner and Mrs. Jacob Brownell were tea guests on Wednesday of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Flegg.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Dutt, Cornwall, spent Thursday with Mrs. Jas. Green.

Mrs. John Grandaw spent Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Wilburn Wert.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gallinger and children were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Warner.

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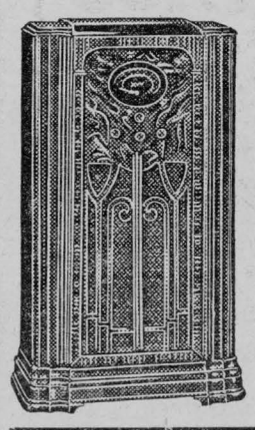

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The Chesterville Record

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

1937 FEBRUARY 1937

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1937.

WHAT ABOUT THE OLD HOME RE-UNION?

WHILE it seems so far away as to be almost out of order to bring up now, would it not be well to discuss the reunion of our one-time citizens planned for the summer of 1938? There are many ideas and opinions to be considered before a programme of entertainment and welcome can be arranged that will meet with favour from the majority of our citizens.

It is argued by some that a wonderful opportunity was lost in not taking advantage of Coronation year to hold the affair and join in the celebrations that will be held during this summer in honour of the coronation of George VI.

For how many days is it desirable to hold such a reunion in a place of this size? With the affair booked for four days it will require some expert planning to keep enthusiasm at a proper heat as the days pass by. Many a fine reunion has found two days to be about the best for all purposes: one day full to overflowing with every kind of entertainment, the day following for visiting friends and places of former years and a return to normal of those who cannot take more time from their everyday vocations.

The columns of The Record are wide open for the expression of opinion on the matter and for suggestions as to what will be the most pleasing to our guests. Letters on the subject will be published without the writer's name if desired, but for our information the name of the writer must be given as an evidence of good faith.

NEW COUNTY TOWN?

LAST FALL there was considerable comment on the question whether it would be desirable for West Stormont and Dundas County to withdraw from the corporation of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry and form another municipality.

Now Cornwall comes along with a resolution from its Mayor and Council seeking to have Cornwall separated from the United Counties, with the claim that too great a proportion of Cornwall's taxes are required to meet county levies and that in a not very distant future that portion will reach fifty per cent of the total taxes.

Another grievance appears to be that the present counties buildings in Cornwall are occupying a considerable area of very valuable real estate which would be included in the business section and consequently bring in much revenue to the city strong box.

Cornwall proper and that portion of Cornwall township with a population of some 12,000 or 13,000, on incorporation as a city would give Cornwall a population of around 25,000.

With Cornwall's withdrawal from the United Counties, the counties' buildings and gaol would be removed to a new location, a new County Town would have to be designated where the buildings would be situated. Chesterville is the logical place to be designated as the County Town, being nearer to the geographical centre of the counties than any other village of similar population, as well as having accommodation for more people whose business would bring them to the county seat. Chesterville is easily reached from all sections of the United Counties over improved county roads and will be on the direct route of Highway No. 7 when it is eventually completed to the easterly limits of the province. It is also on the most direct route between Canada's Capital and what will be Ontario's youngest city.

There is an opportunity here for Chesterville's reeve to do some very worth while work in this matter.

Straders Hill

Mr. Phill Strader, of Ohio, is visiting his brother, Mr. Guy Strader, and Mrs. Strader.

We are glad to see Mrs. Eslie Pitt around again after having the 'flu.

Mrs. Cecil Hanson called on Mrs. Jim Barnhart on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanson visited Mr. and Mrs. Alf Casselman at Winchester on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Strader visited friends at Williamsburg on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Hanson visited Mr. and Mrs. Omer Patterson at Winchester Springs on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanson were entertained to dinner at Mr. Hugh Barkley's on Friday.

Mr. Bert Johnston, of Dixon, called on Mr. Guy Strader on Friday.

"To what do you attribute your remarkable health?"

"Well," replied the very old gentleman, "I reckon I got a good start on most people by bein' born before germs was discovered, thereby havin' less to worry about."

Payne Valley

(Held Over From Last Issue.

ST. LUKE'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

St. Luke's Literary Society met in the school on Friday evening, February 12th, with the president, Claire Moak in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, Ralph Mackenzie, and were adopted as read. The literary this month was in the form of a musical evening. The Egan Brothers of Buckingham, gave several numbers and encores. Guitar selections were given by Mrs. Bicks and Lois Ouderkirk; little Misses Merkley and Kittle, of Chesterville, sang a duet; step-dancing by Lois Ouderkirk, Gwen McIntosh and Irvine McMillan, with Egan Brothers orchestra accompanying; recitation by Miles Hunter; Leo and Jean Curran sang two numbers; vocal solos were also given by Messrs. Coleman and S. Gilbert. After singing God Save the King, the ladies served refreshments.

Miss Mary McDermid, of Martintown, visited last week at the home of Mrs. Mary MacIntyre.

Quite a number from here attended the Day of Prayer at Finch, Friday.

Mr. George Eligh called at the home of Mr. A. W. MacIntyre on Wednesday.

A number from here attended the funeral service of the late Mrs. Hugh Lafleur at Finch.

Mrs. Jim McMillan is spending a few days in Cornwall with friends.

The assessor, Mr. A. L. Hutt, of Berwick, called through our Valley on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Benning and Mrs. Belle Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Campbell spent Wednesday evening for tea with Mr. and Mrs. George Eligh.

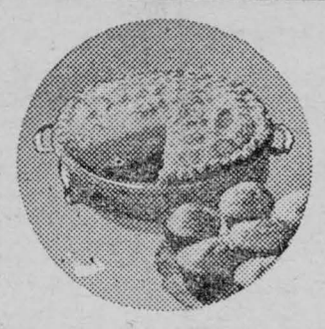
Mr. Alex. McLean spent a couple of days with Mr. Jim McMillan at the home of Mr. Donald J. McMillan.

Mr. John D. McMillan and daughter Gertie, of Cornwall, spent Friday evening in our Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Campbell spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Shaver and Mr. Donald Shaver.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D Shaver and family spent Sunday with friends at Avonmore.

Miss Mabel Campbell, of Ottawa, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Campbell.



GOOD THINGS TO EAT

- By -

MISS HELEN LACEY, B.H.Sc.

INEXPENSIVE MEAT DISHES.

MEAT is always a large item in the food bills, and in order to avoid monotony in serving the same cuts repeatedly, let's dress them up a bit—combine a few—add vegetables—and generally pep up our meat course without pepping up our meat bills at the same time.

HAMBURG AND BACON ROAST.

3 pounds hamburg steak
2 large potatoes cooked and mashed
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1 onion, chopped fine
3 hard cooked eggs
¼ pound sliced bacon

Combine the hamburg, potatoes, salt, pepper and onion and mix thoroughly. Divide the mixture in equal parts. Put half of the meat in a pan and place the whole hard-cooked eggs in the centre. Cover with the remaining meat. Places slices of bacon across the roast. Bake in a hot oven for one and a half hours.

BRISKET OF BEEF WITH SAUERKRAUT AND DUMPLINGS

3 pounds of brisket of beef
1½ quarts sauerkraut
1 onion, sliced
2 tablespoons shortening
Salt and pepper
Dumpling dough

Melt the shortening in a large pan and brown the onion. Add the meat which has been well seasoned with the salt and pepper. Add the sauerkraut and cover with boiling water. Cook slowly for two hours or until the meat is tender. Make dumplings as follows:

2 cups flour
1 tablespoon butter
1¼ teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
Milk

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Add the butter and work in with pastry blender or finger tips. Add enough milk to make a stiff batter. Turn out on a well-floured board and roll one-half inch thick. Cut in squares and place on top of meat and sauerkraut. Cover the pan tightly and cook 25 minutes. Serve at once.

BEEF STEW.

2½ pounds beef (from the leg)
2 onions sliced
½ diced turnip
1 cup diced carrots
5 potatoes sliced
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 cups water
½ cup flour
2 tablespoons butter

Remove meat from bone and cut in one-inch cubes, removing all fat. Put bone and half the meat in a kettle and cover with cold water. Let stand half an hour, then place on fire and bring to a boil. Melt the butter in a frying pan and brown the onion. Season the rest of the meat with salt and pepper, dredge with some of the flour, and brown in the butter with the onion. Pour onion and browned meat into the broth and cook slowly for two hours. Add the vegetables and the rest of the flour which has been mixed with ½ cup of cold water. Cook until vegetables and meat are tender. Remove the bone before serving.

NEW ENGLAND CODFISH CAKES WITH BACON.

2 cups salt codfish
2 cups hot mashed potatoes
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon baking powder
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Bacon

Soak the codfish in cold water for several hours. Drain and cover and simmer until the fish is tender. Drain. Remove any bones and chop the codfish. Combine all the ingredients, excepting the bacon, and beat until light. Mold into cakes about ½-inch thick. Fry two strips of bacon for each serving. Drain, and let stand in a warm place. Fry fish cakes in bacon fat and serve with the crisp bacon.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.

2 pounds round steak
3 cups water
½ cup onions, sliced
½ cup carrots, sliced
4 medium sized potatoes, diced
1 stalk celery diced
1 tablespoon shortening
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Plain pie crust

Cut steak in ½-inch pieces and brown with the onions in the shortening. Add the flour and blend. Then add the water, carrots, celery, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer one hour. Add potatoes and cook 15 minutes longer. Pour into a casserole and cover with pie crust. Place in a hot oven and bake 30 minutes.

RED FLANNEL HASH.

6 medium beets, cooked
4 medium potatoes, cooked
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon cream
1 cup chopped hamburg
Salt and pepper

Chop the potatoes and beets and mix with the hamburg and season with the salt and pepper. Place two tablespoons of butter in a frying pan, add the mixture and moisten with a little hot water. Cook slowly in a covered pan. When nearly ready to serve, add the cream mixed with one tablespoon of melted butter.

New Style Prairie Schooner

I HAVE just survived a transcontinental trip by bus. Six thousand miles in 10 days, continuous going. For the first 24 hours the experience was valuable neither as history, as romance, nor as comedy; after that my immunities increased, and I was able to take notice.

I had expected my fellow travellers to be a new creation, and they were. Such good-natured directness, such imperviousness to discomfort — nay, such utter enjoyment of what to me was an exquisite form of physical suffering. No wonder the pillar saints missed perfection; they were far too comfortable. Let them sit over a wheel and have their spines jolted. Let the jump-seat pinch them and the overhead baggage fall upon them. Let every passenger behind and beside them wriggle past at every station. Let all windows be closed (by successive request), and let the bus roll on, day and night, night and day. By such technique is the flesh truly mortified.

But no one minded. In fact, neither did I after I had gotten rid of my de luxe manners and become just one of the folks.

"Well, folks," the driver would say, facing us with a smile he seemed to mean, "this is Booneville. Ten minutes rest-stop."

Later he would return, count us with his forefinger, and then, "Well, folks, let's go." At the end of a division, it was "Good night, folks," or "So long, folks." Once at mid-afternoon of a day whose torridity I hope to forget, a driver who had been with us since breakfast said, as he departed, "Well, folks, I hope you'll get along all right; I've filled up the ice-water tank for you." That was the spirit, and it was catching. We were all folks, individually crotchety enough, but compositely human nature, purged of guile, of irritation, of selfishness. Just folks, bathed in brotherly love.

Sometimes we looked like an Old People's Home on a picnic; always there was a sprinkling of those over the retiring line. Retirement was not in their books, however; they were the sort who die with their boots on, and their travelling days had just begun with the bus era. Most typically they were women, incredibly dexterous with lap luggage. One short-haired grandmother, who was my seat-mate for a day and a night, by some sleight of hand negotiated two knitting bags, two wraps and an extra hat, three paper parcels, and her lunch-medicine kit. True, she had some slight trouble shifting things about in her 19 inches of seat space (I measured it) when it came time to take her medicine. Three red pills and the liquid requisite to wash them down are difficult to manage at a speed exceeding 45 miles an hour. Not that she was delicate. I saw her consume a pork sandwich and a wedge of blackberry pie at 1.45 a.m. The bus-travelling aged are well preserved, and better be.

Blue-shirted cavaliers, with down on their chins and freckles on their arms, came and went at all hours. So did very young, bare-headed mothers with very tender infants who never cried. Once in a while someone with initialled baggage rode for a few hours, but such customers are rare. A 25-pound dog occupied space in the baggage rack for two days and nights. Whenever we changed buses, we took on an entirely new and interesting cargo of passengers.

At night, after "Pillow Service" had intoned his little plea prophesying that if we patronized him we should all "sleep comfortable by the light of the moon," after the driver had pressed the light button, the bus put its collective head on its new 15-cent pillow and, two by two, heads at exactly the same angle and all rolling rhythmically, every mouth open, every expression wiped off every face, the owners drifted, each on his own sea. Souls would come back to bodies with a jerk when the bus drew up to a Stop and the driver reversed the button. Every neck would straighten, every mouth close, every eye pop into focus. We slept and waked at command.

By day and by night infinitely interesting things passed by, things no window of the Overland Limited ever revealed: a frightened antelope near enough to be spoken to, a thousand sheep met in a narrow mountain pass at dawn, a gypsy camp around its night fire, all the stars in the Planetarium without an admission fee, the smell of sagebrush, a breath of snow across the desert, the Sierra by moonlight, and a bridge of fog hanging over Dooner Lake at dawn. Any city dweller who cannot forget the pain in his knees and the bitterness of the morning coffee as the price of such experiences is not worthy of them.

To a bus traveller, the stopping is as interesting as the going, even though stops are not at the most alluring hostels. I caught mere flying glimpses of Hamburger Castle, Hotel Colossal (two stories high), Come as U R Inn, Chat 'n' Nibble, Shovel Inn. Instead, we drew up unvaryingly at the Bus Station Café. Outside they are all identical, but inside no two are alike. Even the accent with which the waitress offers doughnuts announces that a state line has been crossed since breakfast. I remember one such establishment which recorded on a window placard: "This Café has been Serving the Public for 20 Years—Nearly a Quarter of a Century." To have gone elsewhere would have been an affront to age and tradition. I sat on a 20-year-old stool and ate the local ice cream: "Pure as the Heart of Childhood."

There were enough novelties to last across the continent, and back. From Pittsburg to Chicago it was the elegance of a steward, an engaging lad who saw the humour of his own situation and capitalized it. His stewardship consisted in wearing an inscribed cap, occupying the front jump-seat, calling the stations, and leading the singing. Thanks to his generalship, the Ohio concert, one evening, was the best of the trip, although our other efforts had been memorable. He had not only a voice but a talent for wise-cracks, and knew the words to every song proposed. That is, the first verse. The repertoire was surprising. I can think of nothing that was omitted, except, strangely enough, gospel hymns.

One other night experience ran this a close second. We had changed buses at Reno, westward bound. I was safely "in medias res" of my first nap when the bus suddenly stopped, the lights flashed on, and two men in khaki entered importantly, announcing themselves as looking for oranges and sweet potatoes. We had come to the California state line, over which no Florida fruit fly is allowed to pass. "Sorry to disturb you, folks, but we'll do this job as quickly as possible. Keys, please."

Then followed an inspection worthy of the Cherbourg customs. Yet on this raid, as at other times, the bus had a common denominator of intimate good-naturedness. Nothing was too much trouble, not even opening a duffle bag in crowded quarters, at 2.00 a.m., and all for the sake of a fly-bitten sweet potato which one knew wasn't there. America, on the bus level, is easy to live with.

On future transcontinentals I shall probably speak to no one, sleep behind a green curtain, breakfast late, and read or write all day, as usual. My pattern of life will be unchanged; I shall learn nothing new about the land I live in, or of the men and women who are my most numerous fellow countrymen. America will not all at once become as pleasantly entertaining as the English Downs or the Basque country. I may even forget the posture, the tone, the well-conned oration of my newest American discovery, "Pillow Service." To see him mount the bus with his white pyramid and hear him recommend his 15-cent wares in prose and verse was almost worth a sleepless night, sliding around on one of them. No—on second thought, I shall not forget "Pillow Service."

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Full information from any ticket agent

Canadian Pacific

Too Proud To Run Away

IN the bent arm of the Rocky Mountains, far up toward the northern boundary of the United States, lies the Indian reservation which for years has been the home of William McNeal, a half-breed who was once a government scout and who settled there after scouting days were over. Contented enough were "Billy" McNeal and his Indian wife Natàma. It is true, the Great Father, as the Indians called the government at Washington, asked them to work as the white man does, but none the less the Great Father gave them cattle and horses and farm machinery and food and clothing and all things essential to their support. The little cabin was warm in the coldest days of the winter, and in summer the sun was bright and warm so that the children might roll in the dust outdoors and grow fat and happy as did their friends the dogs.

Of the children there were many, but we are most concerned to learn of two, Paul, the oldest boy, given a white man's name after the fashion of his father, and Natoye, "the Blessed," or "the Protected One," signifying to the Indian mind that the child was the object of the special care of guardian spirits. We may be sure that Natàma, the Indian woman, loved her baby as much as a white mother does her child, and was as hopeful in her way, as she watched the big black, unwinking eyes that gazed at her from the "baby board," that only good influences might ever shield the footsteps of her own. Natàma said little regarding her thoughts. She only went on quietly, keeping house the best she knew according to the teaching of the white men who controlled the people in these later days. Ignorant of cookbooks, and careless of many things which are housewifely traditions with us, she was serious and sincere in her wish to do as she was told. What she told to Natoye, the Blessed, as the baby board swung in the sun, is quite another matter, for then Natàma was mother, and not disciple.

"Billy," the husband of Natàma, accepted life very much as it came. He cut a little hay, and planted a little garden, and herded a few cattle, and hunted a great deal, in this latter pursuit going into the country where his fathers had hunted before him, which still held elk and deer, and the bighorn mountain sheep, and now and then a bear. Sometimes he took out parties of Eastern hunters after game. Obviously his tastes clung to the old ways rather than the new, and he argued that the white men were inconsistent; for, though they counselled the Indian to stop hunting and take up farming, yet did not these same white men also love to hunt, and did they not indeed come thousands of miles to hunt, even though they got but little game?

It was perhaps but small wonder that Paul, the eldest son of William McNeal, shared the fondness of his father for the chase alnd seemed little apt to learn of farming so long as the Rockies held a head of their great game. The agent of the reservation reasoned with Paul's father over this, and instructed the Indian police of the agency to see to it that Paul was kept in the government school. Yet before long Paul would again disappear from school, and his father would disappear from the ranch, and at the cabin would be found only Natàma, smiling and apparently ignorant, and Natoye, the blessed, fat, laughing and saucy, rolling gleefully with the puppies in the sun. Perhaps in her heart Natàma took secret pride in her husband's skill as a hunter and secretly wished her son to learn the ways of the woods rather than the ways of the fields, in spite of the agent's advice and in spite of the teachings of the mission.

NATÀMA may also have had support from old Kut-ai-o-kini, the grandfather, who sat all day in the chimney corner now and never went to hunt any more. Of evenings, the old man would sometimes tell tales of the old days gone by, when the white man had not come, when the buffalo were on the plains, and when he himself was a mighty hunter among his people. Paul listened eagerly to all these tales of the past, and these he could always remember and repeat, though he could not be called always letter-perfect in his lessons at school.

The agent was a conscientious man and earnest in his wish to advance his charges in all best ways, but Paul remained among his harder problems. It grieved him very much to discover Paul, armed with the forbidden bow and arrow, leading the toddling Natoye by the hand, the two heading for the willow thicket along the creek, where perhaps Paul knew of a rabbit that was sitting in its form.

"Reversion! Reversion!" murmured the agent. "Too bad, too bad! The boy'll make a savage of the child in spite of all; I think the lot of 'em will drive me crazy. And this is my pet family, too!"

When we of the East first saw the Indian baby Natoye it was when she and her father and mother were on a visit with others of their tribe to ask permission of the Great Father to fence in a portion of their reservation. At that time Natoye was three years old. It was winter time, and a cold wind drove the thick snow through the air, yet Natoye's father carried her through the streets with her head quite bare, and but a scanty covering on her little shoulders. The snowflakes matted in her short, black hair, but Natoye only laughed, and put out her hands to catch them, and smiled at the curious crowd which, after the rude manner of the white men, followed through the streets the spectacle of the tall, dark man carrying the bareheaded baby and followed by the silent, slim, sleek-headed Indian mother. Somewhat lionized in a way in certain circles became this little group, Billy always smiling and goodnatured, Natàma, quiet and apparently listless, and Natoye obviously taking joy in life and contented with everything about her, different as that might be from her own home on the northern reservation.

Back home, at the far away reservation, in the cabin at the Cut-bank Creek, there remained the old man Kut-ai-o-kini, and the boy Paul. And each night as they sat by the fireside the grandfather told the boy tales of the old days, of the hunt for the buffalo, of the trapping of the wolf of the lynx, the beaver and the cunning otter, and of the hunting of the bear.

"Ai-e-e,' 'said the old man; "it is very long ago, my son, but once I was a great hunter. I killed a great many bears—not the little black bear, for among our people that is not to be called a bear at all, but the big bear, ki-yu, the gray faced bear with the mane. My people praised me very much, for I was not afraid. Once I killed a bear with the bow and arrow, which not many men have done. When we first had guns, the muskets which came from the men who bought our furs, then I killed many bears. I have had the great gray bear, ki-yu, come running up close to me, but I did not run; I was too proud. I stood still and was careful to shoot straight; so I always killed the bear, and it did not hurt me.

"Listen, my boy, I tell you this, who was a hunter. If you are hunting and if you wound a bear, and it runs toward you to kill you, do not be afraid. Be too proud to run away. Watch the bear as it runs toward you. Its head will be swinging up and down, its paws reaching out and coming in as it runs. Be careful, and aim straight at the end of the bear's nose. Then, if he swings his head up as you fire, your bullet will strike him in the breast. If he swings his head down, the bullet will hit him in the head, and he will fall down. If you shoot only at the whole bear, and not at the end of the nose, you may not hit him in a place where it will kill him. Always remember this, and also be too proud to run away. If you run away, the bear will catch you; but if you stand still, you will kill the bear. Then the people will say you arel brave and will call you a good hunter. I have told you this."

ALL these things Paul remembered distinctly. He longed secretly to kill a bear and considered that he could have no greater distinction than this. His grandfather told him that in the early days there were but few men who ever wore the necklace of claws from ki-yu, the great gray bear, and that these men were chiefs.

When his father and mother were away in the East, Paul practiced a great deal with his father's rifle. In imagination he would see the giant bear charging him, and again and again he would caution himself to remember his grandfather's advice, to aim at the nose of the bear and not merely at the middle of the rolling mass of shaggy fur. Paul at this time was not yet fourteen years of age, slim, tall, dark and silent after the manner of the Indians among whom he lived.

Some three years after this time, some persons who had met William McNeal and his family in the East paid a visit to the northern reservation. One of the curious things which they saw at the reservation school was a tall Indian youth, clad in white man's garb of coat, trousers and hat, but wearing around his neck a splendid necklace made of the claws of the grizzly bear. This youth, seemingly civilized, and surely living in a civilized day, but wearing the warrior's badge of another day, naturally excited wonder in the Eastern mind. This was the story:

When the warm days of summer came the whole family of William McNeal, including Natàma, the children and the old grandfather, left their cabin and went to camp out in the St. Mary's Mountains, where they lived in a tepee after the Indian fashion. They caught trout in the lake and the streams, and they picked a great many berries, which Natàma dried in a way of her own. Billy and the old grandfather did not join in the berry picking, nor did even Paul overexert himself in this regard, but patient Natàma, ever busy and uncomplaining, filled basket after basket in the big tangled thickets which grew near the flat where they had pitched the lodge.

With Natàma was her daughter, the little Natoye, now able to walk very well, a fat, solemn-eyed youngster, still busy with the sheer enjoyment of living. Natoye with her little basket went regularly to the berry patches with her mother and gravely sought to imitate her in her work, though the most notable results were a face and hands stained a perpetual red with the berry juice, and a few berries betimes clinging miraculously to the bottom of the basket, which was most of the time upside down. When Natoye was scratched by the briars she made no complaint, but if she tripped and fell, losing a few of her cherished berries, her wailings were bitter and distinct. Then her mother scolded her, and sometimes Paul, slim and lazy, would take her by the hand and help her on, now and then pausing to pick a fat berry for himself.

One morning these three, Paul, Natàma and Natoye, were out in the berry patch as usual. The sun had just dried off the dew from the bushes so that the work was comfortable, and Natàma had pushed on to the thickest part of the berry grounds, where the fruit hung large and ripe. As she was the chief worker, and was busily engaged, she became after a time quite separated from the children.

Paul, rifle in hand, was idling at the edge of the thicket, and near him was Natoye, as usual in trouble with her basket. The two young people were contented in their way, and each sufficiently occupied when all at once they were startled by a wild scream from their mother, who called out to them from the depths of the thicket.

"Run! run," cried Natàma. "My children, it is a bear!"

At the edge of the thicket Paul paused and looked into the heavy tangle. He saw there a sight which was reason enough for his mother's terror. Standing upright on his hind legs, his vast gray bulk showing a third above the tops of the berry bushes, his great square-nosed head nodding and swaying half in interrogation, his forepaws hanging loosely down, his nose snuffing and working, and his little eyes looking about, half puzzled and half angry—there, close to him, not thirty yards away, and still closer to his mother, was ki-yu, the gray-faced bear with the mane! Paul had seen tracks of the grizzly and had heard stories about its size, but never had he dreamed that any animal could be so large and terrible. As the boy caught a second glance of the great beast whose bulk reared up before him, his legs instinctively turned to run.

Then all at once there flashed upon his mind the words of Kut-ai-o-kini, his old grandfather, "Do not be afraid. Be too proud to run."

With set teeth he turned about. Before the bear had time to let itself down again upon all fours, the sound of the riffe shot rang out, and there came a bawling roar of rage which showed that the bullet had not wholly missed its aim. Struck in the forearm and not mortally hurt, the big bear dropped, now whining like a baby and now roaring outright in its anger.

At the sound of the shot, Natàma dropped to the ground and lay motionless, taking the safest plan to avoid attracting the attention of the wounded animal. At the edge of the thicket, Paul, his rifle again loaded, stood boldly in the open, looking eagerly into the covert forgetful now of either flight or fear. Close at his back was Natoye, who had run to him, and was now clinging to his legs, looking with startled eyes toward the source of the terrifying sounds. Wild enough was this little tableau for any age of man, since first mankind waged war on savage beasts or fought them in defence of self or kin.

Once more the grizzly raised his head above the cover. It saw the hanging smoke and charged for it, crashing through the bushes on a line which would bring it into the open but a few yards from where the boy was standing. Now indeed was it necessary for the boy to summon all his heart, for here was a situation trying enough to even the most seasoned hunter. It was impossible to see the bear as it crashed its way through the thick bushes, and useless to fire until it could be seen. There would be time for one shot, and only one, after it cleared the cover. If that shot failed, the bear would be upon them.

For himself, Paul could have run and climbed a tree, had he so chosen. But at his feet was Natoye, who could not run, who could not climb. Moreover, had not the old man said to him that he should not run, that he must not be afraid! He did not even look around, but stood steady as a rock, while at his feet Natoye, imitating her mother with the instinct of wild animals or wild people, sank flat upon the ground to gain concealment.

The line of waving bushes told where the bear was coming. The bushes burst apart. There rolled into view a vast mass of brownish gray fur, armed with a swaying, horrid head, whose ears were laid back, whose jaws were open, whose teeth were white, whose throat was filled with a coarse-voiced grunting note of rage. This was the grizzly charging home! No animal of earth offers greater danger to the hunter.

In a flash Paul covered the animal with his rifle, but he did not fire in the sheer nervousness of fright. Once, twice, the rifle muzzle swung up and down with the sway of the hinged head of the bear, and there came the shot. The smoke hung low along the bushes in the moist air of the valley, but through it there burst no vision of gray fur and rolling head. Smitten this time to death, the great bear, ki-yu, the bear with the mane, stumbled and fell, snuffing and choking, less than fifteen feet from where the boy stood above the cowering child!

NATÀMA in the thicket listened after the second shot, but no longer heard the bear thrashing about. Instead, there came to her the keen yell of the young hunter, and the voice of Natoye, uplifted in the wailing which had been suppressed. Natàma hurried out of the thicket, too frightened to say much to Paul at the time, and, seizing Natoye by the hand she never paused until she was hidden in the lodge.

Her husband did not stop to ask what had happened, but both he and the old grandfather went as fast as possible toward the place where they had heard the firing. There they found Paul sitting on the body of the bear, trying, with all the Indian half of him to look dignified and unconcerned. When they turned over the carcass of the bear, they found that the bullet from Paul's rifle had cut the cartilage of the nose, had gone through the lower jaw and lodged at the base of the throat, making a fatal wound.

As he saw this, Kut-ai-o-kini, the old bear hunter, turned to Paul and said gravely:

"This is very well. I see you have remembered what I have told you. Now, since you have saved this little child, and did not run away from ki-yu, the gray-faced bear, I shall call you the Young Bear Chief. This is your name. You are entitled to wear the necklace of the claws."

In this dictum the agent after mature deliberation was disposed to agree. "I'll tell you what, Paul," said he. "If you'll go to school six months in the year, and learn how to read, and how to take care of your cattle so that you will have something to eat in the winter time, I'll let you have a good hunt now and then, and I won't send the Indian police after you. Moreover, the circumstances being as they are, I will just let you wear that beastly necklace of yours once in a while, too. You'll have to hang it up on a nail when you go to school, the same as you do your hat. What I want you to see, my boy, is that the bears won't last forever, but the ground about us will, and you must learn to make a living out of it. I wish I had the right to wear your necklace; but you have got to learn something besides how to handle a gun, do you hear me?"

The white men are coming in around the far away northern reservation, and the teachings of the white men go on. At the agency school the Indian boys frown and squirm over their books, even as white boys do. But sometimes in the cabin on the Cutbank Creek, the old grandfather, Kut-ai-o-kini, takes down the bear claw necklace and puts it about the neck of Paul, Natàma hugs Natoye tightly, frightened even yet at the claws.

"Concerning that child," says the old man, "she is named with a well-chosen name, and I have no doubt the spirits will always protect her. As you may see by this necklace, she is rightly called Natoye, 'the Guarded One.' For the proof of this we may thank my son, the Young Bear Chief, who was too proud to run away."

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HEALTH

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SORE THROATS.

DO you know the dangers of a sore throat? What you think is just a sore little cold in your child's throat may be the beginning of permanent damage to his health. Rheumatic heart disease which is prevalent in temperate climates like ours, particularly in the crowded cities, often has as its beginning an infection in the throat. Serious kidney trouble too may follow soreness in the upper respiratory area. Therefore every child with a sore thoat should be treated with the greatest care and be put to bed until he is better. Also an effort should be made to prevent the infection spreading to other members of the household.

There are many causes of sore throats in children. Perhaps the commonest is an infection of the tonsils and adenoids. If these become inflamed frequently they should be removed before any serious damage is done. Although diphtheria is rapidly disappearing due to the wonderful results obtained from toxoid, it still does occur, and if your child has not been given toxoid this disease must be kept in mind. Here, of course, prevention is greater than the cure, and so toxoid should be given to all children. Many of the other infectious diseases such as scarlet fever and measles, make their first appearance as a sore throat. This often occurs before any rash appears, and it is most important that your child be put to bed and be carefully watched, particularly when an epidemic of any infectious disease is in the neighbourhood.

Sore throats may be treated by warm gargles if the child is old enough and heat to the neck often adds to their comfort. Food should be given in fluid or semi-solid form as this is swallowed with less pain. But the main preventive of complications is to keep the child at rest in bed. So, one of the best means of insuring your child's future health is to treat a sore throat with the greatest respect.

Johnnie was visiting his uncle's farm. Among the animals was a young colt. The boy gazed at him long and earnestly.

"What do you think of him?" the uncle inquired.

"Why—he's all right, I guess," answered Johnnie, "but where's his rockers?"

"Why does your cook constantly sing the scale?"

"She hears my son playing it and thinks it's the latest popular song."

Mother: "Marilyn, were you a good little girl at church to-day?"

Marilyn: "Yes, mother. A man offered me a big plate of money, and I said: 'No, thank you.'"

NOTE ADDRESS LABEL ON THIS PAPER

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Mainly About People

Mr. Parnham Allison is confined to his bed with an attack of pleurisy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Flegg spent the week end visiting friends in Prescott.

Miss Madge Campderros, of Montreal, spent the week end at her home in town.

Mr. Harlan G. Helmer, of Maple Ridge, was a Sunday guest of Mr. Charles W. Crump.

Mrs. Myles Johnston and Miss Irene of Crysler, are visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Morris, in town.

Mr. Fred Weaver, of Morewood, spent Thursday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. John Crump.

Mrs. Harold Droppo visited over the week end in Winchester with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Earle.

Miss Lera Fetterly, of Ottawa, has been in town for a few days with her mother, Mrs. Lenora Fetterly, who is ill.

Miss Ida B. Merkley, R.N., of Iroquois Falls, last week suffered a double fracture of the left leg while skiing.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Helmer, of Maple Ridge, spent Saturday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crump.

Rev. R. C. Tait is to speak in Winchester United church next Tuesday night at one of a series of week night services being held there during Lent

Miss Veronica Murphy, of Montreal, and Miss Laura Murphy, of Ottawa, spent last week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy, of Connaught.

Mr. Ramon Campderros, Sr., visited in Toronto over the week end with his son, Mr. R. Campderros, who is a member of the Bank of Nova Scotia staff at the Mount Denis branch.

Mr. Jack McAvoy and Miss Frances McAvoy, of Montreal, visited with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McAvoy, in town over the week end.

Miss Nancy Kearns, of Montreal, visited at the McCloskey House over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Irven, of Morewood, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Crump.

Nation Valley

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Barrie, Chesterville, were calling on Mr. and Mrs. A. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Merkley visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holmes of the Springs.

Miss Annie Cross, of Merrickville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sherman Ball.

Mrs. John Allison, of the Ridge, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allison on Wednesday.

Miss Ida Munro and brother James visited Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Pemberton of Cass Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Merkley entertained 25 friends on Friday evening last.

Mrs. Andrew Carruthers is in the Civic hospital, Ottawa, undergoing treatment.

Mrs. Alex Summers had an old-fashioned quilting-bee on Friday afternoon last.

Miss Ida Munro visited her cousin, Mrs. Runions, of Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Allison, of Chesterville, visited the former's brother in the Valley.

Mrs. H. G. Merkley, of Williamsburg, visited several relatives in this

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Bailey visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brownell of Dunbar.

Mr. Arthur Summers was in Ottawa Friday night to see the hockey game.

Mr. and Mrs. Enos Merkley entertained some friends to an oyster supper on Wednesday evening last.

Miss Ida Munro entertained some friends to a six o'clock dinner Thursday evening last.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Summers were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Almon Summers.

Mrs. Coburn, Mrs. Ward Summers and Miss Violet McConnell, of Winchester, and Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, of Braeside, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Summers one day last week. vicinity.

PRESENTATION ON DEPARTURE.

Tuesday evening a party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elburn Carr, Grantley, when some 75 friends gathered to bid them farewell before they departed for their new home. A pleasant feature of the evening was the reading of a short address by MacKenzie Gordon and the presentation of a purse by Byron Gordon. Mr. and Mrs. Carr, Dorothy and Jean intend to leave shortly to reside in Berwick.

Grantley

Mrs. Walter Carr is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. Roy Brownell, near Newington.

Mrs. John Kittle spent Friday with Mrs. Alex Taylor.

Mr. Jack Lockhart and Mr. Cecil Wylie, from Inkerman, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. A. V. Hemmings.

Mrs. John Bogart, of Chesterville, spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Elburn Carr.

Mr. Elburn Carr had a bee hauling hay to his new home at Berwick one day last week.

A number of people of this community have been sick with the cold or la grippe.

Miss Lillian Darling is spending a couple of weeks at her home here.

Sorry to say Mrs. A. V. Hemmings is a patient in the Brockville General hospital.

Goldfield

Mr. Donald A. McMillan, of Perth, visited his home at the week end and also visited Mr. John Dunbar.

Misses Helen and Dorothy Casselman of Montreal, spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Casselman.

Misses Margaret and Marion Casselman, of Montreal, spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Casselman.

The friends here of Mrs. Geo. Smith of Finch are glad to hear she has been able to return home from a Cornwall hospital were she recently underwent an operation.

Miss Jean Nephew visited at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Nephew.

The school here was closed for a few days owing to the influenza.

Miss Verna Nephew spent a few days at her home owing to her school being closed at Ashburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis McMahon visited the former's home during the week.

Miss Vera Stark of Montreal, visited on Sunday with Mrs. Catherine Gillies and family.

Mr. Wm. P. McLean, of Montreal, spent the week end at his home.

Mr. O. H. Higgs returned to Montreal on Sunday after spending a week here.

Mrs. R. J. Wood, of Montreal, spent Thursday at her home here.

Miss Sarah Foley, of Ottawa, visited her home here.

Mrs. Thos. Foley has been very ill at her home. Miss Reynolds, R.N., of Ottawa, has been in charge.

We are glad to report that those who have been ill with influenza are improving.

We are sorry to report that Mr. J. Dunbar is a patient in a Cornwall hospital.

Seventh Ave., East, Osnabruck

Miss Gladys Winters spent Monday afternoon with Miss Jean Brownell.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bryant, of Massena, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. James Winters.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Margaret Duvall is on the sick list, and all wish for a speedy recovery.

Miss Kathleen Brownell spent Friday evening with Miss Jean Brownell.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shaver, and Mrs. Walter Carr took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brownell and family on Sunday.

Recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell and Jean were Miss Beulah Ferguson, Miss Olive Campbell, Mr. Warner Campbell, Master Ray Boal, Mr. Keith Brownell and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dunbar.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wert and son Billie were Sunday tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Alguire.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Rupert spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Winter and Harold.

Messrs. William and Frank Duvall called at the home of Charles Steen on Monday.

MANAGER PROMOTED.

Mr. Grosart J. Robinson, manager of the R. A. Beamish store in town, has been promoted this week to manage the branch at Brampton, leaving Friday for his new duties. Mr. Robinson has been in town for six months, since the opening of the store, and has proven himself quite popular with the townsfolk.

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