THE WINCHESTER PRESS

VOL. XLV — WINCHESTER, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1931 — NO. 36

Season's Greetings



Fennell & Wallace

FEED & FUEL SERVICE



A New Horizon

A NEW horizon opens out before the man with money. With $1,000 saved you can look to the future with confidence—start one of these easy savings plans now:—

$1,000 in 4 years—costs $940.16 in weekly payments of $4.52.

$1,000 in 3 years—costs $956.28 in weekly payments of $6.13.

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The Royal Bank of Canada

S801

Duncan's Meat Market



We have on hand Choice Beef, Pork, Smoked Meats, Cooked Meats, Fish, etc. Leave your order for your Special Roast. Don't forget we also carry a very complete line of staple groceries, including lard, butter, cereals, cheese, canned goods, bread and many other eatables.

Phone 12 - A. H. DUNCAN.

The Manager & Staff of Melvin's Garage Wish You All A Happy New Year.

Melvin's Garage,

ALBERT JOHNSTON, Service Manager.

Phone 113 - - Winchester

Our Column

Now write it 1932.

School re-opens next week.

It is not too late to correct that fault.

The Press wishes all its readers a very Happy and a verv Prosperous New Year.

Now is the time to get on the Road to Progress. If we don't we will soon be left behind.

Copies of the proceedings of the Counties Council for 1931 may be had by any desiring one by applying at Press Office.

Let one of your new year resolutions be that you will renew vour subscribtion to the Press before the end of January, 1932.

By all means make new and good resolutions. You may not keep them all but you won't be any the worse for trying.

You may make your retrospect either cheerful or sad. Why not remember the pleasant and do our best to forget the sad.

At Sorel, Que., one night last week, 1000 white Leghorn chickens valued, with the building, at $4000, were destroyed by fire. Not one hen escaped.

Some citizens put off until tomorrow the things that should be done today, because they are so busy today doing the things they should have done yesterday.

Mountain township paid out in 1931 the sum of $520. for sheep killed by dogs. Winchester township paid out something over $300. We wonder how much each township collects in dog taxes, and if the amounts quoted wouldn't buy up all the dogs in the two townships.

A reduction in the appropriation of the Kemptville Agricultural College from $80.000 to $70,000 has just been ordered by Hon. T. L. Kennedy, minister of agriculture, in consequence of the decision of the government to cut expenditures to the bone in order to balance the provincial budget.

Butter production in Canada for the first seven months of 1931 increased 25,379,726 pounds or 15 5 per cent. over the production for the corresponding period of 1930. Exports in the same period were 5,149,600 pounds or nearly 4 000,000 pounds more than in the same seven months last year.

TOWN LEAGUE MEETING

A meeting of the Town Hockey League will be held tonight (Thursday) at 8.15 o'clock, at Keyes' Store. All interested are urged to be present. Plans for the present season will be discussed and other business attended to.

CIRCUS IS COMING

Monday next at 8.15 p. m. in Lannin's Hall Winchester Tice's Society Circus will present their high class performance of trained dogs, pony, goat, mule and other talent The unridable mule is a real attraction and provides lots of fun. This show will appeal to all especially as prices are only 15c and 25c.

A FALSE REPORT

For some weeks past a report has been circulated through certain newspapers that a number of County roads in this section were to be kept open during the winter months. Those who follow County Council proceedings knew that the report was without authority. At the nomination meeting of Winchester held here on Monday afternoon, Reeve Nesbitt, as a member of the Counties' Roads Committee gave the report a flat denial, and pointed out that at the last session of the Counties Council it was decided that no County roads be kept open. Permission was given a few gentlemen to keep the Ridge road between Chesterville and Winchester open at their own expense, but under the strict supervision of the Counties Engineer. The report circulated has required a lot of explaining on the part of members of the Counties Council, and was circulated without a knowledge of facts.

S. S. ENTERTAINMENT

The Annual Christmas Entertainment, given under the auspices of the Sunday School of the United Church brought to a fine conclusion a day of rejoicing and delight.

The program was a most excellent one and gave evidence of careful preparation and considerable toil on the part of those who had trained the children for this important occasion.

Mr. J. D. Stewart, the genial Superintendent of the Sunday School, guided proceedings in his usual happy manner. The The Ormond Male Quartette gave several splendid numbers, while representatives of the Summers Settlement Sunday School presented the dialogue, "Courting under difficulties," greatly to the amusement of all present. A pleasing piano duet was given by Misses Jean Stewart and Alice Singleton while Misses Evelyn and Dorothy Baker delighted all with their musical numbers. During the evening Betty Stewart and Shirley Nesbitt pleased the audience with their vocal numbers. Recitations given by Norma Armstrong, Robbie McOuatt and Hazel Stoodley were greatly enjoyed, while the motion song, Dolly's Lullaby, given by five little girls struck a responsive chord in the heart of the audience.

The Christmas pantomine presented by Mrs. P. Durant caught the imagination of all Mrs. E. Steele and Miss Annie Walker contributed the musical part of this number. A three act play, Getting ven, given by the boys of Mr. L Mill's class showed real dramatic ability as well as careful training, and fairly captivated the audience. Between the acts these same lads surprised and delighted the audience with their orchestral numbers.

The principal item in the program was the Cantata, Santa Claus in Storyland, and was presented by over thirty pupils representing every department in the school.

The entire cast, junior and adult, portrayed the characters well. Great credit is due the Committee who were responsible for this splendid entertainment.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

There was a merry crowd of skaters at the rink on Saturday night last, and every one seemed to be enjoying themselves.

There will be a Celebration of Holy Communion in St. Matthias' Church next Sunday at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3. p. m.

We are pleased to report that Miss Merkley, who was badly hurt by a fall just shortly before Christmas, is now able to be up aronnd again. She is still with her sister, Mrs. T. O. Keyes.

Mr. Glenn A. Shaver, of Lunenburg, has been appointed issuer of motor vehicle permits and operators' licenses, and will open his office at 31 First Street East, Cornwall. The office is very spacious, and being on the ground floor, will be convenient for the public.—Cornwall Standard.

William H. Anderson, one of Kemptville oldest and best known citizens, died on Christmas Day in his 82nd year. He was born and lived all his life in Kemptville, and for 72 years sang in the choir of St. James Anglican Church. For many years he was a real estate agent and notary public, but had retired from active business some years ago

Mr. T. H. Duncan, Didsbury, Alta. writing to the Press under date of Dec. 19 says: "Times are hard out here. We are having a fine winter, not much snow, which is good for range stock. One thing you can't beat us on is the high price of pork, selling at present at $2.50 per cwt for a butchered hog at the farm. Wishing you and all friends best wishes of the season" Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Belway, of Calgary, spent the Christmas season the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Duncan, at Didsbury, Alta.

MILLINERY

Starting Saturday, January 2nd a Sale of Winter Hats. Prices from $1.00 up. Also a nice Line of French Berets for Skating at 75c

IRVING & ANDERSON

MRS. MARY REDDICK

The funeral service of the late Mrs. Reddick, who died last Monday evening, Dec. 21st, was held Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 23rd, at the residence of her sister, Miss Annie Wallace, of Iroquois, with whom she had lived of late, thence to the Anglican cemetery for interment.

By request the service was private. Mrs. Reddick was the widow of the late Robert Reddick, M. D., of Winchester and Ottawa. Formerly Miss Mary Wallace, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wallace of Matilda township, she, during her married life, resided some years in Winchester, the past few years had been a resident of Iroquois, and was nearing the 80-year mark.

The Rev. J. Lionel Homer conducted the service, rector of St. John's Anglican church, Iroquois.

ELECTION RETURNS

Morrisburg—Contest for Reeveship between E. P. Foster and S F. Ryan.

Iroquois—Reeve Barkley elected.

Williamsburg—Oscar Beckstead Reeve

Matilda—Thomas Johnston elected Reeve, contest for deputy.

Winchester Township—H. Nesbitt, elected Reeve, W. J. McConnell, Deputy. Election for Councillors: W. J. Stewart, J. B. Gibson, G. Ouderkirk and G Brooks. Three to be elected.

Mountain Township—John Crowder, elected Reeve, contest for deputy, Robert Bryan and Earl Baldwin. Councillors elected.

Chesterville—W. H Casselman. Reeve, and Council elected.

Finch Village—D. A McIntosh Reeve.

Finch Township—H. Nugent, Reeve.

Osnabruck—Glen Saver retires from Reeveship. Contest between J. W. Conners and R. A. Cook. For Deputy, F. Johnston and J. B. Tinkess.

Lancaster Village—J R. McLaughlin, Reeve.

Lancaster Tp.—J. D. McDonald, reeve, deputy, R. A. McLeod.

On the whole a majority of the members of the Counties Council of 1931 will have seats within the rail for 1932. The wardenship this year goes to Stormont.

MRS. RACHAEL ROBINSON

There passed away at her late residence on Main Street, Winchester, on Sunday afternoon, Rachael Coleman, widow of the late James Robinson, in her 76th year after an illness of some duration of heart trouble. The late Mrs. Robinson was born at Hallville, Ont., where she lived until her marriage in 1892 to James Robinson. After her marriage she resided with her husband until his death on a farm in Mountain township, about one and a half miles west of Winchester. Her husband died 22 years ago, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Robinson with he only daughter, moved to Winchester, where she continued to reside until her death. An only son, David Connry, died in infancy. All her life Mrs. Robinson was an active and energetic woman, with a kindly smile and friendly greeting for all. During the past year or more she suffered from heart trouble, and for the past few months was confined to her bed, where she received the best medical attention and the devoted ministrations of her daughter, Mrs. A. G. Suffell. Mrs. Robinson was all her life a devoted Presbyterian, and for many years a member and faithful worker in St. Paul's Church, Winchester.

She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. A. G. Suffell and two sisters, Mrs. James Cameron, of Cannamore, and Mrs. David Kirkland, of Russell, and one brother, Thomas, of Hallville.

The funeral service conducted by Rev. W. D. Turner, assisted by Rev. J. A. Waddell, of the United Church, and Rev. Fred Suffell, of Los Angeles. Cal., was held in St. Paul's Church, on Tuesday afternoon, and was largely attended. The pall bearers were Messrs. Wm. Dickson, John McCormick, Rowat Kennedy, Robert Empey, Walter Moffatt, Aaron Sweet.

The Floral offerings were:

Pillow—Family.

Wreaths—Presbyterian Ladies Aid, Mrs. W. B. Campbell and Mary.

Sprays—Presbyterian Choir, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Kinkaid; Mr. and Mrs. Angus Orr; John McCormick and family; Miss Ida Cummings.

Cut Flowers—Miss Grace and Clara Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Rowat Kennedy.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Norma Robinson of Ottawa spent the week-end at her home here.

Mr. William Servage of Kitchener is spending the holidays at his home here.

Mr. Keith Munro of Toronto spent Christmas Day with his mother, Mrs. Munro.

Miss Muriel Robinson attended the Wallace–Large Wedding at Kars on Saturday last.

Mr. Chas. Steinburg of Prescott spent Christmas with his father, Mr. William Steinburg.

Dr. F. Flora and Mrs. Flora, of Toronto, spent the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Flora.

Miss Evangeline Darling, R. N., spent the Christmas holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Darling.

Miss Gladys M. VanAllen R. N., of Kingston, spent Christmas with her sister Mrs. R. M. Scott.

Mr. Glenn Rennie of Toronto is spending the holidays the guest of his aunts, the Misses Rennie.

Miss Margaret Durant, of Ottawa, spent the week-end at the home of Mr and Mrs. John Moffatt.

Mrs. M Beaton, of Westmount, Montreal, is spending a couple weeks the guest of her sister, Mrs. B. McConkey.

Mr. and Mrs William Faith of Montreal spent Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Faith.

Mr. Dougall McLean, who is attending the Guelph Agricultural College is spending the holidays at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Preston are spending part of the Christmas holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Delong Preston and family, at Weston, Ont.

Mr. W. A. Rowatt, who is shortly to assume his new duties as manager of the Royal Bank here, paid a flying visit to town on Tuesday.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs R. M. Dukelow for Christmas were Miss Livingstone, of Frankville, Mr. Cecil Dukelow of Ottawa, Mr. Harold Dukelow, of the O. A. C., Guelph, and Mr. Victor Pue, of Hearst Ont.

Misses Olive Hughes and Helen Justus, who have been spending the Christmas holidays with their parents here, expect to leave on Sunday afternoon by motor for their Schools near Belleville where they have been teaching during the fall term.

WINNERS OF GUESSING CONTEST

The prize winners in connection with the guessing contest, recently conducted at Mr. J. A. McDougall's Jewellery Store, were as follows: First, Donald Kenney; Second, Wm. Johnston; Third, Mrs. Casselman, Morrisburg.

NEW BANK MANAGER

W. A Rowat, manager of the Royal Bank of Canada at Vars has received the appointment to the position of manager of the Winchester branch, to succeed H. L. Lee, who died recently. Mr. Rowat was formerly in Western Canada, where he was for 24 years with the same bank as manager of various branches in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In his transfer to Winchester, he does not come as a stranger, as his father, the late Rev. Andrew Rowat, was Presbyterian clergyman here for a number of years and is well remembered.

IS DOING NICELY

Mr. Hart Melvin is in the Civic Hospital, Ottawa, and is liable to be there for a couple of more weeks. On Christmas morning just as he was leaving his home for the garage, he suffered from an old rupture, and medical aid had to be summoned. He was later taken to the Ottawa Civic Hospital where a slight operation was performed, and now Mr. Melvin is making a rapid and satisfactory recovery, and may be able to return to his home in a couple of weeks.

MEETING WELL ATTENDED

There was a good attendance at the Winchester Township nomination meeting held in the town hall here on Monday afternoon, all parts of the township being represented. Most of the afternoon, about two and a half hours, was taken up by Reeve Nesbitt in giving a very full and carefully prepared report of his activities during the past year. He went very thoroughly into township affairs, and the audience was very attentive throughout. Mr. Kendricks, the township assessor, acted as Chairman. Up till five o'clock, when the reporter had to leave there was not even an indication of political or municipal fire works, and the very best of order prevailed throughout.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor Winchester Press.

Dear Sir:—In the matter of correspondence appearing in your issue of 17th inst. referring to the Rink.

The Directors are not perturbed about it nor the veiled term of democracy used. They might have cause to be elated to know that they belong to the "Aristocracy," although chosen from the various walks of life of the Village and surrounding country. They were duly elected at the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders at which all the Shareholders have a voice, and they are carrying on the business of the Company as they consider in its best interest.

In the matter of caretaking, it is the opinion of the Directors that in the interests of the Company and patronizing public one person continue as Caretaker for the season for reasons that are obvious if studied carefully. It is a responsible position including in its many duties the operation and care of expensive pumping machinery, the receiving of fees during the day time, etc. etc.

Regarding Refreshment Booth. It has been conducted satisfactorily by the present lessee during the past four years. This year the only other Tenderer stipulated a privelege which the Directors did not consider advisable to be granted.

At the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders next May all business of the Company and actions of the Directors in reference thereto will be open for review as in the past.

The above is published by order of the Board of Directors.

D. H. Weir, President.
N. W. Beach, Secretary.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Erma Beach of Ottawa spent the week-end at her home here.

Miss Muriel Robinson of Ottawa spent the week-end at her home here.

Dr. J. Gordon Glascott of Toronto is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Smith of Toronto spent Christmas with their parents here.

Mr. D Beattie visited his niece, Mrs. Franklin, of Ottawa, over the week-end.

Mr. Hugh Knowland of Prescott spent Christmas and the week-end at his home here.

Mrs. M. H. VanAllen of Morrisburg, spent Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. R. M. Scott.

Miss Edith Docksteader, of Cornwall, spent the Christmas holidays with her parents here.

Mr. Hebert Allen, of Sundridge, Ont., is spending two weeks the guest of Mrs. Ford Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith of Toronto spent the week-end here as the guests of their parents.

Mr. Max Cormier, of Goderich, is spending the holidays at the home of Mr. A. W. Beach.

Dr. G. Marshall Empey of Hammond, N. Y., is spending the holiday season at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Droppo, of Chesterville spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrigar.

Miss Loella M. VanAllen of Morrisburg, is spending the winter with her niece, Mrs. R. M. Scott.

Mr. Fred Smith of Toronto is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B F. Smith.

Miss Irene Weir of the High School staff is spending the holidays with her parents in Kingston.

Mrs. Preston Rodney, of Dearborn, Mich., has been the guest of Mrs. Burwash for the past week.

Miss V. Olga Scott, nurse-in-training at Montreal General Hospital, spent the week-end at her home.

Mrs. A. Sweet is spending the week, guest of her daughter, Mrs. B. Carr at the "Sign of the Ship"

Mr. and Mrs. Willis McKeracher and two little daughters spent Christmas with the latter's parents here.

Mrs. Harvey Barkley and son Gordon are spending this week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earle.

Dr. Meredith spent Christmas and the week end with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Thos. Meredith of Lacolle, Que.

Dr. and Mrs. David Johnston and Miss Marguerite Harkness were Christmas day guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Miss Lyn Hayes of Hayesonbrook Farm, Bear Brook is spending a week on Piety Hill, the guest of Miss Emma Barclay.

Mrs. Murdock and family of Osgoode is spending the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. S. Potter, Cameron Ave.

Mr. Orme Dunning and Miss Lillian Sheldrick of Leonard, Ont., spent Saturday last at the home of Mrs. E. Barkley.

Mrs. John Carkner and daughters, Betty and Frances were week end guests of the formers parents Mr. and Mrs J. Barrigar.

Dr. Robert McLaughlin, of Paris Ont., spent Xmas with his father, Dr P. McLaughlin, returning home on Sunday night.

Misses Kathleen McGuirl and Bea Stuart, of Moosemin, Sask., spent the Christmas holidays with Miss Erma Beach.

Mr. and Mrs Hubert Rodney and son, Jack, of Smith's Falls, took dinner with the former's mother, Mrs. Burwash, on Monday.

Miss Myrtle Summers of City Hall staff, Toronto, spent Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Summers.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Poole, of Harmony and son, Grant, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hutchinson, at Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Francis and little son, Douglas, of New York, had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Docksteader on Thursday, last.

Mrs. Robert MacLachlan has returned to her home in Kenmore, after spending the past month with her daughter, Mrs. Donald Darling.

Miss Leila Brown is spending the holidays with her grandmother, Mrs. Robert Brown, at the home of Mrs. G. A. Dillabough, Aultsville.

The Misses Pauline Docksteader and Kaye Beach, of Ottawa, spent Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Docksteader.

The Misses Inez and Willena Beaton, of Westmount, Montreal, returned home on Monday, having spent the holidays with their aunt Mrs. B. McConkey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ross left to-day for Kingston, where they will spend New Years Day guests of Mrs. Ross' daughter, Mrs. D. Roughton and Mr. Roughton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Saunders, Kemptville, talked with their daughter at Honolula, Hawaii, on Christmas night, and could hear each other with clearness.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wood and daughter, Jean, and Mrs. D. H. Christie and son, Jack, of Ottawa, spent the Christmas Season with their mother, Mr. J. E. Hutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles French, Mr. and Mrs Harold Droppo and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Barkley and son Gordon spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Earle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Faulkner and family of Morewood, Mr. Harold Baker of Ottawa, and Arthur of Brinston, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mildren Baker.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. O Keyes on Tuesday were Dr. and Mrs. Swerdfeger, of Buffalo; Mrs. Dr. S. A Merkley, of Moosejaw; Mr. and Mrs C. Graham, Miss L McGee and Miss Helen Moad, Chesterville.

Miss Mary Schofield of British Columbia, who is a final year medical student at Toronto University, and Miss Jean Black, B. A., of Calgary, Alta., who is in attendance at the College of Education in Toronto, returned to the Queen City on Monday after spending the Christmas holiday with Mr. J. D. Stewart and family.

Season's Greetings



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The Needlecraft Store

Greetings

The Needlecraft Store extends to customers and friends Best Wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

IDA F. GARDNER

FOR SALE

45 laying Barred Rock Hens, 1 year old at $1 each.

Mrs. Laura Stuart
R. R. No. 1, Mountain, Ont.

TO RENT

Limited Storage Space along C. P. R. tracks at Winchester, also winter storage for cars. Terms reasonable. Apply
36tfc A. W. BEACH, Winchester.

FOR SALE

One pure bred Holstein Bull, rising 3 years. One pure bred Holstein Bull Calf, accredited herd. Jerry Summers,
36c Phone 618 r 24, Winchester.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Boyd wish to express their sincere appreciation to all who assisted at time of accident and also Form II, for the beautiful basket sent Albra.

36p

All Talking!

Moving Pictures

Community Hall

HALLVILLE

Tues., Night, Jan. 5

Charles Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll in

FOLLOW THROUGH

An All Musical Comedy in Technical Colors

TWO REEL COMEDY

One Reel Paramount News

Special

Midnight Show at 11 p.m. at the Rex Theatre, Chesterville Come and see the Old Year out and the New Year in. Show as usual on Friday and Saturday Nights.

ONE SHOW 8.15 p. m.

Admission 35c Children 25c

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I buy all kinds of old hens at highest market prices, also doing moving, etc, with my truck at reasonable rates. Apply to Morris Ross
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You get the entire earnings yearly
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All kinds Poultry wanted at all Seasons. Wool Wanted. I buy all kinds of Hides.
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Meets in the Lodge Room, over the Bank of Nova Scotia, Main Street, on the 2nd and 4th Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethern cordially invited.
W. Moffatt, Sec'y. C. B. Timmins, N. G.

LORNE WINFIELD MULLOY, B. A.
Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
IROQUOIS, ONTARIO
Telephone 67

DR. A. W. SHERWOOD
Dentist
Successor to Dr. McKeown in his office, St. Lawrence St., Winchester, Ont.
Telephone No. 28 Winchester

Loyal Orange Association
L. O. L. No. 862, meets First Wednes' of each month.
Prince Edward R. B. P. meets Las Wednesday of each month.
Victoria Lodge L. O. B. A. meets on Second Wednesday of each month.
IN ORANGE HALL WINCHESTER

Flowers And Sleep

No adequate reason is known, experts of the American Medical Association state in reply to an inquirer, for the almost universal custom, even in hospitals, of taking vases of cut flowers out of a sick room at night. Probably the habit is a mere superstition, formed long before modern medical science was developed and when some mysterious effluvium was supposed to flow out of all dead things, even out of cut flowers. It is true, the Association's experts admit, that cut flowers may give off a little carbon dioxide gas, either at night or in the daytime, but this gas always is present in the air anyway and can do no harm, even in a small room. If the odor of the flowers or the pollen dust which they may give off are bad for the patient at night, it seems logical to assume that these things would be just as bad for the patient in the daytime. One hospital authority mentions in support of the custom of removing flowers the possible psychological effect on the patient of having apparently fresh flowers brought back in the morning, which rather feeble reasons seems to be the only one that anyone can find. Apparentlly even the superstitious-hating medical profession stands convicted of clinging to at least one custom which has nothing but superstition behind it.

ISSUE No. 52—'31

Journey By Rocket To the Planets

David A. Lasser, in Nature Magazine (November, 1931).

To the imaginative mind, viewing the star-filled heavens and the luminous glow of the planets, there is present a world of mystery, and the suggestion of tremendous adventure beyond the earth.

In myth, in story, in scientific speculation, literature from the time of the Greeks has been filled with commentaries on the nature of our sister planets and of the great interplanetary space. Investigators searched out with telescopes the mysteries of the heavens, building up the impressive science of astronomy.

In all this investigation and romancing, it was not questioned that some day the planetary mysteries would be solved. Fancy since then, has been displaced by science, and through science man today has in the rocket ship a vehicle that in theory at least can lift him away from the earth across airless and heatless interplanetary space to the moon a quarter of a million miles away, or to Mars and Venus. Scientists of the highest reput are laboring on the giant that slumbers in the rocket to make the theory a reality.

To appreciate the nature of an interplanetary journey, it is necessary to understand the craft which is to transport us. The rocket is a form of recoil instrument. A charge of explosive is burned in a combustion chamber, and the resulting gases exert a tremendous pressure upon the chamber walls pushing the rocket forward. The action is similar to the recoil of a rifle—the explosion of the powder not only sends the bullet on its way but also kicks the gun against the rifleman's shoulder.

By its ability to accelerate slowly in order to arrive at the speed of seven miles per second, necessary to escape from the earth, the rocket is peculiarly fitted for the great task imposed upon it.

As yet no rocket fuels have proved in test that the technical problems have been solved. Nor have rockets in flight gone high enough to yield revolutionary results. During the past two years progress has been evident, and plans are now in progress in Europe and America to send them up from five to two hundred miles.

The dream of the interplanetary flight that was once a weapon for satirists, a butt for ridicule a dream of thecrists is now on the way to becoming an experience possible for the race! The start of the journey, whether to the moon, or Mars or Venus, will probably be made at night. The flight will be based on a mathematically plotted curve through the heavens.

At the start we will be lying in a metal-walled cabin of the rocket ship, in comfortable bunks, because the acceleration at the start will be so great that an unbearable pressure would force us to our knees, were we standing. At a signal from the navigator a great roar sounds behind us, and simultaneously the hand of an invisible giant presses us to our cots. For ten minutes, this pressure, growing more unbearable each moment, continues. It is as if a load of twice our weight were resting on our bodies. But at the moment when it seems that the pressure could be borne longer, it gradually begins to relax. The roar from the rocket exhausts has ceased and we learn that the power has been shut off. A speed of more than seven miles a second having been attained, we are forever free of the earth.

Hour after hour the ship will speed on silently, because its trip to the moon will consume possibly a day and a half. For a journey to Mars or Venus thirty to ninety days may be necessary. One will not travel directly toward Mars or Venus, but rather toward a point in the heavens where these bodies will be when we arrive. While we are moving these worlds are moving worlds are moving too, and our course has been plotted to effect a meeting with cruel accuracy.

But the hours, or days, of the journey will pass. The sky, even behind the sun, will be a deep, fathomless black, while the stars, billions of them, now, will shine out with a brilliant, hard, steady light. As day after day passes in the changeless sky, doubts will arise as to whether Mars or Venus will be at the appointed meeting place. Doubt will change to fear and then to terror. A hundred times we will believe ourselves lost, and like the first navigator of the Atlantic we will be assailed by the panic-stricken crew to turn back before we perish miserably in the infinite space.

When we get up, it is with care, for since we weigh nothing now, a single false step would send us shooting to the ceiling of the room. We cannot eat, drink or bathe as on earth. Water, being weightless, will not pour, nor will it remain in the bottom of a basin. All free liquids will float about a room disconcertingly in small globules; and to drink, one must squeeze his liquids from a soft flexible flask. And to breathe, we have a ventilating system that automatically sends through every room a stream of air, of the pressure and constituency we are accustomed to on earth. Impurities are changed chemically and the air revitalized for further use.

If faith triumphs, we will at last find its justification in the growing disc of Mars or Venus in the skies. It will grow from a small to a large disc, then into a gradually expanding ball. From an unblinking star, it will become a round, fair young world.

On Mars, too, life would probably be of a specialized character. For, with its extremely thin atmosphere—containing only a small fraction of the oxygen and water vapor of the earth's blanket, and its temperature range from 72 above zero to 40 degrees below (this range often being covered b[illegible] noon and midnight of one day) only a life form of the greatest hardihood could exist.

Winter-Time In Manchuria

The Chinese Know How to Thwart Cold, But the Japanese Suffer Intensily

Winter in Manchuria is winter in fact, according to George E. Sokolsky, in the N.Y. Times. Vast stretches of flat land covered by hillocks of snow—bitterly cold winds from the northern steppes or through the passes from not-too-distant Gobi. Snow all the time — rivers frozen over, providing new, temporary roads for pony-pulled sleighs, the transport of those who must travel. Chinese soldiers dressed in padded uniforms, so heavily padded that movements of arms and legs are slowed up. They live in railroad coaches, in barracks or in temples, burning whatever is available for the little fires which warm the tips of fingers or keep the teakettle boiling.

Foreigners dress in heavy fur coats, fur caps over their ears; huge leather boots, nearly up to their knees, for the snow lies deep and the air is cold, a dry, piercing, invigorating cold. Japanese soldiers often cover their mouths and nostrils with a pad through which the cold air passes more slowly. For the Japanese have no such cold climate in their own country, and they are particularly subject to influenza, pneumonia and similar illnesses when they are sent to Manchuria or Siberia. At Nikolaievsk, during the Siberian expedition, thousands of Japaneses soldiers froze to death, no protection being sufficient to save them from the winter's cold.

Japanese troops live when possible in railroad cars, where they can keep warm, but when they are sent after bandits, away from the main lines, they suffer from frostbite more than from bullets. For this reason fighting in the winter either becomes slow or ceases altogether. In the present fighting the Japanese are using more airplanes and armored trains than during the Siberian expedition in 1918, so that fewer soldiers are necessary. But neither armored cars nor airplanes can be serviceable against bandits, who are able to hide in the very snow which is so disastrous to strangers.

Difficulties of Winter Warfare.

Hand-to-hand fighting in the snow is almost impossible; isolated patrols can be buried, dying of exposure. Chinese soldiers or bandits are not easily identified, for when it is necessary they can rush into a village and be absorbed among the villagers. When the Japanese patrol comes along, no soldiers or bandits are to be seen—only villagers playing mah jong or discussing next year's crop. Roads are impassable. The Chinese know the shortest route across the ice from point to point, but strange soldiers have to lay out roads, which the peasants blot out when their backs are turned. Snow is as potent a weapon in Manchuria today as it was during Napoleon's march on Moscow.

Villages snowed in, the drab mud walls enclosing them frozen hard, almost like stone. The village gate is sealed by a huge white wall of ice—to be broken down and swept away when the storm passes.

In the village, the houses are close together, for it is a small place and in it live all the farmers of the neighborhood. They may be one of two families or even former friends, from the same districts in Shantung or Honan or Hopel, whence immigrated most of the present residents of Manchuria. They live close together for companionship in the vast, cold land, but also that they may defend themselves when bandits attack their village.

The Peasant Houses.

The peasants' houses are built of mud and straw, with roofs of gray tile or snow-covered thatch. In the centre of the village is the threshing ground, where in the Autumn the women thresh the wheat and kaoliang and millet; in a corner is a granary to store the beans and grains. A bit of frozen pork or a string of garlic hangs under the eaves, to be used to enrich the soup. The village dogs, close cousins to the wolf, prowl about, the only scavengers, except for chickens. Water is drawn from the village well. Beyond the village, on the farms, stand little mounds, snow covered mounds—here lie the ancestors of the village.

If the village is large enough to house an official, or perhaps the family of one who has become a General in the army or a rich city merchant, then the house is built of wood, with a gray-tiled roof. Inside the house of the peasants or the gentry it is not freezing cold, for always burns the k'ang, usually a stove made of gray bricks, against one side of the house. In the poorer houses the fire is made of corn-cobs, twigs of trees, kindling wood. In very poor families it is made of dung. The rich use coalballs, a composition of clay and coal dust. Except among the rich, the fire under the k'ang is made outside the house, the smoke blowing away with the wind.

At night, a heavy mat is placed on the k'ang and over that a feltlike sheet and on top of that the bedding and here the family sleeps. Primitive steam heat is the k'ang—primitive and warm.

In Manchuria, as in all China, it has been long known that man himself is the best furnace, if only the heat of his body can be conserved. So, as the autumn comes on, the Chinese puts on more garments, and during the winter still more garments, piling one on the other; silken, if there is money, otherwise cotton and wool and sheepskin and furs. His clothes are padded with cotton waste or silk waste or raw wool, garment on garment, bound tightly about the ankle and buttoned tightly under the chin. No frostbite kills a native, but the stranger to the climate suffers.

Quality has no substitute



Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*



"Her friends are not at all inclined to approve her actions as to her divorce."

"How's that?"

"She went and got it quietly while they were all away for the summer."

6-Year-Old Wonder Child



[illegible]ith Stanczynki of California, recently held Berlin [illegible] by her playing. When an enthusiast presented the child with a doll, her Polish father rushed forward and threw it back into the audience.

ROUND THE CORNER

By Ursula Bloom

It was a wise head who wrote the old proverb about the course of true love never running smooth. George Greyson reflected it, as he eyed Rosemary from under his lids. He loved her, yes, he really did love her; ash-blonde hair, grey eyes, and that little three-cornered mouth of hers. They had been half engaged for over a year, ever since that moment when they had met at the tennis dance. He had seen her dressed in Columbine, a fairy-like, fragile little thing, with pink and green ballons swirling about her. He had summoned up the courage to kiss her, and she had not rebuffed him. He had felt ecstasy and triumphant pride swelling together within him. Adorable little thing! When he was able he would buy her a ring.

Ever since then they had been meeting every other evening, walking in the park together, sitting on two prim chairs and glancing at each other, and saying all those romantic sweet nothings that lovers do say. Or they had been to the pictures, and had sat there hand in hand, thrilling with the sentimental parts, joying in the love of it.

Now, to-night, this had happened.

George supposed he had not been feeling too good-tempered when they met. He had had a bad day at the office, hot weather, and the chief with his rag out—one of those days when everything goes wrong. Then he had been afraid that he was going to be late, and had bolted his supper, and had waiter in the park, walking up and down, and every moment had made him more indignant with himself for getting there late!

When she had arrived, she had not been hurrying—just strolling along leisurely.

"You've kept me waiting," he had announced, and she had replied, quite calmly:—

"Oh, have I?"

That was all. Yet, from that little "all" everything had started. Now they were sitting on two chairs, hot and angry with each other.

"I never thought you'd be such a beast," she flashed, "saying all those unkind things."

"Well, what about you? The truth of the matter is that you have got used to me. You haven't been as nice as you used to be for ages."

"You're being stupid. You can't go on being sloppy for ever."

"Sloppy!"

He echoed the words irately.

There came silence. He was wondering if it would be a terrible comedown to suggest a compromise. He was contemplating the best way to approach it, when she said, angrily:—

"I think I'll go home; if you are going to sulk it isn't very pleasant for me."

"I wasn't sulking."

"That's it, contradict me."

Almost viciously he made a grand movement and hailed a taxi-cab. That would surprise her. He did not often rise to taxis, but he would take her home in style. The end should be a triumphant one.

She showed little surprise as she got inside and sat down with her face averted from him. That in itself was disarming.

George gave the man the address and got in beside her. He was thankful that the journey was not a long one. They bowled along.

"It's not as hot as it was,' he said at last. She ignored him. He repeated the modest remark; "Not as hot as it was. . . ."

"Well, I don't care I like the heat," she snapped

"I've never seen you so thoroughly beastly," he announced.

"Well, then, it's a new side of my nature. I don't know what has come over you to-night. I suppose this is the end?"

The longing to plead with her suddenly disappeared. "I suppose it is," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"I never thought it would end like this."

"If you hadn't been so snappy it wouldn't have done."

"You've never cared for me," she protested. "A good thing we found it out before we were married. A nice thing it would have been after."

"Yes, wouldn't it?"

She turned upon him furiously. "I'll never speak to you again as long as I live," she declared. "Never! This is the end."

"Granted," he sniffed, and sat back. Well, he had got one in there.

The taxi rolled on. He had not been noticing where they were going, because he had been entirely preoccupied with his own quarrel, but now it struck him that the streets were looking queerly unfamiliar. A short cut perhaps. He refused to take any notice. He had an idea that she was crying, something bright and glittering in her eyes! No, he would not notice. On they went.

On the box the old taxi-man crouched over his wheel. He was thinking of last night, of the fare he had had—a fat old gent, with white whiskers and all got up like a dandy. While carnation in his buttonhole, shiny hat and all. "Brixton," the old gentleman had said, "and a fat tip if you get me there quickly." The smell of his cigar had been good as a meal. The taximan had gone along to Brixton, and had had luck. He knew the way well, for he had had a mother-in-law who lived round there, and who had kept a little fish shop, and many a time he had gone down for the little dainty she had put aside for her daughter. Years since he had been that way, and rather pleasant to be going over the remembered ground again with the old gent with the shiny hat and the carnation, puffing at his strong-smelling cigar in the back of the car. Then, when they had got there, out the old gent had got, sprightly and agile enough, and he had stood on the edge of the pavement and had counted out the money, fat tip and all. It had been a fat tip, too!

Then he had done an amazing thing. He had taken off his hat; he had folded it and put it in his pocket. He had taken off his whiskers and had done the same. He had turned a laughing woman's face to the driver of the taxi-cab, and had turned and strode inside the house.

The driver would never forget it. All day long he had been thinking about it. All day long he had thought of the smell of the cigar, and the old gent who had taken off his hat and his whiskers and had laughed up at him impudently.

One of the others had told him about it at the rank when he was waiting for a fare.

"You got hold of Ella de Wrench," he said; "she used to be on the stage, did male impersonating. They say she goes on doing it in her private life. She's a caution."

All the same, he could not forget it. He was mooning along and thinking about it when suddenly . . .

"Hi," said George furiously, his head out of the window, "where do you think you are driving us? What are you doing? I said Battersea."

The taximan came out of his daydream.

"Blimey! I was thinking of last night's fare—a caution that was—and I've brought you to Brixton."

"Well, you just jolly well take us back—and at your own expense," said George, and he slammed up the window.

The taximan turned the cab slowly. At the corner of the street was the house where he had left her—cigar and white whiskers and all.

"Dashed annoying," said George.

Rosemary came out of her handkerchief and glanced at him.

"What's happened?"

"Why, the moony old fool has brought us all the way to Brixton. Heaven knows what he was thinking about."

He thought furiously that now they would have to prolong this awkward tete-atete. He fumed to himself.

"What was he thinking about?" she asked. "Perhaps he had had a row with somebody, too."

George caught the inflection of her voice and was suddenly ashamed.

"I—I never think rows are worth while," he commented, "one does say such nasty things; all the same. . ."

"You said some very nasty things," she said.

"So did you."

There was a silence for a moment as the cab rolled along the street.

"I'm sorry, if you are," she said at last, very softly indeed.

"Darling. . . ." He caught her to him, just as the cab struck a pothole in the road He caught her to him, and kissed the little upturned face. The cheeks were quite wet, her eyes were brimming.

"Oh, George," and she clung to him. "Oh, George, darling, I feel so awful about it. I didn't mean those things, really I didn't . . . please, George. ."

"Sweetheart," and he kissed her again and again, "darling little sweetheart After this, dearest, we will have to be properly engaged, because I am not risking any more disputes. We will buy a ring at once. We will put the banns up."

"Oh, George!"

He held her to his heart. "Fancy, if the moony old fool hadn't driven us to Brixton we shouldn't ever have had time to make it up. We should have parted, perhaps for ever."

"That would have been too awful," she said, and she lifted her lips and kissed him timidly. "I'm not angry that he went to Broxton, are you?" I've got rather a weakness for the place, couldn't we live there when—when we are married?"

"And may it be soon," he whispered.

The taxi jarred to a standstill by the kerb of a Battersea flat. Slowly they got out.

"I'm sorry about that there," said the taximan—and he scratched his head. "I don't know what made me think like that, day dreamin' and all that. I do hope it ain't caused you no inconvenience."

"On the contrary it is one of the best things you ever did," said George, "and I'm going to pay for it."

The taximan watched him as he counted out the change. He watched George as he turned and linked his arm in Rosemary's, and then did a little gavotte of their own on the pavement and into the house.

"Blimey," said the taximan, and his eyes grew round with amazement; "if that there ain't another comic fare. Who'd ha' believed it?"—Tit Bits.

A CONQUEROR.

The world-conqueror is valiant; more valiant is he who conquers himself.—Herder.

DRUDGERY.

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.—Margaret Fuller.

Wireless King's Daughter Named After Yacht



Having spent most of her short life aboard her father's yacht, the baby daughter of Guglielmo Marconi, wireless inventor, has been named Elettra after the noted craft. In this recent photograph Marconi is seen with his wife admiring wee Elettra, who was born in Civitavecchia, ancient port of Rome.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

By JOHN EVERETT

Life

He came back to earn $250—and he found the real gold of life.

GARTH WATERFORD was returning to Little Petersham at last. Considering the high hopes with which he had gone away—the many times he had assured his mother that within two years he would have a business of his own in London—both the moment and method of his return were unusual, to say the least. For the hands of the church clock stood at eleven as the furtive figure slouched along the muddy lane, keeping to the gloom, and darting past the spots where a ray of light showed the presence of a house.

It was his mother who had brought him back to the village. Unemployment, a hard time, his own children, had sharpened his sympathies, and he wanted to know whether she was still alive and well.

Why hadn't he written to her? Well, he had written so hopefully at first, and, somehow, he had shrunk from exhibiting his failure to the one being in life who believed in him. Now he was doing worse than ever; in fact, if anything went wrong that night—He pulled up his thoughts, not daring to pursue them.

What was more important was the fact that, if everything went right, Josh Hooker had promised him fifty quid. With that he could make a fresh start, he and Ellen and the two children.

It was easy, really. They had only let him in because he knew the Grange like the back of his hand, having worked there helping the gardeners in his youth. All he had to do was to meet Hooker's two cronies at the bend in the wall by the brook, show them the way over, and point out the library windows. Then he would keep watch while they were inside, giving a hand only if they hit a snag.

They had all pointed out to him how lucky he was. "Money for jam" the gang called it. Garth Waterford was not so sure. So far, he had never committed a crime, or assisted in one, and the fact that this crime was to take place so near his mother's place, amid the scenes he had known so well in his youth, made him loathe the job.

The straggling group of cottages, with one or two big houses which made Little Petersham, was deserted. Everyone would be at the concert in the hall at the other end of the village, waiting to welcome in the New Year—except his mother, who was too old, and the major from the Grange. He was in London. Hooker had found that out by judicious inquiries some days before.

Garth was by the village store now—the weather-beaten little shop had been his home and his father's home before him.

There was a light shining through the glass panels of the door behind the shop, and the light lit up a flickering flame that had never died within him.

His mother would be there. He must see her just once. It would be dangerous to be recognized; they'd connect him with the robbery. But there could be no harm in slipping into the garden and looking in through the window. If he could be sure she was well, then perhaps he would not hate the rest of the night's work so much. But he hadn't many minutes.

Silently he lifted the latch of the gate and slipped into the gloom beyond. With a queer little thrill, he felt his feet on the old brick path, half overgrown with lichen. He rounded the bend by the outhouse, and stepped into a path of light which made the frost sparkle on the bushes.

The light only came from an oil lamp, shining through the kitchen door, but to Garth Waterford it seemed like the limelight of a theatre. The kitchen door was open—wide open. Mustn't let his mother see him. He made to draw back into the shadow before the white-haired old lady inside that doorway should know he was there.

But already she was peering out into the gloom.

"Garth," she said softly. "It's my boy come home or a ghost. I saw you. Where are you?"

The man crouched down. Why in goodness had he come here at all? He saw a frown overshadow his mother's face.

"Garth," she said, louder, "five years you've been gone, but I knew it was you. If it wasn't I'm going mad—mad from thinking about you. Speak, Garth, if you are here!"

She was clinging to the doorpost for support. Hang it all, he couldn't play a trick like that! Perhaps five minutes, then an excuse to slip away. He stood erect and advanced to the light.

"It's me, mother," he said. "Come to surprise you for a few minutes. I'm"—he searched for a lie, and decided the truth was vague enough—"I'm on my way North."

For a moment the old lady did not move. Then she took two tottering steps to his side and caught his face in her hands, kissing him in between hysterical little laughs.

"I knew you'd come back, Gorth," she said. "You wouldn't forget your old mother because of your grand friends. Come in, my son—come in, and tell me everything that's happened to you."

He led her gently back to her high-backed chair beside the fire. Now he was beside her, he could see how the years or the loneliness had aged her. Very frail she looked.

"You shouldn't have that door open," he said. "It's cold to-night.

"I know, Garth," she answered; "but don't forget it's New Year's Eve. Other folk shut their doors, and wait for someone to call and let in another year. But I say: 'Throw your door open to the world, to show that your heart is open to it as well.' I don't wait for someone to call. I hold the door open in welcome. And my open door has brought me my son. Make some tea, Garth, just to show you haven't forgotten where the teapot is."

As he busied himself about the little kitchen she was looking at him, seeing again the boy who went away. She saw the new lines in his face—the lines of poverty. The grey-flecked hair—the shabby clothes—the anxiety in the restless eyes. Like an open book, she read the story of his struggle and his failure.

Together they sat beside the fire, with their cups of tea.

"And is London so grand?" she said at last.

Somehow, he could not deceive her. "Things didn't turn out like—like I hoped, mother," he said. "Work is difficult to get. At first it wasn't so bad, but after I married——"

"My boy married!" she broke in. "And his mother never knew! Oh, Garth, why didn't I know?"

He shook his head.

"I couldn't write, mother," he continued. "After I married everything went wrong. I lost my job. Jimmy, the eldest, came. I tramped the country looking for work. Things are very difficult." He pulled himself together. "But the worst's over now. I'm on my way to a job."

But the old lady was not listening.

"Then I was right," she was saying. "My poor boy did need me, and I didn't know wehere to find him. Night after night I saw you in my dreams and knew you needed me, and you never came. Oh, Garth, my son, why couldn't I help? Why didn't you come to your mother?"

She was not looking at him; she was looking at his photograph that still hung over the mantel. Her breath seemed to be coming with difficulty; she was very pale. Shock. Of course that was it: He was a fool to have come back. The clock pointed to eleven-fifty. In another ten minutes he was due at the Grange. He looked at his mother—not safe to leave her until she felt better. Anything might happen if he just went off now.

He knelt beside her, rubbing her hands—hands knotted and old through working for him and the brother who lay in France.

"It's all right, mother," he said, with a curious tightening in his throat. "It hasn't been as bad as that. I'm all right now—fixed up fine. And one day soon I'll bring Ellen and the children down to see you—I promise I will."

She clutched his hand with a grip that surprised him.

"You won't leave me again, Garth," she demanded, stroking his hair. "Never again! You must send for your wife and the children. The shop's too much for me now. I've only kept it on in case you came back. I'm too old to stand all day. It's waiting for you, just as the house is waiting for your children. You must stay, Garth—tell me you'll stay!"

She was clutching him still tighter to her; her eyes were wild. If he cleared off now he might be the murderer of his own mother. He couldn't do it—not for a thousand Hookers!

Gently he released his hand and went to the door, stepping out into the yard. Not a sound broke the silence. Just the canopy of stars, frostily clear above his head, and the hushed world, waiting, it seemed, for another year. Peace—a peace he had not known for five struggling years—enveloped him. He remembered that this place meant home, love, security—all those things he was in danger of losing. It meant——

The silence was shattered by the sound of bells that echoed among the cottages. The New Year! And Hooker's men waiting for him three miles off. Well, they'd have to wait a long time. He had come back to earn $250, and he had found gold—the real gold of life. He was going to take it and fight for it.

He stepped back into the kitchen. His mother had risen from her chair and was waiting for him.

"A dark man comes to bring me New Year luck," she said, kissing him again. "That means a happy New Year for both him and me. Garth, my dear, no need to tell me that you are going to stay. I know now."

He put his arm round her shoulders.

"Yes, mother I'm going to stay—always," he said. "And now you must rest."

He helped her up to her room over the shop; then came down again to turn out the lamp. But before he did and taking something from his pocket so he went to the end of the garden, dropped it down the well. The jemmy he had never used, and which he would never need to use now, for the bad old year had gone and a bright New Year had dawned."—Answers (London).

WORK TO DO.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put out hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

"The world crisis is no longer solely economic, but above all is spiritual and moral"—Benito Mussolini.

The art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. —H. Taylor.

Geoffrey Toye, the composer, and some friends of his were watching the commencement of a race in which the King's yacht was taking part, and in which, incidentally, it made a false start. "Ah," said Toye, "Britannia waives the rules, eh?"

The costermonger smiled happily at the thought that his donkey was enjoying a free feed. "You're a good little girl to be so kind to a dumb friend," he said. "But who gave you those carrots?" "The good little girl smiled happily. "I took them from the back of your barrow," she said, imply.

Aged Bridge Enthusiasts Follow Experts' Play



Even guests in Hebrew House for the Aged in New York follow Lenz-Culbertson tilt over radio and try out each play themselves just to make sure it's okay. These are all over 80.

Big Timber

She's going! . . . Timber! The big Douglas fir, monarch of the Northwest forest, trembles and sags.

Cr-r-a-a-ack! A heart-string of nature one imagines might snap with that rending, echoing snarl.

A tone unlike any other, it makes the heart stand still.

The silent forest thrills to its despair and menace.

Wild things "freeze into instant alertness or spurt forth like living bullets to get out of range."

"Timber!" the lumberjack's warning cry rings out again.

And now the debacle. The venerable monarch, gnawed through by axe and saw, plunges down in a majestic arc amid appalling uncertainty as to its destructive caprice.

With an earth-shaking "Crash . . . Boom!" relates an anonymous writer in The World's Work, "the giant Douglas fir, mightiest tree of the big woods, thundered to the ground."

Nor is the tragedy of the tree the sole tragedy wrought by its collapse, for now we are given this flash of drama:

"Look out—that side-winder! . . . Gosh! it got him."

Wrecking everything in its path, the big tree had snapped off another tree like matchstick, and lay stretched far down the steep, timbered slope. One man was too late, or too unlucky, to get in the clear. The others saw him fall, got him out with surprising quickness. A hush settled upon them as they realized it was useless to administer first aid.

Swiftly the word went round. And though it was all a part of life in the roughest timber country in America, the men were silent and awed when they picked up their axes and saws again. All were thinking the same thing, brooding over the chances men who invade the forests must take, wondering who would be next.

They have a saying, these fatalistic lumberjacks, that another man follows the way of the first, once a killing occurs, and the World's Work writer quotes the woods bosses in the long-log country as declaring that the men, when death is in the air, become anxious, overcautious—and "It don't do to be afraid out here. Something always happens if you are." On the other hand, "You can't be reckless, neither."

Which recalls the remark of "a more educated observer" that what lumberjacks need in their business is "a certain nonchalance."

It is hard to give a name to it, confesses the writer, but "every lumberjack is master of the woods when he goes in. If he loses that notion, 'gets funny,' he'd better lay off for a while" With which we return to the man-killing Douglas fir:

The big tree was down and the work only started. They had to "get the logs out." Across the canyon the big "skidder" roared its challenge. Great armlike booms and long, steel sinews, necessary now to make the lumberjack's job possible, were ready to try their skill once more against the forest giants.

So the "buckers" started to work. The 300-foot fir, fourteen feet through, was lying on a grade, and if one of the forty-or sixty-foot logs cut from it happened to roll—well, that " other man" might find his turn had come.

Incidentally, such a lay can be dangerous in other ways—for instance, if there's a grudge to pay off.

Not much of that sort of thing nowadays, however; the men are too busy. They are paid by the piece, and they are out to "make it." Besides, they have their hands full fighting the woods.

Once in a while, of course—there's a fight they still talk about.

Between two buckers, it was. A burly veteran watched his chance and cut his log for a roll. The man it was intended to crush was at the moment only a little way down, and the grade was steep. He didn't see it, but others who did yelled a warning. His one leap saved him from extinction by just about an inch. He came up the hill fighting—superintendents and bosses mattered little just then.

He was almost as husky as the other, fully as tough, somewhat younger, and a whole lot madder. But he faced one of the worst old-time fighters of the woods. He risked terrible maiming, or more.

The two fought it out in the brush. This is no place for details of lumberjack fights, but neither of the men got stomped in the face of "the corks." The younger man was too fast, and his fists alone sufficed to slug the big bucker into gory, ugly defeat.

It is surprising, exclaims the World's Work writer, "how tough buckers can be. Fellers, too. A certain brawny young fellow—athlete, hunter, mountain climber—took a job in the woods. They put him to falling. On the other end of the saw was a wizened old man, apparently too thin and scrawny to stand the work of the woods." But was the old fellow fit? Listen:

As the day wore on the big fellow's back became lame, his arms dragged as if weighted, and hours before quitting time the saw had become a thing of torture. But the little old fellow on the other end kept sawing away, and only the whistle saved the athlete from collapse.

When a big fir is buckled, or cut, into forty-foot logs, the falling and bucking crew moves on, and later the rigging crew takes up the job. The choker-setter is the man who puts the "necktie" on the log, or fastens the steel choker before giving the "high-ball" to the "whistle punk." The whistle punk, the chap who handles the whistle wire, relays the signal at the proper time to the engineer, who is out of sight of the men in the woods.

Then, when the main line tightens, something like one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of log rises out of the brush and hurtles toward the head tree, with Danger riding the "turns." That log may become a wild thing that can annihilate humans like so many ants.

The high-climber gets the biggest pay in the woods. He climbs, trims, tops, and "rigs up" the trees to which the steel lines are attached, and no high-climber knows which tree may be his last.

His very life-belt may be his worst hazard. If he cuts it by mistake, back and down he plunges. Or if the tree splits and spreads as the big top falls, his life-belt may squeeze his life out against the trunk.

Quick thinking sometimes saves him.

A high-climber in Oregon demonstrated that not long ago. He was up an unusually tall tree, with an extra-heavy top. The tree split as the top started down. Frantically he cut the belt from around him, and in the act of falling backward, sank his axe in the tree's trunk. Then, though the tree jerked violently, he managed to hold on, with only axe and spurs to save him.

That's fast work. And there is fast work, too, in the annual "rolleo" contests, for rivalry is keen. Speed is the essence of that sport, as the climbers go up the great spar trees, top them, and race down again in death-defying leaps.

The best of the outfits in all Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia compete in these contests, and the logging camps are deserted. On July 4 of this year Mike Palanuk won the championship; it took him 7 minutes and 25 seconds to scamper up his tree, top it, and slither back to earth. Try that some time on 150-foot fir.

Experienced men cite a curious fact: that accidents have a way of happening at eleven o'clock in the morning or four in the afternoon, or on Mondays—at times when there's apt to be a physical letdown. The very last load in, or the last log bucked, or loaded, sometimes takes its toll of lumberjacks off guard. Here is an instance:

Lumberjacks had cut out the timber, and the rigging crew had set the choker on the last load. A group of the crew mounted a windfall to watch the last turn come in. Not far away a hemlock had been left intact. As the load drew near, something caught the haulback line, the load swung sharply toward the hemlock, and then crashed against it. The men on the windfall leaped for their lives, but the tree came down upon them and all were killed. No other load in the show had touched that hemlock, nor had any of the men been hurt before.

The story winds up with an intimate personal experience, thus:

The story winds up with an intimate personal experience, thus:

A man was walking along a quiet stretch of track near a logging show one day. To the side of the road a rusty line of wire rope lay curled harmlessly in the rubble. A moment later wire rope lay curled harmless later that steel line, flashing up like a rawhide whip, had become a living thing, taut and menacing.

Through some swift, instinctive reaction, the man threw his head back at the sound, and the line sang past, brushing his corduroys on the way. Had that man been a split second slower, his head would have been clipped off as by a sword.

And in that case this sketch you have been reading would never have materialized, for dead men tell no tales.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST—MEETING THE FAMILY By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



New Year's Eve

No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself. But now, shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings . . . I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny.

I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Charles Lamb.

Arctic Sea Life

The climate of the Canadian North does not adversely affect the sea life, according to the records of the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior. During the winter much of the surface of the water is covered by approximately five feet of ice, which forms a clearly defined line of demarcation between the Arctic conditions maintaining above its surface and those in the water beneath, the result being that general conditions in the Arctic waters are much similar to those found in more temperate zones. These conditions are clearly reflected in the character and quantity of sea life found north of the Arctic circle. The herds of sea mammals have not only supported the local inhabitants for many generations, but have also entered the world markets; the fisheries, while as yet undeveloped, have domestic economy of the country; the long been an important factor in the supply of mollusc supports many of the larger sea animals; while the smaller varieties of sea life maintain the fish and some of the smaller mammals. The marine vegetation is plentiful and is drawn upon by all forms of animal life as an aid to their subsistence.



Daughter—"You'll have to give me away when I marry Tom."

Father—"I have already told him how extravagant you are and he isn't discouraged yet."

Gold Production in Canada

Production of gold during 1930 from all sources in Canada amounted to 2,102,068 fine ounces valued at $43,453,601 as against an output of 1,928,308 fine ounces valued at $39,861,663 in 1929. This was the largest output ever recorded in Canada.

GRACE

A great writer has said that "grace was beauty in action." I say that justice is truth in action.

A bargain is a bargain—even if the other woman gets it.

Young Angus had been out late with his girl. When he came home his father was still sitting up. "Hae ye been oot wi' yon lassie again?" he asked. "Aye, dad," replied Angus. "Why do ye look sae worried?" "I was just wondering how much the evening cost." "No more than half a croon, dad." "Aye? That was no sae much." "It was a' she had."

New Year's Eve

I look up in the morning of the year,
And I behold Thee flooding all the sky
With that bright wonder of a heart outpoured.
The night of peace and stars has made me bold,
And from the humbleness of years' defeat,
I dare to rise again and lift a prayer.
O Father of a little trusting child,
Keep Thou my faltering steps upon a way
That is unknown. And teach me how to walk
Forth gladly, with no coldly shackling fears.
Lift me to understanding of thy love;
Give to my mind the firmness and the grace
Of grey stone fences in the morning sun,
Set with all sureness on the warm brown earth,
With little grasses growing by the gate.
Make Thou my heart courageous for its days
As little purple violets blooming low
Beneath their seareдged, frost-chilled leaves.
And if the bending of the bare lean boughs
Shall strike long shadows on the path I choose,
Help me to walk without a shrinking step
Through colder ways than I have known before.
. . . . . .
Great Captain of all those who seek for Thee,
Command my forward march, and lead me on.

—Rachel Dunaway: A Prayer for the New Year.

A New Year's Suggestion

D. D. Twitchell

Most people make resolutions for the New Year. This year when you make your resolutions why not include some for the benefit of our animal friends? These suggestions may help you. Why not resolve that you—

1. Will not allow yourself to be too hurried, too preoccupied or sufficiently unkind to fail to speak kindly to the dog who greets you with a friendly wag.

2. Will not fail to think of the hours of imprisoned loneliness endured by the canary that sings for you and that you will whistle to him or do some other of the many things which make a caged bird happier. A bit of lettuce to peck at or his cage moved to a different window helps to pass the time more pleasantly.

3. Will not be one of those people who put the cat out if it disturbs you, without finding out why it disturbs you. It may be that the cat is hungry, thirsty, or wishes to be played with or petted, or it may be you are disturbed because you are irritable.

4. Will not laugh at, praise, or otherwise encourage, either a child or grown person who torments domestic animals or hunts or traps wild ones.

5. Will point out courteously but unfailingly whenever possible to fur wearers, that the price of the fur that they wear is not only paid for by their money, but is also paid for by the agony, torture, fear, and death of some animal.

Affirmation

It is ending now. I shall watch the year
Lock its cold doors.
And the house of earth grow chill, and the wind
Sweep the white floors.

Snow is so small a house to wall a world
Eternity-hurled!
But there are roots at the wall, and grass, and trees.
I'll trust in these.

—Howard McKinley Corning, in The New York Sun.

Resolutions

The New Outlook (Toronto).—How would it be to put among our New Year's resolutions one to the effect that we will try to be better-natured and more companionable for the next twelve months. Crankiness doesn't add anything to any one else's happiness, and it certainly doesn't make life any smoother for ourselves. If it isn't as deeply-dyed as some of the other vices it makes up by being peculiarly trying on those who have to live with it.

Plan More Trade For Canadian Ports

Ottawa. — The Dominion Government is giving consideration to the question of routing more of Canada's trade through Canadian ports. Sir Alexander Gibb and members of his staff in making a report on Canadian port facilities are particularly studying this phase, it was stated in Government circles. Sir Alexander's report is said to be nearing completion.

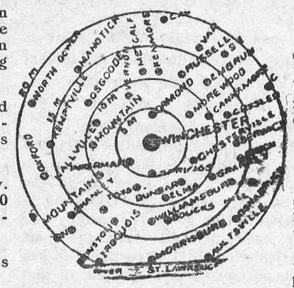
THE WINCHESTER PRESS

The Press has a guaranteed circulation of over 1000 in the district shown on the map to the right. It was established in 1887 and is today the Largest and Leading Newspaper in the County of Dundas.

Dundas, for its size, is the richest and most progressive County in Ontario. Winchester is the centre of the County and has about 1250 of a population.

The Press is published every Thursday. Subscription $1.50 in advance, foreign $2.00 Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

We invite inquiry and answer questions cheerfully Write or Phone 21



Advertising Rates

All local display advts. 16c per inch each insertion, by yearly contract.

Small advts. such as For Sale, Wanted Found, Lost, etc., not over one inch, 50c for first insertion and 25c for each subsequent insertion. IF NOT PAID FOR IN ADVANCE THE PRICE IS 60c and 30c

In Memoriam Notices 50c and 25c for each verse. Card of Thanks 50c.

Transient Display Advts. 40c per inch single col. If for issues without changes 25c per inch. Any advt. inserted for less than six months at above rates.

Legal, Municipal and Government advertising 12c per line first insertion and 6c line for each following. 12 lines to inch.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1931

BEGINNING A NEW YEAR

It has almost become a joke to make a New Year Resolution. Anyway no one pays any attention to what are called "New Year Resolutions." However, no one can enter upon a new year without some thought of what that year may have in store, and he is a wise man who takes a prospective, and endeavors to shape a course that may result in better conditions.

The civilized world is to-day in a state of uncertainty, and thoughtful men do not view the future with any too sure confidence that 1932 will bring about a social and economic state that they would like to see. In fact we are feeling as never before the real effect of the "Great War," and the past two years especially, have brought about a state of affairs that our most prominent statesmen have so far failed to fully grasp and provide for.

Of course it is always better to look upon the bright side of things. But facts are facts, and conditions to-day exist in the world about us that must be recognized, grappled with, and wisely as well as determinedly handled, if we are to come safely out of this world wide depression. The thousands upon thousands of men in all civilized lands who are able to work, are willing to work and earn so that they themselves and their families may be clothed and fed, but who are denied that work, and are reduced to such a state that they have become suppliants, even beggars, while the few money kings, the men who, because of special endowments, have correlled the wealth of the world, control our industries, and who practically dictate the policies of governments, are spending extravagantly.

It is no wonder then that thinking men are apprehensive, and that leaders of governments look into the coming year of 1932 with feelings that are not any too comfortable. We in rural sections do not realize to its full extent just how serious world conditions are, but even the rural population realizes that if there comes not soon a change, there is bound to be trouble.

The influence of "Soviet" Russia, of the agitation of Red Communists, cannot at the present time be ignored. Their propaganda is finding furtile soil in the hearts and minds of the thousands of starving, hard-pressed and now almost desperate men who are willing to work, but who are denied that privilege in order that the money lords of the land may enjoy, with those they favor, to their hearts' content, all the luxuries that nature and the skill of men provide.

It is all well enough for men who hold the reins of power, men who are considered leaders, but who are surrounded by all the comforts that money can provide, who, when they travel, do so in the most luxurious manner, men who know nothing of the pangs of hunger, who are always protected from the cold blasts of the winter, whose families are being reared not only in luxury and idleness, but who flourish their unearned wealth in the faces of the unfortunate, to stand up in our legislative halls and on public platforms and tell us that the present is but an economic condition that has in the past, and will continue to periodically visit this world, and all we have to do is to exercise patience and keep watching for the prosperity that seems ever hiding just around the corner.

It is all right for the men who know not what it is to have obligations to meet in the way of taxes, who do not see their wives and their children denied even the bare necessities of a comfortable home, to send forth their messages of hope and good cheer, and promises that conditions must change. But that does not meet the pressing obligations of the man who is behind in his rent, the farmer who has not paid his taxes, the man who is working like a slave to pay the interest on the chattel mortgage that covers the stock and the implements he has to work with and depend on. It does not feed the hungry children nor help keep them warm.

It is all right to start a money-collecting movement to help out the present situation, but how many of the really rich give in proportion to their wealth. If all subscription lists for helping the unemployed and needy were revised, it would be found that the bulk of the contributions came from those who could least spare it. The men, whose fortunes are counted in hundreds of thousands, and in millions, are setting back and waiting their chance to again put their brains and their money at work so that they may accumulate bigger fortunes.

And it is because of such a condition that Communism finds fertile soil in our industrial centers, and is spreading to the rural sections.

It is better to always look on the bright side, but it is foolish not to see the danger that is lurking all about you. Socialistic doctrines are being unconsciously discussed in the home of the average citizen, in the back rooms of country stores, in places where farmers and idle men gather. Many of them do not know that they are propagating socialistic thoughts, but they do know that economic conditions are not as they should be, and they feel the burden of those unjust conditions.

We have just passed through, and most of us have enjoyed the Christmas season. To-morrow we enter upon a New Year. Men who have given much thought to world conditions have issued their warning and their advice. Some one has said that our present civilization is a socialistic tinder box, and it requires only a spark to set it afire, and then— well God only knows what may result.

One thing is certain, and the Winchester Press makes the prediction, that before another decade there will be conditions in all civilized lands far worse than we can imagine prevail in Soviet Russia, or there will be the emancipation of the poor man and the conditions that bring about such depression as the world is now going through. When men will have learned that no man can live unto himself, and each in his brother's keeper, when the principals of living, as laid down by Jesus Christ, will have been adopted in a practical way.

Yes, we are beginning a New Year—the year 1932. Each of us will have our little part to play in shaping its destiny. If the big thinking men of to-day are disquited and apprehensive, we too must feel the effect. It is time for everyone to take serious thought of to-morrow.

PASSES AT CANNAMORE

Attended by many friends and relatives the funeral of Mrs. Geo. E. Smith, a well known resident of this village, was held Monday afternoon from her late home to Morewood United Church, where service was conducted by the Rev. Armstrong, assisted by Rev. Nimmo of the Morewood Presbyterian Church and Rev. Munroe of Russell. Interment took place in the Russell Methodist Cemetery.

Mrs. Smith, formerly Sarah (Sadie) Boothe, a daughter of Mrs Boothe and the late Mark Boothe, of Russell, died suddenly Saturday afternoon. She had been in failing health for the past three years. Born in Russell in 1889. After her marriage she moved to Kenmore, later to Cannamore where she resided for the past eighteen years. She was active in the work of the many societies of the United Church where she had been a member.

Mr. Wesley Reveler, assisted by the choir, sang her most favourite hymn, "The Old Rugged Cross."

Surviving are her husband and family of four, namely, Jean, Lawrence, Mary and Irwin. all at home, an aged mother, one sister, Mrs. Fred Loucks, one brother, Willie Boothe, all of Russell.

Many and beautiful were the floral offerings contributed by:

Pillow—The family.

Sprays—Mother; Mr. and Mrs Fred Loucks and Willie; Mr. and Mrs. Willie Boothe and family; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rombough; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kennedy; the Russell United Church Choir.

Wreaths—Mrs. A. E. Glasgow and family; IOOF 285, Morewood; the patrons of the Cannamore Cheese Factory.

Cut Flowers—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Roberts, Cornwall.

The pall-bearers were Thos. Reveler, Roy Fetterly, Vernon Fetterly, Clarke Smith, Cam Thompson and Calvin Gordon.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul
Not hurrying to, nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up the hill or down.

MOUNTAIN PARK

The Annual Meeting of the Mountain Memorial and Community Park Inc., was held at the Foster Hotel on the evening of Dec. 14. Owing to the inclemency of the weather no doubt the attendance was not as large as it might have been. Mr. S W. VanAllen was appointed to preside and Mr. H. C. Fader was chosen to record the minutes. The secretary of the Park Directorate gave a resume of the main activities were the conducting of the skating rink, hockey matches, carnivals, and skating parties. Trees were felled and the firewood made from them when sold, furnished some proceeds towards the upkeep of the Park. During the summer the grounds were used for Sunday School picnics and sport meets. The Park has an area of twenty-two acres and good driveways and drinking water are available. It provides an ideal place for a days outing in private, ciass or society, picnics, school fairs, ball games, etc.

The feeling of the members was that words couldn't be found to express their appreciation of the amount and quality of the work of beautification along the main drive west of "Hill 70" all of which is due to our "Mr. Ellis". During the fall of the year the chief work accomplished was the rebuilding of the fence at the south side of the grounds. The result of the election of members of the Board of Directors was that the personnel was unchanged.

LATE MRS. JOHN VANALLAN

A fitting tribute was paid one of VanCamps highly respected citizens on Thursday, Dec 24th, when the funeral services of the late Mrs. John VanAllan (nee Miss Almira Merkley) were conducted at the VanCamp United Church.

She was born at Inkerman in 1850 and in 1870 became the bride of John VanAllan of VanCamps and for the past 62 years has resided there. To their happy union was born three sons and one daughter, Effie, who died in 1879. The late Mr. John VanAllan predeceased his wife by 10 years. Through those many years she made a host of friends as was evidenced by the large crowd who came on Thursday to pay their last respects to a good neighbour, a true and trusty friend and a home-loving wife and mother.

She has been in failing health for three years and was confined to her bed for the past three weeks, and in spite of all that loving hands could do, she passed to the Great Beyond on Tuesday, Dec. 22nd, to meet her loved ones who had predeceased her.

Mrs. VanAllen was a member of the VanCamp's United, Ladies Aid and W. M. S.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. T. F. Townsend of Inkerman. The text was the 14th verse of 90 Psalm, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days," and was very ably handled and aptly applied. The choir sang, "When I come to the end of the long, long road," while Rev. and Mrs. Townsend sang a duet, "In the Garden," which was a favourite hymn of the deceased.

Surviving are two brothers, Willis, of home, and Herb, of VanCamp, and one sister, Mrs. Wm. Christie, of Hallville, and seven grand-children.

The Floral Remembrances were as follows:

Sprays—Mr. and Mrs. Willis VanAllen and family; Mr. and Mrs. Herb VanAllen and family; Violet VanAllen and Mrs. Bouck; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. VanAllen; Mr. Ira and Wilbert Bower; Ladies Aid.

The pall bearers were J. E. Crowder, W. J. Riddell, Wm. Barkley, Kenneth Guy, Geo Walter and Archie Levere.

After the ceremony the cortege proceeded to Knights cemetery, where the remains were buried beside her husband.

Servant of God, well done,,
The glorious warfare past,
The battle fought, the victory won,
And Thou art crowned at last.

Mrs. Susan Meredith, of Bathurst township, who died in October at the remarkable age of 106 years, left $1,000 to St. James' Anglican Church, Perth, to be devoted to the installation of a chime of bells. A former rector of the church, Rev Canon Clayton, Smiths Falls, also benefits under the will. Mrs. Meredith was a devout and staunch Anglican.

The young man who tells you what a "rotten" town he lives in, and what bad neighbors he has, may move frequently, but the chances are he will always have the same story to tell. Some young men and women always live in undesirable towns and always have had neighbors. Others, strangely enough, live in many places and always meet with kindness, and always find friends.

FISH WRECKED BOAT

Monster of Deep Smashed Sturdy Craft and Either Drowned or Devoured One of Crew.

That a monstrous fish of terrific proportions rose suddenly out of the sea several miles off the Nova Scotia coast, charged his boat, upset it and either devoured or killed his companion by its onslaught, is the tale told in halting English by Mapi Julka, who set out from Sonora with Mapo Rappo to shoot seals.

The two came to Nova Scotia from Finland a year ago to work at the Mersey paper plant. Both were well known and were devoted friends, hailing from the same village in Finland. When work grew slack at the Mersey they were laid off, and determined to hunt the harp seal which frequents the Nova Scotia coast and on which there is a heavy bounty. They had followed the same business in Finland, and built for themselves a specially-constructed boat in which they made a number of successful trips.

They had gone some two miles off the shore when, Julka says, there was a terrific disturbance a few feet away. So suddenly as to render detailed account of it impossible, a great monster, dimly seen, arose out of the deep and charged the light boat, shattering and overturning it.

Thrown into the sea, Julka, who is a strong swimmer, had great difficulty in keeping afloat, so violent was the commotion. Several times a great dark shape brushed past him. Once he heard his friend cry out, but when the sea subsided there was nothing to be seen save part of the shattered boat. Rappo had disappeared.

Julka, clinging to the shattered boat, attempted to find his friend, but never saw him again. Neither did he see the great fish. Julka, clinging to the wreck, managed to paddle through the smooth sea to Cook's Island.

HARDENED TO IT.

Servant Serves Wrong Drink With Unusual Consequences.

Col. Moore-Brabazon, England's pioneer aviator, and one of the most abstemious of men, told an amusing after-dinner story recently concerning one of the old type of Anglo-Indian officers, whose breakfast when he had any, usually consisted of a devilled bone washed down with a liberal allowance of raw whiskey.

One morning his servant, who had been busy cleaning the brasswork on his master's accoutrements, made a mistake and put the bottle of oxalic acid he had been using on the breakfast table.

Presently he discovered his error and ran off to his master's quarters, expecting a tragedy, but barring that that individual looked a little redder than usual about the gills, he appeared quite all right.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the servant, "but do you know you have been drinking oxalic acid?"

"No," replied the colonel, "but now you mention it, I noticed that when I blew my nose just now I burnt a hole in my handkerchief."

MARK LICENSE PLATES.

Offending Automobile Drivers Have Plates Marked Showing Record.

Careless motorists would learn a salutary lesson if a system of marking infractions of the law on their license plates was introduced.

A "novel" system prevails in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, where the number plates have a large blank portion on which infractions are recorded with an "X". Five "X's" on the plate cancels the driver's license automatically.

This would appear to apply the demerit mark system found in certain industries to motoring with the added advantage of branding the guilty driver so that all who run might read and likewise avoid.

The three or four "X" license plate on a car would be slightly less obnoxious than a case of smallpox and none would care to be found in the company of such a driver, and all would likewise give him a wide berth on the highway. Also such drivers would receive special attention from traffic policemen and their brother officers.

FEW SHOES IMPORTED.

Over ninety per cent. of the footwear worn in Canada is manufactured within the country. The two main branches of the industry are leather and rubber footwear. Of the former, 93 per cent. of Canadian consumption was made within the country in the last 12 months for which figures are available, while of rubber footwear imports were less than one-half of 1 per cent. The rubber footwear trade does a good sized export business as well, though exports of leather footwear are only slightly developed. Within Canada, leather footwear is the larger industry of the two. The value of leather footwear produced within the Dominion yearly is close to $49,000,000, while that of rubber footwear is almost $30,000,000.

CANADA'S MEDICAL SERVICE.

The medical posts maintained in the Canadian North by the Department of the Interior have proved of immense value both to the natives and to the white population. The principal posts are established at Pangnirtung, Baffin Island and Chesterfield, Hudson Bay, in the eastern Arctic, and at Aklavik, Mackenzie River Delta and at Coppermine and Coppermine river in the Western Arctic. Medical assistance is given within a radius of hundreds of miles from each post and in addition there are medical officers of health stationed at Simpson, Resolution and Fort Smith, all in the Northwest Territories.

Cheap Fares In Buenos Ayres.

Taxicabs are cheap in Buenos Ayres, where the minimum fare is now three cents. It costs less than four cents a mile to travel by taxi in that city.

S. S. NO. 15, MOUNTAIN

Sr. IV—Jennie Brisbois 73, Gordon Kennedy 64, Roy Kennedy 63.

Jr. IV—Donald Kennedy 71, Ross Reaney 69, Dorothy Reaney 64, Roy Poole 58.

Sr. III—Dorothy Brisbois 72, Elmer Brisbois 70, Bertha Poole 68.

Jr. III—Kenneth Poole 69.

Sr. II—Christena Kennedy 70, Kenneth Brisbois 66.

Jr. II—Nelda Carkner 73, Alta Kennedy 71.

I—Helen Brisbois 76.

Pr.—Howard Kennedy 69.

Dorothy Vail, Teacher.

BOOST YOUR BUSINESS

Boost your business,
Don't be late,
Start in early,
Consentrate.

Boost your business,
Wear a smile,
Cheerfulness
Is well worthwhile.

Boost your business,
Do not shirk,
Knuckle down
To earnest work.

Boost your business,
Just be wise,
Bring in buyers,
Advertise.

Boost your business,
Hustle, praise;
Optimism
Always pays.

Boost your business,
Don't complain,
Help to bring,
Good times again!

—Grenville Kleiser.

THE PRESS

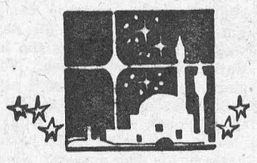
extends to all its readers

Best Wishes for a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

1931

Season's Greeting



As the present year draws to a close and a new one is about to start, the Manager and Staff of the Big Store wish to extend to one and all, Best Wishes for Prosperity and Happiness in the New Year.

A. SWEET & CO.

1932

Hockey Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes at Special Prices

FOR SALE

To Rent or For Sale. One Orme Upright Piano, almost new.

W. N. Lannin,
Winchester



TIME TABLE

Times indicate when trains are due in Winchester.

Westbound—To Smiths Falls and West.

No. 41—12 31 a. m. daily, flag for passengers to and beyond Belleville, stop for passengers from Montreal.
No. 35—9.50 a. m. daily, except Sunday
No. 29—7.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday
No. 597—9.53 a. m., Sunday Only.

Eastbound to Montreal

No. 42—6 19 a. m. daily, flag for passengers to Montreal, stop for passengers from Belleville and points beyond.
No. 30—9 00 a. m. daily except Sunday.
No. 36—5 27 p. m. daily except Sunday.
No. 598—5.56 p. m., Sunday Only.

For particurls and Tickets apply to

D. J. McLELLAN, Agent

P. G. PLUMMER,
Main St., W. opposite Gladstone St.
Winchester, Ontario
District Representative
EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO.

BARGAINS
in
WEEK-END FARES
. . between any two points in Canada.

Round trip at regular one-way fare and a quarter.

Effective up to the end of February, 1932.

Good leaving Friday noon to Sunday noon, leaving destination on return trip up to midnight Monday (Standard Time.)

Enquire from any ticket office.

585

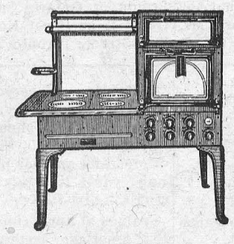
CANADIAN PACIFIC



A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL.

A. H. DUNCAN, - Phones Store 56W House 56J

Electric Stoves



If you are thinking of purchasing an Electric Stove, it will pay you to visit the Hydro Store and inspect our line. We sell all the popular makes and will give you easy terms. Anything not in stock may be procured on short notice. Let us serve you.

Other Supplies

We also carry a complete stock of Plug-In Stoves, Electric Heaters, Fans, Toasters, Irons, Washers, Lights, Sockets, Fixtures, etc.

WINCHESTER HYDRO SYSTEM

Main Street, Telephone 89.

Of Interest To Car Owners!

We have equipped our shop to handle the Automobile Glass Replacement Trade.

We have an up-to-date Grinding and Polishing Machine and a good stock of Windshield and Door Glass for Cars. We can do your job while you wait.

Our prices will be as low as Ottawa or Brockville. Bring us a share of your work, we will appreciate it.

The Old Reliable Stand,

M. Bailey,

DURANT DEALER

Winchester - - Ontario

DISTRICT NEWS

MOUNTAIN

Mrs. Howard Patterson of Toronto is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. VanAllen and sons, Clair and Allen spent Christmas at the home of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Logan, Kemptville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Kerr spent the holidays with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Irving and daughter, Ethelwyn, spent Christmas in Chesterville.

Christmas guests at the home of Mrs. W. Weaver, were: Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Barry, Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. F. Kirkwood, Inkerman, Mr, and Mrs. W. B. George, Kemptville.

Mr. H. Marquette and daughter Mable spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams, Van Camp.

MOUNTAIN W. M. S

The annual meeting of the Women's Missionary Society was held at the home of the President, Mrs. S. W. VanAllen. Rev. Mr. Worneil presided. After the devotional exercises reports were given by the different Secretarys The program committee for January to be Mrs. M. Foster, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. W. J. McCarger. The meeting closed by prayer by several members. Rev. Mr. Wornell presided over the election of Officers. The officers who were re-elected were as follows:

President—Mrs. S. W. VanAllen.
1st Vice Pres.—Mrs. A. Bouck.
2nd. Vice Pres.—Mrs. C. Robinson.
Rec. Sec'y—Mrs. F. R. Barriger.
Cor. Sec'y—Mrs. W. J. McCarger.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. C. Fader.
Supply Sec'y—Mrs. D. Cameron.
Strangers Sec'y—Mrs. C. Robinson.
Temp. Sec'y—Mrs. R. D. Cheney.
Sup't of Miss. Monthly—Mrs. Hoy.
Finance—Mrs. H C. Fader.
Pianist—Mrs. R. D Cheney.
Press Sec'y—Mrs. F. R. Barriger.
Mother of Miss. Band—Mrs. Cameron

OAK VALLEY

Mr. Earl Baldwin has returned home from the Civic Hospital, Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey of Smiths Falls spent Sunday at Mr. W. J. Bigfords

Miss Nora Kirker spent Xmas with her parents hers.

Our teacher Miss McClellan is spending her holidays at her home at Perth.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baldwin spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Lee Baldwin.

Mr. Paul Johnson was a caller in the Valley on Sunday.

Mr. John Kirker and son Floyd spent Xmas with his brother, Mr. A. Kirker.

Mr. W. L. Salter spent Xmas with Mr. Frank Salter.

Mr. W. J. H. Bigford has moved to the house known as the Silas Bigford homestead since his fire.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN

Teachers and students, who are spending their holidays in and around town are: The Misses Beatrice Keyes of Maberly, Erma Mulholland of Tweed, Linda Hess of Southwood, Marion Thompson, Luella Forrester, Olive Marriner and Dorothy Blow, of Ottawa; Lillian Blow of Winchester, Eleanor Steinberg of Morrisburg, and Messrs. Harry Baldwin of Toronto, Geo. Ferrier of Montreal, Lyall Ferrier of Kingston, Wm. Thompson of Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ellis of Belleville visited here over the week-end.

Dr. C. Stirtan spent Christmas with friends at Spencerville.

Mr. R. J. Sherman, Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, spent the holiday at Vankleek Hill.

Mr W. W. Bellinger and Miss Dorothy Bristow visited friends at Brockville the latter part of the week.

Messrs. Earl Francis and Ralph Mulholland were up to Smiths Falls on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. I. Fader of Pittston visited Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Monteith on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Millar and family were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Millar of Glen Stewart for Christmas.

Mr. Harrison Cameron of Morrisburg was a recent guest at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Merkley entertained a number of their friends for Christmas dinner.

Mr. Walter Partridge left for his home this week in Western Ontario after spending the past summer as assistant cheesemaker for John Cameron.

Mr. John Smith visited friends at Prescott last week.

Mr. John Miltamore of Montreal was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs R. W. Boyd.

Mr. John Barkley and son, Anson, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., renewed acquaintances here on Monday.

Mr. and Mss. Alwin Wright, of Gananoque, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Anderson, Mrs. Wright remaining for a week.

Miss Dorothy Boyd spent Tuesday in Morrisburg.

We are sorry to learn of Mr. Robt. Murdock being on the sick list.

NORTH MOUNTAIN

Dr. Noah Loucks and family of Cleveland spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Loucks.

Miss Edyth Allen of Parry Sound is visiting at her home here during the holiday.

Miss Lillian Dougall of Toronto Normal School is visiting her parents this week.

Mrs. Larue spent Christmas Day with Mrs. Weaver and family, Mountain.

Miss Florence Thompson of Montreal is visiting at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Russell Thompson.

Miss Campbell of Toronto is the guest of her brother, Rev. N. B. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell at the Manse.

Miss Edyth Allen spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Hyndman.

Mr. Bert Hyndman spent part of Christmas Day with his uncle, Mr. Robert Hyndman.

Born at Markham, of Dec. 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Fenton W. Hyndman, a son, William Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Riddell and Claire Balkwill spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allen.

Mr. Rollo Fraser was the guest of his uncle Mr. Kenneth Cumming for Christmas.

Miss Bessie Balkwill is visiting at the home of Mr. Arthur Balkwill.

WINCHESTER SPRINGS

Mrs. John Patterson is spending sometime with Mrs. Abe Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. Cephas Casselman and Mr. Roy McEwen of Potsdam, N. Y., spent one day recently with Mr. and Mrs. Mac Casselman.

Mr. Clifford Murphy of Iroquois is spending sometime with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Myers.

Mr. and Mrs E. Johnston and family of Toyshill and Mr. and Mrs Floyd Barkley of Brinstons were entertained Christmas Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter McIntosh.

Mr and Mrs. Clifford Robinson entertained Mr and Mrs. Ray Dillabough and family, Mrs David Kinkaid and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kinkaid and daughter, all of Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Kinkaid, Russell and Beulah, of Winchester, and Mrs. Lydia Woods, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. LaSalle and family of Chestervilie spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. M. Barkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bolton and children spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bush of Ogdensburg. N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Bolton and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bolton were entertained Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bolton.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cunningham spent Christmas with the former's mother at Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barkley of Williamsburg spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs Hector Munro entertained to Christmas dinner Mr. and Mrs. Ford Carscadden, Jack and Doris, of Ottawa, Mrs. M, Valentine of Detroit. Mr. Munro returned with them for a few days.

Mrs. E. Durant of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Whittaker and family of Dundela spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Briggs McIntosh.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil McIntosh on Dec. 25th, 1931, a daughter. Both well

Mr. and Mrs. Preston McIntosh entertained a few friends on Christmas Day.

Mr. S. Hurley was entertained at Mr. Wilson's on Christmas.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Holmes were Mrs. James Crain of Clarendon Station and Mr. Otha Thorpe and chum of Watertown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne McIntosh and Muriel spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs Ralph McIntosh at Kemptville.

Mr. and Mrs R. Allison and son, Lloyd spent Christmas dinner with Mrs. Dillabough and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. A. Allison at Morewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Carman McIntosh and family of Chesterville spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ball.

Mr. Cecil McIntosh and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Revelet of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Patterson and family, Mrs. J. Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Morrow and daughter spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Abe Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Casselman and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casselman entertained on Christmas Mrs. A. Coleman, Eardley and Merrill, all of Toyes Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Holmes entertained on Christmas Mr. and Mrs. A. Steele and son. Malcolm, Mr. Oliver Holmes of Brockville and Miss Dora Holmes of Ottawa Normal School.

Mr. and Mrs. Heber McIntosh and family spent Christmas with the later's parents at Williamsburg.

Miss Mildred Davidson of New Liskeard is spending the holidays at her home here.

Mrs. Florence McIntosh entertained on Christmas Mr and Mrs. Carman Johnston and son of Inkerman, Mr. and Mrs. K. Durant and Mr. and Mrs. S. Holmes and family of Winchester, and Mr. and Mrs. Garfield McIntosh and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Allison and son spent Sunday evening with Mr and Mrs. George Wilson of Winchester.

Mrs S. Rice and son, Gerald, spent a few days with her daughter at Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Holmes and sons, Mrs. James Crain, Mr. Otha Thorpe and friend spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs Lee Montgomery at Brinstons,

(Too late for last week)

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs M, Desjardin and daughter of Brinstons visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Holmes on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Barkley and family of Spencerville were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. M Barkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hodgson and Mrs. S. Rice spent Tuesday in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman of Williamsburg spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Heber McIntosh.

Mr. Victor McIntosh and Miss Dora Holme, of Ottawa Normal School, is spending the holidays with their parents here.

Mrs A. E. Holmes and danghter spent a couple days last week with Mrs. Turner at Russell.

Mrs. Orren Casselman spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Hector Munro.

Miss Lela Casselman spent Tuesday with Miss Edna Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman spent Tuesday in Cornwall.

Miss Grace Myers spent Sunday evening with Miss E. Casselman.

MOREWOOD

Miss Sadie Steen, R. N., of Hudson, N. Y., spent Christmas with her parents, Mr and Mrs. Henry Steen.

Mr. Powell, Principal of the High School staff is spending the holidays at his home in North Gower.

Miss Turnbull, teacher of the High School staff is spending the holidays at her home.

Mr. Joseph Parkin, of Steinberg, Ont., is visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Parkin.

Mr. Osborne Bilow of Montreal visited for a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bilow.

Miss Gladys Swerdfeger of Orillia is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcide Lanoue and daughter Shirley, of Massena, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger.

Miss Elsie Smith of Mountain Grove is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Smith.

Miss Nora Swerdfeger, of Sault Ste Marie is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Swerdfeger.

Misses Lillian and Margaret MacLaren, of Felton, are spending a few days with their aunts Mrs. Alex McConnell and Mrs. Orrin Dillabough.

Mr. Jimmie Reveller, of Ottawa, is spending a few days with Mrs. George McGregor and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John McEacheran of Espanola are spending some time with their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Steen.

Mr. Emerson Johnston of Chesterville visited for a few days with his cousin Mr. Donald Faulkner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bilow and daughter Maisie and son Earl spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Thompson of North Russell

Mr. A. B. Allison visited on Tuesday with her mother Mrs. E. Keyes of Winchester.

Miss Margaret Armstrong of Montreal, spent Christmas with Rev. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Mrs Abner Dillabough and daughter Sybil spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Allison and son Harold and daughter Louva spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allison of Smith Falls.

Mrs. George Flegg and daughter Leila spent Tuesday with friends in Winchester

Mr. Dean Loucks of Bearbrook and Miss Norma Loucks of Westboro spent the holidays with their mother, Mrs. E. Loucks.

Mr. Merrill Loucks of Ottawa visited on Christmas with his mother Mrs E. Loucks.

Mr, Joseph Hunter of Toys Hill visited on Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Martin.

Mrs. Albert Steinberg and Miss Evelyn are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shelp of Russell.

MELVINS

Miss Ina Virgin of Ottawa spent Christmas and the week end with her cousin, Miss Eva Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carlyle and sons spent Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McVey.

Mr. Wm. Dickson of Winchester accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Erratt and family spent Christmas Day at the home of the former's daughter Mrs. John M. Jackson of Kemptville.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross of Chesterville and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Christie and daughter Esther spent Christmas Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Christie.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Robinson and sons spent Xmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston of Cass Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carlyle and sons spent Saturday at the home of the former's father Mr. Geo Carlyle of Dunbar. The boys remained for the week.

Messrs. Ernest and Walter Erratt had tea at the home of their brother, Mr. J. A Erratt, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcide Lanoue and daughter Shirley of Massena, and Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Wilson of Ottawa spent Xmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lanoue.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holland of Messena spent Xmas at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gainer.

Mr. and Mrs A. Baxter and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Baxter and children spent Christmas day at the home of the formers daughter, Mrs. Charlie Flegg.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson and family spent Xmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Edgerton.

Mrs. R. J. Bethune of Braeside is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Greer. Mr. Greer has been quite ill but we are glad to know that he is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Carkner spent Xmas at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Edgerton.

Miss Winnifred Greer of Chesterville is spending this week at her home here.

HULBERT

A large number of friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr Herb McQuaig on Monday evening Dec. 23th, as a farewell for Mr. and Mrs. Percy McQuaig before leaving for their new home at Brinston. They were presented with two nice rockers.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Warren and family called at the home of Mr. Jas. Jeckson on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sears visited Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Touseau on Sunday.

TOYES HILL

Miss Aleitha Coons of Belleville spent the holidays at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Durant of Ottawa spent Sunday at the Steele home.

Miss Vera Haggerty of Domville spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Haggery.

Mr. Jos. Hunter spent a few days with Mr. J. Moore of Haddo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Weir and family of Burritts' Rapids spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. E. Haggerty.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Coons and son- Dalton, and daughter, Aleitha, were guests of Mr and Mrs. E. Gillard of Chesterville on Tuesday.

We are glad to report that Miss Evah Haggerty, who has been ill, is improving nicely.

Miss Irma Moore spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Orvil Smail of Brinston.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kirkwood and family spent Christmas with the latter's mother, Mrs. Ida Coons of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes. Henderson, Lorne and Raymond, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kirkwood of Winchester Springs.

CLOVERDALE

Miss Olive Hughes is spending her holidays with her parents here.

Mr. Reggie Freeland of Winchester spent Monday night with Mr. Eldon Stobo.

Miss Eva Docksteader is spending this week at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Larocque and son, Harold, spent Christmas Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Utman of the Boyne.

Mr. George Barclay returned home last week to spend some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Barclay.

Mr. Edward Lamoureux and sister, Margaret, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Brisbois of Harmony on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker and children and Mr. Harold Stobo spent Christmas Day at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Stobo.

Messrs. James Hughes and Thos. Stobo attended nomination at Inkerman on Monday.

Mrs. David Lamoureux returned home Christmas after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Larmour.

Mrs. Felix Lamoureux is visiting with friends in Vernon.

WINCHESTER SPRINGS PUBLIC SCHOOL REPORT

SENIOR ROOM

Sr. IV—Glenn MacIntosh 74. Glendon Fetterly 74. Beatrice Casselman 72, Fred Henderson 71, Bert Hummel 64.

Jr. IV—Gerald McIntosh 74. Ritchie Allison 73, Georgena Casselmau 70, Oliva Casselman 68, Burton Coons 65, Louisa Holmes 63, Gerald Rice 57, Cecil Wilson 45.

Sr. III—Vivian Fetterly 80, Marjorie Pattersod 76, Evelyn Coons 75, Lera Hummel 73, Pauline Kirkwood 62, Frederick Robinson 59, Frank Ball 54.

Jr. III—Clara Jean McIntosh 72, Muriel Wilson 69, Mahlon Robinson 66, Harold Clark 65, Douglas McIntosh 62, Ralph MacIntosh 56, Marion Casselman 51, Willard Barclay 46.

J. H. Potter, Principal.

JUNIOR ROOM

Sr. II—Vivian Casselman 86, Grace Carkner 85, Lois Patterson 80, Mahlon McIntosh 77, Ruth Barclay 76, Jack McIntosh 76, Lyle Thompson 72, Bert Casselman 72, Verna Fetterly 71, Duane Henderson 54.

Jr. II—Hartley Allison 66, Graham Casselman 56, Clifford Casselman 49.

First Class—Jean Hodgson, Pauline McIntosh, Doris Coons, Ruth McIntosh, Russell Carkner, Denzil Robinson, Lorne Ball, Basil Casselman, Wilmer Munro, Dorrien Nesbitt.

Sr. Pr.—David Patterson, Jack Munro. Audrey Kirkwood, Helen McIntosh. Ray Thompson, Bobby Casselman.

Jr. Pr.—Lee McIntosh, Doris Casselman, Dora Casselman.

Beginners—Aileen Antoine, Harold Ball, George McIntosh, Warren Holmes, Burton Hodgson, Percy Casselman, Helen Clark, Basil Summers.

Helen E. Robinson, Teacher.

GOOD THINGS FOR NEW YEARS



Mixed Candy 2 lbs. 25c
Choice New Creams 20c
Butter Flips 28c lb.
Cut Rock, mixed 20c lb.
New Mixed Nuts 25c lb.
Fresh Peanuts 10c lb.
Salted Peanuts 20c lb.
Shelled Walnuts 60c lb.
Shelled Almonds 50c lb.
New Figs 2 lbs. 25c
Tip Top Mince Meat 18c
New Cheese 15c lb.
10 lb. Corn Syrup 69c
Fresh Cranberrries 18c lb.
Glass Jar Sugar 20c lb.

J. E. UTMAN,

Phone 7, - - Winchester

Season's Greetings



May Happiness and Prosperity be showered upon you throughout the coming year is the sincere wish we extend to our many friends and customers.

The M. F. Beach Co., Ltd., - Phone No. 3

Golden Era For World Forecasted By Noted Economist

If World Governments Act Now—Advises International Parley—Otherwise Chaos Will Follow

London.—In a copyrighted exclusive interview with the Associated Press, Sir George Paish, noted British economist, declared on December 19th, if world governments take the proper fork, the greatest era of prosperity in history is just down the road.

On the other hand, he expressed the view that if they continue on their present course, the international economic and credit fabric will go to smash within two months.

Continuing, he outlined to the Associated Press, the following steps, which he believes should be taken to assure the one and avert the other. They were:

1—An international conference to consider rehabilitation measures.

2—Revision of Germany's reparations payments to insure eventual repayment of her commercial debts.

3—Federal and state temporary bank guaranty acts in all nations.

Credit Breakdown Feared

"I haven't any doubt but that we are going into the greatest period of prosperity the world has ever seen," he said, "if necessary measures are taken. I'm sure that there are enough reasonable people in the world to see that these measures are taken, and that by 1933 we will see a very different situation.

U.S. Should Call Conference

Any great power could call such a conference, possibly as an outgrowth of the 1932 disarmament parley, he said, but the United States is in the best position to do so because it is detached from the principal arena and is able to form equitable judgments.

In reference to reparations and war debts he blamed governments, not bankers, for the present morass.

"The banks did not create the impossible reparations payments," he said, "or the situation of reparations and inter-allied debts extremely difficult, or the tariff barriers of all nations which have blocked effectively the currents of commerce.

"Indeed, but for the willingness of the bankers to grant credits there would have been a collapse when the Great War expenditures ended. No one can do the impossible, not even the bankers. It is impossible to continue when the whole world is overborrowed, including the people of the United States."

Turning to the United States, he said credit must be made available to insure the free movement of trade and the Federal Government must guarantee the solvency of state banks.

World Should Stand Behind Banks

"Internal credit corporations in the United States help out," he continued, "but they don't meet the situation. They are to enable institutions to realize on their good assets and for getting money, but they are not for the purpose of making good losses. It is the losses, not the lack of liquidity, that threatens stability.

"I am thinking not of America only, but of the banks of all countries. The governments of the world should stand behind the banks to prevent the machinery from breaking down." He cited the French Government's backing of the Bank of France as an example.

As hopeful signs on the horizon, he said Russia and Asia were awakening and demanding a higher standard of living, for which the material resources of the western world would be enlisted to play a great role.

Publisher Opens Penny Cafeteria

New York, N.Y.—Bernard MacFadden, publisher, announces he intends to establish the first penny restaurant ever operated in New York, as a measure of relief for those in need. The dining institution, he said, will be run as a cafeteria, with each article of food costing one cent and a five-course meal for a nickel.

MacFadden said that the only reason why any charge whatever is being made for the food served in the restaurant is because he does not wish those who are to be served to feel that they are receiving charity. The food to be served will consist of soup, one cent; bread, one cent; coffee, one cent; and various vegetables at one cent per portion.

The new restaurant will be established in the downtown section of Manhattan, and will have a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred persons, he stated.

Cattle on Indian Reserves in the West

Canada's Indian wards on reserves in the Prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta had in 1930 a total of 22,385 head of cattle of all classes according to the figures of the Department of Indian Affairs.

He contemplated sleeping at a small country inn, and was inclined to be fussy. "Are you perfectly sure," he inquired, "that the sheets on the bed are quite clean?" "Clean!" cried the landlady, indignantly; "of course they are! They've just come from the laundry. Feel them—they're still damp!"



Raging gales from the channel recently swept the southern English coast. Here we see cattle wading through flooded pastures at Winchelsea.

October Production Of Gold $4,927,663

Ontario Leads As Largest Producer — Quebec Lower

Production of gold in Canada during October amounted to 238,397 ounces, which is the equivalent of $4,927,663. This is a slight decline from the September total of 240,222 ounces, or $4,965,388. It is, however, an increase of 27.6 per cent. over the output of October, 1930.

During October, Ontario mines produced 181,871 ounces, made up of 95,580 ounces from Kirkland Lake; 80,568 ounces from the Porcupine area and 5,723 ounces from other sources. The return (less exchange) to Ontario operators for gold produced was $3,759,607 in October.

Quebec operations yielded 25,783 ounces as against 26,692 ounces in September; British Columbia production totalled 14,789 ounces; Manitoba, 9,476 ounces, while the Yukon and Nova Scotia produced the remainder.

The Canadian output during the first 10 months of the current year was recorded at 2,201,286 ounces, or 30.7 per cent. above the total for the corresponding period of 1930.

Auriferous quartz mines account for approximately 85 per cent. of Canada's gold production. Alluvial gold mines, recoveries from blister copper and basic bullion produced from Canadian ores by Canadian smelters, and estimated recoveries from ores, matte, slags and concentrates exported to foreign smelters, make up the remainder of the total.

British Broadcasting Company To Curtail Programs

London.—The British Broadcasting Corporation is cutting out radio talks on books, plays and films. After the New Year no reviews or criticisms will be broadcast and individual books, plays or films will be referred to only incidentally in talks on literature and the drama.

The decision was reached following complaints by publishers, theatre and cinema producers that "one man" criticism of productions depending on their success upon public support may not be justified when broadcast to about 5,000,000 listeners.

"Tendencies in the arts rather than realities in current production," will be broadcast in future.

Range of Sitka Spruce

In Canada the Sitka spruce has its range in the narrow belt along the Pacific coast and adjacent islands, preferring the lowlands and wet valleys. The Forest Service, Department of the Interior, states that the Sitka spruce rarely occurs in commercial sizes above an elevation of 1,000 feet. Unfortunately it is not very abundant as compared with other trees such as the Douglas fir, western hemlock, and western cedar with which it associates, for it forms less than seven per cent. of the merchantable coastal stand in British Columbia.

A MEASURE OF SUCCESS

It is one of the appointed conditions of the labor of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have labored for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success.

35,500,000 Fish For California

Sacramento, Calif.—A total of 35,500,000 trout and salmon have been planted in California streams this year by the state division of fish and game. The "plantings" are expected to reach approximately 40,000,000 before the end of the year.

Business is so quiet you can hear the passing of dividends.

To Search Arctic For Missing Scientists

Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Department of the Interior Co-Operate in Seeking for Krueger Party Among Far Northern Islands

As soon as travelling conditions in Canada's far northern islands permit the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will resume the search for Dr. H. K. E. Krueger, the German scientist, and his Danish assistant, Mr. R. A. Bjare, who have been missing since 1930 somewhere northwest of Ellesmere Island in the Canadian Arctic sector. Through the co-operation of the Department of the Interior and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, arrangements for the continuation of the search have been completed and with improved travelling conditions two parties will leave Canada's farthest north post of Bache Peninsula, Ellesmere Island, in an effort to re-trace the steps of the missing scientists.

Last summer, while the S.S. Beothic was on its annual voyage carrying the Department of the Interiors expedition to the posts in the CCanadian archipelago, repeated inquiries were made at the various points visited while R.C.M.P. patrols were also active. Dr. Krueger and his assistant, accompanied by three natives left Bache Peninsula in March, 1930, to carry on scientific investigations in the area north and west of Ellesmere Island. Two of the natives returned to the post on April 11 bearing letters from the leader of the expedition in which he stated that if the party did not return in August, as they originally intended, they would likely do so when travelling conditions improved later in the year. These communications were also accompanied by a sketch map of the route the party intended to follow. This may will be the basis for the proposed extensive search, Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island, and Cape Sparbo and Dundas Harbour, Devon Island, were points at which news of the Krueger party was expected, but these were visited by the 1931 expedition on board the Beothic without results. At Aobertson Bay, North Greenland, the Department of the Interior's expedition made arrangements for a number of Eskimos to cross Smith Sound to Bache Peninsula early in the year to assist the R.C.M.P. detachment in the proposed patrols.

Corporal Stalworthy is in charge of the R.C.M.P. detachment at Bache Peninsula, the other members of which are Constables Hamilton and Munro. As at present arranged two search parties will leave Bache Peninsula in March next year. Corporal Stalworthy and two natives and their dog teams will compose one party, while Constable Hamilton will also lead a similarly equipped expedition. One party will travel to the north around Axel Heiberg Island and the other will work to the south. Dr. Krueger was known to hold the theory that the mythical Croker's land was somewhere north of Axel Heiberg in the Canadian sector. Amund Ringnes, Ellef Ringnes, King Christian, Cornwall and possibly Borden Islands will also be visited by the police in the hope of finding traces of the missing scientists. Although wireless messages are broadcast from the south to the police officers in the Far North there is no means at the post of replying, so that no word of the success of the search is expected until the annual ship goes north next summer.

Life in Northern Alaska Happy

Beyond the Arctic Circle in the village of Wiseman, Alaska, with a population of only 127, is the farthest-north settlement in that region. The people live simply and have attained a higher state of happiness than is to be found in the more thickly populaced sections of the United States, according to Robert Marshall, son of the late Louis Marshall. Robert Marshall recently returned from a fifteen months' trip in Alaska, where he was engaged in investigations of forest conditions and in sociological studies.

Mr. Marshall, in speaking before the student body of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse, N.Y., said that for years the white trail of the dog team and sled has been the only link with Wiseman and the outside world, but now an airplane landing near the village has been established.

According to the young explorer the country is inhabited by men who were lured by visions of gold. Some found their treasure-trove, spent it and remained; others failed in the quest, but unable to shake off the spell of the Yukon, have remained, preferring Alaska to a home in the States. Mr. Marshall states that the people of Wiseman are happy, healthy and free from class distinction and devoid of race prejudice. Eskimos and whites intermingle as equals. Many of the native people are very intelligent and all are trustworthy. The business is principally gold mining, trapping, salmon fishing. Crime is seldom encountered and the voters are more interested in their social affairs, particularly in the candidatesETAOINUNU,ls. bmm dancing, which always follows an election, than in the candidates running for office. Every holiday is an occasion for an all-night dance in which the oldest and the youngest participate.

"Oh, Bob, did father seem pleased when you told him of the $500 you had saved-" "I think so—he borrowed it."

Interesting Notes on Bird-Banding

Bird banding has afforded much new and valuable scientific information concerning Canada's native wild birds and any person who finds a banded bird is requested to help in the advancement of this work by reporting the details to the Commissioner, National Parks of Canada, Department of the Interior, Ottawa. An interesting fact brought out by a recently reported banding operation is recounted here.

Official band 182287 was placed on a purple finch by Mrs. Frank Hubbard at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 23, 1926. The finch was next found, with a broken wing, by Miss Blanche Spurr at Deep Brook, Nova Scotia, on July 4, 1931. Miss Spurr took the bird home and placed it in a large screened-in-porch, where, with care, the finch recovered its power of flight sufficiently to be released on August 16, 1931. As the finch was still wearing the band when it was liberated, it is possible that it may be again reported.

Run-Off Conditions in Quebec

The Dominion Water Power and Hydrometric Bureau, Department of the Interior, reports that run-off in Quebec during October was below normal except in the eastern portion of the province. North of the St. Lawrence the run-off was only about 80 per cent. and the precipitation only about 60 per cent. of the October average; in the Eastern Townships the run-off was under 70 per cent. and the precipitation about 55 per cent. normal, whilst further east and south of the St. Lawrence the average runoff and precipitation were roughly 50 per cent. above normal. In the northern portion of the province records on the Harricanaw River at Amos indicated approximately average conditions of flow and rainfall.

Playing Card Industry Thrives

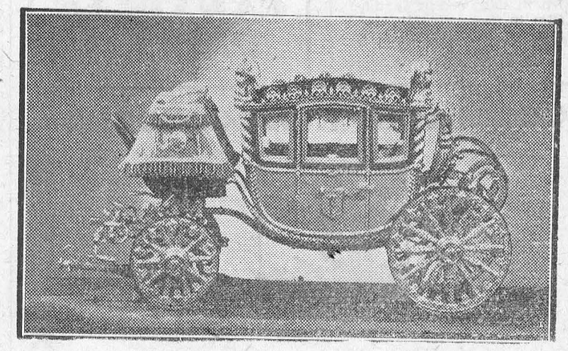
Berlin. — Other German industries may be hard hit, but the playing card makers are busy. Latest figures place the year's sales at 10,400,000 decks, of which 2,000,000 were sold abroad.

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

Scholarship Opportunities For Lone Scouts

Lone Scouts all over the Province will learn with great interest of the Competition arranged by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, sponsored by the Fisher Body Corporation, division of General Motors, which is open to all Canadian and American boys between the ages of 12 and 19.

The prizes are four $5,000 Scholarships, which will carry the winners through any four year university course of their selection, and in addition there will be district prizes ranging from $100 in gold and a free trip to Detroit, down to $15—a grand total amounting to $75,000.



This is a veritable challenge to Scout Ingenuity and love of "making something," for the competition consists of building a model coach in the replica of the State Coach of the Emperor Napoleon of France.

The purpose of the competition is the encouragement of interest in fine craftsmanship and the development of craftsmen capable of applying such art to the designing and making of automobile bodies, furniture and other commodities in which the commercial art of our day finds a place.

As far as Scouting is concerned it is interesting to note that the building of these models touches the requirements of no less than eight Canadian Scout Proficiency Badges, and so much value is placed on this project that our Chief Executive Commissioner, Mr. John H. Stiles, has consented to act as an Honorary President of the Canadian Section of the Guild.

Enrollment, for which there is no charge, can be made with any dealer in General Motors automobiles, or by applying direct to Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, Oshawa, Ont.

On receipt of the enrollment at Guild Headquarters the applicant will be sent a membership card, bronze button, booklet of rules and set of colour prints and instructions.

Seven Canadian districts have been formed for the purpose of this competition and one of these, comprises the Province of Ontario.

Two Age Divisions.—The competition has been divided into two divisions, Junior, for boys 12 to 15 inclusive, and Senior, boys 16 to 19 inclusive.

Lone Scouts who are interested in Handicraft work are urged to enroll in this competition, and to obtain all particulars about it as it constitutes a unique opportunity for your self improvement which possibly will not again occur during your boyhood.

Lone Scouts are reminded that the new 1932 Canadian Scout Diary is now available. This book is a mine of Scouting Information as well as serving the purpose of an ordinary Diary.

Every Lonie should possess one of these and they may be obtained from Lone Scout Headquarters for 20c each, post paid. Order your copy to-day.

Information regarding the Lone Scouts of Ontario may be obtained from Lone Scout Headquarters, 330 Bay Street, Toronto 2. —"LONE E."

Canadian Salt Best On Market

Washed, Refined, Iodised, Never Touched by Human Hand

Ottawa.—According to a recent report the salt mines of Canada not only produce the finest and purest salt in the world, but contain sufficient quantities to supply the needs of this country for hundreds of years to come.

Imported salt is declared not as good as Canadian salt, as it is packed under conditions not as scientific as the plants in Canada where no human hands touch the salt from the mines to your table.

In the case of iodized salt, which contains a definite, minute quantity of iodine, the quantity of iodine is approved by the Provincial Board of Health of Ontario, whereas imported salt may have iodine added to it in a haphazard manner.

For their own protection, and for the suport of Canadian employment, used in developing Canadian resources Canadian buyers are urged to buy salt mixed and packed in Canada.

The Ring-Fence of Empire

London Daily Mail (Ind. Cons.)—The negotiation of a general scheme of Empire preferences is the more important because there is a distinct tendency throughout the world for countries to enclose themselves in systems of tariffs which act as ring-fences. Some of these countries are self-dependent, or nearly so, and could dispense with foreign trade in an emergency. But if the ring-fence system is to be maintained or further extended abroad then for the very existence of Great Britain some sort of fence must be put up round the Empire. Within its territories everything that civilized man requires can be produced.

Science Seeks to Aid Fog Visibility in Air

New York.—In all forms of transportation, but particularly in aviation, fog is proving to be one of the hardest natural hazards that must be overcome before safety approaches present standards of power and speed. Science is now endeavoring to solve this baffling problem by taking experimentation from out-of-doors into the quiet, darkened laboratory, where the hindering, variable conditions present in natural surroundings are brought under minute and much desired control. Promising results are at hand.

New Radium Source is Found

A new radium source has been found in Canada at La Bine Point. The pitchblende discovery from which radium is extracted, is expected to end the Belgium monopoly.

GOOD WORK.

Whenever you attempt a good work you will find other men doing the same kind of work, and probably doing it better. Envy them not—Henry Drummond.

Billiard Challenger



Miss Ruth McGinnis, Honesdale, Pa., world's woman billiard champion, gives us a demonstration and challenges all comers. She's left-handed, too.

ADVISE GENTLY.

Our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it by a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which wise nature is apt to revolt, by a mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.

CARELESSNESS.

Nothing is more expensive than penuriousness; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back. —Charles Kingsley.

Future Coon Coats



Four young coons bravely face the camera. Their habitat is the Lake Baikal district of Russia where a lot of fur coats are in the making.

Here and There

A miser is known by the money he keeps.

Foreman—"Are you a mechanic?" Applicant—"No, I'm a McCarthy."

A man is not a shining light because he burns the candle at both ends.

"The other fellow's portion of life is likely to seem the choicer cut."—Fannie Hurst.

"Has your baby learned to talk yet?" "My, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now."—Emporia Gazette.

"Why has your husband been summoned?" "I'm not quite sure, but I think a policeman held up his hand, and Jack put his foot on the exasperator!"

If a man finds himself with bread in both hands, he should exchange one loaf for some flowers of the narcissus, since the loaf feeds the body indeed, but the flowers feed the soul.—Mohammed.

Gushing Hostess: "That last little thing of yours was charming. I loved its wild abandon." Composer: "No, madam, I was putting a new string on my violin."

"My shaving water wasn't very hot this morning," complained the seaside visitor. "Shaving water!" exclaimed the landlady angrily. "That was your early morning tea."

He: "I'll make a little money first, then perhaps we'll get married." She: "After that, I suppose I'll have to make a little money last."

One trouble with the bride is that she can't help comparing the man she married with the one who got away. —Dallas News.

A: "Would you be happy if you had all the money you wanted?" B: "I'd be happy if I had all the money my creditors wanted."

The winner of a huge prize in a lottery on the Continent showed no emotion when he went to get it. Cool, calm, and collected.

Never promise more than you can perform—Publius Syrus.

There is no wisdom like frankness. —Benjamin Disraeli.

Young wife—"What is this ticket, darling?" Hubby—"Only a pawn-ticket." "Why didn't you get two, then we could both go?"

A certain shopkeeper says that alterations are going on in his shop, and he is considering putting up a sign, "No business as usual."—N.Y. Herald-Tribune.

Mistress (to maid): "Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?" Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."—The Churchman.

Guilt upon the conscience, like rust upon both, both defiles and consumes it, gnawing and creeping into it, as that does which at last eats out the very heart and substance of the metal. —Robert South.

"Yo' mean to tell me, Jedge, dat fo' me to divo'ce Sally and marry Mandy is gwine to cost $50? Why, Jedge, dey ain't dat muh diffe'nce 'tween dem two gals."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Here, aunty," called out a man as he was passing a negro shack, "do you have to whip that boy so hard? What's the matter?" "He let them chickens out," answered the old negress. "Is that all?" soothed the man. "Don't you know that chickens always come home to roost?" "Come home! He's done let 'em go nome!"—Forbes.

A man went into a shop to buy a fountain pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words "Tempus fugit." The saleswoman offered him another pen, saying, "Perhaps you'd like this one better, Mr Fugit."—Tit-Bits.

Valued at approximately $135,000,000 the American system of airports on November 1 embraced 2,034 airports and landing fields, according to figures compiled by the aeronautics branch of the United States Department of Commerce.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.—Francis Bacon.

Pursue steadily, without fear or shame, whatever your reason tells you is right, and whatever you see is practiced by people of more experience than yourself, and of established good sense and breeding.—Earl of Chesterfield.

A western stockman, who had mortgaged his cattle to the local bank, was called in by the banker and told that the note was due and must be paid the following day. The cattleman asked: "Were you ever in the cattle business?" The banker answered "No." The cattleman said, "Well, you are now," and walked out.—Canadian Magazine.

Little Man (in restaurant): "Er—excuse me—do you happen to be Mr. Clarence Lutt, of Surbiton?"

"The Other: "No, I do not."

"Oh, er—well, you see, I do, and that's his new raincoat you're putting on."

"An absolute collapse of modern civilization is not only possible; it is probable."—H. G. Wells.

"It is naive to assume that any court whatever is composed of disembodied intellects."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

THE GREAT END.

While allowing for, and rejoicing at having secured, these outward benefits —easy travelling, cheap food and raiment, early news, more coals and iron —their value will be depreciated unless they carry with them corresponding inward progress. All such agencies are means to an end, and that end—moral elevation and mental expansion.—Joseph Cowen.

LONELINESS.

There is no such antidote for loneliness, no such tonic for depression, as a well-stored, well-trained mind. "Learning makes a man fit company for himself."—Young.

TRUTH.

Point thy tongue on the word of truth.—Pindar.

TIME.

Time to me is so precious that with great difficulty can I steal one hour in eight days, either to satisfy myself or to gratify my friends.—John Knox.

SUFFERING.

The highest life consists in learning not so much how to enjoy manfully, as how to suffer manfully.—Ivan Panin.

ANGER.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and then wonder that any fools should be wroth.—Dodsley.

...ada Strong in Day of Trial

...ontreal Heads Review Situation at Bank's Annual Meeting

In the speeches of Sir Charles Gordon, president, and Jackson Dodds, joint general manager, at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, comment was made on the inherent strength being exhibited by Canada in the face of world depression, especially in regard to the banking structure of the country. Sir Charles, while declining to prophesy as to the immediate outlook, said that taking the long view "There is every reason to look forward with confidence to emerging stronger and more prosperous than ever from the conditions that now prevail," and Mr. Dodds remarked, "It would be rash indeed to speak with assurance of the prospects of the coming year, but it is surely permissable to say that when international confidence and co-operation are restored, and commerce in consequence improves, Canada will be among the first to benefit."

Sir Charles Gordon made particular reference to the manner in which the low price levels have affected farming, lumbering, mining, and newsprint manufacture, remarking in regard to the latter that there was reason to believe that a better condition was being ushered in by the profit arising from the premium on New York funds and from consolidation of companies for the purpose of reducing overhead expense and effecting more economical distribution of the product.

While expressing the opinion that Canada's large foreign obligations would tend to prevent an early return of the Canadian dollar to par, he said he had no doubt that it would return to par. As factors already working to that end he remarked that the adverse balance of trade in the 12 months to September 30 had been reduced to $35,000,000 as compared with $100,000,000 for the previous 12 months, and that in the five months to October 31st last there was each month an excess of domestic exports over imports, so that it would seem that the country had reached the point of an adjusted foreign trade.

Jackson Dodds, joint General Manager with W. A. Bog, in presenting the balance sheet reviewed the progress made by the Bank during the fiscal year. Remarking that "we should be thankful that we in Canada are as well off as we are," he said business, nevertheless, was at a low ebb, and a halt must be called to mounting expenditures by federal, provincial and municipal authorities, as these only aggravated the situation. Referring to the fact that the downward movement of prices had reached record levels during the year, he pointed out the impotence of a Central Bank in maintaining a stable price level as demonstrated by United States experience. Concluding, he urged the adoption of a policy by which as many unemployed as possible will be made self-suporting by placing them on the land.

South Africa Finds Sharks Profitable

Man-Eaters Furnish the Raw Material for Thriving Industry at Durban

Cape Town.—Sharks, the man-eaters of sinister reputation and grim memory, are now providing South Africa with a new and flourishing industry, writes Lawrence G. Green in The N. Y. Times. The shark fishing station at Durban has proved a success. Before long the shark hunters will be at work all around the coasts of the Union, from Zululand to Walvis Bay.

Commercial shark fishermen in South African waters use gill nets, 600 feet long and 50 feet deep, with a mesh which traps the shark behind the gills. So large are the hauls that it is often difficult to drag the nets on board the small vessels operating from Durban. The sharks are dead when they reach the surface, drowned by their own fierce efforts to escape from the nets.

Not a scrap of a shark's carcass is wasted at the shore station. One of the most important products is shark leather, which is tough, with an extremely fine grain and a color that never fades. Shoes, bags and gloves of the best quality are made from shark skin. A ton of shark yields about ninety square feet of leather.

The Versatile Liver Oil.

Then there is the valuable liver, which, when refined, is very similar to cod liver oil. Lower grades of shark liver oil are used in the manufacture of paint, varnish and soap. The best oil has been turned into margarine without a trace of fishy smell of flavor remaining.

Shark fins, of course, go to China, where such delicacies are relished. A shark fin, in fact, is about the most expensive food in the world. It contains a gelatinous substance which is prized for its vitamins. Dried in the sun and carefully packed, one shark fin may be worth $5 by the time it reaches the Far East.

The teeth go to the same market. Cleaned and bleached and often capped with gold, they make necklaces which are adored by the women of China. In some of the Pacific Islands sharks' teeth are used as currency. A Sydney firm once received an order for 100,000 sharks' teeth for this purpose.

Shark meat tastes very much like salt cod. Washed, pickled, dried and cut into strips, it is ready for export to certain African territories where it is held in higher esteem than canned salmon or caviar.

Dress Goods and Drugs.

The skin of a shark's stomach may be turned into a substitute for cloth. The gall provides pigments of wonderful quality. Precious drugs are obtained from the pancreatic glands. Other parts of the carcass are converted into fertilizer containing a high percentage of nitrogen.

A great impetus was given to the shark-fishing industry by the discovery of a method of removing the delicate skin. This is an intricate, secret process. Sharkskin, properly treated, is so soft that stockings which will not "ladder" can be made from it.

There is no fear that the war on sharks will result in a state of affairs such as that which is threatening the whaling industry. The supply of sharks is equal to any demand. At Durban the daily catch often exceeds eighty sharks, including some weighing 1,000 pounds. And eighty sharks are worth about $2,000. There are millions more in the sea. Experts believe that it will be at least ten years before the supply of sharkskin can meet the demand.

The Consolation of Books

J. Edward Newton in the Atlantic Monthly (Boston): If we live in a vale of tears, it behooves us to make the best of it. The habit of reading, firmly established, enables one to endure, if need be, misfortune and even disgrace. I see today greater anxiety written on the faces of millionaire friends than I do on the faces of the poor me who resort day after day to our public libraries, there to solace themselves with a book. In an established love of reading there is a policy of insurance guaranteeing certain happiness till death. I would assist, as far as I ran, in the issuing of such an insurance policy.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern



What aout a black transparent velvet dress for Sunday nights, which is such a welcome addition to one's wardrobe?

You'll find to-day's model most fascinating in its smart simplicity. And it's not a bit complicated to make it, in spite of the fact that it's a "good looker."

The neckline and sleeves are so soft and pretty. The skirt hugs the hips with graceful fulness at the hem.

Style No. 3449 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Black crepe satin, red lace and purple crepe silk are lovely for this youthful type.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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



He—"Bird migration is a wonderful thing. The humming birds have started on their long journey over the sea."

She—"I wonder when the geese go."

The quitting whistle had blown when Murphy shouted, "Has any one seen me vest?" "Sure, Murphy," said Pat, "and ye've got it on!" "Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it, or I'd have gone home without it."

Irishman—"Did you ever hear the joke about the Egyptian guide who showed a group of tourists two skulls of Tutankhamen, one when he was a boy, and the other when he was a man?" Englishman—"No, let's hear it."

The Hundredth Girl

It Seemed Suspicious—But He Believed in Her Absolutely.

By A. G. Greenwood

"That's it," thought Eddie Scott, eyeing the pretty young girl, as she left his shop clinging to the arm of the fat, florid, middle-aged fellow who had just bought a very expensive engagement ring, "ninety-nine girls out of a hundred will sell themselves for a life of luxury."

He was enlarging on this cynical theme when into the shop stepped a tall, slim girl, whose Robin Hood hat revealed a mass of dark curls.

"Good-afternoon," she said nervously. "I—I was wondering if you would care to buy this?"

Eddie took from her outstretched palm an ear-ring, consisting of a miniature eye, enamelled in natural colors, with a pendant pearl in the shape of a teardrop.

"I found only one," she explained; "and one ear-ring isn't much good, is it? Yesterday I was unlucky. I had my bag snatched. Nearly two pounds gone!"

It was some time before Eddie realized that in the case of ninety-nine such customers out of a hundred he would have asked questions. This girl was the hundredth. Questions didn't occur to him. He merely observed that the pearl was worth a couple of pounds, and then sympathized with her about the bag-snatching.

They chatted for a little, and it was only when at last she said "Good-afternoon" that he remembered to ask her name and address.

"A mere matter of form," he added; but he felt he couldn't let her vanish and be utterly lost in the world.

"Mary Ridley," she said.

Eddie repeated the name as he scribbled at her dictation in his order-book:

"Mary Ridley, No. 6, Fairfield Road. I know it."

Swiftly he preceded her to the door and opened it. A fog had come on.

"It looks pretty thick," he said. won't you wait? Please do. It looks hardly safe—especially with all these bag-snatchers about."

"Well, p'r'haps I'd better—just a few minutes."

So Eddie got a chair for her, and they talked till Eddie, glancing at the clock, ejaculated:

"Four! Would you think it frightful cheek if I asked you to have a cup of tea?"

The fog was friendly. At five o'clock it was thicker than ever. At six he reported that, though artichoke soup may be nicer than the pea variety, it is just as thick. And before it had lifted they had arranged a country tramp for Sunday.

Tramping with Mary across a wind-swept Surrey heath. Eddie found her glorious; seemingly fragile, yet careless of the miles and the hills; obviously dainty, yet heedless of the mile and the rain that fell towards evening.

On that walk he discovered that Mary lived with an elderly invalid cousin, a martinet, and was scarcely ever free except on Sundays, when another relation spent the day with Cousin Victoria.

"Will you meet me next Sunday?" Eddie asked before saying "Good-night."

The universe seemed sinking in the balance because she didn't immediately say "Yes." But she did, finally.

Eddie carried that queer pearl ear-ring in his pocket on that second tramp, and wondered if, one day, he could have a fellow made, and she would accept—well, the three of them. This time she did not keep him in suspence at Earlsfield Station at the end of their tramp.

"Next Sunday at ten?" said he.

"If you like." she answered, eyes shining. "Good-night."

But on Monday, as he glanced as usual at the Agony Column of his daily paper, Eddie read:

"£10 reward. Lost recently in the West End, an ear-ring, consisting of an enamelled eye and a pearl in the shape of a teardrop. All communications to S. D., Donnelly's Hotel, Bloomsbury."

With the ear-ring in the palm of his hand, he read the advertisement again. Unlikely there could be two pairs of ear-rings of such unusual design. At the thought he felt uneasy, and for the first time Mary's initial remark, "I found only one," occurred to mind. Had she picked it up? Didn't she know that findings aren't keepings? What had he better do? See her?

She had told him not to come to the house or write, because of her old cousin. But this was a business matter, and an urgent one. He ought to go. He went. But no Mary Ridley lived at No. 6. So she had given a sham address. No wonder she would not let him see her home! But what was all this leading to? To the conclusion that she wasn't straight Ridiculous! Of course she was—as straight as a die! There was some perfectly sound explanation. He must wait till they met on Sunday.

He waited for her outside Earlsfield Station on Sunday morning—waited till one o'clock—but she did not come.

Had she seen the advertisement and taken alarm? Was she afraid to meet him? Miserably, he decided that it was up to him to communicate with the advertiser at Donnelly's Hotel, Bloomsbury.

He rang up. It was Mrs. Dowson he wanted, said the girl in the office. She would be back on Monday evening.

On a postcard that came by the first post on Monday morning Eddie read:

"So terribly sorry I couldn't keep appointment, but my cousin was suddenly taken ill, and I couldn't possibly leave her. I tried to 'phone you, but could get no reply.—Mary."

That evening Eddie went to Donnelly's Hotel. He was shown up to a private sitting-room, where he found a florid-looking, middle-aged woman, smothered in jewels.

Eddie explained his mission, and showed her the ear-ring. She pounced on it. Hers? Yes. She'd know it among ten thousand. Questions poured from her. He explained.

"You mean,' 'said she, 'that this girl picked it up somewhere and sold it to you? That's a crime, you know."

"I'm sure it wasn't," said Eddie. "I'm certain she has a perfectly good explanation.

Mrs. Dowson glowered, then said: "Give me her name and address."

"I—I'm afraid I can't," Eddie said awkwardly. "She gave them in confidence."

"Oh!" was her comment. "Well, you'll have to give them to the police, you know."

"The police?"

"I shall put the whole affair into their hands. I'm not at all sure that I believe your story. Maybe you picked the ear-ring up yourself and kept it till a reward was advertised—or perhaps the girl's your accomplice."

"That,' said Eddie, "is a lie. She's as straight as——"

The door was burst open and in rushed an excited waiter.

"It ees fown!" he announced, and held out a salver on which lay the duplicate of the ear-ring Mrs. Dowson still held. "Be'ind ze divan in ze lounge among ze fronds of a palm, madame!"

Mrs. Dowson snatched up the ear-ring.

"Tell me," she cried, panting, glaring at Eddie, "all you know about that girl!"

When the waiter had gone, Eddie said:

"Tell me what it all means first. If you mean to harm her——"

"Harm her!" echoed Mrs. Dowson shrilly. "I believe her to be the daughter of the only man I ever loved! You know me. Everybody knows Sophia Bell!"

To Eddie the name sounded vaguely familiar. In the nineties it had been famous. Sophia had been a musical comedy star.

"I gave poor Andrew one of my ear-rings on the day I sailed for New York," she babbled. "A love-token it was—a pledge. But—I failed him. He was a painter—making nothing. I behaved shamefully. I admit it. I married an American. For years I lived in New York. He died. I came back to England a rich widow But I never found Andrew. All I discovered was that years ago he had married somebody else. I never forgave myself."

She wept. Then, recovering:

"Surely,' she demanded, "the girl gave some clue to her identity?"

"She gave an address which was—was incorrect," admitted Eddie; "and a name, Mary——"

"Ridley?" quavered Mrs. Dowson.

"Yes, Ridley."

The manager of the hotel was sent for. A page brought the "London Directory." In vain they went to three different Fairfield Roads.

"I must find her," said Mrs. Dowson, sobbing. "Driver, is there no other Fairfield Road?"

"Dessay it's Phayrefield Road you want, ma'am," answered the man, and spelt the name. "That's Balham wye."

He was right. Mary herself opened the door, staring at excited Mrs. Dowson and anxious Eddie.

"The "first-floor front" happened to be vacant, and there Mrs. Dowson, clutching Mary's hand, told her story.

"Your father had treasured the ear-ring, Mary?"

Yes; Mary had found it locked away amongst his papers after his death.

"You shall come and live with me, Mary," declared Mrs. Dowson. "You will have your own dress allowance and be your own mistress. I'll buy you a car; you shall have lovely frocks, all a girl could set her heart on; we will go to the Riviera, the Lido—everywhere; you shal have everything."

To Eddie the little room seemed suddenly to have grown very dark and cold. His dreams were over.

"And I shan't forget the debt I owe you, young man!" cried Mrs. Dowson, turning to Eddie. "When first he brought me your ear-ring, Mary, I thought it was my own——"

She went into details, and ended up: "He wouldn't hear a single word against you, and flatly refused to give me your name and address even when I threatened him with the police."

"Thank you," Mary said, smiling, and went to Eddie and held out her hand.

He took it, gripped it, and thought: 'This is good-bye."

"And now, Mary,". declared Mrs. Dowson, "you must get ready at once to go back with me to my hotel."

To Eddie's amazement Mary sorrowfully shook her head. There was her old cousin, so strict, but a darling. It would all be so lovely, but it was impossible—quite impossible.

Eddie breathed freely again, until Mrs. Dowson broke in. The cousin should go to a nursing home, have every attention, every luxury.

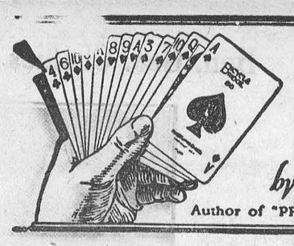
"I'm sorry,' 'admitted Mary presently, with an unsteady smile. "I—I'm afraid I wasn't being quite straightforward. I see I was using Cousin Victoria as—as an excuse. I couldn't accept—for my own sake. I'd never be happy. Since I was sixteen I've worked. I like working. I'm proud of keeping myself and depending on nobody——"

"Mary! My de-ah, you don't realize——"

"Oh, I do! You want to be wonderfully kind. It is kind—breath-takingly kind. Many girls, I expect, would have jumped at your offer. I—can't. Why, rather than sun-bathe on the Lido, I'd —I'd——"

She hesitated, gave Eddie a glance that thrilled him and seemed to say "It's 'yes'," though all that she said aloud was:

"Why, I'd hike in the rain on a Surrey heath any day!"—Answers.



How to play Bridge AUCTION and CONTRACT

by Wynne Ferguson

Author of "PRACTICAL AUCTION BRIDGE"

ARTICLE No. 2

If there is one thing about Auction and Contract that is certain and undisputed, it is the fact that no perfect system of bidding has been or is ever likely to be invented. Almost any system, if clearly understood by partners and intelligently played, will produce good results. The only difference between systems of bidding in both games lies in the difference in the skill of the players advocating the different systems. The only thing that makes one system preferable to another is the fact that it is more easily understood and applied by the average player. The writer has known of many match games between experts advocating different systems and, as a rule, such matches have been more or less even. And it is very lucky that there is no perfect system of bidding. If there were, the game would soon lose its fascination and charm. No one likes to feel that the other fellow knows as much as he does and, if the bidding were perfect, no one could put anything over.

What really makes Auction and Contract so fascinating, however, is its uncertainty. Every bid, practically, is in the nature of a speculation or a gamble for there is no guarantee that the cards will not be so distributed that your bid, no matter how sound, cannot be made. For example, suppose you bid one heart, holding five hearts headed by the ace, king, queen and an outside ace. No one will say that such a bid is unsound under any system, and yet you arre doubled and lose your contract by three tricks. There were seven hearts in one hand against you. A bad break but no one can say you made a bad bid.

The following example hands apply equally well to Auction or Contract. The dealer bid one spade and second hand, holding the following:

Hearts—Q, J. 9, 8, 6, 4, 3
Clubs—6
Diamonds—K, Q, J. 6
Spades—A

correctly bid two hearts. The dealer's partner, holding the remaining six hearts, doubled and defeated the contract by three tricks. These are bad breaks of course, but show what happens even to the soundest of bids.

Here's the other angle: winning by bad bidding. The dealer holds a strong no-trump hand but only two little spades. Instead of bidding one no trump, he bid two spades and was doubled by second hand. He then bid two no trump and made three odd. Second hand and his partner had a set-up spade suit, but failed to lead it because of the dealer's bluff bid. A fine example of winning by bad bidding.

Stil lanother example. The dealer bid one no trump and second hand, holding the following:

Hearts—10, 7
Clubs—7
Diamonds—A, K, Q, J. 10, 7, 5
Spades—Q, 8, 4

bid two spades on the theory that the dealer's partner, if he held a stopper in the spade suit, would undoubtedly bid two no trump. It happened just as second hand had planned. The dealer's partner bid two no trump, second hand doubled and defeated the contract by two tricks, making seven diamond tricks right off the reel. These examples of winning by bad bidding are given as a warning. Never try stunts of this kind fo rthere's nothing to such bidding. If you win once, you aare encouraged to try again, and you cannot help butt lose out in the long run. Learn some system well and understand it thoroughly. Once you have mastered it, stick to it and you will get results. The system you choose is immaterial, but the application is everything. Let your partner know what he can expect of you and don't disappoint. Be dependable first, last and all the time.

The following problem was submitted by a correspondent, with the statement that he was unable to solve it and asking for assistance:

Problem

	Hearts—K, 8, 7, 3, 2 Clubs—none Diamonds—none Spades—A, 10	
Hearts—Q, 6 Clubs—K, 10, 4, 2 Diamonds—none Spades—Q	Y A B Z	Hearts—9, 5 Clubs—8, 7 Diamonds—10, 4, 3 Spades—none
	Hearts—none Clubs—A, Q, 5 Diamonds—none Spades—9, 5, 4, 2	

There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. How can Y Z win five of the seven tricks against any defense?

Solution in next Article.

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"Something Tells Me"

That times first became hard and then got tough.

That too many people stoop to conquer.

That nearly every person thinks that he can write a good book.

That those who could write the real, true confession stories aren't saying anything about them.

That a half-wit uncle is not a half uncle.

That there is no blackmail in the dead letter office.

That it is too bad that in order to have and keep peace we have to fight for it.

That you don't get a lot in a lottery.

That there will never be a finished book of knowledge.

That for every fire-eater, there are thousands who can drink firewater.

"Thanks for the lift," said the woman, as she climbed from the plastic surgeon's chair. "I love you," is still the sweetest sentence in any tongue, but it is no longer a life sentence. If the present hat styles result in no falling off in the marriage license rate, that will be final proof that love is blind. A woman you know brags that she always says "just what she thinks" is no great shakes of a thinker; she ought to study up more pleasant thoughts, or stop talking so much. It takes hard work to make easy living. Physicians say one million women are overweight; these, of course, are round figures. A good citizen is one who wants to give back to the world some of the good he has got out of it. Old-time "innocent amusements" are still innocent, but they are no longer amusements. It is always well to remember that an ounce of keeping your mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation.

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick. Boy with a pin on the end of a stick. Boy jabbed the mule—mule gave a lurch—(services Monday at the M. E. Church).

The restaurant advertised sudden service, but didn't give it. A patron gave an order, waited patiently and fell asleep. He awoke to hear the waitress' voice:

Waitress—"Did you order this sundae?"

Customer (in dismay) — "Good heavens! What day's this?"

It was Sunday morning in a church school. "Will you please tell me," said a member to the teacher, 'how far in actual miles Dan is from Beersheba? All my life I have heard the familiar phrase, 'from Dan to Beersheba,' but I have never known the distance."

Before the answer could be given, another member arose and inquired, "Do I understand that Dan and Beersheba are the names of places?"

"Yes."

"That is one on me. I always thought they were husband and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah."

Mr. Gay—"Tell me, my dear, how do you manage to get the maid up so early in the morning?"

Mrs. Gay—"It was rather clever of me. I introduced her to the milkman."

He took a friend for a day's sport. The friend knew nothing of fishing, but decided to try his luck.

After a long silence by the banks of the stream the novice said, "I say, how much do those little red things cost?"

"You mean the floats? Oh, they're cheap. Why?"

"I owe you for one. Mine's just sunk."

Somehow, the fact that a man would have made you miserable for life is no consolation for not having married him. Recipes come in books, but cooking, like love, just comes natural. Little men who get into important positions seldom miss an opportunity to determine their size. A milliner usually tries to keep prices under her hat.

The Intelligentsia

By G. Bernard Shaw in a recent lecture.

Finally there came a time when all this business about ostracizing the intelligentsia was not working.

When I went to Russia I was received at Moscow by a large delegation of authors. To begin with, they always planted authors on me in all directions. They were the very last people I wanted to see. There were also men of science, artists and the rest of it. They all came. I noticed they looked uncommonly jolly and prosperous and so on.

I said to the authors: "I am glad to see you looking so prosperous and so on." Not a single author in Russia tried to borrow a single shilling from me. That is an absolute record for the earth. I said to them: "Are you not the intelligentsia?" They replied: "Certainly not. We are not the intelligentsia."

I said: "I knew that, of course, but I thought it was more or less of a family secret between ourselves. How did the Russian Government find it out, and if you are not the intelligentsia, what are you "

They answered: "We are the intellectual proletariat."

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed; welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.—Pope.

English Spinsters of 40 Hold Own In Matrimonial Market

London.—One English bride out of every thirty-four is 40 years of age or over, according to the latest statistics of the Registrar General. This figure does not include widows who remarried, but spinsters only.

The actual number of these mature brides was 9,179, thus giving further evidence that the woman of 40 is still a very vital and engaging personality, and can easily hold her own when she chooses to enter the matrimonial market.

However, it must not be supposed from this that there is a rush for brides of 40. The most popular age for a bride is 22, although many women marry much earlier.

"Are you Mrs. Mayer?" "Miss Mayer!" "Oh, sorry, my fault." "Oh, no, nobody's fault but my own."

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British Periscopes Best in World

Experts of Other Nations Admit Supremacy of British roduct

London.—When the submarines of foreign nations are out at practice, the observers spotting the supposed enemy must peer through British periscopes, says Pearson's. The reason is that British periscopes are miles ahead of any manufactured abroad.

The United States have just placed a big order with a British firm for periscopes, to be fitted into their submarines. France used to buy our periscopes, but is now barred from doing so by a decree prohibiting the purchase of foreign war materials. But, while France makes her own, she works under the supervision of British experts.

Japan's whole submarine flotilla is "periscoped" by Great Britain.

Before the war we were fighting neck and neck with Germany for preeminence in this high-skilled trade, but since then British design has been vastly superior.

The latest advance in periscope manufacture is in the measure of light that can be gathered into the lenses. It is not only necessary nowadays to control torpedo fire, and watch enemy vessels, but also to observe aircraft. And, in all these vital essentials, Britain's periscopes are best.

Knowledge

Knowledge will stoop and lead you to the stars,
And witch you with her mysteries—till gold
Is a forgotten dross, and power and fame
Toys of an hour, and woman's careless love,
Light as the breath that breaks it. He who binds
His soul to knowledge steals the key of heaven.

—N. P. Willis.

THE PLUCKED FLOWER

Once a gardener had a choice flower that he tended and valued above all the flowers of the garden. One morning it was missing. He thought a servant had taken it, and went about asking them all if they had plucked it. Then a servant said: "I saw the master walking in the garden early, and he plucked it." The gardener said: "It is well. The flower was his. For him I nursed and tended it, and as he has taken it it is well."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The ambitious wife of a millionaire gave a big dinner party. Her husband, who had made his money as the inventor of a patent rat poison, was silent during the dinner. As the ladies left the room, his wife found an opportunity to whisper to him: "Why on earth don't you talk?" "Talk?" he replied. "Why, what's the use of it? Not a single person here knows anything about rats."

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Baby's Own Soap
10 cents Individual Cartons

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Had fight with husband
Another quarrel! She should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to ease those headaches—headaches that make her nervous, irritable and grouchy.

New Year Specials!

Tomatoes	Macaroni
Silver Ribbon Choice Quality	Ready Cut in Bulk Choicest Quality
10c tin	3 lbs. 25c

Campbell's Soups, all kinds	10c tin
New Crop Oranges, "Sweet"	33c doz
10 lbs. Corn Syrup	69c
2 lbs. Choice Fresh Cocoa	25c
Fresh Salted Oyster Sodas	18c lb.
Black and Green Tea	40c lb.
Choice Cooking Figs	2 lbs. 25c
2 lbs. Choice Pure Lard	25c

Pumpkin	Salmon
Choice Quality	Kingsplate Red
2 tins 25c	25c tin

Choice Fresh Mince Meat	15c lb.
Pure Orange Marmalade, 40 oz.	25c
Dairy Butter, printed & wrapped	20c lb.

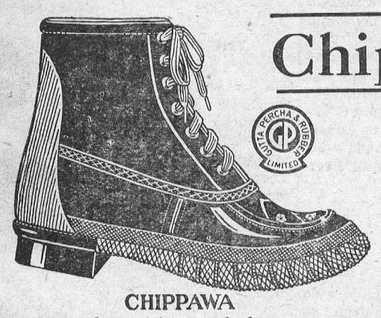
EGGS Bring your eggs to us. Fair Grade. Extras 28c, Firsts 23c, Pul. 18c

MEAT DEPT.



Pay a visit to our Meat Market and see some of the Prize Meats you have been reading about in the Toronto papers. This week end we are cutting a choice quality "Baby Beef." Please leave your order early in the week so as not to be disappointed. Meat Market Phone 85

MEN'S HEAVY RUBBERS



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Men's 6 to 11, per pair $1.90

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Men's Heavy Plain Overs with Coarse Diamond Sole and Heavy Net Lining 75c pair.

The Big Chief Design appears on the Boys' Rubbers. Price 65c pair.

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Men's Sheep Skin $5.50 each.
Boys' Sheep Skin $4.50 each.
Men's Horse-Hide $8.00 each.

Men s Medium Weight V Neck Coat Sweaters, made from good quality wool yarn, two pockets Price $3.75

Men's Good Quality all Wool Coat Sweaters, plain and fancy trimmed. Price $3.00

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HUGH McMASTER, Phone 43, Winchester

WINCHESTER TIES CORNWALL COLTS

Local Team Surprises Fans With Flashy Brand of Hockey. Game Went Twenty Minutes Overtime. Fair Crowd in Attendance

The first local game of the Central Ottawa Valley Senior Hockey League was played here on Monday night, with only a fair attendance of fans. The contest was hard fought from start to finish and the local sextette gave a splendid account of themselves. They proved to be equally as good as the Cornwall Colts during the entire game, which was a splendid exhibition of fast, clean hockey, considering the practice both teams have had

The first period went scoreless with the local boys getting the better end of the shooting, which was 4 to 5 stops in favour of Winchester. Two minutes after the second period got under way A. Parker beat Williams with a hard shot and put Cornwall one up. They retained their lead until about two minutes after the final stanza start d when McLean gave Laushway a pass at the Cornwall defence and the latter tied the count for Winchester. Although the teams played twenty minutes overtime, they failed to break the tie and the game ended 1-1.

The Cornwall Colts have a complete line of new hockeyists, and that they are going to be a fast aggregation before the season is over, is already forecast by those who saw them in action on Monday night.

On the local line-up every man played hard, and they should also improve considerably as the season advances. Seguin and Scott paired up fine on the defence, while Laushway, McLean and Carkner worked well on the first line of forwards Thompson and Pratt were the pick of the second string. Williams in the Winchester goal also turned in a flashy performance

Cornwall—goal, P. Robertson; defence, R. Dupes, F. Zabeski; centre, M. Jamieson; wings. A. Parker, K. MacTeer; subs., C. Anderson, D. McLean, F. Heagle, P. Pettapiece.

Winchester—goal, H. Williams; defence A. Seguin, M. Scott; centre, H. McLean; wings, K. Laushway, C. Carkner, Subs., M. Pratt J. Thompson, C. Summers, G. McDonald.

SUMMARY

First Period

No score.

Penalties: Scott and Seguin, Winchester

Second Period

Cornwall, Parker 2.00

Penalties: Dupes & Zabeski, Cornwall.

Third Period

Winchester, Laushway--McLean..... 2.00

Penalties: Seguin 2, Dupes 1.

Overtime

No score.

Penalties: Carkner, Winchestar.

Referee—M. McMillan, Ottawa.

C. O. V. L. SCHEDULE

Dec. 28—Cornwall at Winchester.
30—Chesterville at Finch.
Jan. 4—Winchester at Chesterville.
5—Finch at Cornwall.
7—Chesterville at Winchester.
8—Cornwall at Finch.
11—Winchester at Cornwall
—Finch at Chesterville.
13—Winchester at Finch.
15—Finch at Winchester.
18—Cornwall at Chesterville.
20—Chesterville at Cornwall.
22—Cornwall at Winchester.
—Chesterville at Finch.
25—Winchester at Chesterville.
26—Finch at Cornwall.
28—Chesterville at Winchester.
29—Cornwall at Finch.
Feb. 1—Winchester at Cornwall.
—Finch at Chesterville.
3—Winchester at Finch.
5—Finch at Winchester.
8—Cornwall at Chesterville.
10—Chesterville at Cornwall.

THE UNITED CHURCH

(Contributed)

Sunday's services were appropriate for the closing of the old year. Rev. J. A. Waddell chose 1 Cor. 7:29, and Ps. 90:12 for his morning texts from which he considered the beauty of life, saying that 1931 had sped past more quickly than we expected and many of our plans are still incomplete. This should remind us to make the best possible use of every moment, and to strive to live well. Jesus' short life was packed full of memorable deeds. His undying love impelled Him to bring men and women into fellowship with Him. The pastor asked us to reflect upon the question, "Have we been satisfied with our service during the past year?" We should be animated by a high and holy purpose in life. We ought to give heed to the things we have heard, set a high and lofty ideal before us for the New Year and realize the joy of helping others.

"Who is on the Lord's side?" was the evening text, found in Ex. 32:26. The pastor read the story of the peoples' idolatry, asking for gods to lead them. He asked, "Where do you stand?" This is a personal question for each one to decide. Reference was made to decisions made by Moses, Daniel, etc. At the close of another year is a good time to decide to serve the Lord. When the end of life comes, if the right decision has been made, there will be no mistake and nothing to regret.

Watch-night service will be held Thursday at 11 p. m. Next Sunday the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be commemorated. The new Hymnary will be used next Sunday.

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say,
Not the sinner and the saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good,
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and the proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man,
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people lean,
Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find two I wean,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean,
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labour and worry and care.

Hon. Geo. Challies Married in Toronto



Hon. George H. Challies, provincial secretary of Ontario and member for Dundas County, and Mrs. Marguerite Hall Gibbard of Napanee, were married quietly at Toronto on Tuesday at the Metropolitan Chapel. The ceremony was performed by Rev. the Hon. W. G. Martin, minister of public welfare for the province.

A wedding dinner was held for the immediate family in a local hotel following the event. Mr. and Mrs. Challies then left for Montreal. They will also visit other points in Quebec.

G. E. Gibbard. Miss Marjorie and Miss Jean Gibbard of Napanee, children of Mrs. Challies, and J. B. Chailies, of Montreal, brother of the provincial secretary, attended the ceremony.

ANCIENT OAK BURNED.

Fine Tree, Six Centuries Old, Destroyed by Carelessness.

One of the splendid old oaks in Windsor Great Park, was destroyed by fire recently, the blaze being witnessed by the King and Queen, who were motoring through the park at the time. Their car was stopped a few minutes, while Their Majesties watched the progress of the flames, and the King enquired the cause of the fire. He was told that it probably was due to picnickers setting fire to rubbish, and he expressed regret that such a fine old tree should perish in such a way. This particular oak was 600 years old, and stood near Queen Anne's Gate on the main Windsor-to-Ascot road. There are now only a few of these fine old trees remaining in the lower portion of the park.

WHIRLPOOL IN OCEAN.

Curious Phenomenon Spins Outward From Its Center.

A whirlpool in the ocean, 150 miles east of Cape Cod, so strong that it repels a ship, was described by Captain William E. Parker of the Hydrographer, one of the four U. S. coast and geodetic survey vessels engaged in the first complete charting of George's Banks.

The whirlpool was reported by Captain Parker as spinning outward instead of towards its centre.

He said he had made several attempts to force the Hydrographer through it but the force of the water immediately threw the vessel off its course. He planned, he said, to investigate the phenomenon further upon his return to the Banks.

BULBS ON POTATO STALKS.

It is not true that a potato plant has "gone crazy or somethin'" when it has bulbs growing along its stalks; for they are not tubers but seed pods. The bulbs usually grow about the size of a cherry. They will grow in clusters. Certain seasons will not see any and some people who grow potatoes will never have seen them as they are not common. If tubers are planted you will not see such development; but it may happen when seed is planted.

KENMORE U. Y. P. S.

The annual meeting of Y. P. S. of St. Pauls United Church, Kenmore, held last week after a very successful year and was largely attended. Meeting opened by president, Miss Vera Loney. The Literary convenor then took charge with an interesting discussion on Biagrophies and Autographies. Rev. Mr. Steers, chairman of the nominating committee, then gave the report. Miss Vera Loney was re-eleceed president. The Y. P. showed their appreciation of the splendid work done by her during the past year, by a hearty handclap. Other officers were as follows:

1st Vice Pres.—Stuart Armstrong
2nd Vice Pres.—Gerald Hill
Secretary—Annie Kinkade
Treas.—Kay Kindade
Pianist—Dorothy McDonald
Press Secretary—Archie Park
Convenors, Devotional—Greta Dewar
Missionary—Frank Dames
Literary—Katie Briggs
Citizenship—Violet Park
Social—Carrie Wynn.

Our first meeting for the new year was held Monday evening. Rev. Mr. Steers, our local pastor, was in charge of Devotional exercises and also conducted the installation of officers. Mr. Steers then called on John Boland, president of the Metcalfe U. Y. P. S. who brought us greetings from their society and also gave us an inspiring message. We then heard from Kenneth Graham, president of Edwards U. Y. P. S., who brought us best wishes for the coming year from their society. Our own president then addressed a few words of cordial welcome to the visitors which concluded this part of the meeting.

The rest of the evening was spent in lively games and contests after which lunch was served. Miss Margaret MacLaren then favoured us with two humorous recitations. The meeting closed with the singing of Old Lang Syne. Then the boys had a great time showing the girls how to wash dishes.

HARMONY SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

The Harmony United Church was filled to capacity on Wednesday evening when the members of the Sunday School gave their annual Christmas Entertainment. Rev. J. A. Waddell occupied the chair, and referred to the splendid work being accomplished in this School under the superintendency of Mr. Thomas Reed, one of the young men of the community.

During the program a very interesting item was the presentation of a beautiful reading lamp to Mr. Robert Carkner, the teacher of the Bible Class.

Mr. Carkner, who was completely taken by surprise, expressed his appreciation for the further mark of goodwill and expressed the wish that the New Year would see even greater interest in this splendid field of Christian endeavor.

Mr. Waddell, in a few well chosen words, expressed the thanks of all present to Mr. Carkner, for his untiring efforts in helping make the Church and School a great agency of helpfulness in the community. At the conclusion of the program refreshments were served by the ladies.

Woman Delegate



Miss May Oung is the only woman delegate attending the Burma round table conference in London. Here she is arriving for the opening.

The Latest In Filling Stations



While Canadian fflling stations follow the Georgian, colonial and Spanish styles, this London, Eng., station prefers to give the Pharaohs a break.

BIRTH

At Pembroke Cottage Hospital, on Dec. 27, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Gilroy, a son.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Suffel wish to thank their many friends and neighbours for their kind expressions of sympathy in their recent sad bereavement.

LOST

2 Yale Keys and 1 automobile key, in black leather Key Case. Finder please leave same at Press Office.

Furniture Repairing and Upholstering.

The factory being closed down for a while, I am in a position to do repairing of all kinds of furniture upholstering. Wool mattresses made or made over to any size. All the latest samples of upholstering goods. Prices at the lowest possible figure.

GEO. A. ROBINSON,
Winchester, Ont.

To the Electors of Winchester Township

As a candidate for the Winchester Township Council, I solicit your support in the coming election. If I am elected I will serve you to the best of my ability. Wishing you all a Prosperous New Year.

Yours truly,
JOHN B. GIBSON

To the Electors of Winchester Township

I wish to thank all those who gave me their hearty support last year and, being a candidate for Councillor again this year, I appeal for your support again. If elected I will endeavor to serve the township to the benefit of all the electors, having every regard for practical economy.

Wishing you all the Compliments of the season,

Yours truly,
GEO. W. BROOKS

To the Electors of Winchester Township

Having again been nominated as Councillor of Winchester Township, I solicit your supplies and will do my best to serve you in 1932, as I have in 1931. Thanking you for your confidence and wishing you all a Happy and prosperous New Year.

GEO. A. OUDERKIRK

To the Electors of Winchester Township

I wish to thank those electors who gave their hearty support to me last year, and if elected this year, I will endeavor to serve the township to the benefit of all electors, having every regard for practical economy. Wishing you the Compliments of the Season, I am sincerely yours,

W. J. STEWART

TICE'S Society CIRCUS and Vaudeville SHOW

Will Exhibit At

LANNIN'S HALL WINCHESTER

on

Monday, Jan. 4

We present what we advertise. See Bills. Show starts at 8.15 p. m. Admission

15c & 25c

New Greetings

C. R. ROBINSON,
PHONE 37, - - WINCHESTER

MORTGAGE SALE FARM PROPERTY

(Subject to a Reserve Bid)

At the Hotel Winchester, Winchester, Ontario, on Wednesday, January 20th, 1932, at 2.00 p m., the following land:

The west 100 acres of Lot 24 and the north-east quarter of Lot 23, Concession 7, Township of Mountain, County of Dundas, 150 acres.

This is a splendid 150 acre farm; clay loam soil; good well. Situate on county road about one mile from Winchester.

On the land is said to be situate a frame house on stone foundation, frame granary, frame barn, frame milk house on cement foundation, two silos.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to

J. A. LACOMBE, Auctioneer, Embrun, Ontario, OR

F. C. BETTS, Vendor's Solicitor, Huron and Erie Bldg., London, Ont. 36-9c

POULTRY WANTED

We will pay you 20c a pound for live and dressed hens and cockerels weighing 6 pounds, 5½ to 6 pounds, 19c; 5 to 5½ pounds, 18c; 4½ to 5 pounds, 17c; 4 to 4½ pounds, 16c. Eggs and honey wanted. Poultry crates and egg cases loaned.

LEWIS & REILLY REGISTERED
1986 Notre Dame West,
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Electrical Work!

When you want the best in Electric Wiring or General Repairing, call, or Phone 183 for quick service and reasonable prices. Residence west of Wesleyan Church. Town or Country Service.

RADIO REPAIRS!

Trouble Shooting is a special job for a radio specialist! When your receiver begins to "act-up," when it fails to run along on "all-six," then you need the skilful, conscientious service that I am giving to all my customers.

Call me in to look it over. Often a few dollars well spent will give you all the advantages of a new set. Work fully guaranteed.

HARRY HARPER, Electrician.
Phone 183 - - Winchester, Ont.

H. O. HESSELL

Barrister, Solicitor
Notary Public.
LAW OFFICE
MORRISBURG, ONTARIO

F. J. R. Garland

Licensed Auctioneer
Morrisburg, Ont.

Sales of farm chattels, including advertising, taking & collecting of notes, handled on very reasonable terms. Call or write.

Henderson Lodge, No. 383 A. F. & A. M., Winchester

Meets on Second Friday of each month in Sweet's Block, at 8 o'clock.
Visiting Brethren always welcome.
C. B. Timmins, W.M. H. Annable, Sec'y

GOWLING BUSINESS COLLEGE

A Good School

Ottawa, Ont.

It is certainly true that within a short time there will be a revival in business Will you be prepared when it comes? We strongly advise you to enter upon a business course NOW. Write for catalogue.

W. E. GOWLING, President.
H. W. BRAITHWAITE, Principal.

The Business of the
Late D. F. Sutherland
PRIVATE BANKER
Will be carried on under the management of S. S. Durant.
Wihchester, - - May 1931

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL, OTTAWA.

No school in Canada offers a better training, or ensures a more successful future. Henry's leads all others, and ranks among employers as "THE SCHOOL OF HIGHER EFFICIENCY"—a fact borne out by more than 600 pupils who have, since January, 1913, left other Ottawa Schools to come to it.

Therefore, it is not surprising thet business men, in advertising for stenographers should specially say, "Graduates of Henry's School preferred."

For particulars about our course, write
D. E. HENRY, Director
62 Bank Street