Chesterville Boy's Freak Goal Makes Tie for Detroit

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 1st.—The Detroit Red Wings lifted a 2-2 tie out of the fire in the final seconds of a wild overtime National League hockey match with Toronto's speedy Maple Leafs here to-night. While 19,000 spectators, the largest crowd of the current hockey season, roared at the spectacular game.

The Wings were off to a flying start, scoring midway in the first period, but they fell into a slump in the second period and a part of the third, while the Leafs put on the steam to score twice. Then, as the game drew within 40 seconds of the end, Johnny Sorrell tied it up with a freak goal. Neither team scored in the overtime.

Herbie Lewis put away the first Red Wing goal taking a double assist from Gallagher and Voss in the initial period to beat Chabot in the Leaf net. Eight minutes after the second period started. Doraty hooked Blair's pass to score on John Ross Roach in the Detroit nets. Seven minutes after the third period opened, Jackson took a long pass from Primeau to put the Leafs in the lead.

Johnny Sorrell's goal came on an assist by Larry Aurie, who lifted a high shot from the right boards near the Leaf blue line. As the puck soared towards the backboards, Sorrell flicked his stick in the air and sent it past Chabot, to tie up the game. There was little action in the overtime, both teams taking things easy and protecting their tie.

SUPPLEMENTARY FEEDS FOR BREEDING HENS

Experimental Farms Note

SUPPLEMENTARY FEEDS for breeding hens are fed usually with the hope of thereby increasing fertility and hatchability. While certain supplements no doubt increase fertility and hatchability, the general management of the flock has much to do with the results. The breeding stock should be in a good vigourous condition and if maximum results are to be obtained production will be high during the breeding season. Where pullets are used for breeding purposes, production should not be maintained at the expense of body weight at any time and the birds should enter the breeding season in a high state of vitality. Similarly, when yearlings and older hens are used for breeding, in order to enter the breeding season in a high state of vitality, they must have completed their moult and built up their body sufficiently to insure high production of fertile eggs during the breeding season.

At the Fredericton Experimental Station, an experiment was carried on to determine the value of supplementary feeds such as cod liver oil, raw liver, bone-meal and various combinations of these when fed to breeding hens. Cod liver oil and the combination of cod liver oil and liver gave the highest fertility over a four-year period and hatchability was [illegible] where a combination of cod liver oil, liver and bone-meal was fed. The addition of minerals and supplements rich in vitamins A and D are therefore indicated as necessary to secure best results. Experience would also indicate that hatching results may be improved by feeding leafy vegetables and legumes which are high in other vitamins. The addition of three per cent bone-meal and two per cent cod liver oil in the mash, or one-quarter teaspoon per bird per day and a supply of leafy vegetables, clover or alfalfa leaves, would appear to be necessary for best results during the hatching season.

HAND HIM A SAXOPHONE

AN ADVERTISER in a village paper in California sets out the following enticements:

Know all men by these presents, that I, Shadrack H. Armstrong, have Some say it ain't gas, but I saw it is.

I will also tie your corn broom one-half for the other. I crush corn every Thursday.

Turkeys picked very promptly every day in the week.

Horseshoeing a specialty at six bits a round.

Watch and pistol-repairing guaranteed.

Shoes half-soled while you wait.

Umbrellas fixed and axe handles made for 15c.

Will teach Southern harmony and the fiddle combined for $3 a month.

Pictures enlarged by a new process recipe goes 330 days for 25c per head.

Hair cutting only on Saturday evenings at 25c per.

A good stripper cow for sale.

Also agent for agricultural implements.

A STORY OF A BARTER

Lethbridge Herald.

HERE'S one Howard Stuchbury, Alberta's Industrial Commissioner, told us when he visited Lethbridge on Tuesday in connection with the Made-in-Alberta campaign:

It seems that a farmer friend of his near Edmonton had accumulated the wool clip from his flock for three years. Last spring he was offered the magnificent sum of two cents a pound for it, and promptly told the buyer to go look for another sucker.

Then he came in to see his friend Stutchbury. "Stutch" had been looking into the woollen industry as it obtains in the small mills in Ontario, where, he says, the president is the chief weaver, and the plant is a sort of family affair, without white-collar jobs attached. One of these little plants is at Chesley. After some dickering, the three years' wool clip was packed off to the Chesley mill on the basis that the Alberta wool grower was to get at the rate of 10½ cents a pound in trade. That is, the wool off the gold basis, and went on the barter basis.

Eventually, back from the Chesley plant came an assortment of yarn, wool blankets for the bed, wool blankets for the horses, wool blankets for the car, wool for this, and wool for that. It was a huge bundle, and the Commissioner wondered whatever his farmer friend would with it all. But the latter just smiled and packed the stuff home.

Weeks passed, and one day the wool grower dropped in to see the Industrial Commissioner, and proceeded to explain.

"You remember that old Ford car I had? Well, I paid for it; traded wool from that Chesley factory. I paid my grocery bill, too. And I paid the doctor." And when he had figured it all out, he estimated he had sold his wool, for which he had been offered two cents a pound, at the rate of 18 cents a pound.

Naturally enough, Commissioner Stutchbury thinks that if Alberta wool can be sent to a little Ontario mill and made worth 18 cents to the wool-grower instead of two or three cents, as he was offered last spring, it would be a good thing to get a few of these homely little one-horse woollen mills which dot the Ontario landscape and set them down in the midst of the sheep-growing ranges of Alberta. It sounds as if he had the right thought.

NEW LICENSE FORMS

The style of the motorist's operating licenses has been changed this year. Instead of the usual single slip with the space on the back for convictions, accidents and such, a double slip is being issued, making room for an application form for the 1934 permit.

A little country girl went shopping in the city with her mother, and had her first ride in an elevator.

"How did you like it?" asked her father when she returned.

'Why, it was so funny, daddy," answered the child. "When we went into a little house the upstairs came down."

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture

Do Your Hens Lay?

A pretty reliable old formula for finding out whether or not a flock of hens is paying for the feed they eat is supplied by F. C .Elford, Dominion Poultry Husbandmand. It is as simple as it is practical: Take the cost of feed per hundredweight, divide it by the cost of eggs per dozen and multiply this quotient by three. This gives you the number of eggs per day which a flock of 100 hens must lay to pay for the cost of their feed. For example: Feed is costing $1.20 per cwt., and eggs selling at 30 cents per dozen: Applying the formula the quotient is 4; this multiplied by three gives the result 12—or the number of eggs which a flock of 100 hens will have to average per day to pay for feed at that cost ratio.

Royal Essay Winners.

As a follow-up to the trip of the Ontario Junior Farmers to the Royal Winter Fair, an essay contest was conducted. A prize was offered for the best essay written in each county and district, and in addition the writers of the ten best essays will receive, free of charge, a two-weeks' short course at either the O. A. C. or the Kemptville Agricultural School. The following were named winners: York, William Hodgson, Lloydtown, R. R. 1; Brant, Alton McAllister, Paris, R. R. 3; Middlesex, Cecil Leitch, Thorndale, R. R. 4; Oxford, Cecil Heal, Woodstock, R. R. 3; Fort William, Eric Sideon, Stanley; Nipissing, Kenneth Adams, Eau Claire; Hastings, Kenneth Mumby, Harold, R. R. 1; Glengarry, Donald Munroe, Maxville, R. R. 1; Peterborough, Roy Dunford, Lakefield, R. R. 2; Durham, Wm. S. Howson, Baillieboro, R. R. 1.

Raise Your Own Living.

Whether willing or not the majority of farmers are now obliged to supply more of their own needs. The following list may provide suggestions for further economy.

1. Milk a few good cows; feed recommended rations.
2. Fatten one pig for every two adult members of the family; cure the meat properly.
3. Keep at least one hundred good hens, correctly housed and fed.
4. Raise a good garden; water from windmill if possible.
5. Plant only cash crops, which show little or no surplus.
6. Grow your own stock feed.
7. Butcher fat cows and steers; trade meat with your neighbours.
8. Raise your own living; keep your roof tight.
9. Get down to earth and do the best you can to-day.
10. Drive a horse until you can afford to buy gasoline.

Dates to Remember.

Jan. 11 - 12 — Western Ontario Dairymen's Association, London.

Feb. 1—Ontario Ploughmen's Association, Toronto.

Feb. 2—Ontario Field Crop and Seed Growers' Association, Toronto.

Feb. 2 and 3—Ontario Association of Fairs and Exhibitions.

Feb. 7—Ontario Vegetable Growers', Toronto.

Feb. 9 and 10 — Ontario Horticultural Association, Toronto.

Demand is Growing.

A recent report from the Empire Marketing Board indicates that the demand for canned vegetables in the British market is expanding rapidly. During the season just closed a number of ful lcargoes of canned products of field and orchard have moved directly from Canadian lake ports to the British market. The principal demand is for baked beans, peas and tomatoes while asparagus is becoming known. Other vegetables now appearing in British stores are sweet corn, green and butter beans, spinach, carrots, celery, turnips, beets, onions, parsnips, potatoes, cabbage, brussels sprouts, Cauliflower and artichokes.

Ontario Horticulturists Meeting in February.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Ontario Horticultural Association arrangements were made for holding the annual convention of the Association in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, on February 9th and 10th. A comprehensive programme for discussion is being prepared and it is expected a new impetus will be given horticultural activities as a result of the meetings.

A lot of good work has already been done by the Association in support of the More Beautiful Canada Campaign sponsored by the Canadian Horticultural Council. Special attention will be given during the coming year to this phase of the Association's activities.

Principles of Grading.

The grading of farm products is based on the principle that it is sound business to classify live stock in such a way that the consumer will be able to recognize and purchase quality products, and that the price premium which the consumer will pay for the better grades should be returned to the producer of them. Practice has proven the value of the theory involved in the grading principle. Grading activities have been a tremendous incentive to quality production, with resultant price benefit to producers.

Good Honey Export Market.

"The volume of honey shipped through the new Ontario Honey Export Association is increasing, and last week saw the consignment of another 50,000 pounds to the overseas Honey Commercial Representative," stated P. W. Hodgetts, Secretary.

The demand for Ontario honey in Great Britain is steady, and quite considerable supplies can still be disposed of, providing producers care to ship at the present time. To date some 600,000 pounds have been exported.

Canadian Cranberry Demand Far Exceeds Present Supply.

Reports reaching the Department to the effect that 125 carloads of cranberries are imported annually from the United States, would indicate a very definite market for home-grown berries.

The Maritimes, at present Canada's largest producer of cranberries, have some ninety acres of cultivated cranberry bogs, and this year have shipped between fifteen and twenty carloads to Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba.

With certain sections of this Province ideally suited to cranberry-growing, and with present demand far exceeding supply, an opportunity for increasing their revenue is open to Ontario growers.

Simcoe Potato Crop.

The average potato crop in the County of Simcoe, Ontario's leading potato growing county, is 80 bags to the acre this year.

A large number of the smaller growers who did not spray their potatoes lost upwards of 50 per cent of their crop through late blight, while a loss of 20 per cent would represent the average of those who did not spray.

Marketing of potatoes has slowed up considerably through the importation of Maritime potatoes, always competitors of the Ontraio-grown varieties. The chief reason for the slump in potato prices this fall in the face of a limited supply, is the fact that truckers dumped a large quantity of poor quality potatoes on the market when the market could least stand them.

Departmental Changes.

John A. Carroll, head of the Crops Branch, will be promoted to the position of Superintendent of Fall Fairs of Ontario, succeeding J. Lockie Wilson, who held the office for 28 years and is now being superannuated at the age of 76 years. Mr. Carroll has been with the Department for the past twenty years and during the last year or so, in addition to administering the Crops Branch, has been Secretary of the Marketing Board and acting on the Agricultural Development Board. In taking over direction of Ontario's fairs, he will continue to handle the crops end of his present duties, but the marketing activities will be under direct control of W. B. Somerset, chairman of the Ontario Marketing Board.

POLICE RESCUE SUSPECTED ROBBER OF BLIND MAN

Montreal.—Police were forced to call reserves to prevent an angry crowd from mobbing a man accused of stealing papers from a blind newsdealer in the downtown area. Two detectives who had been watching the news-stand following complaints by the newsdealer, nabbed the man. While they were waiting for the patrol wagon a crowd swarmed round and the alleged thief was struck several times before he could be hustled away. Four more constables were needed to get him through the throng.

Seventh Ave., East, Osnabruck

(Intended for last week.)

A number from the Avenue attended the Christmas concert held in the Baptist Church at Bunker Hill Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Ulman and son Ross, of Crysler, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. George Summers and family.

The school concert, which was held on Thursday night, was well attended and all report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. George Summers and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bowman and family of Wales.

Mr. Elmer Flegg and Miss Olive Brownell took dinner on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Flegg, Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brownell and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell and Jean, Misses Olive and Nora Brownell, of Toronto, Mr. Elmer Flegg, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Eligh spent Sunday at the home of Charles Brownell.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gove and family, of Cedar Grove, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell and Miss Olive.

Much sympathy is extended to Mrs. Wereley and family in the loss of a loving husband and father.

Miss Mildred Brownell spent Thursday evening with Miss Jean Brownell.

Misses Nora and Olive Brownell spent their Christmas holidays at the home of Charles Brownell.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Zeron and family and Mr. John G. Otto and son Wilfred spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Ellard Zummach.

Mr. Cecil Wert, of Montreal, spent his Christmas holidays at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ostler and daughter, Lottie, and Mr. Ben Winters spent Tuesday at the home of Wm. Ostler.

13 PER CENT DECREASE ONTARIO MOTOR FATALITIES

Motor accident figures for the first eleven months of 1932, as revealed at Queen's Park by J. P. Bickell, registrar of motor vehicles, show that while gasoline consumption and vehicle registrations have fallen off only 5.4 per cent and 4.8 per cent, respectively, accident fatalities have decreased almost 13 per cent.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?"

"No doubt," was the reply, "but the trouble is that he does not always seize a rogue when he knows him!"

Roofing

Economy Seven Rib & Corrugated

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

Per 100 square feet, FOB Montreal

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May we take
This opportunity
To thank you for the
Honorable patronage of
Another year, and to
Wish all a very

Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

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

Phone 62

H. J. McMAHON

Chesterville, Ont.

Orchardside

Miss Gladys Edgerton, of Chesterville, visited Miss Hilda Edgerton a few days during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cunningham and daughters, Irene and Grace, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Lockewood at Madrid on Thursday.

Miss Matilda Wilson, of McArthur's Mills, visited friends here on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilburn Edgerton and family and Mrs. T. A. Loucks and daughter Gladys spent Sunday at Mr. Harry Edgerton's.

The Misses Gladys and Florence Elliott and Ella Casselman spent Monday evening calling on Miss Hazel Loucks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Elliott and sons Basil, Cecil and Bert, visited Mr. and Mrs. Genzmer Barkley of Dunbar on Monday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Elliott passed away after being ill with pleurisy and pneumonia. Her daughter, Mrs. Carman Barkley attended her during her suffering.

FIFTY YEARS AGO (1883)

On the Bonsecours Market, Montreal, turkeys are selling at $1.50 to $2.25 a pair; fowls, 45 to 80 cents a pair; ducks at 60 to 80 cents a pair; chicks, 40 to 70 cents a pair, and geese $1.25 to $1.80 a pair, with partridges at 65 to 70 cents a pair, teal ducks, 30 cents a pair, and plover and snipe at $1.75 to $2.50 a dozen. Tub butter sells at 14 to 22 cents a pound, fine print butter at 30 to 35 cents, cheese at 16 to 17 cents, packed eggs 22 to 24 cents and new-laid 30 to 35 cents a dozen. Potatoes sell at 90 cents to $1.10 a bag, Montreal cabbages, 50 to 60 cents a dozen, and apples at $2.25 to $5 a barrell. Beets sell at 50 cents a bushel, parsnips at 70 cents and turnips at $1.50 a barrel. Trimmed beef retails at 10 to 12½ cents a pound, mutton at 7 to 10 cents.

FINCH TURNS TABLES.

Last night in Chesterville rink the Finch Beavers, in a scheduled Central Ottawa Valley League game, handed a shut-out to the locals with a score of 2 to 0. Friday night last Chesterville won in Finch with a score of 7 to 2.

S. S. No. 9, Winchester

Report for December.

Sr. IV—Rita Carroll 90, Francis Curran 90.

Jr. IV—Gerald Kearney 60.

Sr. II.—Estella Servage 79.

Jr. II.—Johnny Moore 70, John James 68, Hubert Ouderkirk 52, Kenneth James 52, Hubert McCloskey 50.

I.—Mabel James.

Sr. Pr.—George Servage, Gerald Fyke.

Jr. Pr. — Helen Moore, Myrtle James.

Vincent Servage absent from all exams.

—A. Lynch, Teacher.

UNCLE TOM SAYS

By
THOS. G. McKENNA.

Chicago, Ill.—"Beware of gossiping by 'phone. Many a conversation has been heard by the very person you are raking over the coals. Anyway, if you must gossip, just make it a home affair. Nine times out of ten you'll get the 'calling down' you so beautifully need.

"Give the best you have to the world. Most people give the worst, and then wonder why they are not a success.

"Make the best of to-day. Tomorrow will take care of itself.

"The bumps of this world are the stepping stones to the next one.

"Rake the hay while the raking is good. There'll be a time when there won't be any raking.

"Weeding the garden is a pretty good thing if you want a good garden. But why stop with the garden?

"Practice makes one proficient. And that is the reason Doctor Locke is so proficient for he has been doing 'Toe Twisting' for over eighteen years.

"A few Chicago patients asked me to wish Doctor Locke a 'Happy New Year.'

"And a Chicago doctor had the nerve to wish he had Doctor Locke's practice.

"The staff members of this paper extend its hearty wishes for success and happiness for the coming year to the readers of The Record."

ROOFING, EAVE TROUGHS

Conductor Pipe Etc

BEATTY PUMPS

Iron Pipe & Fittings

Chemicals for re-charging
Rural School Toilets

Always on hand

H. S. McMURRAY

Phone 75

Chesterville, Ont.

Mrs. Ellen M. Froats Died Unexpectedly at Age of 71

On Sunday, December 25, 1932, the community of Williamsburg was again reminded of the presence of the Angel of Death when the soul of Mrs. Ellen M. Froats passed peacefully away at the age of 71 years. Although the deceased had been in failing health for the past year death came unexpectedly to her friends and relatives.

Her husband, Harvey J. Froats, predeceased her on January 23, 1918. Surviving are her three daughters and one son: Mrs. Edgar Whitteker, with whom she made her home; Mrs. John B. Barclay, Boucks Hill; Mrs. Ross Beckstead, and Adam, of Williamsburg, also two sisters and four brothers: Mrs. Celia Weegar, Chesterville; Miss Emma Casselman, Williamsburg; Harvey, Ezra and Thomas of California, and Alfred of Berwick. besides a large number of other relatives.

She was a member of St. Peter's Luntheran Church and her funeral was conducted by her pastor, Rev. C. Cronmiller, at her late residence on Tuesday, December 27th.

Goldfield

Mr. Sam. Cameron visited Mr. Lachlan Cameron who is a patient in the Cornwall General Hospital.

Miss Mildred McMillan, teacher at Gravel Hill, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMillan, and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Smith and children, of Chesterville; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Servage and son, of Crysler, were guests of Mrs. Jas. Younge for Christmas.

Miss Blanche McMahon, of Ottawa, spent the New Year's week end at her home.

Miss Katie Cameron, student at Queen's University, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Finch.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Farrell and family, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMillan and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blake Nephew during Christmas week end.

Mr. D. C. McLeod and son Cederic spent a few days in Cornwall.

Mrs. C. Gillies and daughter Nell and sons Hugh and Donald were in Morrisburg recently.

Miss Hazel Racine visited relatives in Cornwall during the holidays.

Mr. J. E. Nephew, B. S. A., left on Monday for Brockville where he has secured a position.

Miss Hilda Smith was the guest of Miss M Ouderkirk, Finch, for a few days during the holidays.

We are sorry to report Mrs. James Younge is ill at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith.

A number from here attended the funeral of the late Dr. D. C. Seymour at Chesterville on Wednesday last.

Mr. Martin Foley, of Chesterville, visited at the home of Mr. Jas. McMahon a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Helmer visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Smith McMillan recently.

Master Kenneth Farrell spent a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. B. Farrell, Finch, who was ill with la grippe.

Mrs. Wm. Sutherland spent a few days visiting relatives in Ottawa.

Mr. Colin Anderson, of Montreal, visited friends here on Monday.

S. S. No. 6, Finch

Christmas Exams.

Sr. IV.—Stuart McLean 76, Lily McLean 68, Hubert Beckstead 65.

Jr. IV—Irene Sutherland 74, Neita McMillan 55.

Sr. III.—Vera McLean 88, Adena McLean 87, Eleanor Casselman 86, Betty Foley 57, Gerald Foley 54, John Casselman 51.

Jr. III.—June McMillan 72, Violet Rutley 69, Aurea Foley 68.

Sr. I.—Ray McMillan, Rex McMillan and Robert Sutherland, equal.

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

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

—Cassie L. Droppo. Teacher,

BORN

Darling—At Winchester, on Monday, January 2nd, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Darling, a son. (Stillborn.)

FULTON BROS.

The Store of Quality
But not of High Price

WISHING YOU ALL

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

CHOCOLATES

Fancy Boxes

We will clear out our present stock of Cistmas Fancy Boxes

At Just Half Price

New Year's Cards

Post Cards - 1 Cent Each

5c and 10c Cards with envelopes

Your Choice **5c Each**

Skooter Ski

For Children

Consisting of 2 skiis 25 inches long, with straps and 2 poles

REGULAR $1.50
TO CLEAR PER PAIR..... .....98c

Sabadilla

For lice on live stock

1 pound sealed boxes
Each 40c

FULTON BROS.

PHONE 36 r 2 CHESTERVILLE PHONE 36 r 2

The Bargain Table

USE THIS COLUMN AND PROFIT

FOR SALE

Your choice of 4 cows from a herd of 16 Holstein cows and heifers. Have 3 clean tuberculin tests and guaranteed free from contagious abortion.—W. J. Docksteader, Ormond. 11

FOR SALE

Pure Bred Holstein Cows and Heifers for sale. Two clean tests.—Apply to Iden Whitteker, Elma, Ont. 10-3

FOR SALE

Six registered two-year-old Holstein Heifers fully accredited.—Merton Saddlemire, Williamsburg. 10

COWS FOR SALE

A number of milch cows, some due to freshion at once, others shortly, may be seen in Mrs. John Murphy's stable, Chesterville.—W. O. Dixon, Chesterville. 10

EXPERIECE PLUS EQUIPMENT

If your radio needs any repairs, lacks volume, bring it in. I will put it in the best of condition at a charge extremely low. Experience and good test equipment are all in your favour. Elvin LaSalle, Chesterville. 10

Berwick

Mrs. Cora Grey returned home on Monday after spending the Christmas holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Searle, of Lancaster.

Miss Mae Grady, of Cornwall, is visiting her grandmother Mrs. Ed. Curran.

Miss Reta Legge, Mr. Paul Gauthier and Mr. Alex. McPherson returned to Cornwall the first of the week after spending the Christmas holidays at their homes.

Mrs. Christina Ouderkirk returned home from Ottawa on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ruth Meldrum is spending a few weeks with her son, Jack.

Mr. John McQueen returned Monday to the Normal School at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Melvins, of Ottawa, spent Monday the guest of relatives.

Miss Jennie McRae and Miss Ella Bryan, teachers, returned the first of the week after spending the Christmas holidays at their parental homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman, of Cornwall, were recent guests at the former's parental home, Mr. A. Casselman's.

Miss Leita Hutt left Saturday to commence duties at teacher at Manitay Lodge in Algonquin Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Henry and daughter Colleen spent Sunday at the latter's home, Mr. D. A. Shaver's.

Mrs. Jas. Starke and sons of Carleplace, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Starke.

Finch

...ie Campbell returned ...pending a few days with ...in Ottawa.

...e are glad to report Mrs. W. G. Brownlee is on the road to recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bogart and son, of Prescott, spent the week end with the latter's mother, Mrs. James Rombough.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone McLean and Mrs. G. L. McLean made a business trip to Ottawa on Wednesday.

Members elected for the 1933 council are:

Reeve—Mr. W. McQuaig,

Councillors—Gladstone McLean, W. G. Brownlee, Lindsay Hutt and Harold Ouderkirk.

MORRIS' Transport

GOOD MIXED WOOD

Mostly Soft Maple

$3.00 per cord delivered

2—Trucks—2

PHONE 76J - CHESTERVILLE

Morewood

Mr. Orrin Dillabough and son Ralph left on Wednesday to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Dillabough, of Plattsburg, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Faulkner and Donald, Mrs. Abner Dillabough, Mr. George Bogart, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Thompson attended the funeral on Wednesday afternoon of the late Mrs. James Barkley of Berwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex McConenll took dinner on Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Smith.

Miss Sybil Dillabough, Miss Doreen Campbell and Miss Lila Flegg spent Wednesday with Miss Ruth Swerdfeger.

Mrs. Orrin Dillabough visited on Thursday with Mr .and Mrs. Peter McLaren of Felton.

Mrs. Lettie Bogart and daughters, Kathleen and Jean, visited for the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kenney of St. Alberts.

Miss Doris Bowles, student of the Ottawa Normal School, left on Monday after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bowles.

Mr .and Mrs. Willie Fawcett and family, of Inkerman, visited on Friday with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Allison.

Mrs. R. A. Glasgow, of North Winchester, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wagner, of Limerick, visited on Monday with Mr. and Mrs. John Wagner.

Mrs. Benson Hutchinson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McConnell.

Mr. Will Swerdfeger, of Ogdensburg, visited for a few days with his sister, Mrs. Benson Hutchinson, and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. E. Coulthart, Miss Ina McKenzie and Mrs. Chesley Marcellus spent New Year's Day with Mrs. Nettie Marcellus of Russell.

Mr. Wm. Bouck, Mrs. John Shaver spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Eber Robinson of Russell.

Non-Essentials Bought

Toronto.—Spats, fiddle strings and snuff were provided some persons in Northern Ontario through the facilities of the unemployment relief fund for Ontario, Secretary J. A. Ellis has said.

The administation of the fund did not know this at the time, however, he added. It learned about it subsequently.

It learned also that other articles purchased with relief funds included chicken feed, pig feed, oats, hay, hops toilet articles, arm bands, handkerchiefs, tobacco, neckties, oranges, lemons, candy, fancy biscuits, wallpaper and numerous other things of like nature, generally classed as non-essential.

BORN

King—To Mr. and Mrs. E. King (née Edith Hornby) at the Lachine General Hospital, Jan. 1, 1933, a daughter. (Joan Marion Florence.) Both doing well.

POLICE DUTY

Hamilton Spectator.

Major General Victor Williams, commissioner of provincial police, has his sights properly adjusted. In the course of a radio address on the subject of Crime Prevention the other night, he declared it was the primary function of his force to keep people honest. The apprehension of the errant is, in his opinion, just an important sideline. We wonder how many police officers in Canada have been considering their jobs in that light? Certainly, the police constable who, pounding his beat, has a fatherly, chummy talk with a boy who has picked up with bad companionsn; who corrects a faulty perspective and gives him a friendly lift back to the right path, is rendering a greater service than is the man in blue who does not concern himself until the criminal step has been taken and who then just pops in to make the arrest. Major General Williams, who should know whereof he speaks, says he has noted that the whole attitude of a community changes towards the constable when it finds he is interested in trying to find the good in the youthful offender, instead of waiting for which he must be punished. The police, in these trying days, have a very real opportunity to be of service and the most of the representatives of law and order, we think, are in complete agreement with Major General Williams when he says they should be guides, counsellors and friends to all who require help and assistance.

The Engineer.-A Parable

ONE DAY three men, a Lawyer, a Doctor, and an Engineer, appeared before St. Peter as he stood guarding the Pearly Gates.

The first man to step forward was the Lawyer. With confidence and assurance, he proceeded to deliver an eloquent address which left St. Peter bewildered. Before the venerable Saint could recover, the Lawyer quickly handed him a writ of mandamus, pushed him aside and strode through the open Portals.

Next came the Doctor. With impressive, dignified bearing, he introduced himself: "I am Dr. Brown." St. Peter received him cordially. "I feel I know you, Dr. Brown. Many who preceded you said you sent them here. Welcome to our City!"

The Engineer, modest and diffident, had been standing in the background. He now stepped forward. "I am looking for a job," he said. St. Peter wearily shook his head. "I am sorry," he replied, "we have no work here for you. If you want a job, you can go to Hell." This response sounded familiar to the Engineer and made him feel more at home. "Very well," he said; "I have had Hell all my life and I guess I can stand it better than the others." St. Peter was puzzled. "Look here, young man, what are you?" "I am an engineer," was the reply. "Oh, yes," said St. Peter; "Do you belong to the Locomotive Brotherhood?" "No I am sorry," the Engineer responded apologetically; "I am a different kind of Engineer." "I do not understand," said St. Peter; "what on Earth do you do?" The Engineer recalled a definition and calmly replied: "I apply mathematical principles to the control of natural forces." This sounded meaningless to St. Peter, and his temper got the best of him. "Young man," he said, "you can go to Hell with your mathematical principles and try your hand on some of the natural forces there!" "That suits me," responded the Engineer; "I am always glad to go where there is a tough job to tackle." Whereupon he departed for the Nether Regions.

And it came to pass that strange reports began to reach St. Peter. The Celestial denizens, who had amused themselves in the past by looking down upon the less fortunate creatures in the Inferno, commenced asking for transfers to that domain. The sounds of agony and suffering were stilled. Many new arrivals, after seeing both places, selected the Nether Region for their permanent abode. Puzzled, St. Peter sent messengers to visit Hell and to report back to him. They returned, all excited, and reported to St. Peter:

"That Engineer you sent down there," said the messengers, "has completely transformed the place so that you would not know it now. He has harnessed the Fiery Furnaces for light and power. He has cooled the entire place with artificial refrigeration. He has drained the Lakes of Brimstone and has filled the air with cool breezes. He has flung bridges across the Bottomless Abyss and has bored tunnels through the Obsidian Cliffs. He has created paved streets, gardens, parks and playgrounds, lakes, rivers, and beautiful waterfalls. That Engineer you sent down there has gone through Hell and has made it a realm of happiness, peace, and industry!"—The American Engineer.

S. S. No. 11, Finch

Christmas Exams.

Sr. IV.—Lillian McRae 82, Beth Nephew 76, Edith McMillan 64, Kenneth Farrell 59, Fraser Smith 59.

Jr. IV.—Freida Ouderkirk 72, Bernard Devanny 52.

Sr. III.—Mae McMillan 71, Doris Droppo 70, Francis McMahon 65, Arthur Ouderkirk 56, Ann Devanny 56, Florence Devanny 40.

Sr. II.—Pansy McMillan 75, Velma Ouderkirk 75, Bruce McLeod 70, Lillian Droppo 66, Erma Ouderkirk 60, Leonard McMahon 50.

Jr. II.—Rae Armstrong 70, Glendon Smith 70.

I.—Amanda Gillies, Eleanor Ouderkirk, Gwynneth McLeod.

Pr.—Dorothea Swerdfeger, Ileen McMahon.

—Hosea Droppo, Teacher.

MORRISBURG CHOOSES FLYNN

By a large majority, Arthur Flynn defeated E. P. Foster for the reeveship of Morrisburg in Monday's elections. The councillors elected were: William Roach, Walter G. Beckstead, James Brodie and Arnold Jarvis, the first two being on the previous year's board.

Elma

Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie Thom and Douglas were guests at Mr. Samuel Allison's at Dunbar on Sunday.

Mr .and Mrs. A. N. Berkley and family spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kyle at Colquhoun.

We are glad to hear the Misses Evelyn and Marjorie Thom are in much better health.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Wallace and family spent Sunday at Mr. Ira Weegar's.

We regret to report Douglas and Marion McMartin shut in with chicken pox.

Mr. Adam Barkley and Dwight were Monday visitors of Mrs. James Robinson.

Mr. Reginald Barkley called at J. W. McMartin's on Thursday evening.

COOPER–LITTLE.

On Saturday, November 5th, 1932, by Rev. R. E. Newman, at the Manse, Chesterville, Nettie Beatrice Little and Fred. Cooper, both of Williamsburg.

LITTLE LAD HAS ARM BROKEN.

Early last week Cyril Boyd Fyke, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Fyke, had the misfortune to have his left arm broken at the wrist when he fell down the cellar steps. Dr. H. H. Casselman reduced the fracture.

Williamsburg Public School

November and December Report.

Sr. IV.—Evelyn Deeks, Elliott Dixon and Evelyn Russell equal, Gladys Wingard, Bruce Wingard, Gerald Garlough, Edna Cunningham, Gladys Cunningham, Wilfred McIntosh, Blanche McGruer.

Jr. IV.—Audrey Whitteker, Jay Garlough, Geraldine Casselman, Eric Barkley, Jean Pharoah, Graham Froats, Jimmy McDonald*.

Sr. III.—Marion Loucks, Ruth Locke, Freda Barkley, Marjorie Dewland, Beatrice Garlough, Bert McIntosh.

Jr. III.—Jack Silman, Gwendolyn Norval, Robert Loucks, Dale Beckstead, Jessie McIntosh, Lloyd Casselman, Harry Pharoah, Dwight Casselman, Douglas Barkley, Gladys Froats, Margaret Sabourin, Ethel Johnston.

*—indicates absent.

—A. M. Casselman, Principal.

Class II.—Greta Barkley (Hon.), Harold Cronmiller and Marguerite Rutherford (Hon.), Carman McIntosh (Hon.), Claire Merkley, Marie Hess, Gerald McPherson, Donald Garlough, Arden Trickey, Billy Strader, Helen Johnston, Catharine Seekings (ab.).

Class I.—Betty Strader (Hon.), Theodore Rutherford (Hon.), Ogal Casselman, Emma Garlough.

Sr. Pr.—Basil Rutherford, Claire Empey (Hon.), Charles Dewland (Hon.), Mark Quennville, Barbara Hess.

Jr. Pr.—Marie Casselman (Hon.), Jean Johnston, Ramon Casselman, Billy Barkley.

Class A—Marjorie Woods and Vern Cronmiller (Hon.).

Class B—Raymond Garlough, Grace Garlough.

—Alice S. Cameron, Teacher.

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

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

No advertisement published for less than 50 cents.

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

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

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

G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

1933		JANUARY				1933
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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29	30	31	Advertising Pays			

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1933.

Ontario's Premier Issues New Year Message

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 29th, 1932.
Editor, The Record, Chesterville.

May I, through your news columns, be permitted to thank the people of your district for the way they have "played the game" under the trying conditions of the past twelve months and frankly, sincerely, to invite them on behalf of the Government throughout the difficult years ahead of us, an even great measure of confidence and co-operation.

This is no time for playing politics, governments are far too busy endeavouring to save the country to concern themselves with petty partisanship. Problems, unprecedented in magnitude and characteristics, confront us in Ontario. With every citizen "pulling an oar" we should feel confident our ship of state will weather the difficult sea with which it is now contending.

Only through co-operation, not the co-operation of any political party in particular, but the patience and tolerance and "fair play" of all right-minded people, regardless of creed, whether they be urban dwellers or agriculturists can our ship ride out the storms and be brought safely and securely into port again. While we cannot demand that co-operation, as the government at the helm, we can at least appeal, universally and unashamedly, for this contribution from our people.

GEO. S. HENRY,
Prime Minister of Ontario.

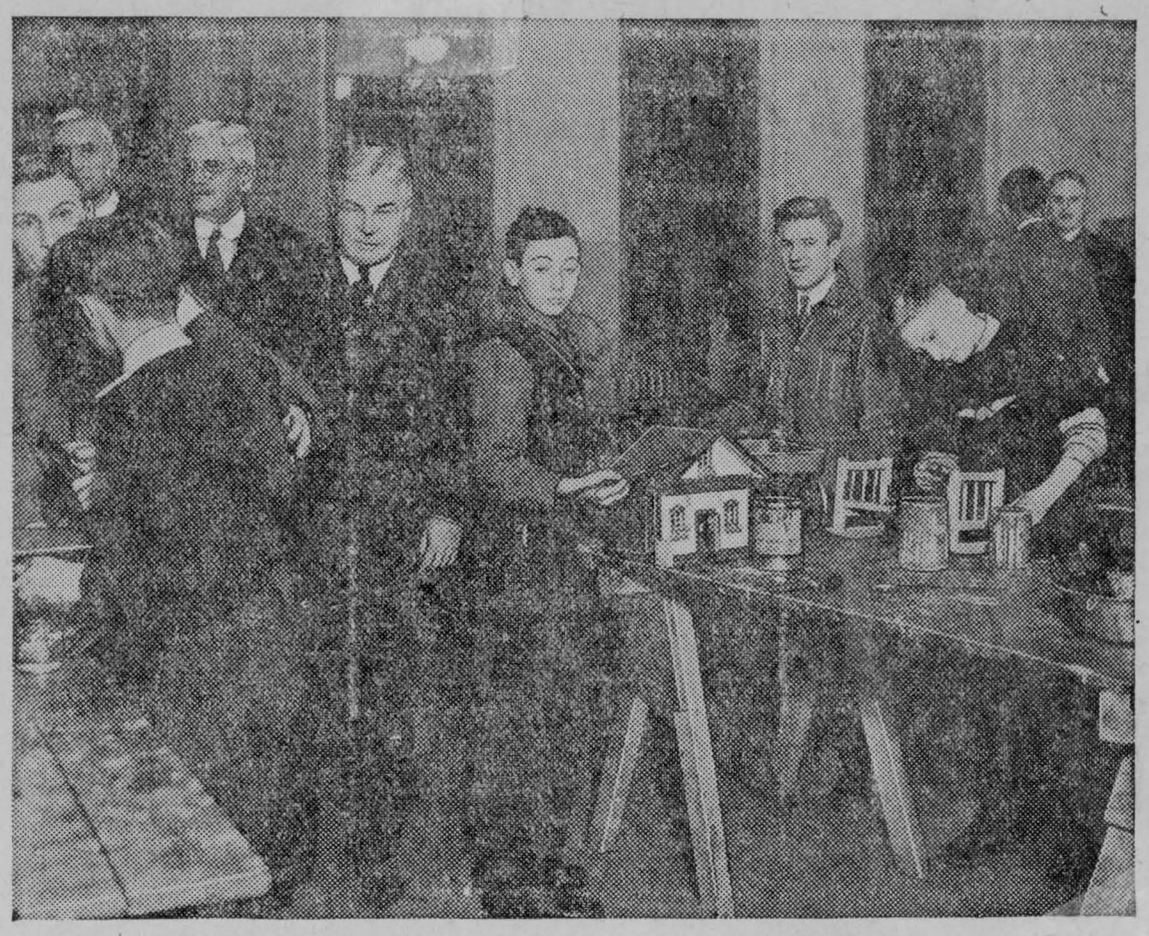
A WELL-FED EDITOR.
Simcoe Reformer.

CONCRETE evidence of the discouragingly low prices being offered to farmers for their produce is continually persented to us. For instance on Sunday we ate turkey which was purchased for 11 cents a pound. A report from the West states that this supposed delicacy is selling for 7 cents a pound. Then on Tuesday night we partook of a young pig, sufficiently large to feed about 50 men, which was purchased for the magnificent sum of $1.25. This week we had an interview with the owner of one of the choicest farms in Norfolk, a man who has operated 100 acres of soil for about half a century. He declared that the returns of his produce this year did not leave him sufficient profit to pay his taxes. About the only good thing that can be said about operating a farm these days is that the operator and his family are sure of sufficient food to nourish their bodies.

Neighbour: 'Where's your brother, Freddie?"

Freddie: "Aw, he's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."

BEATTY MEETS SCOUTS



Honesty, courage and modesty are the cardinal virtues that make for success and they should be the ideal of every Canadian boy, said E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in addressing the Montreal District Scout Council at their headquarters in that city recently. Mr. Beatty was speaking in his capacity as president of the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts' Association and at a function at which he had been presented with a copy of the new Scout song book, "Songs for Canadian Boys." The appeal of this book is to all classes of boys and girls, to adults and to the English-speaking world generally. Some of the finest poems in the language are included, making the book an anthology in itself. The songs include those common to the Empire, songs of Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the United States, French-Canada, France, sea songs, sea chanties, scouting and marching songs, choruses and miscellaneous songs. The French-Canadian song group have scholarly English translations by J. Murray Gibbon. It is a book that would adorn the shelves of any library.

Mr. Beatty made a complete inspection of the Scouts' Montreal premises and evinced lively interest in the toy shop where hundreds of old and damaged toys were being put into shape and renovated for distribution among the poor and destitute children at Christmas. Photograph shows him among the boys at work in the shop.

Canada's Second Victoria Cross

By "INFANTRYMAN" in The Legionary

TEN YEARS BEFORE CONFEDERATION a Canadian won the Victoria Cross—the second awarded to a native son of this country. A previous issue of The Legionary set forth how the first V. C. came to Canada, how Ensign Alexander Robert Dunn, of Toronto, riding with the 11th Hussars in the Immortal Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, conducted himself with such conspicuous gallantry that his name was among the first of those on whom the cherished decoration was conferred. The next major conflict, the Indian Mutiny, saw the heroism of another Canadian, Herbert Taylor Reade, of Perth, Ont., signally rewarded by his admission to that devoted legion of immortals.

The Indian Mutiny.

Reade entered the army in 1850, when, at the age of 22, he was appointed assistant surgeon of the 61st Foot (The Gloucestershire Regiment). The outbreak of the Indian Mutiny saw him with his regiment at Ferozepore, in the Punjab. Two days after the uprising at Meerut, the three regiments of Sepoys at Ferozepore, 250 miles northwest of Delhi, revolted. A sharp, but bitter, action ensued between the Gloucesters and the mutineers ,in which the latter were driven off. For the young Canadian surgeon this was his baptism of fire. Meanwhile the native soldiers had taken possession of Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire, and had proclaimed the old King of Delhi Emperor. Delhi was defended by 40,000 mutineers, but the British, with only 6,000, determined to storm the place.

Delhi Stormed.

The "offensive" was timed for three o'clock in the morning of September 14th, 1857. The Gloucesters formed part of the reserve column for this attack, but command of the second column—one of the two assigned to the storming of Kashmir Gate—fell to Brigadier William Jones, of the 61st Regiment. From available records it would appear that on this day, the Canadian surgeon of the regiment was either detailed to accompany his commanding officer, or volunteered to do so, for his citation for bravery discloses him as operating inside Delhi, following the storming of Kashmir Gate, and entirely detached from his regiment. It was in a welter of bloodshed that Herbert Taylor Reade, for the moment ignoring the fact that he was a non-combatant, performed one of the deeds which secured for him the highest recognition. Ministering to the wounded up and down these torturous alleys of Delhi, he was never far from the rebels. He had emerged well into the city upon the wider thoroughfare which led to the bank and was tending the wounds of a number of men when a large party of muitineers, suddenly appearing, made a scramble for the housetops, and levelled a murderous fire on the men below. To withdraw would have meant leaving the wounded to the butchery of the Sepoys.

A Combatant.

Reade had no thought of retiring. On the contrary, he immediately transformed himself into a combatant officer. Drawing his sword—and all officers carried such weapons in those days—he shouted for volunteers, and a party of about ten men, disengaging themselves from cover, followed him. In and out of the houses, over roof-tops, Reade led this devoted band carrying on a private war all by themselves. Putting all his pent-up fury into every cut and stab and slice, the young Canadian pursued and cut down the enemy, his followers mixing things with the utmost vigour. Of the leader and his ten, only three returned whole. A couple were killed and six wounded. The latter also Reade attended to. But this was only one act of bravery. Another followed two days later in the final assault which eventually led the British to the palace of the old King. On this occasion, Sepember 16, Reade operated with his regiment. Apparently his experiences of the recent past had whetted his appetite for action. Not bringing up the rear—where a medical officer ought normally to be—but among the very foremost of the attacking troops, the Canadian was among the first half dozen men up the breach of the Magazine in Delhi. The capture of this position, one of prime importance in the general scheme of things, was assigned to the Gloucesters. They carried it with a rush, swarming into the breach and bayonetting the enemy almost before the rebels knew what had descended on them.

Spikes a Cannon.

The mutineers had mounted several cannon, pointing these down the streets along which the attacking forces advanced. Leading his entire regiment, Reade dashed for these batteries, and a sanguinary melee ensued. His sword considerably more in evidence than his military kit, Reade fought bitterly around the guns. With a sergeant of the Gloucesters he spiked one, a feat which won for him the plaudits of all who had followed this intrepid fighting surgeon. With the fall of the Magazine, the way was now cleared for the complete occupation of Delhi. Disheartened, the mutineers melted away, most of them escaping by the bridge of boats over the Jumna. Herbert Taylor Reade came honestly both by his soldiering and his medicine. He was the son of George Hume Reade, an apothecary, and was born at Perth, Ont. (or Upper Canada, as it was then), in 1828. His father was then surgeon of the military settlement at Perth. The family later removed to Quebec where George Hume Reade, now a colonel of the Canadian Militia, was staff surgeon to the forces, and on March 7, 1846, he wrote asking for a commission for his son, as ensign in a Canadian regiment or any other corps. This appears not to have been granted, for Herbert Taylor Reade seems to have undertaken the study of medicine. However, on November 8, 1850, the son, then 22 years old, was commissioned as assistant surgeon in the 61st Foot. Reade remained in the army and eventually became surgeon-general of the forces, retiring in 1887. In 1895 he was appointed Hon. Surgeon to Queen Victoria. His death took place at Bath, England, on June 23, 1897.

SENATOR HARDY'S JERSEYS
Brockville Recorder.

SENATOR HARDY has added to his laurels as the owner of prize-winning cattle by securing for his great Jersey cow, Rosebay's Jolly Rose, the first medal of merit certificate that has been granted this year by the Canadian Jersey Club.

Rose, be it known, is a great producer and also a cow of high type. She was grand champion at the Ormstown fair last year and first-prize cow in milk at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. Moreover, at the Royal Winter Fair she was first R. O. P. cow and a keen contender for grand championship honours. Her progeny is also making a name for itself.

Senator Hardy made cattle-breeding history with his remarkable Holstein cow, May Echo Sylvia, and her progeny. His success with Holstein animals—a breed in which he continues to be much interested, is being duplicated by his efforts with Jerseys.

ADVERTISE TO-DAY — MORE BUSINESS TO-MORROW.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT
By Etta Bitta Pye

RICE IN MANY FORMS.

ONE of the foods we find very useful in helping us to balance our household budgets is rice.

Now, if it happens that you are one of those people who "have never liked rice pudding," or whose family does not like it even with raisins at very frequent intervals in the mixture, do not conclude, at this point, that we have no help for you.

One cup of raw rice will expand in boiling to about four cups of cooked, sufficient for a family of four, using the rice in combination with meat dishes or with beans or peas. A pound of rice equals three average teacups and thus the dish mentioned here should not cost more than two or three cents in any town or city of this country.

We shall not go into the savoury rice dishes, but we have several rice puddings that we think will be of interest—the other types of dishes we shall pass on to you from time to time.

Fig Rice.

Boil one cup of rice in a large cup of water for 30 minutes, then drain it and turn into a colander. Stand it in the oven until the rice is white and dry. Chop half a pound of figs quite fine; mix them carefully with the rice not breaking the grains; stand the colander over a saucepan of boiling water; cover and let steam for 20 minutes. The colander must not touch the water. Serve hot with sweetened cream.

Date Rice.

Four tablespoons of rice, one-fourth of a pound of dates, one-half cup of milk, wash rice in two waters and boil in two cups of water until all the water is absorbed and the rice is soft, about one hour. Stone the dates and cut them up into small pieces. Mix rice and dates. Pour into greased baking pan, add milk and bake one hour. Serve cold.

Chocolate Rice.

One square of chocolate, three eggs, one teaspoon of butter, three teaspoons of cornstarch, one cup sugar, one cup of milk. Take the chocolate cut up real fine and pour boiling water over it to dissolve. Beat the eggs, sugar and one teaspoon of butter together. Take three tablespoons of cornstarch, put in one cup of milk. One-half cup boiled rice mashed up well, mix all together and boil until thick.

Peach Dumplings.

Boil the rice in salt water until tender, remove from the stove and let cool. Have some square of clean cloth , spread the rice on the cloth one-inch thick. Place one peach (fresh or canned) on the cloth and tie up tight. Boil ten minutes. Serve with cream sauce. Flavour with cinnamon.

Rice Custard.

Mix together one cup of cook rice, four well-beaten eggs, one s cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, little grated nutmeg. Add two of milk, let it get hot on top of stove, then bake in a moderate till firm. Make a meringue whites of two eggs and two spoons of white sugar and over the top. Brown in the

WON LARGE CANDY

The six-foot candy can a prize in the Candy Kitc last week, was won by Miss Louis, of Merrickville. Manage of the Candy Kitchen offered the m ster cane as a prize for the best suggestion to stimulate business and Miss Louis' suggestion, "Quality," was judged the best of all those received. She drove to Smiths Falls last week and returned to Merrickville bearing the huge candy cane.—Smiths Falls Record-News.

Acknowledgement of Sympathy Cards

We carry a supply of these cards, nicely printed and with envelopes to match, at all times.

PRICE, ENVELOPES INCLUDED - 50c PER DOZEN

{ Mail Orders Filled on receipt of Cash to cover requirements }

THE RECORD OFFICE
CHESTERVILLE

From Ritz to Ritts

IT'S GREAT STUFF to have two United States Presidents among your ancestors. Doctor Dupee told us this interesting fact about Hopkins Carey ,the new boy, when introducing some of us to him in the head master's study. Hop was sixteen, and I think he used the same grease on his hair as on his patent leather shoes. They were equally shiny. It seems that his father was both rich and haughty, so he lived abroad at Biarritz, and also in a lot of hotels with the syllable "Ritz" in their names. It was no wonder that Hop was so ritzy himself.

My crowd is a fairly small one, but Stan Biddle, my roommate, is the senior monitor of the school, and Bill King is baseball captain, and I am in a good many school "activities" myself. But this Hop Carey let us know that he was an aristocrat and we were foul plebeians. His clothes! I'm telling you that he came with two wardrobe trunks full of London suits and shirts, and a big valise of pigskin all fitted with silver boxes and bottles, and a hatbox. He had a silk hat in that box, too. We called him Silk Hat Hop.

"Family position counts for everything in the world," said Hop. "But not in a dump like this."

Well, Middletown Academy isn't ritzy. Its buildings are old, and the trustees are professors and editors and army officers as well as business men. Just the same, Middletown is a good school. We didn't like to hear this fresh kid call it a dump.

'What pulls my cork is the prison atmosphere,' he said later. "No gentleman should live his life by bell. Rising bell at 6.45—ugh! Breakfast bell at 7.15. Bell for prayers at 8.00. Bell for recess. Bell for lunch. Bell for afternoon school. Bells, bells, bells, bells—ugh!"

"Ugh-ugh yourself,' said Bill King. "What do you expect—a valet to draw your bawth for you?"

"That's what I've had in the past," snapped Silk Hat Hop. "Only a fellow who didn't know any better would sneer at it."

Skeeter Tilney pricked up his ears at this. Skeeter's father was rich,

rison is right," said Skeeter, ly. 'We are not regarded as young students. We are like young criminals in a tory. Why, I haven't had t in bed for an age."

s was to lure Silk Hat Hop her expressions of disgust. It worked. It worked so well that Stan Biddle had to throw a book at Skeeter, hitting him accurately on the nose. Then Stan ordered both of them to quit sitting around in their room and go out and get some xercise.

But the games that Hop knew dn't seemed to be played at Middlevn. He complained about our lack fives (some sort of handball) and pelota. Pelota is a sort of Spanish is. I don't think Hop had ever ed it, but he said that it made ur games—baseball, tennis, basll and hockey—look like some- designed for an Old Women's He played golf, too. But we encouraging golf that year.

op wandered round by himood deal, and we left him pt when Skeeter teased him laining about his sad lot in ution. He said. one evening, ad the typical institutional mixture of boiling cauliber mats, carbolic soap and on.

laughed. In fact, old Bar- Johnson, the master in whose om we were sitting, told Hop to pipe down. But Hop didn't take the hint. He replied that Middletown was as dreary as a penitentiary, and as chilly as the tomb. And then Barker let him have it, right between the eyes.

"We aren't a retreat for young whelps," he said, "from rich men's homes. You may not know that Stanley Biddle's father owns enough land in Texas to wrap around Monaco, Andorra and two or three other little European countries. We don't think about wealth here. We think about merit. We live a Spartan life, and we are proud of it. We give our rewards to those who earn them. We do not dawdle. We do not slack. We try to work faithfully both in the classroom and on the athletic field. We are healthily tired when evening comes, but we are proud 'to roll to bed with a Latin phrase and rise with a line of Greek.'"

But Hop Carey wasn't listening to Barker's eloquence.

"Did you call me a whelp?" he asked.

"What if I did?"

"I won't come back and listen to you until you apologize—in writing."

Well, the temperature in the room dropped about fifty degrees when Hop uttered these remarkable words. I don't believe that any Middletown boy in our hundreds years of school history had ever had the gall to demand an apology from a teacher.

While the chill and the silence still lasted, Hop got up and walked out of the room, registering contempt from the top of his oily hair to the tips of his glossy pumps. All of us spoke up:

"What'll I do? Break his neck?"

"Pour water on him."

"Sit on his head."

"Put crepe on his nose—his brain's dead."

"Aw, he's not worth worrying about," Stan Biddell's voice cut through the discussion. "You are right, Barker; he is a whelp."

It was the first time any boy had ever called Barker by that name to his face; but the old chap knew it was meant as a term of endearment, so he passed it by.

He spoke to Doctor Dupee about Hop Carey, though; and what passed between them I do not now. But Hop was given a barrel of demerits, and they made him serve them by waiting on table. He loathed that and said he wouldn't be treated as a servant. But he was. The last crowning indignity came when they made him clean and oil the shoes of the whole first baseball squad.

Needless to add, Barker did not apologize in writing or any other way.

Silk Hat Hop finished the shoes in a state of cold, white fury. That night, about eleven o'clock he cut and tore his sheets into strips, knotted them together, and climbed down from his window. This was pure "swank." All he had to do was walk downstairs. But he had read somewhere that all escaping prisoners make rope ladders out of their blankets.

The sheets burned his hands badly as he slid down. But I think he enjoyed the pain.

Of course, we were all asleep and didn't know about his escape until the morning. Then we found a note which he had left on Skeeter Tilney's bureau. It was as follows:

I used to think there was some hoop for you, but you are as pusilanimous as the others. I am shaiking the dust of this hole off my feet. My father will be in America & I am just going somewhere and rest until he comes. It will be vane to try and find me. Barker is impossible. I wish you many happy hours in this prison where you stay among cads and bounders by your own choice.

Cordialy,
Hopkins Carey.

I can't say that most of us cads and bounders were very eager to become detectives and track down this fugitive. But it was Doctor Dupee's duty so to do. He called us into the study right after breakfast, and we noticed that his bushy eyebrows looked bushier than ever—always a danger sign.

"I've telephoned to all station agents within twenty miles," he said. "When boys have run away in the past, we have quickly recaptured them by this means. This is our first runaway in ten years. I believe that young Carey went on foot. Stanley, you know how to drive a car. Take the school car, and make a careful survey of the roads, asking people to notify us promptly by telephone if they see a boy walking alone."

This looked to me like seeking a very small needle in a big haystack, and so it proved. But I secured permission to go with Stan, and we had a nice drive, taking all morning to do it, as instructed. Meanwhile Barker and Bags and the other masters who could be spared drove around in their own cars, and by noon we had covered all the roads within a ten-mile radius or more. Then we reported that Hop was still on the loose, and no word of him had been received anywhere.

"He's hitch-hiking," said Bill King.

"Past Philadelphia now."

"Probably in Trenton."

"Or heading for New York."

But Skeeter said the last word.

"Hop would think it, oh, so vulgar to hitch-hike," he said. "Imagine our perfect little foreign gentleman stopping a car and asking a stranger for a ride. Im-possible."

The word "im-possible" was one of Hop's favourites and we laughed. But some of us were of the opinion that, if driven by necessity, he would forget that he hadn't been introduced and would offer to pay some passing driver for a lift.

It turned out that Hop hadn't done anything of the sort. This is what happened to him.

He wasn't very strong, you know, and he trudged away from school without any clear idea where he was going. After an hour he was so tired that he stopped to rest, and looked at his watch under a street lamp. It was only midnight. He continued to walk all night. He passed two railway stations and hoped for trains, but no trains came.

By dawn he realized that he was thoroughly lost. His feet now hurt him as much as his hands. He had never before seen the sun rise, and the sudden lightf rightened him. He knew that his flight would soon be discovered, and that all railway stations would be watched. He needed a refuge. But what he needed most was breakfast. He felt in his pocket for money, and found only a few coins —small ones.

The money question had never been at all serious in his life. His father had paid for everything, usually signing cheques for meals at the various Ritzes. Hop decided that he would find some pleasant country inn where he could breakfast, take a room, and remain in seclusion until his father came. Innkeepers abroad had always treated Mr. Carey with great deference. The little inns along the Riviera are often so quiet and secluded that hardly anyone seems to come and go. Hop knew nothing about America. He fully expected to find a little inn of this kind.

After a while he came to Ashford, the county seat. Nobody was in the streets so early. Hop looked at the inn. It was not the kind he knew. It had plate glass windows, and looked about as secluded and private as an aquarium The sign said "Commercial Hotel."

Hop walked rapidly past, hoping to finding the sort of retreat he wanted on the outskirts of the town. He failed in this. Before long he was out in the country again, limping because his shoes pinched his tender toes. But the worst pain, now, was hunger. He knew that all towns and even highways were deadly dangerous to him, as the hue and cry would soon be raised behind him.

He stopped, however, at a wayside refreshment stand. The woman was just lighting her stove and said she could have a hot dog and coffee ready in twenty minutes. Hop was so new to America that he didn't know what a hot dog was; and he was in such a hurry that he nearly said he would take a cold dog instead. But he looked in the ice box and bought a bottle of Phroso and some crackers and cheese.

This frugal meal did not seem to agree with him, and he suffered from cramps. He had to lie down in a damp meadow until they passed. At this time he had his first great shock. Stan and I passed in our car; and, although we didn't see him behind the fence, he saw and recognized us and knew that the hue and cry was on his heels. After more wandering here and there, he took lunch at another lunch stand and learned to his dismay that he was still within five miles of Middletown. It had begun to rain.

The man at this stand looked so searchingly at Hop's cap, which was a school cap, that Hop paid for his meal and slunk away as fast as he could. He thought that he must have covered twenty or thirty miles, which was an exaggeration. But he had evidently walked in a circle. He knew that all the busy haunts of mankind — including restaurant stations — were now too dangerous for him. He walked across lots that afternoon and used unfrequented lanes. Still he found no inn. And by five o'clock, with the rain letting up a little, he decided that a farmhouse must be his refuge.

At last, at the very end of a lane that wound upward into some thinly settled hills, Hop found a farm that seemed absolutely safe and private. There was no telephone wire. Not another building was in sight anywhere. The farmer was in the chicken yard, carrying a heavy pail of feed from one run to another.

Hop had by this time substituted an old felt hat, taken from a scarecrow, for his incriminating school cap. He walked up to the farmer.

"My name is Claude Farthingale," said Hop, who had spent a long time thinking this up. "I wish to apply to you for lodging."

"Sure," said the farmer. "With board? Fifteen dollars a week in advance."

"Hop had only ten cents left in his pocket. But he had never heard of paying for accommodations in advance.

"That will be all right," he said, easily. "My father will take care of that. You can give me only a single room and bath."

"Humph," said the farmer. "I can give you the room all right—and you can give yourself the bath over yonder in the pond."

Hop thought that this was merely a crude joke. "My father will take care of the bill," he repeated.

"Where's he?"

"In France."

The farmer shook his head.

"But he's coming to America soon. I just want a quiet place to live until he comes."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Mr. Claude Farthingale."

"Never heard of you—or your father, either."

"Of course not, my good man. We have resided in France until recently."

"Well," said the farmer, picking up his bucket, "I've got to have one week's board in advance."

Hop wavered, and then began to walk along. The farmer, paying no further attention to him, resumed his operations with the chicken feed. Hop stopped, finding that the lane ended in the barnyard. Then he came back.

"Couldn't we make some other arrangement?" he asked.

"Well," said the farmer, "my boy's about your age. He's sick in hospital. He's stronger than you, I guess. But if you can do a fair day's work helping about the place, I might board you free for a while."

Hop thought it over. He didn't like the idea, or any part of it. But in the end he agreed. There was another shower coming up and he could not face the prospect of walking down that lovely lane in its teeth."

"Now, Claude," said the farmer, "you can begin with these chickens. When you've got 'em all fed, come to the barn."

The wire handle of the bucket cut Hop's hands, which were sore enough anyway. But he fed the chickens and reported to the farmer in the barn before the worst of the rain came. The farmer gave him a ragged old brown sweater to wear.

There was a lot of cleaning out to be done in the barn and the cow-house.

"May I know your name?" he asked the farmer.

"Ritts."

And that word, falling just then on Hop's ears, almost comforted him.

Supper was served by Mrs. Ritts at six-thirty. It seemed to consist almost entirely of salt pork with milk gravy, and boiled potatoes.

"You're just skin 'n' bone," she said to Hop. "You can't be a good worker till we feed you up, some."

Hop fed up as well as he could, although disliking the pork and the dish of prune that followed for dessert. What he liked was a restaurant table with shaded candles, and white napkins, and dainty little French dishes like hors d'œvres and filet mignon.

After supper, Hop was ready to go to bed and sleep. But he was immediately told that work was by no means over. He was given some harness to mend; and, although his fingers were unhandy, he learned to punch holes in the straps. This continued until he fell asleep from exhaustion and had only a dim recollection of having been escorted to bed by Mr. Ritts. He was just enough awake to take off his shoes and fall into the blankets, brown sweater and all.

Not half an hour later, Doctor Dupee was in the kitchen. In the belief that Hop was a runaway boy, Mr. Ritts had called Doctor Dupee by telephone from a neighbour's house. Stan Biddle accompanied him.

Instead of rousing up Hop and taking him back to school—which was less than six miles away—it was decided by the doctor to leave him for a few days to "work out his own salvation." The accent was on the word work. Mr. Ritts, who turned out to be an old and valued friend of the academy, and indeed one of its chief purveyors of milk and eggs, promised that there would be lots of work in Hop's new course of study.

"It will be an invaluable experience for this misguided boy, this rebel," said the doctor to Stan as they drove home. "He will learn to appreciate the comfortable school life which he dared to abandon."

"The little squirt!" said Stan. "I hope the farmer works him till his arms drop off."

"Mr. Ritts can be fully trusted to do what is fitting," replied the doctor. "He will keep such a sharp eye on Carey that there will be no chance for further escape."

Doctor Dupee was mistaken, as events proved. But on the next day there began for Hop a series of experiences that could only be described in detail by an abler pen than mine. It seems that Hop was aroused at five and asked whether he expected to lie abed all the forenoon. He was made to try milking the cows. All the while the eagle eye of Mr. Ritts was upon him. At eleven, a calf was killed. Hop was tenderhearted, and this episode pretty nearly killed him too. Nevertheless, he was forced to resume cleaning out the barn. He began to understand why Hercules took so much credit for having dared to do the same thing.

The afternoon was much the same. Hop rebelled twice. The first time, nothing much happened. The second time, Mr. Ritts whipped him with a strap. It didn't hurt very much, as Mr. Ritts was laughing so heartily that his muscular force was impaired. But the laughter was more painful to bear than the blows.

Silk Hat Hop! Imagine the pride of southern France, the pale, aristocratic scion of two Presidents of the United States, turned up on a farmer's knees and flogged to the accompaniment of hoarse, chortling laughter! The humiliation was intense. But Hop was a good boy for two hours afterwards. Mr. Ritts profited by his goodness and made him perform some horrible work connected with the drains.

Then there were the chickens to feed again; and there were six nice fat pullets to kill; and the cows to be driven home for milking; and the sticks of stove wood to be split for Mrs. Ritts. Then came supper, with plenty more prunes; and then came bed.

And the second day was like the first. Hop took a lesson in harnessing a horse that day, and the horse stamped on Hop's foot. He was also badly stung by hornets as he drove the cows. But it was not these accidents that really broke Hop's spirit. It was the drudgery of the work Mr. Ritts picked out for him and the discovery that farm life contains far more routine and more hard work than the life at boarding school.

So, on the third day, Hop ran away. He ran out of the barnyard and across lots. Mr. Ritts caught him in less than a field and a half. This time he did not laugh while whipping Hop, and Hop was wounded in body as well as spirit.

At nine o'clock that night, Doctor Dupee visited Mr. Ritts, taking both Stan and me along. We were all agog to see how our whilom schoolmate was enjoying his new course in Practical Agriculture. We had a little talk with Mr. and Mrs. Ritts, and they said that Claude would never make a real farmer. "No love for the work," was their verdict.

They said that Claude had a comfortable bedroom upstairs, with a window that couldn't be opened; so there was no fear of escape. Mrs. Ritts said she slept so lightly that she could hear a mouse's footfalls on the floor.

Doctor Dupee was always a fiend about our sleeping arrangements. He insisted on lots of fresh air. He said he would tiptoe upstairs and look at Carey's room. He came down and said the boy was sleeping in a thick sweater, although the night was hot.

Then Mr. Ritts went up to make Hop take off the sweater; and pretty soon he called loudly to us to come up. We did so. It wasn't Hop in the bed. Hop had dressed up some quilts in the sweater. He was gone. Mrs. Ritts might be able to hear the mice thundering over the floor, but she had not heard Hop walk in his stocking feet out of his room and climb out of the hall window, putting his shoes on afterward.

That was his strategy, and it certainly worked well. If Doctor Dupee hadn't been so worried about ventilation, the loss of Hop wouldn't have been discovered until morning.

The doctor was pretty badly worried as we drove back to school, first giving a general alarm by telephone. He said he wouldn' take kind and forgiving measures this time, but would set the police after Hop. And this he did.

Doctor Dupee rang for the housekeeper to give us a glass of milk after our exertions; and while we were drinking it in the study a remarkable thing happened. A car drove up, and out of it came a dejected figure, followed by the driver.

"Please pay this man," said Hop Carey—for it was no other than he.

And then, while the astounded doctor paid the driver, Hop uttered these stately words: "I was mistaken about the hardships of boarding-school life, sir, and I wish to apply for readmission to Middletown Academy, subject to whatever penalties you may care to impose."

We watched the eyebrows bristle. Stan said afterwards that it was the tensest moment in his life.

"So you have run away both from school and to school, deluded boy," boomed Doctor Dupee. "I impose no penalty whatever. But if I ever again catch you sleeping in your sweater and with the window shut, I will expel you."

Hop's jaws dropped, and his carefully prepared coolness fled away. To the end of his days at Middletown, he always affirmed that Doctor Dupee had radio eyes and could see everything!

The Leader for Forty Years

"SALADA" TEA 601

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Wife (returning two hours after usual supper hour): "Darling, did you think I was never coming back?"

Hubby: "No; I lost all my optimism during the depression."

The young bride was asked what she thought of married life. "Oh, there's not much difference," she replied. "I used to wait up half the night for Henry to go, and now I wait up half the night for him to come home."

The other night a famous footballer had walked the floor with the youngest member of his family for an hour or so.

"Maggie," said he, 'if the captain of the team saw me now, I bet I'd get a good slating."

"Why, John?" asked his wife, sleepily.

"Because I don't seem to haye any control of the 'bawl.'"

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C. W. CASSELMAN - AGENT
Chesterville.
TELEPHONES - 5W & 5J

Mainly About People

Miss Helen Lacey spent the week end with Ottawa friends.

Miss Susan O'Neil, of Ottawa, has been visiting her aunt, Mr. Thomas Allen, for a few days.

Miss Kay Hunt returned to Toronto on Monday to resume her duties at Harbord Collegiate.

Mrs. William Elliott, of Orchardside, a highly esteemed resident, passed away during last night.

Mr. R. F. Hummel, of St. John's, N. B., was a recent visitor at his mother's home, Mrs. M. Hummel's.

Miss R. Kitching, of Toronto, succeeded Mr. Crow on the staff of the High School at its opening on Tuesday.

Miss Madolyn McAvoy, of Montreal, spent the New Year's week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McAvoy.

Mr. Kenneth Merkley, of Massena, N. Y., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Merkley, over the holiday season.

Miss Gladys Alford has been informed from Toronto that she has successfully passed her Registered Nurse examinations.

Miss Irene Allen, after spending the Christmas and New Year's holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allen, has returned to Toronto where she is attending Loretto Abbey College.

Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot Bolster and baby, of Montreal, spent the Christmas holiday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bolster.

A dance in the Town Hall last Tuesday evening in aid of the Relief Fund was attended by about 35 couples who report an enjoyable time.

With an early January thaw this week following a very cold New Year's Day the snow has again disappeared throughout the district.

Mr. Douglas McGee, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto, spent New Year's and the holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McGee.

Mr. D. A. McDonald, south side garage proprietor, was taken seriously ill on Monday with a heart attack, but is recovering satisfactorily.

Miss Kathryne Coyne, of Ottawa, and Mr Clifford Coyne, of Paugan Falls, Quebec, spent the week end and New Year's Day with their father, Mr. Bernard Coyne and other relatives in the vicinity.

In the early hours of this morning the home of Dr. S. H. and Mrs. Hutt was bereaved in the death of their nine-months-old son, a victim of scarlet fever. They have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

Grantley

Mr. and Mrs. Elburn Carr spent Monday in Chesterville.

Miss Pauline McMillan spent a few days last week with her aunt, Mrs. Don Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Durant were guests on Monday at Mrs. Don Carr's.

Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Robinson and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wallace were guests on Friday of Mrs. Shaver at the Centre.

Miss Marion Gordon returned to Ottawa after spending two weeks with her mother, Mrs. John Kittle.

Mrs. Walter Merkley spent Tuesday with Mrs. Howard Beckstead.

Messrs. Arthur Beckstead, Mick Curran called on Mr. Alex. Taylor on Friday.

Chopping bees are the order of the day.

S. S. No 10, Winchester

Number enrolled, 28; average attendance, 19.

IV. Class—Leila Thomas 74, Marie Kelly 69, Erma Harper 68, Eileen Harper 66.

Sr. III.—Alice Edgerton 81, Douglas Smith 76, Aileen Masterson 74, Neil Masterson 72, Carl Garlough 68.

Jr. III.—Rosemary Kearns 84, Brian Masterson, absent.

II.—Lyle Loucks 90, Jack Kelly 81, Earl Garlough 65, Helen Henderson 63.

I.—Betty Loucks 97, Amoret Smith 95, Anna Marie Masterson 90, Leonard Masterson 75, Jean Kearns 74, Clifford Liscombe 30.

Primer—Lorna Smith 98, Milton Fetterly 96, Junior Cross 90, Lulu Fetterly 85, Margery Masterson 70, Theresa Masterson 65, Annie Liscombe 45.

Honourable Mention for marked improvement, Erma Harper.

—Marion Casselman, Teacher.

Young Mildmay, Ont., Man Broadcasts Electrical Energy

Mildmay, Ont., Jan. 3rd.—Frank Fedy, 22, former insurance salesman, to-day claimed success for his invention to broadcast electrical energy following a demonstration of power transmission last night through a mile and a half of space.

Fedy who still guards the secret of his apparatus, picked up the power in his father's store from a transmitting station in a farm house and lighted the store. Fifty persons, including Fedy's parents and friends and relatives, witnessed the demonstration. Fedy's partner, Ted Hesch, was stationed in the farmhouse, where there is no electrical wiring, no radio, and no telephone.

In the darkened store room Fedy began work. Suddenly there was a buzzing and then the lights flickered, slowly brightening and then the room was flooded with light. Fedy darkened the room and relighted it again. With a signal, he ended his demonstration and the regular hydro power was switched on.

Fedy, receiving congratulations, said it was the most successful attempt he has made with his invention. He hopes to increase its efficiency, but refuses to give details of the operation.

There is a transmitter, an aerial similar to a radio antenna and a receiver. Fery claims the receiver can be manufactured cheaply for household use and that after improvements have been made the apparatus can be used to heat houses as well as light them.

The Ontario Hydro Commission, he said, has asked him to present himself and his invention at their Toronto offices.

THANKS

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Church wishes to thank Mr. Lacey, editor of The Record, for publication of the activities of the branch during the past year and also takes this opportunity of wishing him a prosperous and happy New Year.

MRS. GEO. H. BARKLEY,
Corres. Secretary.

Straders Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hanson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Casselman at Williamsburg on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Casselman and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. R Strader and family.

Quite a crowd from here attended the dance at B. Johnston's, Dixon's, and report a good time.

Born—To Mr .and Mrs. Lloyd Cook, a daughter, both well.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Strader spent Sunday with friends at Elma.

Visitors for the week at Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanson's were Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Strader, of Dundela; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnston and little Dwaine, of Toyes Hill; Mr. and Mrs. B. Hanson and Will Farmer.

Mr. Phil. Strader has taken his departure for Guelph after spending his holidays at his home here.

Sunnyside

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Armstrong on Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Irven and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Felley and family, all of Cannamore.

Miss Lillian Gogo, of Cornwall, is visiting with relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Elsie Burd returned to Williamsburg on Sunday after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Burd.

Mr. Freeman Miller, of Berwick, spent a few days with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Burd.

Mrs. John Burd is spending a few days with her son, Mr. and Mrs. John Burd.

Mr. Carl Burd, accompanied by Mr. Walter Burd, of Berwick, spent Tuesday in Ottawa.

An enjoyeble time was spent in dancing by the friends and relatives at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Burd one evening last week.

Removal Notice

Having moved my office from the Kearns Block to the Fulton Block, over the Post Office, I am fully equipped to look after your insurance problems.

I have taken on several of the leading Canadian and British companies writing

Fire, Casualty, Automobile and Guarantee Bonds

Before renewing your Fire Insurance, I shall be pleased to submit rates which will save you money.

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Crosscut Saws
$4.00 $5.00

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By using Weather Strip. See the new kind we have in stock

Tire Chains

Links for Chains

HOCKEY SHOES & SKATES

SKATES
Ladies' & Men's cheap

Hockey Pucks and Sticks

Fresh Herring
Salmon

Fish

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Smoked Herring

Stable Shovels, Forks, Brushes

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