THE WINCHESTER PRESS

VOL XXXIX — WINCHESTER, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1926, — NO 37

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SOUND business principles and a policy of gradual expansion have marked the steady growth of this Bank for over fifty years.

Today, one of the largest and strongest banks in the world, it serves every phase of business and private life at home, and is taking a leading part in the expansion of trade in foreign markets.

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Wet storage for a six volt battery $2.50, dry storage $8.00 Best satisfaction guaranteed on all makes of batteries.

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—OF—

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THE BOOK STORE

Latest Books & Daily Newspapers, Hockey Supplies and all kinds of Sporting Goods.

Subscriptions taken for all Newspapers & Magazines.

ALEX DUNCAN.

Books, Magazines

Our Column

Wear the 1926 smile.

One bad habit will break down a man's character enough to admit another.

Most of us are getting along in life much better than a lot of people suspect.

Make up your mind to take the "ice" out of service during the year which opens to-morrow.

A pleasing smile is a friend winner, a customer winner, a winner in any and everything. Keep on smiling.

The great trouble with the world to-day is that too many people are trying to get money without trying to earn it.

To train a child properly the parents should have more sense than the child. In this modern age the child is the one that does the training.

PUBLIC RECEPTION

Tendered Mr. V. K. Greer By Citizens Of Winchester and Surrounding District

Mr. V. K. Greer, M. A. Chief Inspector of Public and Separate Schools for Ontario, who came down from Toronto in connection with official business, was tendered a public reception in the town hall last evening by the citizens of Winchester and surrounding district, in recognition of his splendid success in his chosen profession, and as a boy born in Winchester, receiving his early education in one public school, and at one time Public School Inspector for Dundas County. After leaving here some ten or more years ago, Mr. Greer has steadily advanced in the Ontario Department of Education, and was before his appointment as Chief Inspector of Public Schools for Ontario, Inspector of the Public Schools of the city of London, Ont. The town hall was comfortably filled by leading citizens. The chair was occupied by Mr. A Sweet, M. L. A. who expressed for the citizens the pleasure they all felt in having the opportunity of thus publicly recognizing the splendid attainments of one of their home boys. Mr. Sweet, then asked Mr. Greer to come to the platform when Miss Susie Annable, under whose tuition he received the ground work of his education, read the following address:

To Mr. V. K Greer, M. A.
Chief Inspector of Public and Separate Schools for the Province of Ont.

Dear Mr. Greer:

There is a Biblical saying, that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country," and to prove that there are exceptions, we, the citizens of Winchester and surrounding district, here assembled, desire to show that we do indeed recognize, and appreciate worth and ability in our own home boys, and it is for this purpose we are assembled here, this evening.

This gathering is, no doubt, a surprise to you, but it is with the greatest of pleasure that we greet you as our guest.

We congratulate you on your splendid attainments, and we express the sincere wish that your future may, if possible, be even more brilliant than your past, in Educational pursuits.

Many of us, here to-night, remember you a little fair-haired boy who was always kind and obliging, in school quick to learn, and usually leading the class. In looking up the records, we find you had passed Entrance, very creditably, before you were twelve years of age, and P. S. leaving the following year. Probably you have forgotten many of these early achievements.

After finishing your course for a teacher, you were then very successful in your work in public schools and in the Collegiate. This very wide range of practical experience as a real active teacher, makes you much more capable of filling the position you now hold. You know how to sympathize with a teacher, as well as to encourage.

The people of our County were loathe to have you sever your connections with us as our Inspector in 1915, but surely our loss has not been without compensation by our province's gain in securing your services, and to day we are very proud and happy to know that you have been called to fill the highest office in connection with our Public Schools. This has been given you as a reward for your perseverance and hard work.

However, we believe in giving credit where credit is due.

We think you showed your usual discernment and good judgment in choosing your life partner; so that she also deserves her share of the honour that has come to you.

To night, we welcome you as one of "Our Boys" who has brought credit and distinction to the home of your childhood, and we believe that you will never forget your old friends and association in Winchester.

Mr Greer in replying stated that he felt embarrassed in appearing before a Winchester audience when he saw and recognized so many who, when he was a lad, were his elders, and he could hardly realize that he himself had grown to manhood. He expressed his pleasure at meeting old friends and his appreciation of the kind recognition of his humble efforts. Mr. Greer then spoke at some length of the work of the Department of Education at Toronto to advance the cause of Education in the province of Ontario touching on the question of Township Boards of Education, and explaining the intention of the proposed act. Short addresses then followed from Messrs N W. Beach, J. A. Campbell, Mahlon Bailey, Wm. Dixon, Rev. Mr. Waddell, H. B. Fetterly and J. H. Ross, of Winchester, Geo. C. Merkley, of Nation Valley and Mr. Stobo of Cloverdale. There was community singing led by Mr. Chester Timmins, Miss Helen Timmins presiding at the piano. At the close those present came forward to shake hands with Mr. Greer and express their pleasure at the opportunity to welcome him back to his ho-

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

This is renewal time. Is your Press label corrected for another year.

John Bruce's Auction Sale to-morrow, Friday, with a big and attractive list.

Reeve N. W. Beach got the first auto license, No. 1. issued in this district for 1926. The new marker is the same size as that of last year with black figures on a very light gray background. This is district 301.

Car-load of Feed Molasses just arrived at M. F. Beach Co. Ltd.

Chartering a special C. P. R. train in Montreal for a run to Toronto, to which he was urgently called, Elias Rogers made a record trip a few days ago, travelling the distance of 340 miles in 328 minutes. From Windsor street station, Montreal, to Smiths Falls, 129 miles, the run was made with one stop in 116 minutes.

There is one thing about a dairy cow. If you have a mine and you take out the ore, the productive value of the mine is gone. But a dairy cow may return you $125 worth of products this year, and repeat it the next. Besides that she adds to the fertility of the land all the time. The dairy cow is the mother of all humanity. Treat her right and she is the greatest asset on the farm.

At Morrisburg last Thursday, the sudden death occurred of a well known and much respected citizen in the person of James Mullen, who kept a grocery store on King street. In waiting on a customer Mr. Mullen went to the second floor to cut a cheese and not returning, his son, who clerked in the store, followed, finding him in a dying condition, and before a physician could be called he passed away. Mr. Mullen was a man about 60 years of age and was not known to be in poor health.

For having stolen the sum of $17 and a pocket-book, Hugh Joseph Killen, aged 15, employed by William Shields, Montague, was last week sentenced at Smith Falls by Magistrate Sparham to serve three years in the St. John's Industrial School, Toronto, regardless of his behaviour. Killen formerly stole $26 and a pair of rubber boots from Clint Williams, South Elmsley, for which he was forgiven. A month later he committed the second theft.

Women's Institute

A resolution for the New Year is to be the answer at roll-call when the Institute meets on Tuesday next, Jan. 19th., at 3 p. m. in the Town Hall. A demonstration on "Knitting gloves," will be given by Mrs. Wm. Scott and an address on "Citizenship" by Miss Stenhouse. Come and spend a profitable afternoon.

Died

On January 4, Helen Isobel, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Alexander aged 5 months after an illness of 4 hours. Death came very unexpected. The funeral which was conducted by Rev. Mr. Hamilton was held at the home on January 5, after which remains were placed in the vault at Maple Ridge. She leaves to mourn her loss, father, mother, two sisters and one brother,

Mrs. MacDougall President

At the annual meeting of the Public Library Board held in the town hall on Monday evening, Mrs J A. MacDougall, was elected President for 1926, Miss Ida Gardner, Sec'y, and Mr. H. L. Lee, Treas The Library Board consists of the officers, Mrs. N. W. Beach, Mrs. B. F. Smith, Mrs. J. W Ault, Messrs Dr. McKeown, J. D. Stewart, H. B, Fetterly, A. Sweet, Revs. Messrs Waddell and Butcher, also Reeve Beach. The financial statement was read and accepted it showing the society in good standing. Various questions pertaining to the welfare of the Public Library were discussed. A deputation waited on the Municipal Council and asked for a grant to help purchase new books. Their request was given a favorable hearing.

Annual Meeting at Springs

The annual meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church, Winchester Springs was held at the home of the President, Mrs. R. Kirkwood on Thursday evening, Jan. 7th. The home was very neatly prepared and well arranged and a good number of the members were present, also some visiting neighbours. After some pleasing words of welcome were spoken by the President, the meeting was opened by singing and prayer and then Mrs. Walker was asked to take the chair during the rest of the proceedings. The reading of minutes and the reports, two very interesting items, was done in a capable manner and when duly discussed and commented upon, were unanimously adopted. Judging from the proceeds of the society for the past year, it is only fair to say, they have done good work and have been a splendid help in the work of the Church financially. The appointment of officers for the year was carried out in a tactful and business-like way and to the general satisfaction of those present. A very interesting reading one full of clear reason and Sound Doctrine entitled "What our Church stands for" was rendered by Mrs. Munro, in a very intelligent and effective manner. Mr. McIntosh sang, "Brighten the Corner where you are" and Mr. Nesbitt addressed the Society giving some very appropriate and timely remarks and good advice, properly climaxed by one of his humorous stories. After the singing of a hymn, the hostess took the liberty of changing the program into a tea and money shower. This was found to be very thoughtfully and skilfully planned and resulted in a general good-will response, everyone enjoying the different courses served so generously by the waitresses. Mrs. Elza Johnston poured the tea and Mrs. W. Henderson cut the cake and Miss Milly Davidson received the money. Mrs. E. Johnston presided at the Piano during the program and Mrs. Thompson rendered musical selections with singing during the tea and money shower.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the host and worthy President for their kindness and generosity and the en- of the evening spent in their

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

The Annual Meeting of the Winchester Baptist Church was held last evening. A report of same is being prepared for publication next week.

Keep in mind the entertainment to be put on by St. Pauls' Guild soon. It will be a play "The Preachers Honeymoon." Watch for further announcement.

Fifth prize was taken by sweet clover grown by J. C. Connerty, Kemptville, at the International Live Stock Exposition and Grain and Hay Show held recently in Chicago.

A married man from Merrickville was found living with a young woman in Smith Falls, where he was arrested and fined $25 and costs. The was woman allowed to go with a warning.

Three men stole four bottles of whiskey from a crate in transit at Smiths Falls. They were each fined, and with costs they paid into court over $30 each Pretty dear whiskey and a pretty bad record.

The Press is indebted to Mr. Cass, of Portland, Oregon, for a copy of the Portland Daily Paper, a New Year number of about 50 pages, most of them illustrated, showing what a wonderful country Oregon is.

Rev. D. A. Ferguson, a former minister of the Presbyterian Church at Williamsburg, was inducted into the pastoral charge of Cookstown in the Presbytery of Barrie, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1925.

B. D. Warwick, principal of the Kemptville High school, a patient in the Ottawa Civic hospital since he was accidentally shot at target practice in the school, has now recovered sufficiently to return to his home in Kemptville.

The regular weekly meeting of the Alert Trail Rangers Camp was held at the home of Mr. R. Kincaid, on Thursday of last week and a very enjoyable evening was spent by those present, and Mr. and Mrs Kincaid were ideal entertainers. This evening, 14th, the meeting will be held at the home of Mr. Donald Porteous and a good time is expected. All members should be there.

An Ottawa father was sentenced to 15 days in jail for giving his ten year old boy a trouncing with a razor strap. The complainent was the child's mother. It was shown that the father was unduly severe and the authorities interfered. Another case of child cruelty comes from Timmins, Ont. where a foster mother not only cruelly beat a 7 year old child, but made her kneel on her bare knees for one hour a day her knees resting on peas, and the child holding a milk bottle over her head. She also was placed under arrest.

Look out for Thieves

Chicken thieves are again active in this section and reports come from the front that many hen coops have been found empty by their owner in the morning. If you have not a good watch dog, keep your hens locked up at night.

Separate School Started

The Press is informed that a new separate school has been started in the Melvin Settlement by some ten or eleven Roman Catholic ratepayers and that they have secured a small house as temporary quarters for the children. In view of the erection of the beautiful new public school in that section, this announcement comes a great surprise.

Making High Class Furniture

Mr. J. M. Adams, of Toronto, is now in charge of the furniture department of the Beach Mfg. Co., here and the company will hereafter turn out High Class furniture in dining and bed-room sets, principaly in Walnut. Mr. Adams has had a wide experience in this line of manufactured goods, and it is the intention of the Company, through him, to turn out a class of goods that will command the best markets.

It Cannot Be Done

This sounds easy but just ask one of your friends to try it. She must place a light chair with its back to the wall, then stand in front of it, facing the wall, her toes about 12 inches from the front of the chair. Next she must place a hand on each side of the chair, and lean forwa d until the top of her head touches the wall. Then she must try to lift the chair from the floor, and without moving the feet, take away her head from the wall and stand upright! She will discover it cannot be done.

Spoke to H. S. Pupils

The pupils of the Winchester High School were privileged on Tuesday, Jan. 12th, to hear a very inspiring address given by one of our most distinguished alumni, Mr. V K. Greer, M A. now chief inspector of public and separate schools in the province. In calling on Mr. Greer. Miss Stenhouse gave a brief outline of his brilliant career. In his address Mr. Greer sought to give the pupils an ideal. He urged them to build for to-morrow both for themselves and for the school, to make the school a source of pride and inspiration to pupils of the past, present and future. He stressed the importance of the alumni society and urged that they should look forward to the time when they would be entitled to become members. The Alumni Society is very grateful to its distinguished honorary president for his support. Mr Steedman moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Greer which was seconded by Mr. Cecil Dukelow, vice-president of the Alumni Society. Mr. Fetterly briefly commended the work of the society and urged a more hearty support on the part of the pupils. The meeting closed with the school yells.

The Hunted Woman, a story of the North Country, a picture with a thrill and surprise Don't miss it. Saturday and Monday night new in Lan-

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Mr. Colin Cameron, of Montreal was a visitor to Winchester this week.

Mrs. J. H. Cumming, of Ormond, left last week to visit friends in Montreal and Maxville.

Mrs. Carman Timmins, of Calgary is visiting her sisters, Mrs. R. P. Bell and Mrs. Wm. Sheldrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin, of Winnipeg are spending a couple weeks with the former's parents here, Mr. and Mrs. D. Melvin.

Miss Hazel Thompson, of Winchester, has returned home after spending the past two weeks with friends at Finch and Cornwall.

Mrs. Geo. Reveler and daughter, Winonah, are spending a few days in Toronto this week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McKercher.

At the home of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Magee, of Kemptville, on Wednesday, Jan. 6th, 1926, at 4 p. m. by Rev. D. O McArthur, Miss Iva Elizabeth Magee to Mr. Samuel Kenneth Smith, of Chesterville.

A very enjoyable evening was spent, when the United Church Mission Circle entertained the Inkerman Mission Circle in a social gathering on Monday evening. Mrs. O. Wallace welcomed the visitors in a few appropriate words The Sunday School rooms were well filled with young people, the C G. I. T. groups and Tuxis Squares being invited in to help in making the evening a success. After the opening exercises of the meeting the program committee furnished and excellent program which was greatly enjoyed after which refreshments were served, and the meeting brought to a close.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When for a kiss he asked her,
She must have answered "yes" because
The shades came down still faster.

Every broadcasting station in the United States will be silent from 10 to 11 (Central Standard time) each night of the week of January 24th. according to those in charge of the International broadcasting tests which are a feature of International Radio Week. The silent hour will be kept for the benefit of listeners who want to log overseas stations.

Consider The Hammer

It keeps its head.
It never flies off the handle.
It keeps pounding away.
It finds the point then drives it home.
It looks at the other side too, and thus often clinches the matter.
It draws as well as drives.
It uses Pull as well as Push.
It makes mistakes, but when it does, it starts all over.
It is the only knocker in the world that does any good.
If you are inclined to lose your head and fly off the handle,
Consider the hammer.

In Memorium

In fond and loving memory of our father, James Middagh, who died January 17th, 1921. Inserted by his sons.

The Band will play at the Rink every Saturday night until further notice is given.
J. C. Carr.

Pope Pius says, "if St. Paul lived to-day he would be a newspaper man." St. Paul, in modern language, was a live wire. He was a great reformer, and he feerlessly expressed his opinions. He also gave good advice. Yes, St. Paul would have made an up-to-date newspaper man if he lived to-day.

The hockey match between the High School Students of Avonmore and Winchester last night was a somewhat one-sided one, the score being 6-0 in favor of Winchester. The Avonmore boys were good sports, and the game was watched with much interest. After the game the visitors were entertained at the town hall, and a very pleasant social evening was spent.

The J. H. L. of the Ottawa Valley game here on Saturday night between Morewood and Winchester promises to be a fast one. The home team so far lead, not having yet lost a game. It will be a game worth watching.

Mr. Matthew Wilson, Melvin Settlement, died this morning after a brief illness. An obituary notice will be published next week.

A W. C. T. U. report handed in yesterday could not be put in type for this issue. We are always glad to receive reports of meeting, but they should be handed in at least two days after the meeting.

Too Much Hockey Ruined Donald's Health

It is often said that tears are just a step removed from joy. Poor Donald knows that. At the age of 16 he was attending high school, playing on a hockey team, going to parties and doing all the things that a red-blooded youth will do. When joy was at its height gloom made its appearance in the shape of consumption.

There was nothing to do, the doctor said, but drop everything and go to the Muskoka Hospital for a thorough rest and skilful, constant treatment. Donald has now forgotten his resentment at fate in his happiness over the news that he is soon to be sent home—better!

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Fresh Fish and Oysters.

Fresh Herring,
Dressed Pike,
Salmon, Halibut,
Fillet, Strip Cod,
Dried Herring.

OYSTERS — We handle only "Sealshipt." They are Oysters at their Best.

We aim "to have the best" and generally "hit the mark" YOUR trade is desired.

L. FLORA, Winchester.

Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

For Sale

Good, sound, dry wood. Apply
Orton Deeks
Winchester
Phone 100

For Sale

One, 4 horse, Lister engine, almost new.

Melvin's Garage.

NOTICE

A meeting for the installation of officers of Winchester Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 336 will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 18, 1926, in the lodge room. The District Deputy will be present to perform the ceremony. All members and any visiting brethren are asked to be present.

C. Rice, N. G. — Roy Annable, Sec'y

Nursing

Miss Mary Dixon, nurse, is open for engagements, day or night. Room at residence of A. W. Beach.
Winchester Phone 6.

Misplaced

Will the party who found a pair of skates left in their cutter by mistake, last Saturday night in the Baptist Church shed, kindly leave at Press Office.
Dugald McLean
Ormond

For Sale or To Let.

50 acres of good land, with or without stock. Comfortable house and outbuildings, including silo, on premises. School house on next lot, 1 mile from Cheese Factory or Station, Telephone, etc.
Apply to C. R. Atchison,
36-38p R R 1 Mountain

Start at Once.

No need of going miles for a position. The J. R. Watkins Company offers some good propositions right here at home. See the Watkin's man for particulars.
ERNEST R. SUMMERS.

P. S.—I also offer my farm for sale consisting of 80 acres.

Notice

Now is the time to have your cattle vaccinated for contageous abortion. Satsfaction guaranteed. Call and see me.
J. A. Bean, V. S.
33tf Winchester

Notice

Long time Burning coal-oil same as used by railroad lamps and lanterns for sale, 30c per gal or 5 gals for $1.40.
C. A. Coons

Winchester Baptist Church

PASTOR—Rev. Ernest Butcher.
SUNDAY, JAN. 17th, 1926
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Morning Service, 11 o'clock
"The Voice of a Prophet"
Evening Service 7.30
"Nature's Mirror,"
Strangers and visitors always welcome.

For Sale

Milk supplied, fresh from T. B. tested cows. Apply
35-7c Rowat Elliott

For Sale

Four Jersey Cows, three have freshened, one to freshen about middle of January.
Apply
Clare Brown,
34-7c Winchester.

YOUR ICE SUPPLY.

I am starting to cut ice on Monday, Jan. 18th, and will cut two weeks only. All parties wanting ice must get it before Feb. 1st. Price acccording to thickness.

FRANK HOGABOAM.

For the Boys and Girls

SNOWFLAKE, THE FAIRY

Once upon a time there were three brothers—Pout, Sprinky and Brag—who lived in a small house down in a valley. Pout was the youngest of the three, but every one spoke of him first because he was so large and fat that he looked older than he really was. Sprinky was a little fellow, quick and bright in all his motions, good-natured and full of fun. Brag was the eldest of the three; he was always talking about what he could do, and thought no one else could equal him, and was very quick-tempered and cross.

Now there was a very high hill on one side of the valley, and on the top of the hill was a beautiful house, which had been built by old Giant Helpall, and filled with all the fine things he could gather from all parts of the world.

He had said that he would give it to whoever would find his way through the thick woods which grew around the hill.

There was no path, and the wood was filled with wicked fairies, who would be made servants of whoever should live in the beautiful house. As long as no one lived there they were free to do as they liked, and did not have to work, so they tried hard to keep anyone from passing through the wood.

Now Brag was boasting to his brothers one day that he intended to live in the beautiful house.

"I shall easily find a way up the hill. I shall start in and go around and around, each time getting higher and higher, until, in a short time, I shall reach the top, and then I shall live there and enjoy all the fine things, while you will have to stop here and work for your living."

So he filled a paper bag with bread and meat and started. He went around and around, and around and around, but each time found he was no further up the hill than he was before. He grew very tired, but did not like to give it up and go home, for he had boasted so much what he could do that he was afraid they would laugh at him. But at last his bread and meat gave out, and he grew very hungry, so he had to go home and get something to eat.

"Aha!" said Sprinky, "you did not go the right way. To-morrow I shall try, and am sure I shall find the road. I shall go on the other side of the hill, and go straight up; and when I get to the top I will look down and see you working here, while I shall be riding around and enjoying myself."

So, in the morning, Sprinky filled a bag with cakes (of which he was very fond) and started around to the other side of the hill to see if he could find the top.

Now the fairies saw him coming, and heard him say that he intended to go straight to the top, without turning to the right or the left, so they waited until he got a certain disance up the hill, and then they caused the ground to slide just enough to leave him about where he started, but they did it in such a manner that for a long time he did not know it, but at last it occurred to him to stop and look around and see if he were not almost there. You may judge how surprised he was to find himself no further on his way than when he started. He was very tired and disgusted with his failure, so he ate up his cakes and went home a very sad boy.

"Oh, ho!" said Pout, when Sprinky trudged in with such a long face; "so you're not going to live in the beautiful house either! Well, I see it is left for me to get to the top. It is plain that neither of you was made to ride in carriages and live at your ease. Brag has walked around and around the hill, and Sprinky went to the other side and walked straight up, and neither of you got to the top. You did not think that you might just as well ride. I shall get on my horse and ride to the top, as I am sure the woods are open enough for a horse to get through."

Brag and Sprinky had nothing to say, so in the morning Pout filled a large bag with different kinds of food, for he liked plenty to eat, and mounted his horse and started on his way to the beautiful house.

"Now," he said to himself, "I shall start in here and just go any way that is easiest, and I shall be sure to strike some way to the top."

So he rode on quite easily for a long distance through the woods, but by-and-by the trees seemed to grow larger and stand closer together, so that sometimes they scraped his legs as the horse squeezed between them, and he often had to stop and rest the poor beast, as he had forgotten to bring some feed for him—he had thought only of himself.

Still the trees seemed to stand thicker, and at last the poor horse could go no further, and Pout was in a very bad way, for it had grown very dark, and his food had given out, and he could not see whether he was going up or down. So he sat down and cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he found himself on his own doorstep, with Brag and Sprinky just opening the door to see what was there. While he slept, the wicked fairies had carried him back home.

That night the three boys sat down to talk over their failures. Said Brag: "It is no use to try to find a way up the hill. We can't do it, I am sure!"

And he grumbled on, until Sprinky broke in and said:

"Well, if we can't, we can't—and there is an end of it; though I should like very much to live up there and have everything I want; but it's no use trying—I give it up!"

"Anyway," said Pout, "I don't believe it is half as good as they say it is! I dare say it is nothing but an old shanty, painted up to shine so. I think it is too much trouble to try any more."

Just then they heard a little noise at the door, as if some one were trying to open it.

"Come in!" they all called, and in stepped the most beautiful little fairy imaginable.

Her skin was white as snow, her eyes were blue as the skies, and her golden hair was like sunshine, and there was a beautiful light shining around her which seemed to fill the room.

The boys almost held their breath to look at her. When she spoke, her voice sounded like music.

"Shall I tell you what you would most like to do, my dear boys?" she said.

"How should you know what we want?" said Brag.

"Where did you come from?" said Sprinky.

"Who told you to come?" said Pout.

The fairy, whose name was Snowflake, said:

"The good fairy-mother, who saw what trouble you were in, sent me to help you. There, I have answered all your questions at once. Our mother said: 'You may help those boys, but you stay with them always, and do not come back to Fairyland any more!'" so I thought I would come and see if you wanted a little sister or not. If you do, and will agree to my conditions, I will stay with you and show you the way to the beautiful house. If you do not, I will go back to Fairyland and live, and you will never see me again!"

"Oh, we love you already!" said all three of the boys in a breath. "We will have you for our sister and will do just what you say. Tell us what we must do!"

"Well, in the first place, you must promise always to take care of me, give me clothes and food, and love me, for I shall not be able to go to the fairies any more for what I may need; so I must look to you for everything."

"We can easily promise that, for it will be only a pleasure!" said Sprinky, and his brothers agreed with him.

"Well, then, I am your sister," said Snowflake. "Dear me, how nice it is to come here and find three brothers all ready to receive me! Now we will go to bed and get a good night's rest, and in the morning we will make another start for the beautiful house. Good night, dear brothers!" and so saying, she jumped into a little bed that sprung up by magic in one corner of the room.

The sun shone bright and clear next morning when Snowflake awoke.

The boys answered her call very readily, as they could scarcely believe they had a little sister come the night before.

"Now, boys," said she, "are you ready to do all I tell you?"

"We are!" they promised

"Well, then, I promise you that before the sun sets you shall be in the beautiful house. In the first place, you must have clean hands and faces, and neatly-brushed clothes, or you will soil the fine furniture; and, besides, it would not look well to see slovenly, untidy boys in such a handsome house; and take with you a bright, new, sharp axe, to cut down the trees to make a path. You were wrong to expect to find a way without making one. So now, if you are all ready, we will go."

Off they started, Snowflake leading the way.

When they came to the edge of the wood, they looked up and saw the beautiful house, shining so peacefully far above them. It seemed to the boys that they never could reach it, and the wood looked thicker and darker than ever.

"Now boys," said Snowflake, "if you will stand side by side and look straight before you, you will see some trees that are marked. Those are the ones you must cut first, and after those are down the others will not be so hard."

Brag looked and saw four trees marked "Disobedience," "Untruth," "Boasting" and "Sloth," and out of these sprung a host of little sprouts and weeds.

Sprink looked, and there were three small trees marked, "Story-teller," "Sauce-box," "Cry-baby," but they were very bushy and hard to get at.

Pout looked and saw two trees marked, "Sullenness" and "Laziness."

"Now, boys," said Snowflake, again, "lay to with a will and cut down those trees, and you will find you can knock over, with a little tap of your axe, the others that are in your way."

The boys did so, and although they found it very hard to get the first ones down, after that a slight tap would knock over the largest tree; and the way grew easier and easier as they got nearer the top, until finally they came out in front of the beautiful house.

They all uttered exclamations of delight, as it seemed far finer than they had heard. In front of the house stood old Giant Helpall, with all the wicked fairies turned into good and useful servants.

"I am glad to see you, boys," said he, "and am very happy to give you the house and all it contains. You will find everything to amuse and instruct you; but let me give you a piece of advice. If you would always keep this beautiful house, and be happy in it, you must cling together, work for each other, and keep your little sister as your guide and comforter. And now, here is your house and servants. I must be off to see what I can do for some other boys. Good-bye!"

A Poem Worth Knowing.

David Garrick was a great actor and a small poet, but verses like the following prove that he had a "pretty wit" and a good deal of shrewd sense, as well as more than ordinary literary facility.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away.
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your gav'rite guitar,
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch—
Not handled too roughly or played on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness and come at command;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed at your will.

Be gay and good-humored, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

Can You Invent Things?

In a list of "wants" supplied to the Institute of Patentees by the British War Office appear the following items:

A bullet-proof pneumatic tyre unaffected by extremes of climatic heat or cold, giving the same intensity of pressure per square inch on the ground and the same resilience as the standard pneumatic tyre.

Means of eliminating sand and dust from carburettor air supply of motor-vehicles used in desert countries (wire gauzes are useless in this connection).

A brake lever (foot or hand) together with mechanical or other transmission for operating the brakes of a trailer from the driver's seat of a towing vehicle.

Secret wireless telegraphy.

Transmission of speech by light.

A rubber to stand prolonged storage and the effect of tropical climates.

"Once Bitten——"

A proud mother took her little son, aged six, to the photographer's, much to the little chap's disgust.

Scarcely had they arrived in the photographers studio than the little boy commenced to cry in loud and vibrant tones.

His mother tried to comfort the child. The photographer, too, performed various antics which he considered would brighten up the childs unhappy countenance; but all their efforts were in vain.

"But, Bobby," said his mother, in exasperation, "there is no need for all this fuss. The man is not going to hurt you."

"Just smile and keep still for a minute and it'll be all over," said the photographer, beaming on the unhappy child.

"Yes, I know," came the sobbing reply. "That's what they told me at the dentists."

Uncertain.

A little boy who was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution, questioned his mother thus:

"Mother, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," the mother replied. "I never knew your father's people."

Veils of white muslin are suggested for the use of sufferers from colds, to avoid spreading infection.



A speedy typist is Miss Mitchell, the 19-year-old English girl who is said to have broken the world's speed record by doing 141½ words a minute on a French machine recently. She holds the European championship.

One Hundred Years of Buses.

One hundred years ago an omnibus was seen for the first time at Nantes, in France. To-day this father of all buses has 38,200 descendants in London alone.

It was not until 1829, however, that the first omnibus appeared in London, therefore the celebration of their centenary should not take place till 1929. Women never travelled on top in the early days. It was considered unwomanly to do so, and certainly crinolines would have been difficult to negotiate on the little iron step-plates that did duty as stairs.

When the London General Omnibus Company began to run omnibuses provided with stairs women travelled on top, but then a difficulty arose, for the women's ankles could not be concealed from the view of people walking in the streets, and, as ankles were not then fashionable, "decency" boards, which now enclose the upper part of the omnibuses, were invented, and these concealed feminine ankles from the public gaze.

The last horse-drawn General omnibus made its farewell journey between London Bridge and Moorgate Street on October 25th, 1911.

Submarine Spoil.

Submarine explorers are now searching for a lost city which is believed to be buried somewhere under the sea near Naples. This city—Palaeopolis—has been a subject of discussion for centuries, as, though it is mentioned by Livy, the Roman historian, no trace of it has ever been discovered.

The theory that it had been submerged by the sea was put forward some years ago, and is now to be investigated by an expedition specially equipped for submarine exploration. If the city is discovered, many objects of value may be found.

Most attempts to wrest treasure from the sea have failed, but at least one, made just a hundred years ago, was a success. A Scotsman named McLean made an arrangement with the Spanish Government under which he was allowed to recover gold that had gone down with a Spanish fleet sunk in Vigo Bay, paying the Spaniards a percentage on his gains.

He recovered £80,000 worth of gold, issued a ration of whiskey to the soldiers watching to see that he kept his bargain, and sailed for Scotland before they could recover. With the proceeds of his expedition this descendant of the buccaneers built a mansion at Perth.

One-Word Sermon.

The word "news" is made up of the four letters that indicate the main points of the compass—N., S., E., and W. In a book published more than a century ago, the author comments upon this in a way that is by no means out of date at the present time. He says: "As news implies the intelligence received from all parts of the world, the very word itself points out its meaning—N, the north; E, the East; W, the West, and S, the South. This expressive word also recommends the practice of the following virtues: Nobleness in our thoughts, Equity in our dealings, Wisdom in our counsels, and Sobriety in our enjoyments."



Had Been Laying For It.

"Well, John's gotten a job as a brick mason at last?"

"Yes, he's been laying for it for a long time."

Congenial Hostess.

"Nora, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, were you not?"

"That's for him to say, ma'am. I did my best."

Laugh and Grow Fit!

There are physical culturists who, with other exercises for fitness, have one for laughing. They say that to enjoy an imaginary laugh is to bring into play certain muscles of the body which, by being used, yield benefit.

Laughing is an infectious tonic. One can seldom refrain from laughing when others are laughing. Somehow it transforms a dull day into one of brightness, and transfigures a drab environment to one of blitheness.

So few of us know how to laugh. We heard years ago, from one of the poets, of "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind": and some of us have refrained from it because we did not desire others to misjudge us! But poets are often wrong. They sometimes emphasize the exception rather than the rule.

It can be proved that laughter is a sign of health, fitness, buoyancy. A smile is not the same as a laugh. It may be more polite and refined, but refinement is not necessarily natural. Whenever there is repression there is also a tendency to pose and deprive oneself of a natural emotion.

I have noticed that the people who laugh the most are the healthiest, their out-look on life is bright; they are always facing the sun, and they have learned to leave the shadows behind and see the best in all things and all people.

It is proverbial that disase is rampant in darkness. In sunlight and fresh air the microbes perish.

Cannot we learn from that to live in every sense so that, if there is anything to laugh at, we will laugh and become better fitted for the battle of life? A good laugh does one good; that is why we always have room for our F. W. Thomases and John Henrys. Writing a few weeks ago of Charlie Chaplin, a journalist said: "He is the greatest man of his time, dispensing medicine to twelve millions of people every day."

So let us laugh! Even if we have nothing to laugh at, let us laugh because everything is beyond the state of being laughed at! It will stand us in good stead when this machine of our body is wearing down. Long ages ago, Solomon said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." We all know this to be true. Spend less on medicines; save money by learning to laugh.

A Creed.

I would be true,
For there are those who trust me;
I would be pure,
For there are those who care;
I would be stong,
For there is much to suffer;
I would be brave,
For there is much to dare;
I would be friend to all—
The foe—the friendless;
I would be giving,
And forget the gift;
I would be humble,
For I know my weakness;
I would look up—
And laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard A. Wheeler.

Milton Sold Real Estate When Not Writing Poetry

When John Milton was not busy writing poetry he was selling London real estate, Prof. David H. Stevens told the Modern Language Association recently. He said Milton and his father had handled at least four large realty transactions. Evidence of the real estate transactions was found by Prof. Stevens among Government papers in the Public Record Office in London. The price of one of the Milton holdings was £358, a large sum in 1627. An investment of £560 brought the elder Milton a return of £40, the records showed.

To His Booke.

Make haste away, and let one be
A friendly Patron unto thee:
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye
Torn for the use of Pasterie:
Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:
Or see the Grocers in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

—Herrick.

OYSTERS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH

Governments of the United States and Canada Co-operate in Protective Work.

On 15th November, 1925, changes in laws and regulations respecting the taking and shipping of oysters went into effect in the United States and Canada which will have important and far-reaching effects in both countries. The introduction of these changes was necessary not only to safeguard the health of citizens but also to save the oyster business from extinction. During the last few years outbreaks of typhoid fever, particularly in different parts of the United States, were caused from eating oysters from polluted beds. Citizens in both countries were alarmed and in 1924 the consumption of oysters fell to one-quarter of what it had been two or three years before, and gave indications of ceasing altogether. Faced with this situation the different governments concerned took drastic action. In the United States the oyster beds have been examined by federal and state authorities acting independently, and the latter have also instituted an examination in regard to sanitation of all establishments where oysters are opened or "shucked." The state medical service issues to the fisherman a certificate that the bed on which he is licensed to fish is not polluted and also a certificate to the shucker that his premises are sanitary. These certificates are forwarded to the federal Department of Health at Washington whee they are checked and filed for reference. Since 15th November every shipment of oysters has had to be accompanied by tags properly filled in showing the name and license number of the fisherman and also the shucker. Without these tags the shipments are not admitted into any state for consumption, and the state medical authorities are in constant communication with Washington to ensure that the licenses are genuine and have not been revoked. As a further check the United States federal government does not issue a vise to a fisherman if its own independent report shows the oyster bed on which he is fishing to be polluted, but settles this point with the state authorities.

In this protective work Canada, through the Department of Health, is actively co-operating. This country is affected in two ways, first as to the export of oysters to the United States and, second, as to the import of oysters from that country. The United States will not allow uncertified oysters to be imported from Canada, and Canada, naturally, requires a like assurance as to the oysters coming in from the United States. This means the inspection and certification of oyster beds in Canada, and further necessitates the inspection of shipments from the United States with the accompanying examination and checking of certificates by the Departments of Health and Marine and Fisheries with the co-operation of the Department of Customs.

Officers of the Department of Health have been for some months engaged in supervising the examination of the oyster beds in the Maritime Provinces, in attending the different meetings in the United States at which the various points were settled, and in furnishing the required information and assistance to the Department of Customs and the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

On account of the cold, clear waters around her eastern coast, Canada produces some of the finest oysters in the world. Unfortunately, for the same reason, since oysters do not propagate or grow when the temperature of the water is lower than 60 degrees F., Canadian oyster beds are not nearly so prolific as beds in warmer waters. It is gratifying for Canadians to know that, with one or two exceptions, the oyster beds of the Maritime Provinces are free from pollution, and that therefore the Department of Health has had no difficulty in regard to the issue of certificates.

Although the regulation of the oyster business was forced upon the United States and Canada because of the menace to health of polluted beds, it will work out to the benefit of the industry in both countries. The health of citizens will be protected and the knowledge that contaminated oysters are not allowed on the market will restore confidence and will undoubtedly result in the return of the business to its old-time vigor and prosperity.

THE OLD FOLK AT HOME

Perhaps they are not old; but whether old, in middle-age or young, rich or poor, clever or unlettered, they should have the first claim upon our love and service.

Let us think of them. Who are they? Why, the ones who would give all they had for us if, by giving, they could make us better in health and favor. They have toiled for us when we were incapable of helping ourselves; have been patient when we were impatient; have loved us when we were unloved, unloving, and unlovable. They think the world of us and would spare themselves no trouble if by that means they could smooth our pathway.

They listen for our footsteps and are glad when they hear it. Our voice is as music to them and they are at our service with an unstinted devotion. Let anyone say an unkind thing about us and such a perso must reckon with the folk at home. They give and love and make home happy for us in order that we may be enriched, and our prosperity is their honor. That man is always rich who has such a treasure as a loved one at home. So, let us just raise the hat to them, whether it be mother, father, wife, or child.

No Place Like Home.

One of the saddest elements in our lives to-day—in the life of the world to-day—is that respect for our loved ones seems to be decaying. The honor shown by a son to an horored father is not so apparent as in former days. It may be there just the same; let us hope it is. But it is not declared so openly as it once was.

Some of us treat other women more gallantly than we do the women in our own homes. Many of us are "perfect gentlemen" in other homes and the people there think very kindly of us. If they saw the priggish manner we sometimes adopt in our home, and the unworthy ways in which we act, the miserable things we say, they would think different of us. With many of us, "Home is the place where we are loved the best and grumble most."

Go where you may, live where you will, mingle with whomsoever you choose, and in the end it will always be found "There's no place like home." Add to your acquaintances by the dozen, open your heart's door to all men—but, when you have done that, it remains that your best friends are your lovers in the home.

So, give love in return. Never be ashamed of them. May you be spared growing so clever and rich that you will be a snob to your home folk. Defend them every time. When they fail, sympathize; when they stumble, lift them with care; and thank God you have been counted worthy to be loved at all.

Forgotten Days.

Forgotten days of long ago,
I wonder where you are
And if perchance we'll meet again
On some far distant star?

I wonder do you wait for me
Like children lost and sad,
And if my coming once again
To you will make you glad?

I would not like to think that you
Are lost for all of time;
But rather that you lived somewhere
And helped me make this rhyme!

—George Elliston.

Sailors Don't Care.

A certain cook in the Navy was noted for his absent-mindedness. One day during a rush period he forgot to wash out the dixie that had contained tea. The result was that he made some soup in it.

When the time came for it to be served he noticed tea leaves floating about on top of the soup.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him, and, hurrying to the mess-deck, he shouted: "Boys, if you see any tea leaves floating in your soup you'll know it's mint."



Now It's His Car.

"Clothes certainly make the man."

"Not any more, my dear—now it's his car."

Donkey Wells.

Only two "donkey wells" now remain in England. The one at Kenworth, near Dunstable, was built about 1660. In these wells donkeys walk inside a huge wheel, causing it to revolve and draw water from the depths of the earth.

Ready to Grasp.

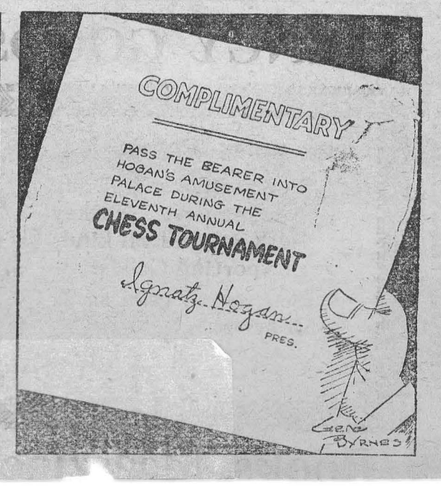
The Fair One—"I suppose you will marry, though, when the golden opportunity offers, won't you?"

The Cautious One—"It will depend upon how much gold there is in the opportunity."

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



"Chess" a Lot of Foolishness



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NEED OF EFFICIENT PRODUCTION

Industry has gone ahead in leaps and bounds, mainly because it has been put on the basis of efficient production. When, for instance, a good factory manager can take over a factory, cut off five million dollars in pay roll, and keep production above its former level, as has been the case, he must be putting that factory in a much stronger position to make a profit, or to meet competition.

Efficient production is doing similar things for the farmer. The man who produces forty bushels of wheat to the acre is in a much better position to make a profit than the one who gets only fifteen. The eighty-bushel corn crop looks like a lot more money in the pocket than a thirty-bushel one. The same comparison may be made of cows and chickens of high and low production.

Some men are hard workers, but their hard work does not bring the results it should. That is because they do not know how to make other things work for them. The big secret of success in most any productive line is to get as big a production per man as possible. When a man uses fertilizers and other good cultural methods, good machinery, good feeds, and high-producing animals, they do more work for him than he can possibly do for himself. It is the getting of these essentials of good farming to work for one, that makes a farmer successful. Sometimes a lazy man makes a bigger success than an energetic one, because he knows better how to make these factors assist him.

These agricultural success essentials are generally known; they are available to everyone. To do better on one's farm, one has but to make use of them. Prominent economists and bankers agree that this is the one essential thing for the farmer to do.

Grey Days Lead to White Days.

Mine is the riper wisdom
That comes with graying hair;
Mine is the fuller knowledge
Of God's great love and care;
Mine is the clearer vision;
Mine is the wide view;
And mine the hoarded memories
Of friendship kind and true.

Mine is a steadier patience
To bear the ills of life;
Mine is a sturdier courage
To meet the daily strife;
Mine is a faith serener
Than ever youth could know
To walk the way appointed
Through sunshine or through snow.

The gray days lead to white days
Of peace and silence deep,
A stiller hush of resting
When Earth and I shall sleep;
And then—a glorious waking
When broken ties all mend;
Through gray days of Novembr
I wait the long year's end.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

The Potato's Progress.

It is generally accepted witohut question that the potato was first introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh. There is a story, too, of how his gardener, to whom the tubers were given for experiment, disgusted by the sour fruit that appeared, gladly obeyed his order to dig the plants up, only to discover with surprise that where he had planted one tuber there were now several.

In Germany it is Sir Francis Drake who figures as the legendary discoverer of the potato. In Offenburg (Baden) there is an imposing statue in his honor, on which the nabigator appears holding in his hand a potato plant with tubers attached.

The value of the potato as a food was first recognized in Ireland, where soon after its introduction in the seventeenth century it became the main food crop of the poorer classes. Apparently the first county in England to adopt the cultivation of the potato extensively was Lancashire, but as late as 1770 it was not grown as a farm crop in the southwest of England.

TRUE STORIES of Adventure

The Race for Life

A True Story of the Adventures of Carlos E. Christy, a Young American Mining Engineer in Mexico.

BY CHARLES E. CHRISTY.

There was nothing particularly alarming in the fact that the rebel, or probably a band of brigands and Yaqui Indians masquerading as rebels, had posted manifestos on trees and roadmarks threatening death to all Americans who were not out of Mexico before April 17, 1911. Nevertheless we all thought it best to have the women leave Benito Juarez mine before real danger arose.

Accordingly, we had them throw together all the articles which seem absolutely necessary for feminine comfort and packed them off to San Luis, where they took the Mexican National Railroad for the States. We didn't take the manifestos seriously, but we felt a whole lot better when the women were out of the way. Later it proved fortunate. Things went along just about the same as usual after the 17th of April. The peons and Yaquis were just about as sullen as ever and quite as lazy, but there was no outbreak.

About the first of May there were rumors of rebel victories from all over the republic, and then we had to close up shop, not because of any violence, but because every man within a radius of fifty miles flocked to the Maderist armies, lured by the hope of plunder. We wired New York, and our bosses told us to pack up and quit until the country became settled again. Jimmy Hargan, my chief; Duncan Macfarlane and myself rode the seventy-five miles to San Luis without mishap and took train for Vera Cruz to return to New York by water.

San Luis looked like a county town at fair time. The hotels were packed overflowing and a whole lot of people were sleeping in the plaza and on the outskirts of the town in tents. Every train which left was crowded to overflowing, and it was impossible to get more than one train a day out of the town. Sometimes that missed fire, and at best there was no schedule time for departure. It was first come first served on any train the railroad could get out of the city.

We waited four days for our turn and then one night had to satisfy ourselves with a grimy day coach, but it was not more than a thirty-six hours' trip to Vera Cruz, and we comforted ourselves by being glad it wasn't a week. The train rattled along merrily for a time, then stopped almost as suddenly as though we had rammed a stone wall. We had not gone far from San Luis, and it was about 10 o'clock.

There were many women among the passengers, and they became panicky right away. Most of the men tumbled out of the coaches to see what was the trouble. Just as I jumped off a platform a big fellow on a horse and brandishing a sabre which looked to me about as long as a fish-pole, galloped up and shouted, "Quien vive?"

That means, "Who lives?" I didn't know what to reply at first, but I wanted to please him, for that sabre looked mighty deadly.

"Madero!" he yelled, and I repeated, "Madero!"

"Get back in the train," he said. I had no pistol and there were at least fifty of the mounted soldiers surrounding the train, so I obeyed with the rest of the passengers who had detrained.

By the time I returned to my car there were half a dozen armed men in each coach, covering the passengers with rifles or revolvers and commanding the men to surrender their arms. There was not a chance to fight and the men were speedily disarmed.

In the midst of the trouble the conductor entered our car and boldly ordered the intruders off the train. Their answer was to beat him with the flats of their swords and to throw him onto the floor of the car.

Then they began to collect all the jewelry and money from the people in our coach. We could do nothing but look on while they took rings from the fingers of the women and went through the pockets of the men, taking everything of value. Before they had finished their work someone shouted an order to march the passengers from the train. We all lined up alongside the tracks and the Mexicans stood opposite, covering us with their rifles.

Meanwhile another band had rifled the express car, blown open the safe and the strong box and smashed the cash drawer in the ticket office.

On the train I had made the acquaintance of a Mr. and Mrs. William M. Moran, and when the trouble first came Moran whispered to me to keep close to him in order to protect his wife. I was more than glad to do so, for she was a charming woman, and I knew that if her husband was injured or killed she would be liable to all sorts of insults.

It must have been an hour that we were lined up by the railroad track while a party of soldiers went ahead and burned a bridge to prevent the train being sent through to Mexico City if the engineer should succeed in breaking away.

A man in uniform, who called himself Col. Nicolas Torres, was in command, and after the burning of the bridge he gave orders that we should be marched to a sort of shed that stood near a siding. They formed us in double file and we were herded into a sort of shed and the doors barred. Outside we could hear the tramping of horses and the occasional sound of firing at some distance. I climbed to a small window and saw a line of mounted guards outside the shed. There was a small town about two miles distant and a red glare in the sky showed that the brigands were burning and pillaging. Cries and shouting added to the terror of the women.

We had been in the shed about two hours when an officer entered and, singling out eight men and women, ordered a guard to conduct them into the train yards. They were gone about twenty minutes and then eight more were marched out. Mr. and Mrs. Moran and myself were in the third party of eight who were ordered into the yard. Once there, the bandits forced us to stand with our backs against a stone wall, then what appeared to be a firing squad faced us with level rifles.

An officer, who was so intoxicated that he reeled about unsteadily on his feet, stood a little to one side and explained to us in ludicrously polite language.

"When I have the pleasure of addressing to you the question, 'Quien vive,' you will very kindly shout, 'Madero.' Those who do not so honor me will be respectfully shot down."

I knew there were some of the party who might not understand Spanish, so I hurried to explain the meaning of the officer's threat.

Presently he shouted, "Quien vive?"

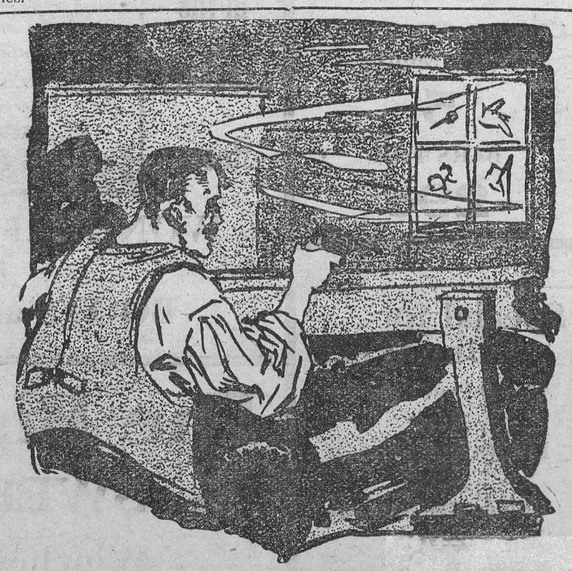
"Madero!" we all yelled at the top of our lungs, for we were taking no chances with the ugly black muzzles of the rifles held steady, not more than forty feet from our breasts.

Three times in the next two hours this performance was encored for the pleasure of some officer who had missed the previous spectacle. Each time we left the shed we could see that the bandits were pillaging and burning in the town, and things began to look pretty serious, with the Mexicans getting drunker and drunker every minute.

Moran and I were in a corner with a man named Phelan, whispering over a plan to escape with his wife, when four men in shabby uniforms, whom we had noticed scrutinizing the faces of all the prisoners, stepped up to us and, touching Phelan and myself on the shoulder, said:

"Come with us; we want to see you!"

The dangerous end of a revolver pressed against my ribs was more eloquent than any oratory, and we went with our captors. I should say we walked about a mile up into the mountains, far away from the main body of the bandits. Two of our guards I recognized as men who had rifled the pockets of the passengers in my car, and as they had not reached me by the time the officer ordered us all from the train I began to suspect that they hoped to get money from us. As a precaution, I had sent all my money to a friend in Vera Cruz, keeping only enough in my clothes to cover the incidental expenses of the trip. I did not know how much Phelan had with him.



"And I think I hit the man."

From the height to which we climbed we could see almost the whole of the neighboring town in flames. In a lonely spot in the woods we were halted and the spokesman addressed me. In less serious circumstances his extreme courtesy would have been humorous.

"Senores," he said, bowing, "I regret to inform you that when we collected from the cash drawer in the railroad station we were disappointed. The funds did not meet our expectations. In fact, they fell short by $5,000. This is a very regrettable incident, and we realize that you, senores, are not responsible. But you are Americans, and we feel sure that your generous impulses will prompt you to make up the deficit."

"In other words," I retorted, "you would blackmail us for $5,000. And what if we refuse to submit?"

"I regret that a very severe and sudden malady might in that case terminate your existence," said the spokesman.

"But we have not $5,000 between us," I argued.

"Well," said the brigand, "some men hold life very cheap. I am disappointed that you do not value yours as high as $2,500. We have not long to wait, and I would suggest that in ten minutes you make up your minds to pay us the amount. Otherwise—" His sentence ended with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I will lay here and rot before I give you a penny voluntarily," I almost shouted, for the insults which had been heaped on us, one after another, had stung me into desperation.

"Wait a minute," said Phelan in Spanish. "Senores, my friend speaks a little hastily. He is exasperated quite as much by the thought that you were so grievously disappointed in the cash box as he is by what he considers your unfair demands. I think you are entirely in the right. I ask only for a few moments to consult with him."

The brigands smiled and relaxed their belligerent attitude at this. They even ceased to finger their pistols.

"Look here," said Phelan to me. "You know these fellows as well as I do. The only way to treat them is to play their own game. Salve them a little. It doesn't mean anything to us, but it is their way. Besides, there is a good deal of bravado about them. We will beat them yet."

Then he walked back to the leader and said to him: "My friend and myself are sorry that we cannot give you what you ask, but we will gladly turn over to you every centavo in our possession. Will that not be fair?"

The brigand grumbled, but invited us to be quick about giving him the money. Phelan and I went down in our jeans and pooled $37.71. That was every penny we could scrape together. The leader snatched it greedily and began to count the gold and silver. Phelan and I meanwhile turned our pockets inside out to show that we were playing fair.

"Senores," said the spokesman, presently, "you are more than generous. I fear that we would embarrass you should we ask you to return to the train without a single centavo. It is my desire that you should accept at our hands the odd change."

With a grand flourish he returned to Phelan the 75 cents, which was his idea of the acme of generosity. The four began to haggle over the main booty, quarreling about the division of it. The leader claimed the lion's share and the three others were banded against him. They seemed to have forgotten us completely.

"Now is our time," whispered Phelan, and with the words he landed a good stiff punch on the jaw of the leader. The man toppled backwards, sprang to his feet again and tore off through the brush without waiting for more. In the fall his revolver had clattered to the ground, and I pounced upon it. Before the others could tackle Phelan I had fired and struck one man in the arm. It hung limply at his side, and his friends dragged him away with them into the bushes. From there they fired at us, but the shots went wild, and we started to run down the trail.

Hearing the bandits crashing after us, we leaped behind a tree, and I used two of my remaining cartridges. There was a yell, and I judged that I had hit one of them. We waited silently for more trouble, but the Mexicans knew there was much loot to be had elsewhere for little or no fighting and apparently decided to give us up for something easier.

I had paid strict attention to the route we followed from the train shed to the point where the fight with the robbers had taken place, and we retraced our steps as fast as we could in the darkness. About 200 yards from the building we came out on the railroad track and ran squarely into a cloaked figure hurrying in the direction of the shed.

I was not in the mood for any more bullying, and without ceremony I levelled the pistol at the stranger's head and shouted to him to stand.

"Who are you?" asked Phelan.

"For reply the man threw open the cloak and we saw that he wore the garb of a priest.

"I am a friend," he said. "Perhaps you need help. If so, I am at your service. I have done my best to restrain these marauders, but they have gotten away from us."

We explained to him the situation at the train shed and he promised to help us.

"They have just left for the next town," he said. "I think they will be there for more than two or three hours. If you could escape meanwhile it would be well. They have left a guard at the train shed, but I think you might get away. If there are any among you who know how to run a locomotive you might take the train out of danger."

On the way to the building we talked over plans for escape. The bandits had left a guard, but they had been attracted by the possibility of more pillage, and it looked to us as though all but one of the men had left their posts. Hiding behind trees and rocks, we crawled closer to the building, and were relieved to find that there was actually only the single armed man between the prisoners and liberty.

"You take care of him," whispered the priest when we were very close, "but do not take life. It will not be necessary."

Phelan and I had no desire to kill the man, but we were determined to free our friends. When we were within thirty feet of the brigand we leaped at him, Phelan in the lead and I behind him with the pistol I had taken from our captors. I was not to shoot unless Phelan was in danger.

The man was not ready and my friend seized his rifle with both hands, crashed the barrel up against the Mexican's chin and had him sprawling on the grass. Both of us were on top of him in a second, I holding my hand over his mouth. The sound of running behind us made me start, but I turned to see our friend the priest. He dropped on his knees and quickly tied a handkerchief around the man's mouth, making an effectual gag.

"Get your friends out," he whispered to us.

We ran for the shed, and the last we saw of the priest he was sitting on the bandit's chest, reinforcing moral suasion with a little physical force.

It was the work of seconds to unbar the doors of the train shed.

"The rebels have gone to the next town," yelled Phelan. "Get out of here while you can."

There was a rush for the doors. Phelan and I found Mr. and Mrs. Moran and stuck close to them. We knew the bridge ahead was burned and we all started to run back up the railroad track. We had not gone a hundred yards when we heard a shot behind us, the yelling of men and the trampling of horses. My pistol and the rifle Phelan had taken from the guard were the only firearms we had among us. Some of the fugitives left the tracks and scrambled into the woods, but most of them, when they knew they were discovered, preferred to give themselves up rather than risk being shot.

We four and two other men kept to the track and were outdistancing our pursuers when we heard the galloping of a horse. An officer was riding us down, but just as we swerved toward the woods his mount stumbled in a sluiceway across the track and he was thrown down the embankment.

Presently we all but stumbled into a hand car resting alongside the tracks. The six of us frantically tugged it onto the rails, jumped upon it and began to pump for all we were worth.

Mrs. Moran helped us at the levers. We had to travel on up grade, but we developed considerable speed. We were congratulating ourselves upon our escape when around a curve we had just passed jutted a bright light and we heard the rumble of an engine.

My first impulse was to grab the woman and jump from the car, but presently we rounded another curve and the light was out of sight again. The hand car twisted and turned along the face of a cliff in alarming fashion, but we began to hope that the men in the locomotive would not be able to drive it along the perilous trails as fast as we could run our hand car. We listened eagerly to the snorting of the engine, but it did not seem to grow louder. We twisted and turned recklessly, and I remembered that the train had crawled very slowly down the tortuous grade. For the locomotive, not anchored by the heavy cars behind it, the trail would undoubtedly be more dangerous.

Afterward I learned that the bandits had found an engine with steam up in the railroad yards at the town we had seen burning. One of their number claimed to be an engineer. At any rate he was enough of one to start the locomotive, which our pursuers had taken past the stalled train by means of the siding.

We seemed to hold our own in the race and, unless forced to, were unwilling to jump from the hand car. We dared not slow down for fear of being smashed by the engine. On one side the precipice dropped probably 500 feet, and on the other side there was so narrow a margin of level ground that we were afraid of being dashed lifeless against the rocky wall if we jumped at the speed we were travelling.

Our backs ached as though they were breaking. Mrs. Moran's breath came in short sobs, but she stuck to her task with the rest of us. Even when the puffing of the locomotive grew dimmer we dared not relax, for if we should come to a straight reach of track our pursuers would have the advantage. The headlight was never visible now, but sometimes we heard the snorting of the engine. At last even that died aday.

It seemed weeks that we had driven our hand car, although it could not have been more than three hours, when red and green signal lights shone ahead of us in a window high above the roadbed, and we knew that we were approaching the San Luis signal tower. The grade changed there and we could coast down into the town, but we stuck to the levers not to let the car get away from us.

As we passed the tower Mrs. Moran groaned, her hands slipped from the lever and she would have fallen if her husband had not caught her. She was exhausted, but she was game to the last. We reported to the rurales in San Luis and a band went to the relief of the prisoners at the train shed. The bridge was repaired in two days and we all proceeded to Vera Cruz. The two men who had been on the car with us were James Churchwarden, an Englishman, and Robert Phillips of Boston.



"It was the work of seconds to unbar the doors of the train shed."

Many Food Animals Inspected Last Year.

A great amount of work was done during the last fiscal year by the inspectors of the Dominion Health of Animals Branch in inspecting food animals, meats and their products. The Report of the Veterinary Director General shows that in the year ending March 31, 1925, the inspection service examined 4,386,009 carcasses of slaughtered meat animals of which only half of one per cent. were condemned as unfit for human food.

The hog is the predominant meat animal from the standpoint of numbers, the total slaughter of hogs in the packing establishments being 2,969,638 as compared with 917,405 cattle and 498,966 sheep.

The Veterinary Inspectors who carry on this work are stationed at the large packing plants throughout the country. They make rigid ante and post mortem examinations of animals and carcasses and closely supervise manufacturing and sanitary conditions, and are therefore in a position to guarantee the wholesomeness and freedom from disease of all meats and food products emanating from the supervised establishments. In this way the splendid reputation of Canadian meat foods has been fully maintained and the demand for our inspected foods is undoubtedly increasing both at home and abroad.

The End of the Year.

We have come to the end of a year. Another season has gone, and we now stand on the ridge of time from which we may look back with knowledge of the past season's result, and forward with hope and anticipation of the future.

The New Year means more to the farmer than to the manufacturer, as it brings to end, through natural causes, the farmer's season. But the industrial man, as a matter of caution, uses this as a time of reckoning. He wants to know where he is at before he goes ahead. Therefore, he takes inventory and reviews the past season's business. This gives help in improving plans for the coming year.

The farmer, too, should look back in order to make going forward more effective. A critical analysis of the past season's methods will help to build better plans for the coming year.

It profits us to approach this time of the year in a cold and analytical way. We should also approach it with a feeling of sentiment. May it not be well for us to bring to our own realization the wonders of the seasons? Each winter brings rest to growing things; each spring brings forth blossoms of hope; each autumn, a harvest to gather. Time goes unceasingly on; and it is for us to use our allotted time here to the greatest good.

Regardless of what 1925 has brought you, our hope is that 1926 will be kinder to you in the fulfillment of your hopes and desires, and will reward you more freely for the honest efforts you put forth.

A wise man will desire no more than he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and love contentedly.

I have done only one sensible thing in my life—to cultivate the ground. —Voltaire.

Sir Charles A. Parson, English scientist, wants to sink a granite-lined shaft 12 miles into the bowels of the earth and use as a source of boundless power the heat of the earth's interior.

The Winchester Press.

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Thursday, Jan. 14, 1926

PROGRESSIVE RULE

The present government if maintained, is pledged to build what is known as The Hudson Bay Railroad. It is only on these terms that the Progressives from the west will support the Government. And while millions of dollars of the peoples money are to be wasted on this practically useless piece of road, the same Government remain inactive in the matter of harnessing, and developing the great water power of the St. Lawrence River, a power that if distributed in Electric energy would set in motion hundreds of of industries that would provide employment, for our young men and keep them in Canada. Things have come to a pretty pass in Canada when a handful of Progressives from the west can, and do, dictate, the policy of the Government, and compel the rest of the Dominion to accept their terms, of support.

EDUCATE THE FARM BOYS

Principal, W. J. Bell, of the Experimental Farm, Kemptville, believes that the boy on the farm with a fair education is worth far more than the boy, who has not an education. Cattle, horses, grain and roots are important, but not half as important as the boys, who are to make the farmers of the future. Mr. Bell claimed that every country boy and girl should have a good public school training, followed by a high school course in which English and mathematics should be the main subjects, with "Not more than 50 per cent. of our country people have more than a public school education," he said. "Ninety per cent. of the boys and girls who go past the second form at high school are lost to the farm. I would change our present system," continued Mr. Bell, cut out a lot of the twaddle that is taught in the high schools, but specialize in the essential things and give every country lad a chance. Too many parents keep their boys out of school in the winter time in order to get a little work out of them, not realizing perhaps that their boy without a good education is hopelessly handicapped compared to the boy with a good grounding in English and mathematics and with some vocational training.

OLD AND NEW FASHIONED HYMNS

Judge H. A. Lavell, of Kingston, who has for many years been connected with and leader of Church choirs, and whose singing has stirred so many hearts, does not think much of some of the present day Sunday School music. At a banquet given by the Kingston Coral Society recently, in replying to a toast Judge Lavell spoke as follows, "The highest type of song is sacred song. It is the greatest possible assistance in the making of a man, the highest type of sentiments of the human heart. A lot of so-called music is not music at all. Some of the jingling gospel hymns that we make our children sing in Sunday school, are very close to the profane." Unsuitable anthems chosen by choirs were also in this class, declared the speaker. Hymns ought to be chosen so as to suit the particular service at which the music is rendered. Choirs should choose music that can be understood by the congregation." In this jazz age it is really refreshing to hear of a protest against some of the modern "Gospel" hymns from so able and reliable an authority. The old hymns, the old anthems, are not old fashioned, and no music to day will stir the hearts of the people and bring tears to the eyes like the good old hymns that our great grandmothers so much loved.

SORT OF PAID NUISANCES

The following from an exchange will meet with very general approval. The general opinion to-day is that we have too many laws. Under our present system cost-cutting in business is impossible. Thousands of dollars are spent every month for the enforcement of unnecessary laws and for the upkeep of superflous commissions and a system of red tape. The manager of a medium sized factory in Hamilton recently said that thirteen government inspectors had been to his plant the previous week. These were all on the pay roll of the governments but were simply wasting time. We have too many high salaried men who are properly idle, too much unnecessary legislation, and the sooner we get back to sensible government the better for the country.

COST OF TOWN AND COUNTRY LIVING

"Do a little figuring before leaving the old homestead for the city" is the advice of a university professor who has made a study of rural economics, In his investigation he found that a farmer who purposes moving to town must assure himself of an income twice as big as he had on the farm, if he expects to live as comfortably as he has been accustomed to. He discovered that 200 average farmers had an income of $1,000 a year. To live as well in the city they must have $2,200.

The Counties' Council of 1926

As a result of the municipal elections held on the first Monday of December and on Monday last, the Counties' Council of the United Caunties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry will be composed of the following members for the year 1926—

STORMONT.

Cornwall Town—Henry Williams, Reeve; Ovila Larin, First Deputy Reeve; G. Neil Phillips, Second Deputy Reeve.
Cornwall Township—Vicent McDonald and Alex. Dave.
Roxborough Township—Roderick Ross and James Marjerrison.
Finch Township—R. C. Bogart and D. A. Shaver.
Osnabruck Township—C. Elburn Wereley and Ralph A. Cook.
Finch Village—D. A. McNaughton.

DUNDAS

Williamsburg Township—Charles F. Marselis and Roy Schell.
Winchester Township—John H. Cummings and J. S. Stein.
Mountain Township—John E. Crowder, and Robert Bryan.
Matilda Township—Thos. Johnston and Dr. Alex. Clarke.
Morrisburg Village—Arthur Flynn.
Iroquois Village—Allen McInnis.
Winchester Village—N. W. Beach.
Chesterville Village—Wesley Hamilton.

GLENGARRY

Charlottenburg Township—A. A. Mcdonnell and D. S. McIntosh.
Lancaster Township—John D. McDonald and W. J. McGregor.
Lochiel Township—J. A. McCrimmon and Patrick Robertson.
Kenyon Township—James Vallance and Alex. R. McDonald.
Alexandria Town—M. Fitzgerald.
Maxville Village—E. Stanley Winter.
Lancaster Village—John Hebert.

Counselling The Boy

(By Edgar A. Guest)

Lad in your 'teens and the whole world before you,
With numberless pleasures awaiting your touch,
And somewhere a maiden who'll meet to adore you,
Hark to your father who loves you so much,
Go to that future, prepare to enjoy it,
But know that you carry the power to destroy it.

Go with the hope to be happy, but knowing
That not at the moment is happiness made;
That never is reaping before there is sowing,
And never stays faith where a trust is betrayed,
Out there for your future you may go to a duel,
And the rules are but few, but, my boy, they are cruel.

Be true to yourself! tis so easy to say it,
But bitter the price if once you forget;
For not once but times over in anguish you'll pay it
In shame and disgrace and remorse and regret,
Be true to your God, to your country, your neighbour,
And you shall be happy whatever your labour.

Your future shall try you, shall tempt you, shall burn you,
With fires of mad fury, but be you serene
And never let fortune or fair women turn you
From ways that are open and honest and clean
Take all the delights which the right will afford you,
And life to the end will uphold and reward you.

Try some of our Pocahontas Smokeless Coal.
F. M. Eagleson.



PHIL FEADER

Former Winchester boy, elected Mayor of Leamington.

What Subscribers Write

A subscriber in the United States writes, "I love to get the Press, for it seems as though I was right at home." Mr. Faith, Prince Albert, Sask. writes, "First I wish you and yours a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We are having the finest winter so far, since we came to the country, no snow to speak of, wheels running all the time. I suppose its not as good for business as it would be if more snow, but it is nice, and we are only to live a day at a time." We are always pleased to receive these kindly messages from subscribers.



Valuable Farm For Sale

This valuable farm consisting of 175 acres, lot 43 in the 4th con. of Osgoode, is for sale. The land is of superior quality, convenient to cheese factory, school house and churches, and 3½ miles west of Vernon Village on the Osgoode-Mountain road, 2 or 3 acres in bush. The place fairly well built for farm purposes. No stones, or stumps to interrupt cultivation; and the land is well-drained, with proper levels to drainage. Mary Clark, a resident. Apply
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A fat, lazy hen may be all right for pot-pie, but for egg-laying, never!
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Opened By V. K. Greer, Chief Inspector of Public Schools

A Delightful Occasion

The new Melvin (S. S. No. 15,) public school was offlcially opened on Tuesday night, when Mr. V. K. Greer, M. A., Chief Inspector of Public and Separate Schools of Ontario, was present with County Inspector H. B. Fetterly. There were present also a number of others from Winchester, speakers and singers, who contributed to the evening's entertainment, and at the close of a very interesting program, in which community singing was a feature. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the school section, and although it was near midnight when the assembly dispersed, it was an evening well and profitably spent. Mr. R. Prunner, of the Trustee Board, was the chairman. The first speaker was Mr. Greer, who after references to his early days in this section, his continued interest in the welfare of the township, congratulated the section on having so splendid a modern school. Mr. Greer then at some length explained what is known as the "Township School Board Bill" over which there is much discussion, and diverse opinions. He traced briefly the history of the Ontario Educational System, and showed how the chief official at Toronto decided on making a change only after very careful study, much investigation and thorough consideration from all points of view. Their only object was to better the system for the good of the whole. There was no desire or intention on the part of the Department of Education to interfere with or usurp the rights and powers of the school trustees or the ratepayers, but rather to simplify their work, reduce the general cost of school maintenance, give the average boy and girl a better chance to procure a fair education. He explained how a central township board was elected, their powers, etc, and showed clearly that the rights of a section were not in any way interferred with or infringed upon. Instances were cited of the unfairness of the present system. when one section was paying in many instances double, and more, than a neighbouring section for the education of their children, while some sections were not paying anything. Under the new township board system all this irregularity and unfairness would be done away with. There would be an equal assessment, and besides a great saving on the whole. He urged those present to give the subject thoughtful and fair consideration, and he felt sure they would be very willing to adopt it.

Mr. Fetterly was the next speaker. He referred to the subject of township board, and also spoke of the nurse and medical supervision of public schools, and hoped that in the near future they would have such a system for the several sections combined.

Miss Helen Ault, who has been in charge of the Melvin school for the past year or more, and whose energy and enthusiasm has been a great encouragement to the trustees in their work, was called upon, and in very appropriate and pleasing terms she congratulated the section on the result of their efforts in providing so splendid a school. She said that already the new school was having an effect on the department and industry of the children who seemed as proud of their new home as were the trustees. They took a personal pride in it and were carenot to in any way destroy or mark the furnishings. She thanked all present for their assistancee and their presence on this occasion.

Mr. George Earle, who was for many years a trustee and a resident of the section, gave a brief review of the history of the school. He referred to the first school built by the early pioneers of the section, who erected the old log school house during their spare time, and thus laid the foundation on which the present beautiful school was the result. He gave interesting reminiscenses of early school days and made personal mention of some who were the school children of fifty and sixty years ago, who had made their mark in the world. He paid a glowing tribute to the early pioneers who had built so faithfully and so well.

Other speakers were, Mr. A. Sweet, M. L. A., Rev. Mr. Waddell, Messrs J. H. Ross, J. F. Ault, J. D. Stewart, A. Christie, W. Erratt, W. Moffatt, J. E. Lanoue, and others.

A quartette, Mrs. Durant, Miss Beach Mr. E. Shaver and Mr. H. Annable rendered several selections, and Miss Beach sang a solo, presiding at the organ. Mrs. S. Wilson played for the community singing in which all joined and which was very lively. During the evening it was announced that Mr. J. H. Ross, of the Winchester Press had donated a sum of ten dollars to the school showing the greatest improvement in its surrounding for the year, the money to be expended in further improvements during 1927. This offer is to any public school in the township of Winchester. The matter of deciding the winning school is left with the County Inspector, Mr. H. B. Fetterly.

Regrets for their inability to be present were conveyed for Premier Ferguson, Mr. O. D. Casselman, of Chesterville, and Dr. Keyes, of the Model School, Ottawa. The meeting closed with the National Anthem The Melvin School is very up to date. It is built with a full size basement, cement floor. In the basement is a furnace room and a play room for the children. The main school room is fitted with modern individual desks. The windows are all on the east side, and the school is splendidly lighted. There are two cloak rooms at the entrance, and a spacious teachers room at the rear. The ceiling and walls are in metal, nicely painted, and there is plenty blackboard space. The school would be an ornament to any township, and when the grounds are improved, will be among the attractive rural schools of the province. The school with its equipment will cost in the neighbourhood of $7,500.

Cloverdale

Mr. and Mrs. H. Coughler spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barkley, of the Boyne.

The Messrs Morton and Eldon Stobo spent Sunday at the Boyne with Albert Baker.

Miss Nellie McKee, of Ogdensburg, spent the week end with Miss Ethel Lamoureux.

Mrs. T. Stobo and daughter Madeline returned home last week, after spending some time at Stittsville, Munster, Perth and Smith. Falls.

About fifty people attended the C. F. C. meeting held at Mr. and Mrs. H. Stoodley last Friday night, the evening was spent in skating, games, singing and music. The young people organizing a young people's club and received a membership of its twenty-five members, everybody coming away with a thought that it was ar evening well spent by the young and old.

Miss Mary Durant spent the week end at Greely.

President Gordon Cummings of the Young People's Club has a good start over President Eli Lamoureux in the way of membership. Come old boys all get busy.

Morewood

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hutt and son Lloyd, of Felton, and Harold Baker, of Winchester were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bilow.

Our Hockey team were successful at Chesterville on Monday evening, score beirg 3-1.

On New Years eve the friends and neig bours of Mr. Osborne Bilow gathered at his home to bid him farewell before his departure for Whitby. The evening was spent in music and games after which a dainty lunch was served by Mrs. Bilow. After the lunch, Osborne was called to the parlor where Mr. Norman McLeod read the following address while the presentation was made by Mr. Ellis Thompson.

Dear Osborne:

We your friends and neighbours have gathered here to spend another pleasant evening with you before your departure for a n w field of labour. You have our best wishes for your future success and we feel sure that your kind and helpful disposition will soon gain you many new friends. We ask you to accept this little gift as a small expression of our good wishes.

Signed on behalf of friends and neighbours by Ellis Thompson.

Although taken by surprise, Osborne made a very suitable reply thanking them for their kindness and hoping that he might be able to spend some time around Morewood in the future.

Miss Helen Ault, of Winchester, spent the week end with her cousin, Mildred Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fetterly are in Rochester attending the funeral of the latters brother, Mr. Orlin Collins.

South Mountain

At the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Magee, of Kemptville, on Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 4 p. m. by Rev. D. O. McArthur, Miss Iva Elizabeth Magee, to Mr. Samuel Kenneth Smith, of Chesterville.

Mr. Robert Ross, of Mannville, Alta., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. John Miller.

Mr. Rannell Cameron left last week for Kingston, where he will take a course in Cheese-making at a Dairy School there.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Keyes Sundayed with Mr and Mrs. Robt. Sharra, of Brinston.

The Misses Dorothy Blow and Margaret Walter visited the week end with Miss Hilda Sullivan, of Hulbert.

Mr. Chas Forrester spent Sunday with Cecil Hess of Heckston.

The Mission Circle of the United Church met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Armstrong on Tuesday evening. A large number was in attendance and a profitable meeting was held.

Misses Violet and Naomi Berry and Master Clinton Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McMenomy, of Inkerman.

Miss Lena Thorpe, of Hulbert, was a recent guest of Mrs. Allen Suffel.

Mr. Bert Berry had a valuable horse die this week.

Dr. Bean, of Winchester, was a recent caller in town.

Mrs. Lloyd Robinson, of Quebec, spent a few days this week with her sister, Mrs. Lorne Boyd.

Miss Jessie Cleland left Monday for Ottawa to attend College.

Messrs George Fercier and Charles Cleland returned to College on Monday after holidaying at their homes here.

We are indeed pleased to report that Mrs. E. Sullivan who has been seriously ill is improving.

Mrs. S. P. Laushway, who has been taking treatment in Cornwall Hospital returned home Tuesday, much improved in health. She was accompanied by Mr. Peter Laushway.

Winchester Springs

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Casselman passed through our burg in route for Williamsburg.

Mrs. A J. Casselman, Miss K. Bailey, Mrs. O. Casselman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nesbitt and Mrs C. Robinson attended the Hi-Shy-Ny club held Friday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs Wm. Steel, at Toyshill.

Master M. Coleman, of Toyshill spent a few days with his sister.

Mr and Mrs. James Haggerty spent one day recently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. Coleman.

Mrs. George Foster fell and broke her arm Tuesday. Dr. McKendry in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Shennett, of Williamsburg spent Tuesday last with Mr. and Mrs. Heber McIntosh.

Mr. Alva Runions and Mr. Russell Derby returned home after spending a week with friends in Uncie Sams domain

We are sorry to report Miss Fennel on the sick list and hope she will be able to resume her duties soon.

Msss Hilda Davidson returned to O. N. S. on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Barkley, of Williamsburg spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman.

Mrs. Wilburn Robinson is on the sick list.

Mr. A. J. Casselman returned home rom Ottawa after spending a week with riends.

Toy's Hill

Master Merrill Coleman spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. A. J. Casselman.

The Euchre Club met at the home of Mr. Elzie Johnston on Friday night.

Mrs. Andrew Wylie and little daughter, of Goveneur spent a few days renewing old acquaintances at the Hill.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Minnie McIntosh who underwent an operation in the Hospital at Montreal is doing fine.

The Young People's Club held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Wm. Steele on Friday evening. There was a good attendance, quite a number from Winchester Springs being present.

Miss Mabel McIntosh spent a few days in Montreal with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Zernie Harper spent Friday at Chesterville.

The Annual Meeting of the L. O. L. 2041, Toy's Hill was held in the Orange Hall, Jan. 5th, 1926 The County Master G. Kiloran of Iroquois installing officer. The following officer were installed for the coming year.

Past. M.—Edwin B. Johnson, W M.—Eckford Johnson, D. M —Dalton Coons, Chap.—Joseph Hunter, Rec. Secy.—Roy Casselman. Fin. Secy.—Delbert Coleman, Treas.—Arnold Peterson Mar.—Alton Casselman, 1st. Lect.—Robt. Kirkwood, 2nd. Lect.—William Bickford, 1st. com.—Howard Harper, 2nd. com.—Wm. H. Moore.

A dainty lunch of sandwiches, cake and coffee was then served to all present.

Mr. Sterling Coons spent Friday and Saturday with relatives at Winchester.

Miss D. Symth spent the week-end at her home at Dundela.

1926

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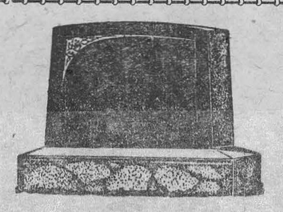

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THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S TRIP TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

His Excellency the Lord Byng of Vimy Makes Perilous Voyage to Visit Eskimo at Home.

The visit of His Excellency the Governor General, Lord Byng, to the Northwest Territories during the past summer was an event of outstanding interest. This was the first time that a Governor General had sailed down the Mackenzie to its mouth and coasted along the shore of the Arctic ocean. The journey was the result of a desire of His Excellency to visit the most outlying parts of the Dominion, and indicates the advancement in transportation facilities into those regions which in years past have had such meagre communication with the outside world.

His Excellency, who was accompanied by his private secretary, Major P. K. Hodgson, travelled north from Edmonton and Peace River Crossing by way of the Peace and Slave rivers and reached the southern boundary of the Northwest Territories at Fort Smith on July 22. Here he was met by Mr. O. S. Finnie, Director of the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior, the District Agent and leading citizens, and given a hearty welcome to the Territory.

At Fort Smith are located the local administrative headquarters of the Northwest Territories. His Excellency visited the public offices and hospital, and on the following day embarked on the steamer Distributor, especially equipped for the distinguished visitor, for Aklavik, which lies about 1,360 miles to the northwest in the delta of the Mackenzie. Stops were made at all the posts en route, and hospitals, missions, schools, wireless stations, and Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachments were inspected and many interviews were accorded returned soldiers, trappers, and other residents.

A Perilous Trip.

This portion of the journey in a comparatively large and modern, electric-lighted river-steamer across Great Slave lake and down the Mackenzie, was full of interest, but the outstanding feature was the extra trip—the dash from Aklavik to the native village of Kittigazuit on the shores of the Arctic 150 miles distant, to meet the Eskimos in their own homes. The river-steamer could not venture out into the ocean, and the journey had to be made in a small gasoline motor boat, piloted by an Eskimo. Those accompanying His Excellency on this somewhat perilous voyage, in addition to Major Hodkson, were Mr. Finnie, Inspector G. F. Fletcher, O.C. Mackenzie River Sub.-District, R.C.M.P., Rev. Canon Hester, in charge of the Church of England mission at Aklavik, and Mr. J. P. Melvin, Assistant District Agent, of the Hudson's Bay Company for the Mackenzie district.

Leaving Aklavik at 8 o'clock in the morning the shore of the Arctic ocean was reached about 9 o'clock that evening. Here there was a brief stop for supper on the beach. On resuming the journey eastward there followed a period of intense anxiety, for in a short time an impenetrable Arctic fog enveloped the little craft and shut out all signs of sea or sky or shore. After the boat had floundered about in these treacherous waters for an hour, the Eskimo pilot, with a skill that seemed uncanny, recovered his bearings during a momentary rift in the fog by noting the direction of the wind and the sound of the waves on the shore. Striking a course through the fogbank, he steered the launch with such precision that, suddenly, about 4 a.m., the Eskimo village loomed out of the mist a few hundred yards away.

Eskimo Breakfast.

Although the Eskimos were not expecting visitors they had heard the noise of the launch's engine, and many were on the beach to welcome them. When they realized that this was a visit from the Governor General they did everything possible to honor the occasion. The chief, William Magilaliuk, invited the party into his teepee, which was the largest in the place, and offered refreshments consisting of tea, fish, and bannock. This evidence of hospitality was much appreciated by the visitors, and two incidents in connection with the meal showed the progress of civilization and Christianity among them. The first was in connection with the seating of the guests. It is the custom of the Eskimos to sit at meals on skins on the ground, but, knowing the white men use raised seats, these were provided in the form of wooden covers of sewing macinhes, which made a very good substitute for chairs. The other incident was that when the guests were seated the Eskimo host stood up and reverently asked a blessing on the meal.

After breakfast a gathering or powwow was called which was attended by all the natives, fifty-two in number, arrayed in their best native raiment. Canon Hester, who has had much experience both in the eastern and western Arctic and speaks the Eskimo language fluently, acted as interpreter. His Excellency made a brief address in which he explained that it had long been his desire to visit the Eskimos in their own homes, and now that he had been able to do so he would write to His Majesty the King to tell him what a happy and loyal people they were. The Eskimos were greatly delighted with this announcement and marked their appreciation of the honor by all rising and bowing with profound respect to the Governor General.

After a stay of three hours, spent in an inspection of the settlement, during which the Governor General was presented with a collection of native arrowheads, hunting and fishing implements, etc., as mementoes, His Excellency shook hands with the chief men, and the party left on their return journey.

Eventful Return Journey.

During the trip back to Aklavik the fog again came down, making navigation difficult, and as a result the launch several times ran on to sand bars which are so common in the delta of the Mackenzie river. Aklavik was reached on the morning of the second day after departure. The party was somewhat fatigued by being forty-eight hours without sleep, but satisfied that this unique experience had been worth the effort.

On the return journey up the Mackenzie river while crossing Great Slave lake a storm came up and it was necessary to seek shelter for twelve hours under the lee of an island in the mouth of the Big Buffalo river.

At Fort Smith His Excellency witnessed the raising of one of the masts for the wireless station (since completed) and enjoyed a game of golf over the two-hole course, which is as far as the devotees of the royal and ancient game in the Territories have progressed in the construction of links. Before leaving Fort Smith His Excellency expressed the pleasure and profit he had derived from his trip, and especially from his visit to the Eskimo village.

The Governor General left the Territories on 12th August, travelling by way of the Slave and Athabaska rivers to Waterways, Alberta, and thence by rail to Edmonton.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



Safety First

THREE INTERIORS

Drawing the ragged curtain aside, centuries were obliterated. There lay the babe. The floor, covered with rough matting and a little straw, was his cradle, Joseph crouched on the left gazing at the tiny form wropped in swaddling clothes, while Mary lay behind it half supported against the straw. Her hand reached out to touch the baby limbs. In the shadow behind was a woman shrouded in white woolen robes; her aged face, dark from exposure, looked down on the group reverently.

Outside, cattle and asses moved about in the Fondak and men loaded or unloaded their beasts. As I looked the child stretched out its tiny arms and Joseph and Mary leaned closer in the gloom of the stall.

Only some refugees from the Spanish Zone driven into Tangier by bombs- Only a poor Moorish mother and her infant? Nay, I saw the Holy Family that day!

* * * *

The sunshine without was so dazzling that the doorway of the Jewish provision shop at Arzila at first disclosed only a group of people quarreling over the price of some vegetables. Presently the tall thin figure of a Moorish woman with her baby could be distinguished, a little child pressed close against her, and at her feet the basket of greens for which the proprietor was bargaining. Proud, straight, slim as a lance stood the woman, face uncovered; in her eyes a sadness that darkened her beauty, for she was beautiful. The short fat swarthy shopkeeper gesticulated and gabbled; the womans face never altered its tragic sadness. The baby moved restlessly; the other child pulled at her cloak. She stood tall and straight and proud, refusing firmly to be beaten down from the price she set upon her wares. Who won? Did she get the few poor coins needed to buy her coarse bread, I do not know, for it was time to be getting on to Tangier.

* * * *

Out of the low door of the hovel, apparently its only opening, came a young woman who added bits of dried thistle-stems to the blaze in her little earthenware stove. It was the hour of eating. The rules of Ramadan, the Moslem fast, forbids all food or drink while the sun is up, but as it sinks to rest these tiny fires may be seen among the Moorish hamlets, and women make a meal for their lords and masters, in their kitchens, the great outdoors.

Leaning against the fence of dried millet stalks I watched the young woman until she became aware of my presence. Young and smiling she was ready to be friendly, so I motioned to my mouth in the universal sign-language for hunger. Nodding vigorously, she laughed her understanding of my gesture. "Ramadan!" I said. "Ramadan," she answered. Then we both laughed for we understood each other perfectly. I then made the motion of hunger again, and repeated, "Ramadan!" She threw her head back and laughed, nodding forcibly ass she also made the sign of wishing to eat. A harsh voice called from the darkness of the hut, quite evidently her husband, so I waved a "good night" and went my way up the long white road in the twilight.

Arrested Time.

Palmer—"Did you say you couldn't arrest the flight of time?"

Johnson—"No one can."

Palmer—"Well, this morning, when I was coming down town, I stopped a minute."

The Window Picture.

There hangs a magic picture on my wall,
Framed in a glass, as anyone may see;
I have not hidden it in some dark hall,
Or for its view charged any man a fee.

When strangers come to visit in my home,
I watch their inclinations with a smile;
At once their busy eyes begin to roam—
They classify my taste, or lack of style.

Upon their left they see a little child,
(Such prints are quite passe since nineteen three!)
While opposite is hung a landscape wild,
(How I stand such a mess they cannot see!)
Now my best picture never has been seen,
Its beauty, to my dole, is not admired;
I smile at guests who claim a vision keen,
When they pass by my window, sunset fired.

—Lyday Sloanaker.

Criminal Colds.

For a jury to acquit a prisoner on the ground that he was suffering from a cold when he committed a crime sounds ridiculous. But before long this may be accepted as a legitimate plea by even the sternest judge.

According to a famous doctor, infection of the nose and cavities of the skull by cold germs often results in confusion and lack of memory. Mental disturbances of this nature cause a person to act abnormally.

A woman stole a ring from a friend's dressing-table. Everyone thought she was a common thief. It was proved later that she was suffering from a severe cold and was incapable of distinguishing between her own and other people's property.

The Joy of Living.

It exasperates a pessimist to have any one maintain insistently that it is fun to live. For those inclined to take the dark and gloomy outlook have fortified themselves with an armory of reasons for their dispiriting philosophy.

Thoeau in "Walden" reminds us that the present is the meeting place of two eternities: the past and the future. To some the thought is inspiring. It is not so with the pessimist. For him, history and prophecy alike mean the interminable, lamentable progress from bad to worse. He tries to tell you that if you are cheerful and hopeful you dwell in a fool's paradise.

The sane, temperate, normal and laughter-loving bulk of the race must always carry a burden of the spiritually or physically enfeebled, those who are down on their luck, full of complaints and symptoms, hanging very heavily on the good health and blithe humor of natures more robust.

Because the chronic joy-dispellers and gloom-bringers who afflict society refuse to look up from the mire to the blue sky, that does not prove the sunlight nonexistent. It only shows that they are bound to be disconsolate and want to nurse their grievance. The chief indoor sport of certain folk is to qualify for leading roles in a perpetual enactment of "Les Miserables."

But it is perfectly obvious to any one willing to use his eyes that some of the most resolutely or naturally cheerful persons have the smallest number of artificial aids to happiness outside of their own dispositions.

Their joy of living has no relation to the income tax they pay. They are "as having nothing yet possessing all things." A symbol of happiness might be a field hand in the South with almost nothing save the gift of song and the sense of humor.

Wind-Ripples.

The gold has all gone from my daffodil row,
The ones on the high grassy bank that you know,
But their leaves in the sunlight still give me a thrill
When the wind passes over and then they are still;
The first one starts smiling, a quaint little smile,
Then it spreads to his neighbor and right down the aisle.

—Maude Mary Cock.

Bluebeard.

Who has not been a bluebird to himself,
Locked up one door and thrown the key away,
For fear of something hidden on a shelf
That he might find if he returned some day,
And, finding it, not bother any more
With what his friends were always running after,
Nor care if they did mock him and deplore
His loss to their security, their laughter?

Who has not hung his dreams with shining hair
Twisted to rafters of dark common sense,
And gone untroubled by the whole affair,
Or, punished only by indifference,
Making achievement bitter on his tongue,
Because he closed one door when he was young?

—Ruth Fitch Bartlett.

Necessity does everything well.—Emerson.



OTTAWA AVIATOR DECORATED FOR EXPLOITS AGAINST THE RIFFS

In the above photograph General Gouraud, the military Governor of Paris, is seen pinning the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor on the uniform of Major Sussan, the Ottawa airman, who fought with the American escadrille on the French side in Morocco. Others in the group of aviators are Major Granville Pollock, Capt. Cousins, Col. Kirkwood and Col. Sparks.

FAMOUS FUNERALS

The funeral of a King or Queen of England is always a great and solemn occasion, but the crowd who, in spite of the weather, watched the funeral pageant of the late Queen Mother were drawn rather by real love and respect than by mere curiosity.

This was also the case when, fifteen yeas ago, King Edward passed to his rest. The lying-in-state had been arranged to afford the public an opportunity to pay the last tribute of affection, and a queue was formed along the Embankment westwards from Westminster.

Nine Miles Long.

So fast did it grow that in a little while it was no less than four miles long, the people being packed eight, ten, and even twelve deep. The crowds attending the funeral itself have never been numbered, but it is supposed that they approached two millions. They certainly exceeded the previous record for London, on the occasion of the great Duke of Wellington's funeral on November 18th, 1852. On that day a million and a half people thronged the streets along which the procession passed.

In Pall Mall alone one hundred and twenty thousand people were gathered. The funeral-car was dragged by twelve horses, and so great was the length of the procession that after the head started, it was an hour and a half before the car moved, and still another half-hour before the extreme rear moved.

The funeral of General Grant, President of the United States, was nine miles long, and fifty thousand people took part in it, thirty thousand being soldiers. Fully three million people looked on. The head of the procession reached the grave three and a half hours before the end arrived.

A Hero's Home-coming.

One of the greatest of funeral pageants and one of the most interesting was that of the great Nelson. His body was brought up the River Thames in a procession of seventeen barges, the one carrying the coffin being rowed by forty-six seamen from the Victory. The land procession from the Admiralty to St. Paul's included ten thousand soldiers.

In strong contrast to such great funerals was that of the late Prince Consort, who died in 1861. By his own wish, he was privately buried at Windsor.

In 1911 the great Lafayette, one of the bestknown of music-hall performers, was burned to death in the fire at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh. His funeral drew together a crowd such as has rarely been seen in the streets of the Scottish capital.

Tribute of the Trains.

One of the greatest railway magnates in American history was the late E. H. Harriman. When he was buried, in 1909, a preconcerted signal was given, and every train upon the whole sixty-four thousand miles of line which he had controlled came to a simultaneous stop. From the arid plains of Texas to the flowery slopes of California all railway traffic on a vast network of lines remained at rest for ten minutes.

The most expensive of all modern funerals was that of the Emperor Mutsu-hito of Japan. The grave was made on the top of a steep hill on the imperial estate near Kioto, and a special cableway had to be constructed to raise the enormously heavy coffin up the precipitous slope. The total cost of the many ceremonies involved was no less than $1,000,000.

This is more than four times the cost of any British funeral, of which the most costly was that of the late King Edward. This cost $202,500. The funeral of Queen Victoria cost $185,000.

A sum of $30,000 was spent in flowers alone for the funeral of the murdered French President Carnot, and probably nearly as much when the great Russian novelist, Tolstoy, was buried.

Human Electric Waves.

Professor Skripsky, of the Leningrad Electro-Technical Institute, who has already proved that the human body is able to radiate electro-magnetic waves, has succeeded in constructing an apparatus for capturing and measuring these waves, which, according to Professor Skripsky, will enable scientists to give "electrical characteristics", to every individual.

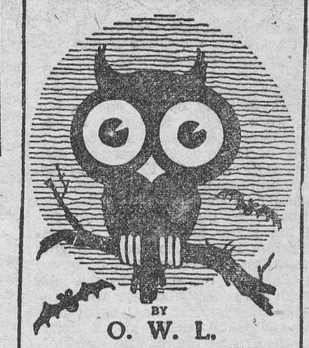
"Electro-magnetic waves are peculiar to every human being, and a change in them depends on the state of health and the frame of mind," says Professor Skripsky. Details of his invention are as yet kept a great secret.

Leningrad scientists describe Professor Shripsky's invention as "the greaest service in the domain of biology and physiology."

To Teach Drivers.

A double steering wheel for use in teaching beginners how to drive has been invented.

OWL-LAFFS



BY O. W. L. (On With Laughter)

Jones—"Sorry, old man, that my hen got lost and scratched up your garden."

Smith—"That's all right. My dog ate your hen."

Jones—"Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."

There never was an article placed on the market that some one else couldn't make it worse and sell it for less.

A maiden fair in a dairy cloak
Went out to milk the family goat;
She patted, cooed, and said, "Nanny be still,"
The animal said, "I ain't Nanny, I'm Will."

Ever see anybody who didn't have a weakness for punching the fire?

Fashion dictates suspenders again to be worn. Judging from the appearance of some of our young men, the present suspense is terrible.

He Would Beef.

Just suppose that the prodigal son hadn't liked veal!

Patient—"Why, doctor, you told me to show my tongue, but you haven't looked at it even."

Doctor—"No. It was only to keep you quiet while I wrote the prescription."

Cop (to pianist)—"Someone called up the police station, reporting that a guy named Schubert is being murdered in here."

Another good memory test is to try to remember the peace plan that won the Bok award.

If the Engaged Man Answered His Finacee's Questions Truthfully.

1. How much are you making a month? Fifty dollars per month less than I am spending.

2. How much of your salary do you save? See above.

3. How do you like your position? Do you know of another?

4. What do you think of your boss? Deleted.

5. How many positions have you held? Kept changing. Haven't held any.

6. What did you do with the first money you ever earned? My bootlegger got it.

A chaperon is an old maid who was sweet enough to eat in her days. But none of her suitors were hungry.

Acid-ine.

There was a certain old geeser,
Met an old maid and tried to please her.
When she said, "Stop, mister,"
He grabbed her and kissed her.
Now his friends call him lemon squeezer.

It is rumored that a fisherman dislocated one of his shoulders telling about a big one that got away.

Men may come and men may go, but where in the heck they go to I don't know.

Lots of girls have more on their cheeks than on their minds.

Child—"Sheep is the dumbest of all animals, ain't they, mamma?"

Mother (absently)—"Yes, my lamb."

"Funding an obligation" sounds wonderfully impressive, but it just means paying up.

Famous Downs — Touch down, young whiskers, $1 down.

Exploits.

A former's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness and intelligence of her son—a lad sixty years old—to a lady acquaintance, said:

"He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism and weed onions as well as his father!"

"Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hinckley's gimlet!"

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

That's the Kind of Trout They Have in France



When Exposed to Air

tea loses its strength and flavor.

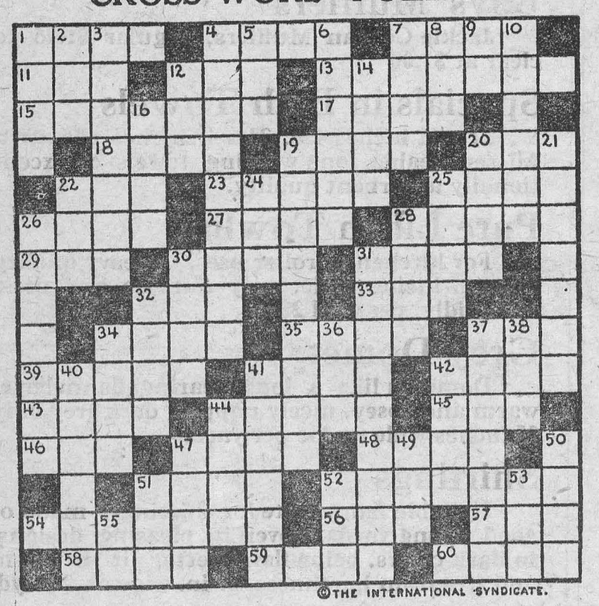
"SALADA"

TEA

H664

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



©THE INTERNATIONAL SYNDICATE.

HORIZONTAL

1–Veins of a leaf
4–Stupid fellow
7–Girl
11–S. American plant resembling potato
12–Bench
13–Argues
15–White ant
17–Every
18–Entrance
19–Conceal
20–Type of vessel (abbr.)
22–Conflict
23–Prepared
25–Pain
26–Dirt
27–Tattered garments
28–Preface
29–Measure of weight
30–Feathery plant
31–Manner of walking
32–Sunburn
33–Box cover
34–Desire
35–Animal appendage
37–Descendant
39–Fetch
41–To disarrange
42–Closed

HORIZONTAL (Cont.)

43–Connect
44–The middle
45–Prefix meaning three times
46–Incite
47–Trick
48–Sinful
51–Crown of the head
52–Made loud sound through nose
54–Outfit for making ices
56–Cut
57–Unit of work
58–Wise
59–Prosecuted at law
60–At liberty

VERTICAL

1–Mechanical repetition
2–Refrigerate
3–Agreement of sale
4–Tending to hinder
5–To be in debt
6–Walks on
7–To be deficient
8–Tree
9–Thus
10–Handle of scythe
12–Deep hole

VERTICAL (Cont.)

14–Not difficult
16–Earth and clay
19–Importance
20–Native of Scotland
21–Remainder
22–Court
24–Organ
25–Very dry
26–Miss one's footing
28–Bucket
30–Pointed tooth
31–Shone
32–Armored motor car
34–Addition to a building
36–Beast of burden
37–Protection
38–Pronoun
40–Severity of climate (pl.)
41–Hoarders
42–Agitate
44–Silent
47–Efface
49–Oath
50–Border
51–Pointed wooden pin
52–Pronoun
53–Before
55–Each (abbr.)

Alcove.

Folks with quiet eyes and faces
Find this little room.
Noisy voices
Hunt for gayer places.

Gentle eyes find sanctuary
Here, in tiny pool,
Their shynesses
Of sparkling places wary.

Whimsies play in faces pale—
Gayety for these
In plash of fountain,
Flirt of goldfish tail.

They need no dancing lights; they find
Hidden merriments
Deep in their own
Serenity of mind.

—Ruth E. Henderson.

Song.

The moon a thousand pathways knows,
And often I have seen her glide
Barefoot across the winter snows,
With silver shoulder, hip and side.
And I have seen her cold eyes, wide
With midnight secrets, laugh to hide
The stolen wisdom that she knows,
Pale mistress of the swelling tide.
Yet most bewildering and blind
Of all the paths her footsteps wind
Are the dark pathways of my mind.

J. L. McLane.

This Way to Winter.

Day by day
The sun's broad beam
Fades away
By a golden gleam;
Hark on the cliff
How the sea-gulls scream.

Get you out
Your Muffler grey,
Your boots so stout,
And your grat-coat, pray,
And put on your gloves,
'Tis a hardy day.

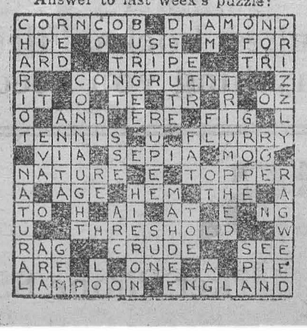
—James Stephens, in "Songs From the Clay."

Pompeii Gets Big Bronze Cross.

A great bronze cross, sixty-five feet long and weighing many tons, was completed recently in Rome, Italy, for the sanctuary of the Holy Virgin of Pompeii. It was constructed in sections that were riveted together.

Italians in all parts of the world contribued to a fund that paid for this cross, which is said to be he largest that ever has been made in this manner.

Answer to last week's puzzle:



Cedar Wood.

Incorruptible of heart,
Worms cannot unfashion you,
Nor the touch of time impart
Aught of brief mortality.

Poets need you in their trade—
Molded round the core of lead—
Singing words by you are made
Plain for other eyes to see.

Carpenters have found you good—
There are many boxes built,
Cedar, of your fragrant wood;
You have sheltered rich brocade.

There were cedar timbers found
In the Greek Apollo's shrine,
Having stood upon the ground
Twenty centuries or more.

You arose when Solomon
Builded in Jerusalem
Left the woods of Lebanon
That a temple might endure.

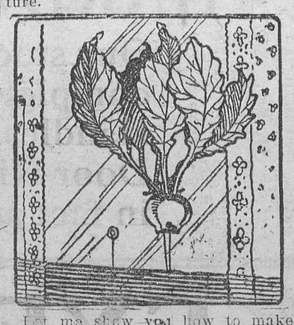
—Fanny de Groot Hastings.

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

To guard the baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little one's stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist that the health of the little one will be good and that he will thrive and be happy. The new sales tax will not increase the price of Baby's Own Tablets, as the company pays the tax. You can still obtain the Tablets through any medicine dealer at 25 cents a box, or by mail, post paid, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Oh Mother! What Can I Do?

How many times a day do your babies ask you that question? And how often are you able to suggest some interesting game for them to play, some amusing occupation for a rainy day? If you'd like always to have a practical, helpful suggestion for them, read this snappy new feature.



Let me show you how to make a turnip fern. Cut off the little end. Fill the turnip with water, and hang it in the window. Give it plenty to drink and see what happens.

Minard's Liniment for frost-bites.

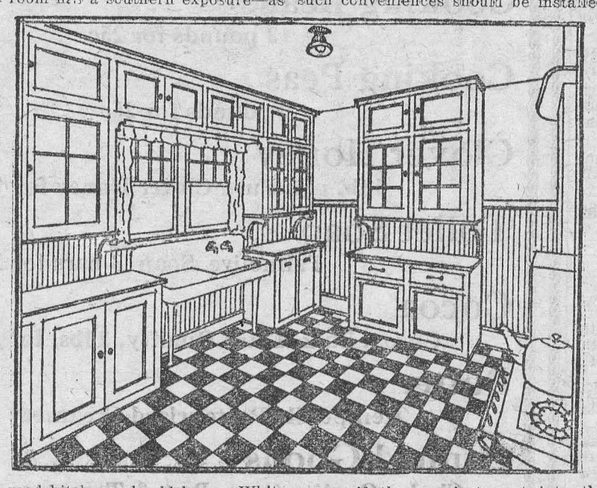
GIVING THE KITCHEN ITS DUE

Much of the Health and Happiness of All in the Home Depends on a Well-Designed and Well-Equipped Kitchen.

An army, remarked Napoleon, marches on its stomach. So, to a large extent, does the family, and that is why the kitchen assumes so important a position in the home,—delicatessens, cafes and canned goods notwithstanding.

In the modern dwelling few rooms receive more careful planning than the kitchen. It has become almost a vogue. The day has gone when it was customary to design the living rooms more or less after the Queen Anne period and let the kitchen suggest Mary Ann. Nowadays Mary Ann and her mistress have culinary and housekeeping quarters in what is frequently the brightest, cleanest and most sanitary room on the premises.

The up-to-date kitchen is distinguished for two features; it is practical and attractive. The first is achieved by size, layout, number and arrangement of labor-saving devices, and the placing of windows and artificial light. The second is secured by the uniformity of fixtures and furniture, and by decoration. Color is being more and more used in the kitchen in preference to all white, as the latter is apt to be somewhat glaring if the room has a southern exposure—as



all good kitchens should have. White is admirable in many ways, but it involves a great deal of labor to keep it in condition, and for that reason colors are being generally resorted to.

Insistance on a color scheme for the kitchen is far removed from being a fad, and there is no reason why good taste should not be shown here as well as elsewhere in the house. Dark tints are undesirable, as a rule, but there is wide latitude of choice in the lighter shades such as pale green, gray, and dull pale blue. The walls may be left white or finished with a washable tint a tone or two lighter than the woodwork. For a large, well-lit room dove gray on the woodwork serves admirably, but where a cheerful note is required it may be imparted with buff woodwork and sun tinted walls. Whatever combination is chosen, care should be taken that the curtains and linoleum should harmonize with the general effect. The same general observations apply to the breakfast room which adjoins the kitchen, and in which the color scheme should present a decided, but not too glaring, contrast with the room where the meals are cooked. In the breakfast room Dutch blue or pale green for woodwork and furniture will be found pleasing and harmonious.

It is not uncommon to find a touch of color on the tiled sinks which, instead of being all white, are given a narrow edging of green, blue, or black tiles, the color chosen being in harmony with the tiled floor where such has been laid down. Some of the more elaborate kitchens even have tiled walls or wainscotings, the decorative tiles being either continuous or inserted at intervals. Tiled flooring is costly at first, but its durability and adaptability to color effects present decided advantages in the long run. Its colors never fade and the glossy surface makes cleaning a simple process.

For a yielding surface comfortable to the feet linoleum, either printed or inlaid, is unbeatable, as well as comparatively inexpensive. It offers unlimited choice in tile or floral designs in bold and bright colors that wash and wear well.

In selecting the kitchen equipment, both built-in and movable, there is an almost bewildering field of choice. Certain conveniences once undreamt of are now considered essential, however. These include a variety of cupboards, closets, ironing boards and folding tables. In building the house, recesses for these fixtures should be made, but where that accommodation is not available, as in many older houses, such conveniences should be installed even if they project out into the room. Dish cupboards should be handy to the sink, but broom closets may be placed at any convenient point. A folding table at the window is a boon that should not be omitted.

No modern kitchen is complete without sufficient and convenient electric outlets for the many labor-saving devices that are available. Few things annoy the housewife more than shadows when she is engaged in the delicate task of froning some delicate bit of flummery, or mixing the ingredients of a favorite recipe, and for that reason care should be taken that the kitchen is adequately lighted, both by windows and artificial light. A light over the sink is a blessing. Shadows in the kitchen have a knack of protruding themselves into other parts of the house through little irritations set up in the otherwise good tempters of those who have to contend with them at their source, and for that reason they should be abolished without mercy.

In the accompanying illustration a modern kitchen is shown equipped with many items dear to the heart of the skilful and painstaking housewife. Cupboard space is particularly generous and the device of closing in the tops of cupboards as a protection against dust and steam is something to be particularly commended.

'TEEN AGE GIRL SKI CHAMPION



Isabel Coursier is only nineteen years of age and is the world's woman ski jumper. At the age of 16, during the Revelstoke, B.C., Ski Tournament in February, 1922, she established an official world's record for women by making a standing jump of 84 feet.

This winter Miss Coursier is giving exhibitions on the ski jump of the Chateau Frontenac Winter Sports Club at Quebec, commencing December 30, when the International and Inter-collegiate ski competitions begin. The young lady is a member of the famous Revelstoke Ski Club, which has produced so many celebrated ski jumpers.

One of her most daring feats was accomplished on July 4, 1923, when Isabel ascended glacier-mantled Mount Ranier, in the State of Washington, and gave a sensational exhibition, for which she was awarded a special trophy. Among the enthralled spectators was the late President Harding.

THE CHEERFUL WOMAN

Is One Who Has the Rich, Red Blood of Good Health.

The fact that one woman is bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, strong and cheerful, while another is pale, weak and depressed, is due more often than otherwise to the condition of the blood. The way to remedy this depressed state is to build up the blood, and for this purpose there is no other tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A case in point is that of Mrs. Melvin Abra, Graveley Street, Vancouver, B.C., who says:—"About two years ago I was a very sick woman. I seemed to be wasting away and getting thinner all the time. I grew so weak that the doctor sent me to the hospital, but the treatment there did not help me and I returned home. Then I tried a number of tonics with no better results. At this stage my mother came to me, and as she is a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, she started me on this medicine. I can only say that they did wonders for me. I began to get new health and strength after I had taken a few boxes, and day by day this improvement continued until I was again well and able to do all my housework, and I have not had a sick day since. I cannot recommend your pills too highly and urge those who are looking for health and happiness to give them a trial."

You can get the pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

VALUE OF MONEY TEACH CHILDREN

By Edith McClure Patterson

The Canadian homemaker is seeking with keen concern and determined effort knowledge that will enable her to handle her profession in a business-like way. Community merchants are in many cases co-operating in spreading this knowledge, for they see that by helping the housewife to spend her money wisely they will profit not less, but more.

But this educational work is not being confined to the housewife. The best results can be achieved through incorporating into our public school training a practical education along business lines. One of the best known text book writers is completing a series of arithmetics which will show its practical application to the needs of everyday life and lead children to look upon mathematics in its lower branches not as a difficult subject that must be mastered, bu as an interesting study that will help them every day.

Youthful Business Men.

Children have little realization of the value of money, its uses as a medium of exchange, and of how to utilize it to the greatest advantage. Yet thousands of children enter business life after completing the public school. They become selfsupporting—in many cases are the mainstay of a family. They have to spend money every day.

Is there anything that is more important for the child to learn than the wise spending of money? Such a knowledge would increase his value to his employer and to himself. When this training is given we shall no longer have to acknowledge that there are persons in prisons to-day who committed their first offenses by stealing money from their employer to make up a deficit caused by their own wrong calculations in making change.

Promote Canadian Ideals.

A great cry has gone forth to build stronger boys for our nation's leaders. Is it not equally important to build stronger girls, mentally, physically and spiritually, that they may be great mothers of great national leaders? The foundation of true Canadianism is laid in the home. Wise spending has much to do with the welfare and growth of our children and the well being of both our men and women. The present movement aims to reach both adults and children.

Bankers, merchants and business men generally have shown a great deal of interest in this educational movement. The vision of the Canadian educator sees the approach of the day when woman will know how to manage the home purse and divide her money more wisely; when our public schools will provide really practical education. When that day comes we shall judge any family's standard of living by its results, not by its cost, and with Arthur Pond "we shall consider wages, not as so many dollars in the pay envelope, but as the means of purchasing life and pursuing happiness."

Carrying It Too Far.

"Everybody in our family is some kind of animal," remarked Tommy.

"What do you mean?" asked the mother.

"Why, mother, you're a dear, you know."

"Yes, Tom, and the baby is mother's little lamb."

"Well, I'm the kid; sister is a chicken; aunt is a cat, and Cousin Kate is a bird, and Uncle Jim is a jackass, and little brother's a pig. Dad's the goat, and—"

"That is enough, Thomas."

Babies are becoming rarer in Britain. In July, August, and September, 1925, the number of births was nearly 50,000 below that for the same quarter in 1920.

An acid stomach caused by indigestion often creates rheumatic symptoms. Set your stomach right with Seigel's Syrup. Any drug store.

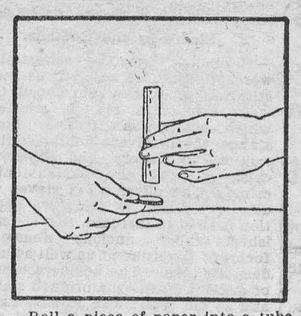
"There are two reasons why some folks don't mind their own business. One reason is that they haven't any mind and the other is they haven't any business."

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

ISSUE No. 1—'26.

EASY TRICKS

Lifting The Disc



Roll a piece of paper into a tube about as big around as a quarter dollar. Cut a disc to the size of a silver dollar or a trifle smaller. Ask a friend if he can, by drawing through the tube, lift the disc to it. He will find this very easy.

Place a half dollar between the tube and the disc and he will find the task impossible. You will invariably be able to keep him from lifting the disc by placing the coin between the disc and the tube.

This is all very obvious and all as it should be. Now for the surprising part:

When you wish to lift the disc, while appearing to draw through the tube, the half dollar doesn't seem to make much difference. The disc lifts, apparently by suction, whether the coin is between it and the tube or not. The secret is simple. Instead of drawing through the tube, blow through it.

(Clip this out and paste it, with other of the series, in a scrapbook.)

The Moon is a Princess.

The moon is a pale white princess
Who tiptoes haughtily
Across the shadowy sky at night
For the little stars to see.

Her silver fingers touch the tops
Of black and sleeping trees
And dew that rests in lily cups
The silvery princess sees.

She comes when the sun has left the sky
To glide her silent way
And she tiptoes over the edge of the world
When dawn brings back the day.

—Eleanor Hammond.

Overheard in the Nursery.

"And was mamma's darling frightened when it thundered?"

"No, mamma, I wasn't frightened, but nursie was, ever so much, I know, cos' daddy had to take her on his knee."

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

Because he "bobbed" the hair of a young girl without her parents' consent, a hairdresser of Dijon, France, has been sued for damages by her father.

WANTED

CIGAR STORE INDIAN

Formerly used in front of Tobacconist Store. Must be in good condition. State price and where can be seen.

H. WATKINS
73 W. Adelaide St. Toronto

CHILLS!

Are the forerunners of severe colds and grippe. Rub the chest and back with Minard's. Bathe the feet in Minard's and hot water.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Classified Advertisements

BAKERS' OVENS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and list of used ovens. Hubbard Oven Co., Ltd., 782 King West, Toronto.

Unknown.

"Where did the car hit him?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

The foreman of the jury rose from his seat.

"Man and boy I've lived i' these parts for fifty years," he protested, ponderously, "an' I niver heered o' the place."

Minard's Liniment relieves headache.

Whatever you would make habitual, practise it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it, but habituate yourself to something else. —Spictetus.

Use MURINE FOR EYES IRRITATED BY SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS

RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS. WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK. MURINE CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

SALESMEN

We offer steady employment and pay weekly to sell our complete and exclusive lines of guaranteed quality, whole root, fresh-dug-to-order trees and plants. Attractive illustrated samples and full co-operation, a money-making opportunity.

Luke Brothers Nurseries Montreal

Use SIMONDS SAWS and MACHINE KNIVES

They stay sharp longer.

SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LIMITED
1880 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO
VANCOUVER MONTREAL ST. JOHN, N.B.

TAYLOR-FORBES Tree Pruners GUARANTEED



For every purpose in the orchard, cutting limbs up to 1½ inches. Handles—4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 feet.

Your Hardware Dealer knows the quality

Our descriptive circular sent to any address on request.

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.

TROUBLED WITH ECZEMA 3 YEARS

Scalp Inflamed. Hair Fell Out. Cuticura Heals.

"My daughter was troubled with eczema for three years. It broke out on the back of her head and her hair all fell out. The eczema scaled over and her scalp was red and inflamed. It was very painful and the irritation at night kept my daughter awake.

"A friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some and within a week there was a decided improvement. I purchased more and after using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. John Donovan, Lewiston, Minn., June 11, 1924.

Use Cuticura for all skin troubles.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

FOR Colds



BAYER

ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Winchester Township Agricultural Society will be held in the Town Hall, Winchester, on

Thurs. Eve., Jan. 21st

at the hour of 8 o'clock for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors and Auditors for the current year, presentation of the financial statement, general discussion of the work of the society, ammending the rules and regulations and prize lists if necessary, arranging for the work of the society for the current year and such other business as may be necessary. This meeting is most important and all members and those interested in the continuance of the Society and its work are earnestly requested to be present. Everybody Welcome.

John McCormick, Sec'y-Treas.

Dr. J. A. Bean, Pres.

Zutoo

Stops headache in 20 minutes by the clock. 25c per box.

Salesman Wanted.

A man to canvass Tps. of Mountain, Osgoode, North Gower and South Gower. Experience not necessary. Good pay weekly and chance for advancement. Apply Saturday between 10 and 12 a. m. at Hotel Winchester. 35c

Cheese Factory for Sale

Situated on Lots No 28 and 29 in the Village of Kenmore, Township of Osgood. (Land held by Deed.)

The Factory is fully equipped for Making Cheese and Whey Butter. In the season of 1925, we made over 143.000 lbs of Cheese, sold $752.36 worth of Whey Butter.

A New 12 H. P. Boiler was Installed last Spring.

There is a Drilled well at East End of the Factory 100 feet deep and the Castor River runs at West end of the Factory, the water supply is therefore good.

Terms of sale made Easy for a good Man.

Wm. Eager, Morrisburg, Ont.

Auction Sale!

FARM, STOCK & IMPLEMENTS

1½ miles west of Spencerville Station, ots 35 & 36, Con. 7, Tp. of Edwardsburg, County of Grenville. The undersigned will offer for sale his farm, stock, implements and household goods, on

THURSDAY, JAN. 21

commencing at 12 o'clock noon, sharp, the following,

LIVE STOCK—20 high grade Holstein tested cattle, 4 alrsady freshened, 4 about time of sale, balance soon after sale. 1 two year old Holstein bull.

2 good work horses, 1 driving horse, 3 brood sows, a number of hens, 4 geese and 1 gander.

FARM FOR SALE—The farm consisting of 125 acres, if not sold before day of sale, will be offered subject to a reserved bid, terms made known on day of sale, 20% of purchase price to be paid on day of sale. This is one of the finest farms in Grenville County.

IMPLEMENTS, ETC—3 waggons, 1 buggy, 3 cutters, 3 sets sleighs, 1 manure spreader, 1 McCormick mower, 1 McCormick horse rake, 1 McCormick seeder, 3 walking ploughs, 1 set drag harrows, 3 hay loaders, 1 hay rack, 1 root cutter, 1 fanning mill, 2 sets double harness, 2 sets single harness, 1 hay fork, rope and pulleys, 30 cords dry wood, 1 large cooler, 1 sap pan, 1 Grein evaporator, forks, shovels, chains, cans and pails, 4 thirty gal. cans, a quantity of lumber, 1 hog crate, 2 cream separators, a quantity of hay and grain, a quantity of ensilage, 1 piano, 1 organ, 1 Singer Sewing Machine, 1 kitchen range and numerous other articles.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under Cash, over that amount 8 mos. credit by furnishing approved joint notes or 4 per cent off for cash.

Ross Morrow, Auctioneer — Joseph Goodin, Prop.

Milk Product Store

Leave your order at the Milk Product Store for a nice Roast Sweet Milk Fed Veal, 1 month old, also Sweet Milk Fed Chicken, 25c lb. Friday, Jan. 15th.

L. A. ELLIS.

Manager of Winchester Creamery and Store.

Skating

The Winchester Skating Rink is open every night. Good Ice. No profanity or vulgarity allowed. Let the youngsters come

ANCIENT SLAVERY.

Many Educated People Were Made Slaves by the Romans.

In ancient times the earliest slaves were prisoners of war, but as the institution of slavery developed there were extensions to the means by which slavery was extended. For instance, the insolvent debtor could be reduced to slavery, and slavery became part of the punishment of crime. The offspring of slaves were also slaves, and so the slave population tended to increase. Slavery flourished under ancient democratic forms of government as well as under despotic forms. The democratic states of ancient Greece maintained slavery, and so did republican Rome. Prisoners of war taken in conquered countries were sent in thousands to the slave markets, and the proceeds of the sales went to the treasury of the republic. The slaves of those times were, therefore, by no means all blacks; in fact, the blacks were a minority. Practically every country in Western Asia, and in northern Africa contributed to this vast collection of men, and women toiling for their Roman masters.

During the first century of the empire, the last seventy-five years of which fall in the Christian era, the population of the empire was about 85,000,000, and the historian Gibbon estimates the population of the city of Rome during that period at 1,200,000. One-half of this city population was composed of slaves. Many of course, were laborers, but many, too, of these slaves were educated men or skilled artisans, who carried on the trades and industries. There was no middle class as such class is known to-day.

Among the ancient Hebrews the institution of slavery was recognized, though not established by the Mosaic law. It was recognized with a view to mitigate its hardship and to secure to every man his ordinary rights. Provision was made for the protection of the slave's person, and his position was favorable in regard to religious privileges.

Nomadic savages do not institute slavery. They have little use for slaves, and the maintenance of slaves would more than offset the services obtained. They kill their prisoners of war.

North American Indian tribes, who possessed slaves had permanent abodes, the Iroquois, for instance, and could make use of the labor of slaves.

THE MILLS OF MEN.

Comparison of Primitive Mill Stones and Modern Machinery.

The mill is a necessary complement of man. It is pre-historic and has developed with humanity through the ages.

As used by the primitive inhabitants of the earth the mill consisted of two stones, the lower one generally slightly hollow, between which the grain was rubbed. Later, the lower stone was artificially hollowed, in order to hold the grain, and the upper one rudely fashioned to fit.

Later still, as man became better able to devise means of supplying his needs, a hole was made in the lower stone, through which the grain could pass as it was ground. Hand mills of this type are in use in the backward countries of the East to this day.

Gradually the mill developed into the stone mill, driven by water or wind and, occasionally, by steam, which was formerly in use all over the civilized world. The stones were about four feet in diameter, the lower one being fixed, while the upper could be made to revolve at a high speed. The flour escaped from the lower stone by means of grooves.

The roller mill was devised in Hungary, and at once taken up in America. It was found to give excellent results and was installed in the large mills in England in the early 'seventies.

In the modern roller mill hand labor is almost entirely eliminated. From the moment the grain is delivered at the mill until, either as flour or offals, it is ready for removal, it is not touched by hand. It is cleaned, conditioned or dried, fed to the break rolls—pairs of steel fluted cylinders—where it is torn open, passed to the reduction rolls—pairs of smooth cylinders—which reduce the size of the large particles of kernel, purified and separated, kernel from husk, first grade flour from second grade, all by means of modern machinery.

There is perhaps no better illustration of the complications of existence caused by civilization than the comparison of the primitive grinding stones with the intricate and powerful machinery now used for the same purpose.

A Dog's Appeal.

Man may be the god of a dog's idolatry, as Maeterlinck said, but a child is sometimes more like a fiend in its unconscious tormenting of a faithful pet. Yet how seldom does the much-teased animal turn and rend his tormentor!

Standing on a corner the other day waiting for a car a man saw a large collie trot past, with an affectionate but pestering and mauling little five-year-old hanging to its shaggy coat. The dog looked up out of the corner of his eye with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders, his whole attitude saying quite as clearly as words could do: "Well, I really don't like this sort of thing, you know, but, dash it all, what can you do? You can't be rough with an infant."

The dog's expression was precisely the humorous forbearance of the bachelor uncle undergoing violent man-handling by a baby niece unexpectedly thrust into his arms by a proud mother, and the spectator will not soon forget the whimsical man-to-man-like appeal in that patient collie's eye.

"Shingles" Its Own Feathers.

Only one variety of bird is known to "shingle" its own feathers. This is a native of South America, which nibbles away each side of the tail feather to produce a curious-looking racket effect.

Advertisers

Will kindly bear in mind that all copy for changes of advts. must be handed in NOT LATER than noon on TUESDAY of each week Copy handed in after that time will be held over. New display advts. taken in up until Wednesday noon. Small advts. such

Melvin News

Mrs. U. L. Steinburgh and son, Ronald and Master Ambros Sabourin spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Martin, of Morewood.

Mrs. S. A. Greer spent the week-end with her brother, Mr. Will Elliott, of Morewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter spent Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. U. L. Steinburgh.

Mrs. A. Christie spent Wednesday and Thursday at the home of her uncle, Mr. Tom Dowell, of Brockville.

Mr. Gordon Johnston spent the week-end with Mr. Hugh Wilson.

Miss E. Christie is spending this week with her aunt, Mrs. Percy Durant of Winchester.

The Melvin Joint stock cheese and butter company held their Annual Meeting on Monday evening and report a prosperous year.

Miss Annie Christie is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Christie.

Too Late for Last Week

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Edgerton and Lloyd Mrs. Sarah Edgerton and Bessie spent New Year's at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S A. Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Steinburgh and sons, Lyle and Gordon, of Morewood spent Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. U. L. Steinburgh.

Mr. Arthur Christie attended a conference of the alfalfa growers in Guelph on Tuesday.

Miss Susie Elliott, of Morewood spent last week with her cousins at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Greer.

Mr. Ulric Lanoue returned to McMaster University, Toronto, on Monday.

Our Union Sunday School held their annual meeting at the home of Mr and Mrs. Sherman Christie on Monday evening.

Mr. Leonard Greer and sister, Winnifred spent Tuesday, with their uncle, Mr. Will Elliott, of Morewood.

Miss Winnifred Greer returned to her school, in Thessalon, on Saturday.

Council Meeting

Minutes of Regular Meeting of the Winchester Municipal Council held in the Council Chamber on Monday, Jany, 11th at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

Members present N. W. Beach, Reeve. Councillors, F. M. Eagleson, Mahlon Bailey and Geo. Earle.

Municipal orders were passed also Hydro orders. By-Law No. 452 For the appointment of Municipal officers also By-law No. 453 for the borrowing of Certain Sums of Money to meet current and ordinary expenditures were put through, The Following Municipal officers were appointed, J. C. Empey, Clerk and Treasurer and Hydro Treasurer, J. D Stewart, Collector of taxes and lighting. J. C. Empey, Hydro clerk. Herbert Empey, assessor, Andrew Christie, auditor, Leroy Strader, auditor, H. J. McCrea, Constable Sanitary Inspector and Truant officer, Wm. Quart, Caretaker of Town Hall, R. L. Suffel, Charity Warden, Frank Parker, Frank F. Davidson, Robert Empey, Fence Veiners, Wm. Hay, Frank Davidson, Ernest J. Christie, Pound Keepers, W. J. Cass, High School Trustee in place of R. J M. Glassford, J. H. Faith Hige School Trustee for three years, Dr. McLaughlin, M. D. Medical Health officer.

The Council will meet on Friday, Jany, 15th at 7.30 o'clock, p. m.

J. C. Empey,
Clerk.

The Hunted Woman, a story of the North Country, a picture with a thrill and surprise. Don't miss it. Saturday and Monday night next, in Lannin's Hall.

The United Church

The pastor spoke to the boys and girls on Sunday morning on the wisdom of forming good pure habits at the beginning of a New Year. His text for the morning was Luke 4:16. He said, "By repetition acts become habits. There was in the life of Jesus regular participation in the public worship of the Sabbath. Even the best of men and women can ill afford to dispense with public worship. It sustains and builds up our characters in the Christian life. Wherever our lot may be cast we will find it very helpful to have some spot where we can commune alone with God. Jesus formed the habit also of getting und r other folks burdens and helping them to better and higher things. He deplored the tendency of many people these days to sit at home and listen to a service over the radio. They were neglecting the command, Not to forget the assembling of ourselves together. Splendid anthems were given by the choir at both services. and a solo, Light at eventide, was beautifully rendered by Mrs. P. Durant at the evening service. At this service Rupert Helmer, who represented Dundas in the Boys Parliament in Toronto recently, brought a very fine report. He said, Unless the fellows of each consistuency act behind the members and put across the work the Parliament will be a failure." The major issue was World Brotherhood. A New Service Syndicate was established to show the people what they are doing. Gordon Lapp, former Premier was chosen as a representative to the World Conference to be held this year at Finland. The boys resolved to accept more responsibility for the missionary program of the Church. He told of the Bond selling campaign to be held the latter part of this month. Boy's work will be of great importance in the future. The pastor quite forcibly in closing urged all young people to endeavour to make a worthwhile contribution to their community.

Dispersion Sale By Public Auction

Owing to ill-health and scarcity of help, I will offer for sale by Public Auction, at Fair View farm, lot 4, Con. 4, township of Winchester, 1 mile south of Winchester Station, on

SATURDAY JAN. 30, 1926

Commencing at 1 o'clock, sharp, the following—my choice herd of Pure Bred Holstein cattle, consisting of 37 head registered Holsteins, including Our Present Heard sire Beautiful Joe Maida No. 49014 Vol. 25, 22 milk cows, 3 already freshened, the most of them to freshen in February and March, 5 head rising 2 years old, 4 heifers rising 1 year old, 3 bulls rising 1 year old, 1 bull, 18 months old. This stock is all tested for Tuberculosis. These cattle will be cared for 48 hours after sale, at the owner's risk.

TERMS—6 mos. credit on approved joint notes and 4 per cent off for cash.

"THE STORE THAT SETS THE PACE."

Monday Morning, Bright and Early, Starts the Buying Week.

Every house wife seeks the paper just to take a peek. Keyes' foods the choicest, quality high, ring the phone and place your order, that's the thing to do. Very soon the Keyes delivery will bring good things to you. Phone for food it's the proper way.

Sabadilla Powder
The real thing to kill lice 45c lb.

For Your Stock
Pratt's Animal Regulator, Kow Kure.

Linseed Meal
Pure Linseed Meal 10c per lb.

Brooms
Good Brooms at 45c, 65c and $1.00 each.

Cooking Beans
3 pounds for 25c

Cooking Peas
3 pounds for 25c

Clover Honey
5 lb. pail Pure Clover Honey for 75c

Toilet Soap
Palmolive Soap 3 bars for 25c

Cocoa
Cocoa, Bulk, Extra Quality, 2 lbs. for 25c

Butter
Kemptville Pasteurized Creamery 50c

Canned Goods
Choice Quality Corn, Peas & Tomatoes 15c

Lard and Shortening
Pure Lard per lb. 25c
Shortening per lb. 20c

Salt
Coarse Salt, 100 lb. bags $1.00

Skates
Automobile Skates at Reduced Prices.

Hockey Sticks
Hockey Sticks, any stick in stock for $1.00

Dates
New Dates, 2 lbs. for 25c.

Butter Paper
Printed "Dairy Butter" 400 sheets $1.15

Soaps
4 bars Comfort Soap for 25c.

Mince Meat
Choice Mince Meat, per lb. 20c

Apples
Talman Sweets, per barrel $5.50

Rolled Oats
20 lb. Sacks $1.00 per sack

Choice Candy
Give Mother candy, of course she likes it and when it is "Betty Brown" old style home-made, she will enjoy it all the more, 1 lb. box 60c

BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!

Here is Lovely Beef

If you are a lover of beef, you have now a trial in store. This week we have received some of the choicest beef we have seen for many months. It is from prime western steers tender and full of juice and with just the right admixture of fat and lean to make it most delicious, the quarters are a little heavy, but we haven't been able to get the quality in the light weights. Why not order at once.

Our market is well supplied with fresh Herrings, Salmon, Chicken Halibut, Cooked Meats and everything to be found in a first-class shop. PHONE FOR FOOD.

Smallwares
Elastic, Tape, Hair Pins, Needles, Darning Cotton, Barrettes, Stationery, Toilet Paper, Tooth Brushes, Shoe Laces, Pins, Hair Nets, Buttons, Combs, Tooth Paste Darning Wool, Writing Pads, Knitting Needles, etc.

Boys' Mufflers
Jackie Coogan Mufflers, regular $1.25 to clear at $1.00

Specials in Bath Towels
21 x 41 inches 45c, 24 x 47 inches 60c each. All serviceable. long wearing towels of exceptionally absorbent quality.

Pure Linen Towling
For kitchen or roller uses. Heavy quality linen 17 inches wide, very durable and dries splendidly, per yard 25c

Grey Domet
Domet is like a long wearing flannelette, warm and cosey, nicely napped, dark grey only 35 inches wide at 35c per yard.

Shirtings
Reliable flannelette for shirtings, made of good strong yarns, woven in pleasing designs, in dark colors, being flannelette, it is warm and free from harshness, 27 in. wide at 28c yd.

Men's Work Shirts
Striped black and white with colar attached, one pocket, good roomy shirt, price 95c

Dark grey flannelette shirt, our best value in work shirts, made of strong soft cloth, one breast pocket, turn down collar, a good roomy garment, price $1.25

Sweaters
Broken lines of sweaters, all new styles. In this group are pullovers in fancy shades, V Necks and Sweater Coats, limited quantities, so please don't wait. 20% disc. on this line.

Ties! Ties!
Plain Silk Ties, Silk and Wool Ties. The display is interesting and up-to-date, any tie in the store for 50c. They won't last long.

Hose
Boys' Ribbed Golf or Sport Hose, fine quality, all wool golf hose with fancy striped tops, assorted shades, price $1.00 and $1.25 pair.

Overalls
Plain blue Denim overall, good high bib, adjustable braces with rubber insert, five pockets, 2 buttons on side, one seamed leg, a well-made garment and good value at $2.00

Blue and white striped Overalls, braces & bib made of extra strong cloth, side pockets, brass buttons, guaranteed fast dye and will wear like iron, per pair $2.00

Cottonade Pants
Strong closely woven, dark grey cottonade that will give splendid wear, made good and roomy, 5 pockets, 5 buttons on the fly, loops for belt and narrow cuffs, per pair $2.00

Flannelettes
Medium weight, striped flannelette, softly napped and durable, in neat, pleasing colors of blue & white and pink & white stripes, 27 inches wide at 20c yard.

A heavier and better quality than the flannelette above, it is nicely napped and splendid value in a good assortment of Pink, Blue and Dark Stripes, 30 inches wide at 24c yd.

Striped flannelette in light and dark stripe good weight, nice even thread, good nap, 36 inches wide at 27c yd.

White Flannelettes
Every housewife needs white flannelette. Our flannelettes are Standard weights which insures good wear and warmth, they are nicely bleached and napped on both sides. We would be pleased to have you compare our values.

28 inches wide 24c yard
35 inches wide 29c yard
35 inches wide 33c yard

HARDWARE

Our stock of Hardware is complete. Nails, Axes & Handles, Hammers, Felt, Door Hinges, Locks, Files in fact anything you need

T. O. KEYES,

Grocery Phone 16 — Winchester — Meat Market Phone 85