The Chesterville Record.

VOL. XXX, NO. 46. CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1924. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

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RESERVE - $5,000,000
OVER 120 BRANCHES IN CANADA

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It pays to attend the LARGEST and BEST.

D. E. HENRY, President.
Cor. Bank and Sparks Sts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Alterations in Passenger Train Service will take effect SUNDAY, SEPT. 28 1924

Fer information apply to any Canadian Pacific Agent or to

C. W. CASSELMAN,
Town Ticket Agent, Chesterville, Ont.

Whitteker, the Optometrist, will be at Chesterville October 14th, at Finch October 16th.

BOOTH AT MOREWOOD SCHOOL FAIR

The Morewood Mission Band will have a booth at the School Fair on Saturday Sept. 27th. Hot lunches will be served and Home-made candy and cooking will be on sale. Come one and all and patronize the Mission Bands.

MARGARET DILLION PROVED VICTOR

Quite a few went to Montreal last Thursday to take in the race of champions of the harness turf in that city arranged by Tommy Ellis and saw Margaret Dillon vanquish Sir Roch and Single G.. There were about four thousand people in attendance. The race was for a purse of $10,000 and was closely contested throughout, especially in the first two heats, with the three horses travelled so evenly that it was difficult to determine which had won.

The first heat of the featured event provided a beautiful sight as the three horses raced around the track, neither one of them being able to gain any great advantage over the other. For three-quarters of the distance it was a neck to neck race, but Sir Roch, driven by George C. Looms took a slight lead and won the heat 2.05¾. Margaret Dillon in this heat ran third, but the next two heats saw her the victor while Single G. with Ed. Allen guiding, raced consistently well to finish second in each of three heats.

INSTRUCTIVE ADDRESSES

On Sunday last two very instructive addresses were delivered by Mr. Shean of Toronto, in the morning in Trinity Methodist church and in the evening in the Presbyterian church, at the regular hours of service. Mr. Shean for thirty years has been a worker and in close touch with prison reform work in the city of Toronto, which experience has given him some right to speak with authority on the havoc that has been done in this province following the use of strong drink, and a comparison of the splendid results achieved by the Ontario Temperance Act. Mr. Shean stated it as a fact, gleaned from records kept by himself during his long association with the work of prison reform, that ninety-three out of every hundred prisoners behind the bars in our institutions were there as a result of strong drink. Mr. Shean made a strong plea for the retention of the Ontario Temperance Act in preference to any system of government control, whether that of Quebec, British Columbia or Manitoba, all of which produced conditions incomparably worse than those in Ontario under the O.T.A. In British Columbia the sale of liquor had increased more than five thousand per cent. since 1920 when the change went into effect The argument that the sale of liquor would improve business was effectively knocked in the head by the comparison of bank clearings in the cities of Montreal and Toronto under the system of government control in Quebec and the O.T.A. in Ontario. The bank clearings in Montreal in the time under comparison had declined from the figures before government control had become effective, while the bank clearings in the city of Toronto showed very substantial increase in the years under the O.T.A. compared with the years immediately preceeding it. Clearly practically unrestricted sale of liquor in Quebec does not increase prosperity.

Mr. Shean made a strong plea for the support of the O.T. A. by the women voters of Ontario who represent fifty-two per cent. of the voting power of the province. He illustrated by many personal experiences with which he had come in contact the ruinous effect of the liquor traffic on the homes of the country, where the wives and families were the victims to suffer the penalties. The ballot was secret and no one could tell how any woman voted after the ballot was cast, and in this fact he saw the saving influence the women's vote would have on the result when the votes were counted at the close of the polls on October 3rd.

TEMPERANCE RALLY AT WILLIAMSBURG

A grand Temperance Rally will be held in the Presbyterian church at Williamsburg on Wednesday Oct. 1st, at 7.30 p. m. There will be a programme of speakers, music and community singing. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.—W. T. McMartin, Pres.

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY BUILDING

The Nestle's Food Co. of Canada, after increasing their storage capacity a year or so ago with a building 60 by 120 feet again find themselves cramped and are now at work erecting another storage building 60 by 90 feet to take care of their increased manufacture and looking to future expansion of operations at the local plant.

O. T. A. ENDORSEMENT BY THE W. M. S.

A resolution approving of the principles of the Ontario Temperance Act was passed unanimously at the meeting of W. M. Society of Trinity Methodist Church on Sept. 17th and the Society prays that this measure may receive the support of the people and remain on our statute books with strict enforcement.

A press committee was also appointed to insert the above in The Record.

WITH THE BOWLERS

Notwithstanding the cool air of the past week the warm afternoon sun has enticed a few of the dyed-in-the-wool bowlers to "percolate" out to the greens and roll a few for old times sake.

Thursday evening last with conditions favorable, Fred Merkley and his men grabbed the chip off of Billy Dixon's shoulder which had been reposing there since the recent manouvers with Winchester bowlers, and are now parading with their chests thrown out, hoping to carry the laurels won on the greens that night until the weather man puts the kibosh on the sport for this season. Merkley skipped his men to a long lead in a twenty-one end game, and if any other rink has thoughts of wresting the crown from him it is time to get busy.

All members of the club will regret to learn that an enthusiastic bowler is about to leave town permanently. Mr. Albert Hooks has made arrangements to join his father, Mr. Heber Hooks over in New York state and intends leaving Chesterville about the end of this month to take up his new duties.

RALPH HUMMEL HONORED BY CITIZENS OF KINDERSLEY

Chesterville citizens should be proud of the tribute paid Ralph Hummel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frean Hummel, of whom the Rosetown, Sask., Eagle says:—"A well-remembered hockey player, formerly on the Rosetown team, has been honored at Kindersley in the person of Ralph Edward Hummel, brother of Harry Hummel, of Rosetown.

Mr. Hummel, who has left Kindersley, was presented with a beautiful watch a week ago last Wednesday evening prior to his departure.

"Since arriving in Kindersley he has shown himself one of our best young men. His character has been of the highest. He has been interested in athletics and has given much assistance in the sporting activities of the town and will be greatly missed this winter on the hockey team. He was one of the first to identify himself with the Boy Scout movement when it was organized, and has filled the position of assistant scoutmaster. He has won the respect and love of the boys, and no one is more sorry than they to see him go." This is quoted from the report of the presentation in the Kindersley Clarion.

Mr. Hummel saved a Glidden boy from drowning this year; and it was only through the insistence of his own wishes that no public acknowledgement of his action was made.

However, in view of his departure, his large number of friends and the boys decided to show in some tangible way their appreciation of what he had done.

Mayor Stevenson, in presenting the watch to Mr. Hummel in the name of the citizens and the boys, assured him that the work he had done for the latter was highly and deeply appreciated by the townspeople, who much regretted his leaving their midst."

Mr. Stirling Cook of Cleveland is renewing acquaintances in town this morning after an absence of several years.

Mr. D. Allison with Mrs. Allison and Miss Kathleen Masterson went to Detroit this week by train and motored home in one of the new models of the Dodge car of which Mr. Allison has sold so many. The new car on our streets today has attracted the envious eyes of many.

WOMEN'S MEETING

A meeting of the Ladies of Chesterville and vicinity will be held in the S. S. Rooms of the Methodist Church at 7.30 Monday evening, Sept. 29th, for the purpose of reporting progress and completion of plans in order to get out the entire woman vote in the coming plebescite.

This meeting is inter-denomonational and women of all creeds are requested to be present.

FARM HOUSE BURNED

Thursday afternoon last about five-thirty the dwelling house on the farm of Mr. Peter Droppo, in the Droppo Settlement, in Finch township was completely destroyed by fire which originated in the attic. On account of the lack of a long ladder difficulty was met with in fighting the fire as access could not be gained to the roof. The water supply was also very meagre from a drilled well where the pump was soon put out of commission and nothing effective could be done in saving the building. The entire contents of the house were removed. The loss on the building was partly covered by insurance.

PROTECT THE PHEASANTS

A plea is being made through the press of the country for co-operation in the protection of pheasants which have been hatched out of eggs supplied by the Department this spring to many parties who are desirous of stocking our woods with the beautiful game birds. Some success has been met with by those hatching pheasants this year, the young being now almost ready to be liberated and left to fare for themselves. This is where the need of protection exists, not only from their natural enemies of the woods but from those carrying guns who think that every wild bird is fair game. Protection now means a bountiful supply in a few years when the shooting of the pheasants will be open to all.

While there may be others in this immediate district who have had eggs to hatch, we learned some time ago that the Doering Stock Farm had then eggs in incubation in an endeavor to help this good work along.

Chesterville band yesterday supplied the musical programme at Newington fais and tomorrow will be the attraction at Maxville.

FOR PICKLING

We have
Curry Powder
Cassia Buds
Turmeric
Celery Seed
Mustard Seed and Keen's Mustard
Pepper, whole and powdered. Black, White and Red
Pickle Bottle Corks, all sizes.
Saccharine
Salicylic Acid
Sodium Benzoate
All fresh and high in quality but reasonable in price.

GEO. J. HUNT
DRUGGIST AND OPTICIAN

THE NEW DOMINION LOAN

As has been expected for some time a new refunding loan has been put on the market by the Dominion Government to take up the loan maturing on the 1st of November, 1924. Those who hold bonds maturing in 1924 should act quickly if they wish to secure the conversion privileges of the new loan. Holders of the 1924 bonds who wish to exchange them for the new loan will be allowed three dollars per hundred and given new bonds for the amount of those coming due and also be allowed to retain the interest coupon due 1st of November, while the new bonds will bear interest from the 15th of October at the rate of four and a half per cent. Holders of the 1924 bonds will consult their own interests to call immediately at The Record office and have G. C. Lacey arrange the exchange which costs you nothing.

Town Hall CHESTERVILLE Sat. Sept. 27

UNDER AUSPICES PRESBYTERIAN LADIES AID
A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION

His Children's Children

From the novel by Arthur Train.

with
BEBE DANIELS
DOROTHY MACKAILL
JAMES RENNIE
& GEORGE FAWCETT

Adults 35c. Children under 13 years 15c

THE COLONEL'S MAID

Three-Act Comedy by Miss Leona Dalrymple

Under auspices of Chesterville Bowling Club

MUSIC HALL, FRIDAY EV'G, OCT. 3RD

Cast of Characters

COL. ROBT. RUDD, a widower of North Carolina — DR. E. B. BAKER
COL. RICHARD BYRD, a widower of South Carolina — P. S. BOYD
Mostly antagonistic
MARJORIE BYRD — MISS LEILA McGEE
BOB RUDD — DR. S. H. HUTT
Not so antagonistic as their respective fathers.
MRS. JOHN CARROLL. — MISS ELLA HARRISON
A widow and Col. Rudd's sister-in-law
JULIA CARROLL, her daughter. — MISS FLORENCE FLYNN
NED GRAYDON — E. L. BRONSKILL
A young gentleman of very faulty memory.
MR. JAMES BASKOM, Col. Rudd's Lawyer. — ERIC CASSELMAN
CHING-AH-LING. — C. D. NADEAU
The Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but a very important individual in the cast.

ADDISSION 35c, ANY SEAT IN THE HALL. CURTAIN AT 8.15, SHARP

Most great business successes had their foundation in a savings account. Capital enabled the saver to grasp his opportunity. Are you preparing for the day of opportunity? You can do so by opening a savings account to-day in

THE
Bank of Nova Scotia

ESTABLISHED 1832

Paid-up Capital $ 10,000,000
Reserve - - 19,500,000
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E. L. Bronskill, Manager
Chesterville

23F

SEE ! LOOK IN !

No, don't only look in, walk in and see what modest prices I am offering my new shipment of HORSE BLANKETS at.

I also have a full line of CURRY COMBS BRUSHES, SURCINGLES HALTERS, REPAIRS & HARNESS

Men's & Boys' Work Mitts of extra quality & assortment. Repairing guaranteed, neatly and promptly done at reasonable rates.

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TERMS ON FARM MACHINERY

I have in stock the Celebrated Bissell Disc Harrow, Tudhope Wagons and Buggies which I can sell on terms as in former years, Also Moody and Gilson goods and Maxwell Hay Loaders. Large stock of Harness and Collars.

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LASALLE'S GARAGE
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Batteries Reduced

U.S.L. "Frontier" Batteries

Ford and Chevrolet
Wood case $17.00 Rubber Case $22.00

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Wood case $23.00 Rubber case $24.00

Dodge and Maxwell
Wood case $28.00 Rubber case $31.00

Standard Batteries

Ford and Chevrolet
Standard size $24.00 Oversize $25.00

Buick and Overland
Standard size $27.00 Oversize $29.00

Dodge and Maxwell
Standard size $30.00 Oversize $33.00

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Auctioneer Crysler, Ont.

Licensed Auctioneer for the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, Prescott and Russell counties, Pure Bred Stock a specialty. Arrange for dates at The Record office.

CALL ON THE SURVEYOR

The payment of two dollars for a half day's work of a civil engineer meant the changing of plans in drainage for my neighbor when he wanted to put in a main tile outlet for his farm. His eye told him that the water should go to the east, which was in the direction of a river outlet, but for some reason he consulted an engineer and he found that the water could as well go west and save digging the trench and buying the tile for a good many extra rods. The engineer surveyed the whole ditch and left the depth of cuttings every 100 feet so there was no trouble to get the tile in properly.

In my own case I had a drainage problem and had two outlets that could be used. One was a fifteen inch tile along the border of the farm and the other an open ditch at the end of the place.

My plan, as my eye told me, was to run a main tile the length of the farm along one side and drain into it with cross ditches. But the surveyor soon showed me that I could cross the ditch right into the fifteen-inch tile and save 160 rods of six or eight inch outlet. I had plenty of fall. Besides, large tile is a better outlet than an open ditch.

The saving is hard to estimate but the cost in my case was $1.50.

A good many drainage jobs are jumped into without much previous thought or planning and surveyors can earn their charges and much more on many farms. The eye is not a sure gauge of levels, and natural slopes of the land do not seem always to tell the story.—Earl Rogers.

YOUTH FACES CHARGE ENDANGERING LIVES

Charged with placing an obstacle on the railway track and endangering the lives of passengers, Henry Meccamanine, appeared before Magistrate Stewart in the local police court at Pembroke. Failing to enter a plea, he was remanded for trial until Saturday. Accused was arrested at Chalk River, when he identified his coat which was removed from the cowcatcher of train No. 8.C.P.R., when the "flyer" arrived at Chalk River Station, following a collision with a speeder. Meccamanine, giving his address as Montreal, was walking east on the ties a distance above Chalk River when he stole a section man's speeder, folded his coat as a cushion, and was proceeding on his eastward journey. He suddenly found himself head-on with the trans-Canada flyer, which was rounding a curve, and jumped for his life. The speeder was smashed to atoms. In the crash the man's coat became entangled in the cowcatcher, from which it was removed at Chalk River on the arrival there of the train. Some while later the traveller walked into Chalk River station and claimed the coat where-upon he was immediately arrested and taken to Pembroke.

Knew the Way

Two women were discussing a wedding that had taken place at their church the previous day.

"And do you know," said one, "just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out."

This startling bit of information was greeted by a number of "Ohs!"

"What did the couple do then?" inquired one.

"Kept on going. The widow knew the way."

WORK SLICK GAME IN BRUCE

The Lucknow Sentinel says: "A slick game was played on the general store at Sunnidale Corners one day recently. A stranger drove up in a car, probably stolen, and got seven gallons of gasoline, a supply of biscuits, tobacco and matches and then asked if they had any coal oil and handed out an old can to be filled. While the can was being filled he jumped into his car and bolted without paying for his purchasers."

CAN GO 35 MILES AN HOUR

If you are motoring on a public highway that is clear of traffic, you may step on the gas to the tune of 35 miles an hour with comparative safety from prosecution. If, however, the road is not clear and you go over 25 miles, you are likely to be summoned on a charge of speeding or reckless driving. This point was made clear by High Constable Wharton recently, says the Guelph Mercury. Although the law specially declares that motorists travelling over thirty miles an hour are to be apprehended, officials on county highways will only summon a man if he is endangering the safety of others. So long as he is only taking the risk himself, he may go as high as 35 miles. "That's the common-sense view to take," the high constable said. "When there is no traffic and a man exceeds 30 or 35 miles he does so at his own risk, and will not be brought into court. On the other hand, he may be going only 25 miles and yet endanger the lives of other motorists by reckless driving. In this case, a county officer would certainly take his number."

MRS. PERKINS, BUSINESS AND BOOZE

Written for "The Ottawa Citizen" by "M.B." and reprinted by permission.

The reader will recall that "wet" Hull ("Ull" in Mrs. Perkins vernacular) is in Quebec and across the line from Ottawa.

"Sit down, sir, and welcome," said Mrs. Perkins pushing the more respectable of the two chairs on the porch towards her visitor and flopping herself into the old rocker which had come out from England with her. "You've come to h'arsk 'ow I means to vote at this 'ere referendum?"

"Well," said the canvasser diplomatically, "I thought you might like to hear our arguments. You see we feel sure that if we allow liquor in Ontario again it will be good for trade."

"'Ow d'yer make that h'out?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Well you see there'll be people employed in the breweries, they'll be making beer, bottling it and selling it, and that all means work for a number of people." The canvasser smiled brightly.

"It may be good for the liquor trade," said Mrs. Perkins shortly, "but it's bad for all the others. You take me and Perkins," she went on, beginning to enjoy herself; "Bill gets 'is $25 a week and 'e won't get more, I take it, if you do change the law. D'yer mean to tell me it's good for trade if he spends $10 o' that on drink and I'ave to manage with $15 for a week. You just step around the corner and h'arsk Mr. Kelly, the grocer, whether that's going to be good for 'is trade. There's another thing," Mrs. Perkins was settling down to the job now, "My young George can't go to work till 'e gets 'is new boots and 'is new spring an' fall—now when you puts clothes on a boy's back and food in 'is stumick, 'e's better able to work—that's good for trade if you like. I take it that's what they call-building up prosperity. But when you pours liquor down a man's throat what ought to know better than to want it, you ain't building up nothing."

"Perhaps your husband can work better for his glass of beer; makes him feel jollier, you know." The young canvasser laughed nervously. This was his first attempt at the job and somehow it wasn't going right.

"Makes 'im feel jollier," repeated Mrs. Perkins scathingly. Young man if you'd lived in the Mile End Road along o' me and seen me h'outside the pub h'every night at eleven to 'elp Perkins 'ome—feel Jollier—'e were past feeling at all! And if you 'ad come out 'ere and 'ad five years peace and quiet—for I can put h'up with 'is 'ooking it over to 'Ull now and again—you'd know better than to talk about my Ol' Bill feelin' jollier. Not as 'e means no 'arm, just weak, that's all 'e 'is. And 'e's twice the man without the stuff e'll tell you so his self."

The canvasser got up to try his luck elsewhere. Mrs. Perkins rose too, and stood between him and the steps. "H'if you won't take it unkindly, sir, from the mother of seven, you're making a mistake. D'yer think I'm going to vote to put liquor in the way o'my five boys? D'yer think your mother wouldn't be ashamed o' you, if she knowed you was arsking me to?" The canvasser edged towards the steps. "Go 'ome and get a job as is a job, and good afternoon to you."

The canvasser went.—M.B.

Mrs. Mulligan:—"Do yez feel better this morning, Mrs. O'Toole?" Mrs. O'Toole:"I do, an' then again I don't." Mrs. Mulligan: "That's bad, fur it's harrud to know whether to say Oi'm sorry or glad."

ALL OVER 21 TO VOTE ON O. T. A. PLEBISCITE

Every person, male or female, who is a British subject 21 years of age, resident 12 months in Canada, three months in the municipality and one month in the electoral district, has the right to vote in the October plebiscite on the Ontario Temperance Act.

One member of a family can register the names of other members of the family; that is, a man can register for his wife and children, a woman can register for her husband and children, or one of the children can register for all.

ESCAPES WITH LIFE IN ODD EXPERIENCE

William Pearce, a milkman of St. Catharines, had a curious experience Monday and nearly lost his life through it. He was driving along the road near the Welland Canal when the horse stumbled and fell dead. The animal falling carried the milk wagon over the steep embankment, but Pierce jumped before it landed and escaped unhurt. The wagon brought up on four wheels, however, only the shafts being broken. Not a bottle of milk was smashed.

Clear Evidence.

Sherlock—"That fellow must live in a jolly small flat!"

Watson—"How do you arrive at that conclusion?"

Sherlock—"Observe that his dog wags its tail up and down instead of sideways."

Simple Colds indicate a need of **SCOTT'S EMULSION** to build resistance

You first realize *what Scott's Emulsion is,* by the strength it brings to the body.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 23-52

Pumps

Pumps made after the Babcock pattern, for deep or shallow wells, in either iron or wood. These pumps are neatly made and painted and sell at very reasonable prices from $10·00 up.

Stanchions

Wooden swing stanchions for tying up cows, at a low price.

WOOD TURNINC—Columns, Verandah Posts, etc, and rip-saw ng done to order.

J.A.Smith & Son, Chesterville

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GRIST MILLS & LUMBER YARD

S. BARRIE, Proprietor.

Grinding Every Day

FLOUR, FEED, BRAN ETC.

Grain of all kinds bought and sold.

Western Grain and Corn a Specialty

Lumber, Lath, Shingles
Feather Edge, Wallboard
Brick and Lime

Telephone - - 69.

Cornwall General Hospital

This institution provides skilled nursing and are at very moderate rates to those able to pay, and without charge to indigent person from the three United Counties, other tnan the Municipal Grants.

It is kept uy by;

Fees from paying patients.

2. Grants from the Government and Mun cipalities.

3. Donations and Subscriptions from Churches Corporations, Societies and I.i dividuals, the last being the largest source of revenue.

You are asked to assist in this work

The nucleus of endowment fund has be e established by a legacy recently received and parties remembering the Hospital in their wills may stipulate that bequests made by hem shall go to this fund.

If you would like a copy of the last Annua Report, drop a card to the Secretary, who wi be pleased to send you one.

J. T. KIRKPATRICK, President. F. D. MCLENNAN Sec'y-Treas

CORNWALL
COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
CORNWALL, ONT.

THE SCHOOL OF OPPORTUNITY

For the girl or boy who wants to make good. Excellent educational and business record. Insure success by attending a school where actual business experience may be acquired.

For catalogue address:

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Cornwall, Ont.

FIRE INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY

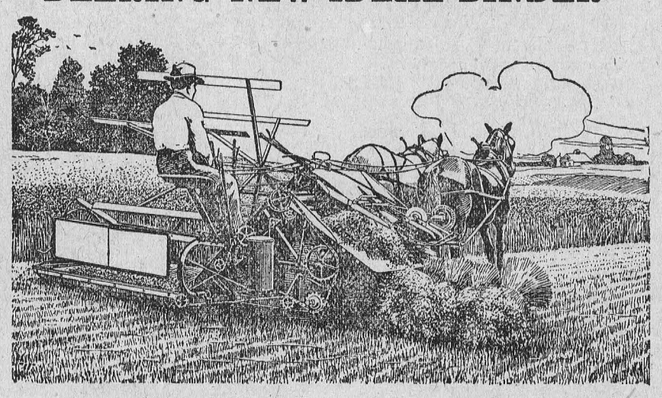
Mercantile — Manufacturing — Residential and Farm Property

Also Windstorm and Tornado Insurance on either cash or mutual plan.

PHONE 601—R—23

James Clement, Agent, Chesterville

DEERING NEW IDEAL BINDER



Deering Binders have always been noted for their easy working qualities and Light Draft. The Deering was the first binder to be equipped with Ball and Roller Bearings, and the machine though amply strong and rugged is lighter than the majority of other binders because constructed almost entirely of steel.

McCormick-Deering Twine, the Big Ball

For sale by

H. G. McCAMBRIDGE

McCormick-International-Deering

Main St. South Phone 8. **Chesterville**

FACTS THAT SHOULD INFLUENCE YOUR VOTE ON OCT. 23rd.

On Oct. 20, 1920 British Columbia decided to change from prohibition to moderation in order to:

1. Stop boot-legging.
2. Increase respect for law.
3. Reduce taxation.
4. Attract desirable citizens.
5. Protect the homes.
6. Assist the business men to meet their liabilities.

Results of Moderation or Government Control

1. The newspapers of B. C. claim that boot-legging was never as prevalent as now. The Vancouver World, organ of the government declared in an editorial: "British Columbia is the boot-legger's paradise" and A. M. Manson, Attorney General of the Province and official administrator of the government Liquor Control Act said in a recent speech: "The greatest boot-leggers of all are the brewers and export liquor dealers."

2. After three years trial of governmen sale Attorney General Manson in moving amendment to the Act is reported in the Victoria "Colonist" of December 18th, 1923, to have said: "There has been a breach of faith of duty on the part of the municipalities throughout this province. Men otherwise respectable, many occupants of front pews, have refused in a most contemptible fashion to aid the government in enforcing the Liquor Act. Their action is a breach of the rule of good citizenship and of loyalty to their own province."

Another man after a short visit to B. C. said he never imagined there could be so much disrespect and contempt and defiance of law as exists there.

3. In the Provincial parliament last November it was stated that high taxation was strangling the agricultural industry and the member of parliament for Okanagan gave an example of how taxes had increased since the government went to work for the brewers, the case of a farmer with 8 acres whose tax had gone up from $132 in 1921 to $352 in 1923; and of another with 10 acres whose taxes had increased from $65 in 1920 to $264 in 1923, and another with 16 acres in fruit and 32 in hay and grain who was taxed $1,251 last year.

4. One newspaper spoke of the stream of money draining out of the province as the "imigration of money" and gave as an explanation for the alarming "emigration of people" out of the province the fact that financial conditions were materially weakened because of the daily drain for liquor.

5. It is well known that the liquor traffic is the most prolific source of misery, insanity, vice and crime. Liquor in the home banishes happiness, comfort, prosperity.

6. The grocer's section of the Retail Merchants Association of Vancouver adopted resolutions stating that the business of the retail grocers of Vancouver is suffering very heavily from the diversion of money into liquor channels, and they petitioned the government to submit to a vote of the people a proposition for "bone-dry prohibition.

While British Columbia spent twelve million dollars a year for drink in the government stores alone about half this amount was spent in the province for schools and the province produced only about four million dollars' worth of creamery products. —Contributed.

—o—

READ THIS TO "HUBBY"

The divorce figures are high. On every side one hears of unhappy marriages. A large part of our general conversation and discussion, in the press, on the platform and at home, centres round the problem of "how to be happy though married."

The problem of the happy marriage is generally thought to be new, something peculiar to the jazzy, restless, high-pressure days we live in. But in the fundamentals it is as old as mankind itself. Only in some of its aspects is it new. For instance, a modern wife is not satisfied with what would have pleased her mother, she wants to go about more, to see more and hear more, to live faster and more fully.

We may deplore that, but the fact remains. A man with plenty of money who cannot keep his wife happy and contented is either himself lacking in the essential qualities that go to make a marriage successful or else he has married the wrong woman. If a husband can encourage his wife to have interests outside the home—they may be sporting, social or intellectual—he is much more likely to find her fresh and alert and interested and cheerful and happy than if he discourages the varied life and insists on his wife leading what is commonly called "a home life" or allows her to get into that rut.

It is a commonplace that a man and woman can drift apart simply because they have ceased to find anything to say to one another. The woman gets discontented; her thoughts roam away from her husband and a sense of revolt against her dull life makes her mood dangerous just at the time when he thinks her placid and wishes that she would take an interest in him and his doings.

A man too often forgets when he sets out in the morning to make his living that he is going for the next eight hours or so to live a varied life. Possibly, if he works in an office, he would call it a dull life. But even a routine life is a change from the life of the home. In fact he walks out of one life into another, and in the evening walks back again. Meantime the wife of the "woman's-proper-place-is-at-home" type of husband has not changed either her environments or her interests, and the husband probably gets impatient if she begins to tell him of household incidents, forgetful of the fact that those incidents are the only things that have happed in her life all day.

One of the most happily married men I know confessed to me the other day, he always took his wife out at least once a week, and left the choice of rendezvous to her. He is well-off, but he did that even in his hard-up days, when a pit seat at the theatre or a movie show was all that he could afford. Sometimes he merely went out—for a walk.

So many men say they don't feel like going out when their wives hesitatingly suggest an outing. They are tired, they have a big day's work to-morrow: there is always something. They never realize. these dull-witted men, that the wives whose narrow range of interests they sometimes deplore, want to walk out of their home life for a few hours—that they have spoken to two people perhaps besides servants and shopkeepers all day, and they want a change, they want human contacts, if only those casual contacts which friend husband makes in the course of his business day.

All home and no outings and no exterior interests is what makes a dull and uninteresting woman of even the worthiest wife.

The companion-wife, a woman who is amusing, fresh, stimulating, interesting, nice to meet and talk to at the end of the day, happy in her home and vital, is made in only one way—by being taken about.

LIFE BURDENED BY DYSPEPSIA

Health and Happiness Came With "Fruit-a-tives"

Made From Fruit Juices and Tonics

"Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful medicine made from the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, is one of the greatest means of doing good that this country of ours has ever known.

"Fruit-a-tives" is bringing health to hundreds and hundreds of people who suffer with chronic Constipation, Biliousness and Dyspepsia.

Mr. Frank Hall of Wyevale, Ont., says, "I purchased a box of "Fruit-a-tives" and began the treatment. My condition improved immediately. The dyspepsia ceased to be the burden of my life as it had been, and I was freed of Constipation".

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

—o—

Why The Parade?

Two Irishmen watching Shriners parade:

"Who are those fellows, Mike?"

"They are Shriners."

"And what are Shriners?"

"Why, they're Masons."

"Sure and what the divil do they want now? They're gettin' $18 a day."

FROM BEYOND THE TOLL GATE

Just over the brow of the hill, at the entrance to the Valley of Regret, there is a toll gate. Thousands upon thousands have passed that way, and paid. This tollgate is on one of the many roads which branch off the Highway of Life. The name of this road is IGNORANCE. Beyond the toll-gate, in the Valley of Regret, is an old, old man with furrowed brow and grizzled beard, for he has lived through many generations. He carries a great load and his back is bent with the weight of the burden. His name is Experience. He is weary and sorrowful, for he has cried aloud, mostly in vain, to travellers on the highway, to avoid the way of ignorance.

Why do so many fail to hear and why do they not heed?

Experience pleads today for the conservation of the nation's sight. He pleads that we may heed before it is too late. He pleads that we may seek the knowledge that will lead us to a new world through better vision. And here is what Experience has told:

Nine out of every ten persons over twenty-one years old have imperfect vision.

Of several thousand school children in one of our large cities, 66 per cent. of them have defective vision.

Of more than 10,000 employees in factories and commercial houses, 53 per cent., it was shown by examination, had uncorrected faulty vision, and only 13 per cent. had defects which were corrected, making a total of 66 per cent. who required aids to vision. Statistics compiled by the Provost-Marshal General's office show that of the twenty-one different classes into which were divided physical defects disqualifying for military service, eye defects ranked third Only two other classes showed a higher ratio of rejections.

Of the twenty-four million school children in the United States, 25 to 40 per cent. have serious errors of vision that should receive immediate attention.

Experience also tells us that defective sight is the cause of many other human ills. It is responsible for many of the thousands of Misfits and N'erDo-Wells that we find about us everywhere. Experience calls to you—"Conserve your eyesight!"

Do not be indifferent to the condition of your eyes.

Avoid fine print, blurred letters and shiny paper, they are likely to strain the eyes.

Rest your eyes when tired, don't strain them.

Do not read or work with poor illumination.

Do not save light at the expense of the eyes.

Do not judge illumination by the brightness of lamps. Dim light and glaring light makes the eyes tired and weak. Use light that is agreeable to the eye.

Do not read or work facing a very bright light.

Do not subject the eyes to an unshaded brilliant light source.

Do not bring your eyes to your work; bring the work to the eyes. The proper reading distance is 12 to 15 inches from the eyes.

Protect your eves against dust and wind when driving.

Avoid cheap glasses. Their imperfections may be worse than no glasses at all.

Avoid reading on moving trains.

Do not use a common towel; infection is frequently transmitted thereby.

Do not let "cross-eye" go neglected; it may lead to blindness of one eye.

Do not condemn children and workers as stupid—test their eyes.

Do not neglect eye strain; it may lead to more serious trouble. If you are not sure of the condition of your own eyes, have them examined by one who is competent to give you advice as to their care.

If glasses are prescribed, wear them as advised. They will do you no good in your pocket, or in a drawer of your desk or dresser.

Heed the voice of Experience from beyond the Toll-Gate, which leads to the Valley of Regret.—Kingston Whig.

—o—

The Only Way.

Motor Cop: "Hey, where are you going? Don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Abe (in new car): "Vell, I'm only going von vay, ain't I?"

Order YOUR PIES AND CAKES From Chesterville Bakery

EUGENE McMILLAN, Prop



This is Different

from all other laxatives and reliefs for

Defective Elimination
Constipation
Biliousness

The action of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is more natural and thorough. The effects will be a revelation—you will feel so good. Make the test. You will appreciate this difference.

NR JUNIORS Jrs

Used For Over Thirty Years

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS — Little NRs

The same NR—in one-third doses, candy-coated. For children and adults.

SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

NOTE ADDRESS LABEL ON THIS PAPER

The day, month, and year to which your subscription has been last paid is shown after your name. If the date shown has passed, this is our notice asking you to remit at once sufficient cash, postal note or money order to pay your subscription in advance. Do it to-day.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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12 months for $1.50
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BONDS

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Guaranteeing

Ont. Hydro-Electric Commission

Fifteen-Year 5% Bonds, due 1939

Price $101.50

Yielding 4.85 per cent.

These bonds pay $25.00 every six months

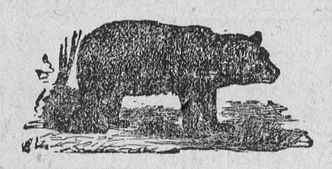
Come in and talk it over

G. C. LACEY - Record Office - CHESTERVILLE

Large Showing
of
English Broadcloth Blouses
For Ladies
In Sand and White

Ladies' Attractive Fall Coats

The newest styles in the prevailing weaves for this season.



FURS FURS

Now is the time to Re-Model, Re-Line or Repair your furs. We have made arrangements with a large manufacturing furrier to do it for us at absolutely cost during the slack Summer months. Call at our store for information.

Telephone 62
H. J. McMAHON

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TOURING CAR

Exceptional beauty now characterizes the car that has earned so enviable a reputation for modest upkeep and long life.

There are no extras to buy. The Special Touring Car is completely and smartly equipped.

Five Balloon-Type Tires.

D. ALLISON, DEALER
Chesterville

NOTICE TO FARMERS
I am prepared to sell the
ADVANCE RUMELY SEPARATOR

LATE THOMAS MORAN

The passing away of the late Thomas Moran on Sat. Aug. 30th, is sadly regretted, another of the old pioneers has entered into his eternal rest.

He was born in County Mayo, Ireland 93 years ago and came to Canada with his parents at an early age, settling in Connaught neighborhood, Chesterville, Dundas County. Mr. Moran spent most of his life on this same homestead, improving it and rented it some time ago retiring in Chesterville where he purchased the residence of late John Jordan. His son James and daughter Nora lived with him, and these two were the faithful attendants of their beloved father for the past four years.

He was a typical Irishman and never forgot his Gaelic tongue. An honest God-fearing citizen, a faithful loyal neighbor, witty and entertaining, welcomed in every home, and a great supporter of his church.

His funeral was largely attended at St. Mary's Church, Chesterville, on Monday, Sept. 1st, Requiem Mass was offered by Rev. Fr. Staley, after which interment was made in Lower Cemetery. His dying hours were comforted by all the members of his family being, Misses Nora of Chesterville, Mary and Peter of Chicago, Mrs. J. Manley, Mrs. L. Baker, Mrs. Thos. O'Grady and son James of Chesterville, to whom sincerest sympathy is extended. The following spiritual offerings were received.

The family, J. Manley and family, Peter Moran, Mrs. T. O'Grady and family, Mrs. Thompson, Miss S. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. D. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moran, Mr. W. J. Lynch and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. P. Moran, Mrs. D. Allison, Mr. P. D. O'Grady, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. V. Coyne, Mr. J. J. Flynn and family, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Coyne, Mr. and Mrs. W. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ruddy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Devanney, Mr. M. D. O'Grady, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Clement, Mr. H. Masterson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Radey, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCloskey, Mr. and Mrs. T. Foley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Chambers, Mrs. Blacklock and John, Mr. H. McCambridge and mother, Mr. and Mrs. T. Allen, Mrs. E. Wheelar, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kearns, Mrs. G. Chambers, Mrs. M. Gillissie and family, Mrs. S. McMahon and Mr. L. Jordan.—(Contributed too late for last issue.)

CASE ADJOURNED

Iroquois Post—The Town vs. Lannin Action and counter-action, Lannin vs. Town, the first growing out of a refusal by Mr. Lannin to take out a license for the Iroquois Dancing Pavilion under a By-law of the town, enacting a fee of $50, and the latter by the refusal of the town authorities to grant Mr. Lannin a license under the Theatre and Cinemographs Act, which provides a fee of $3.00, was heard before Police Magistrate Cline, of Cornwall, on Wednesday afternoon. After hearing the arguments of the counsel, I. Hilliard, K. C., for the town, and Col. Lorne W. Mulloy, B. A., appearing for Mr. Lannin, the Magistrate adjourned the case for two weeks, one week being allowed for the submission of written evidence by counsel, and one week for Magistrate to make his decision.

BREAK ALL RECORDS AT METCALFE FAIR

With an attendance of over 5,000 there was no doubt of the success

FULTON BROS.
The Store of Quality
But not of High Price

Canning Time
Bartlett Pears—Crawford Peaches—and Plums, now at their best.
Damson Plums—Leave your order with us for a basket for delivery about Sept. 24th.
Price Per Basket $1.15.

Butter Crocks
From 2 gals. up to 12 gals. size.
Flower and Bulb Pots, All sizes.

Coupons
Bring your Comfort Soap Coupons in and get 2 bars of Comfort or Pearl White Soap free.

Roofing and Felt
Ready Roofing 1, 2 and 3 ply.
Felt—Tarred and Dry.

Radio Batteries
Ignitor Batteries
A fresh barrel just in.

Dominion Cartridges
We have a full line for most any make of gun, also .22 Gauge Rifles and .12 Gauge Shot Guns in stock.

Silo Filling Time
Buy your Oil, Gasoline and Tractor Oils from us.
Gasoline now 30c gal or 28c by drum.

FULTON BROS.
CHESTERVILLE, ONT.

ATTENTION!
ARE YOU THINKING OF INSTALLING A WATER SYSTEM ?

In your house or barn. If so call us up and we will run out and tell you just what you want, at just the price you want to pay.

We have the agency for the Famous Toronto Windmills, Silos and Farm Machinery

One Only 4-Burner Oil Stove at a Reduced Price
Repairs and Wicks for all makes of Oil Stoves

HOW ABOUT A FURNACE ?

Now is the time to decide, before the cold weather comes. We sell and install the Findlay Piped or Pipeless rnaees and Stoves.

is the best time to get it.
tment always open.
- Chesterville.

DOG TRAVELS THREE THOUSAND MILES TO HOME AND GETS MEDAL

Bob, a Scotch collie, recently travelled approximately 3,000 miles to return to his home in Oregon after having been lost in the middle west. Its owners had taken it with them on an automobile trip and while they were crossing Iowa, Bob strayed away. After an unsuccessful search they went on to Indiana and then drove back to the Pacific coast, never expecting to see their pet again. Six months after their return Bob came trotting home, weak from fatigue, footsore and with claws worn short. It developed that the animal had trailed the automobile from Iowa to Indiana and then had started back on the long trip to Oregon. The state humane society, after investigation, presented the dog with a medal and school children petitioned the village council to give it the freedom of the streets for the rest of its life.

The Other Way Round

"Was your landlady indignant when you asked her for another month's credit?"

"On the contrary, old man, it was I who was put out."

FOR SALE OR RENT

House and lot for sale or to let on Joseph st. no reasonable offer refused Possession given Oct. 1st, 1924. Further particulars apply to Jas. P. Hutt, Cornwall, Ont.

FARM FOR RENT

West Three-Quarters Lot 23, Con. 3, Winchester township. 150 acres more or less. Good buildings and wells. Apply F. McCloskey, Chesterville. 46

FOR SALE

Twenty-one horses ranging from two to six years or slightly over for sale, or would exchange some of the colts for older horses or heavy horses. Terms may be arranged if desired. Apply Max Johnston, Chesterville. 45tf.

FOR SALE

Hurona range almost new, bargain. Apply Box 136, Berwick, Ont. 45-47

SHEEP ON SHARES

Anyone desiring sheep on shares, may have possession October 1st. Apply for particulars to Mrs. R. Armstrong, Cannamore. 46

FOR SALE OR RENT

100 acres, more or less, Lot 2. Con. 8, Williamsburg Township. Comfortable buildings, never failing wells, convenient to school, store and factory apply to Mrs. Wm. Collins, Chesterville, R. M. D. No. 1.

NOTICE

As I have no one on the road buying live stock for me, any person having stock to offer for sale please call up by telephone. Highest prices paid for all kinds of live stock. Loading every Monday. G. H. Barkley. Phone 77, Chesterville. 44tf.

FOR RENT

Blacksmith shop, the old stand of the late Simon Hutt, at Berwick. Apply to Dr. S. H. Hutt, Chesterville. 30tf

NOTICE

I am now ready to do all kinds of cast iron repairs, I also make cast iron pans and pots, kitchen sinks, coolers, shoe lasts, plough points and registers etc., bring along old plough points to ensure getting a fit. Matthews Old Stand, Queen Street, Chesterville. Ernest Cole, Prop. 32tf

FROST WIRE AGENCY

Before placing your orders for wire and lawn fencing, gates, steel posts, brace wire and staples it will pay you to see me as I handle the celebrated Frost Fence. Special prices for cash. Good supply on hand. Walter W. Steven, Morewood. 18tf.

CHESTERVILLE CITIZENS' BAND

Percy Hewitt, Bandmaster.

Open for engagement for Socials, Fairs, Etc. Write for prices and let us take care of the musical end of your program.

DR. S. H. HUTT Pres. **LESLIE CASS,** Secy.

ROSS BECKSTEAD

Licensed Auctioneer for Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry.

All kinds of sales handled at reasonable charge.
I would appreciate your patronage. Write or Phone for dates at my expense or arrange at Record Office.
Phone Line 2—R 2-1. Aultsville, Ont.

THOS. IRVING
Licensed Auctioneer

For Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Carleton and Russell.

Sales of all kinds handled.
Terms reasonable.
Dates may be arranged at The Record Office.

PHONE 76J MORRISBURG, ONT.

THE COMING PLEBISCITE

Even though you are qualified you cannot vote at the approaching plebiscite unless your name is on the voters' list now or is placed on the list later. You must be a British subject of the full age of 21 years and have been for a period of 12 months next preceding the day of polling, a resident and domiciled in Canada, and for a period of 3 months next preceding such day a resident of and domiciled in the electoral district. Due notice is given in this issue of the sittings of courts for revision of the lists, and you can then apply if you find by investigating that your name is not on Part III of the lists.

AUTO FOR SALE

Five passenger touring car for sale at a price you will know is a bargain when you look the car over. Has run less than ten thousand miles. Apply The Record Office. 46tf

LOST

Small boy's navy reefer coat Thursday Sept. 14, between Chesterville and Nation Valley. Finder please return to The Record Office. 46

FOR SALE

Five acres of standing corn at Elma. Watson Carruthers, Elma. 47

FOR SALE

Chevrolet touring car for sale. Apply Clarence Paul, Chesterville. 46

FOR SALE

Ford Sedan in first class condition will be sold cheap, attachment for player piano with eighty records, also quantity of household furniture which may be examined at any time. As I am leaving town all must be sold by end of month. Albert Hooks, Chesterville. 46

FOR SALE

One pure bred Chester White Hog and fifteen pigs averaging about 75 lbs. each. Apply Lorne Baker, Chesterville. 46

AUCTION SALE

of

The undersigned who intends moving to the States, will offer by Public Auction, on the premises in the Sixth Concession of Williamsburg opposite the Ballantyne Stock Farm.
8 Miles South-East of Chesterville
on
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1924
Beginning at One o'clock p. m.

16 Head Grade Holstein and Ayrshire Milch Cows,(eight due to freshen in January), 1 Pure Bred Holstein Cow, 7 Holstein Heifers coming 2 years, Holstein Bull coming 2 years, Holstein Bull coming 1 year old, 5 Holstein Calves, Team Black Percheron mares 5 & 6 about 2500, Grey Mare rising 5 years with colt by side, 8 Shoats about 120 lbs., Matched Team Chestnuts rising 2 years, Brood Sow, 6 Geese, 17 Ducks, 40 Hens, Frost & Wood Binder, F & W Mower, Plough, Deering Horse Rake, About ten tons Hay, 300 Bushels Oats, other articles not mentioned.

TERMS OF SALE: All sums $10.00 and under, Cash; over that amount 10 months credit on approved joint notes or 6 per cent. off forcash.

ALFRED McMAHON, Prop.
Ross Beckstead, Auct.

How About THAT MILK HOUSE

We can furnish you with all the material you need for it at a figure which is low enough to suit you.

A. O. MILLER & SON,
Phone 8 R 3 Avonmore.

Used Goods For Sale

Massey-Harris Blizzard Blower
30 feet of pipe, 10 inch throat. Filled one silo.

6 H.-P. International Engine
Mounted. First-class working order.

7 H.-P. Lister Engine, mounted

No. 50 Bell Cutter
40 feet Carriers and Feed Table

Fordson Tractor
First-class working order

Moody Thresher No. 3
16 feet Carriers in First-class Condition

Moody Thresher No. 2

10 Plows, All Makes Wilkinson
$18.00 Each, all new, show worn

No. 3½ Gilson on skids

All the above machines are in first class running order and will be sold reasonable for cash or on time.

Thos. Faulkner Phone Six **Morewood**

BERWICK

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lynch spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kearns.

Mr. Eathen Dubois of Anayanda, spent the week end at his home here.

It is rumoured that Mr. Smith has sold the Berwick factory to a dairy company in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Walsh spent Monday with the Messrs. Kearns, brothers of Mrs. Walsh.

Guests of Mrs. Peter Ouderkirk—Thursday—Mrs. McMonagle, Ottawa; Mrs. James Servage, also Mr. and Mrs. John Servage, Crysler and Mrs. Young.

A large gathering was present at the "Harvest Home" Supper, served in the Methodist Church Monday evening. The church was suitably decorated for the occasion with different products of the soil. Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Montreal and Rev. Mr. Hodgins of Finch, gave addresses.

Mrs. Wm. Ouderkirk visited Mrs. Henry Armstrong, of Crysler, on Thursday.

Berwick all locked up Wednesday. Why? Practically, everybody at Crysler Fair.

The Misses Cassie Ouderkirk and Mildred Casselman will be teachers-in-training at the Normal School, Ottawa, the coming term.

Friday, Sept. 26, is the date of the annual School Fair. As this is a day of education as well as of real sport, let us all be young for that brief period of time and help in any way we can to make "The Children's Day" a happy one.

Meet the Colonel's Maid at Chesterville, Friday Oct. 3rd.

THE WORST MENACE TO SAFETY

Smiths Falls Record News—Those glaring headlights on cars on the roads at night are the worst menace to safety extant today. A Smiths Falls man was motoring from Perth to his home town one rainy, dark night last week and between the two towns, passed fifteen cars going in the opposite direction. Although he used his "dimmers" on approaching each car only one out of the fifteen did the same. It is no fun on a dark night to meet one of these thoughtless drivers, with the lights on his car piercing into the oncoming car and into the driver's eyes, and the wonder is there are not more accidents than are reported. It is not very much trouble to dim the lights, and if each car driver would only think of the other fellow's comfort it would make for much safer travel. The trouble with most owners of cars is they have very little consideration for the other fellow on the road.

LARGE POTATO CROP

Though potatoes are not regarded as one of the main crops on the farms of this province, the total revenue from these tubers for Canada is nearly one hundred millions annually. In Ontario, New Brunswick is most often heard of as a potato province, yet Quebec's potato crop is equal in value to those of both Ontario and New Brunswick put together. The Quebec potato yield for the years 1918-1921 inclusive averaged $38,338,200 a year as compared with Ontario's $18,950,640. Prospects are good for a large crop of potatoes in Canada this year.

FELT ROCKERS

Those who have hardwood floors in their houses know the difficulty of keeping them free from furniture scratches. Pushes and slides overcome the difficulty for furniture that has straight legs, but these will not prevent rockers from scratching the floor. The best thing to do with the rocker is to glue on a strip cut from an old felt hat, says Popular Science Monthly. Don't let the point come where the rocker rests when idle. The felt lasts a long time and can be renewed easily when worn.

RUSSELL LOSES ESTEEMED PIONEER

The funeral of Mrs. Joseph A. York, a highly respected and well-known resident of Russell Township, who died yesterday morning at the age of 72 years, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. H. McCauley, 162 Goulbourn evenue, Ottawa, will be held on Friday afternoon to Beechwood cemetery. The service will be conducted by Rev. J. H. Osterhout, pastor of Eastern Methodist Church. Mrs. York, who was formerly Miss Lucinda A. Fetterley, was born in Russell county and had resided near Metcalfe practically all her life. She was married in Metcalfe in 1878 and was one of the pioneer members of the Metcalfe Methodist Church. When Mrs. York and her husband first located on their farm little more than 10 acres of it were cleared. All the district from Billings Bridge to McLeod street was in bush or pasture, and field crops grew close to what is now the corner of Bank street and Laurier avenue. Left to mourn her loss are her husband, Mr. Joseph A. York, two daughters, Mrs. A. H. McCauley and Mrs. W. H. Sutton, both of Ottawa; two sisters, Mrs. James Coulthart, of Morewood, and Mrs. P. Loucks of Markdale, Ont; and one brother, Mr. Martin A. Fetterly, of Russell village.

Morewood School Fair will be held on Saturday, this week, followed by Maple Ridge Fair on Monday next.

THANKS

We wish to express our thanks to the people Chesterville and vicinity for the large measure of their trade extended to us while we have been in business in Chesterville.

We also ask for a continuance of your patronage to our successors, Jas. A. Beckstead & Son, who have purchased the business.

OUTSTANDING ACCOUNTS

We would ask that all parties owing accounts call at Mr. Hough's house with the least delay possible and settle them, otherpise they will be placed in court for collection.

Phone 28 **P.O. Box 642**

H. L. HOUGH & Co. - CHESTERVILLE

Fruit Report

All kinds of Plums now in, including

Lombards and Damsons

Prices Low.

We receive our supply from the growers almost every day.

McGEE & CO., - CHESTERVILLE

FRENCH BRIAR ROOT PIPES
AT BARGAIN PRICES

Amber Stem Pipes
In case. Regular $3.50. Sale $2.75

Rubber Stem Pipes
Regular Price 50c..... Sale 35c

Rubber Stem Pipes
Regular Price 40c..... Sale 25c

Sale Closes Saturday. May 10th

12 Dozen Pipes to Choose From.

L. D. PELLETIER
Confectioner & Tobacconist

FORD CARS TRUCKS & TRACTORS
AT
Merkley Motor Sales
Winchester - Ont.

Full Line Genuine Ford Parts and Accessories

General Repair Work Done

We have in connnection with our Repair Shop a Special Room for Tire Vulcanizing, Storage Batteries and Ignition troubles.

Good Mechanics **High-Class Work** **Reasonable Prices**

The Chesterville Record
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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Business notices inserted in local columns for 8 cents per line every insertion.

No advertisement published for th lessan 25 cents Small advt. ard per year, such as Societies, Business etc., $6.00

Ah advertisements measure l by the scale of solid nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements without special directions will be inse ted till torbid and ch rged accordingly

Subscriptions may commence with any issre. The pape. will not be discontinued unless notice is given. No subscription will be cancelled unless all asrearages are paid.

G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25th, 1924.

A FATHER AND SON FARM

Many fathers would give their sons a definite share in the farm business and endeavour to keep them at home if they could find some satisfactory share basis. The following suggestions are made primarily with the father and son problem in mind but they are also applicable to others.

1. Give the son a certain share of the returns from the sale of crops and other farm products as well as a share of the increase in value of live stock. In return the son would perform all or a certain part of the labor. For example, if a son agrees to do all the farm work, or hire what is needed in addition to his own, his share might be fixed at one-fourth of the gross returns.

2. Let the son supply all the labor and the father sell him a half interest in the live stock, machinery, and supplies, in fact, everything except the land. The son would sign a note for the amount at a nominal rate or without interest as might be decided upon. Each party might then agree to accept one-half of the returns and pay one-half of all expenses except taxes on the land and cash outlay for upkeep of buildings which would fall on the owner of the land, the father.

3. Form a stock company out of the farm business and give the son a certain share in the stock company formed. One of the members would be responsible for the bookkeeping and for the handling of the finances and other members would have their work more or less clearly defined, depending on the size and character of the farm business. Each one employing his time on the farm would receive a wage as decided upon. This would vary with the time put in and the importance of his contribution toward the success of the undertaking.

When the father assumes all the expenses except man labor, as outlined in the first suggestion, the son is responsible for only a part of the expenses and may be inclined to spend too freely on machinery, supplies, and feed, being primarily interested in high gross returns, whereas the father is interested in net returns. This sort of an arrangement, however, is easily made and easily terminated as their is no joint investment and the son requires little or no capital. To a large extent the responsibility of management falls on the father.

In suggestion two, expenses as well as receipts are of equal importance to both parties as the net income for both depends upon the excess of income over expenditures. Each has an interest in the capital invested and on the whole it must be a more permanent arrangement if it is to be successful. The one disadvantage, so far as the son is concerned, in either of the first two suggestions is that he gets no share from increase of land values.

He is less interested in making and keeping up improvements than the father.

The formation of a stock company as outlined in suggestion three overcomes this and tends to include the good features of suggestions one and two. The son shares in all income, whether from land or direct farm operations. Losses due to any one cause must also be shared, the payment of a certain wage based upon his contribution in the way of labor or management gives him something definite. The wage received may be small but it should be relatively as large as that received by the father. Careful records are necessary so that a detailed financial statement may be worked out at the end of the year.

A Bit of a Stir.

In his well-named autobiography "Ego," Lord Castleton tells a story of the west of Ireland in the old days: "It was open house and there were many guests. On coming down to dinner I heard loud shrieks and oaths, but could not make out what was happening. I and the other guests consulted, and eventually rang for the butler. My father expressed anxiety. "I hope no one is ill,' he said. 'We heard loud cries—perhaps we ought to go or send for the doctor.' "Tis nothing, your honor,' answered the old butler at once. 'They're putting a clane shirt on the master, and he hates the cowld of it and let a roar or two out of him.' "

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES' RANCH

We motored, five of us, from Calgary to the Prince of Wales' ranch, a distance of nearly seventy-five miles to the south-west, writes Frederick P. Spurr in the "British Weekly." And none of us will ever be likely to forget either our goal or the journey thither. For one-sixth of the distance the road was in "a state of repair." Personally, I regard this expression as an abuse of language. There is no word in the English dictionary adequate to setting forth the real condition of that road. Into heavy dust sank the car nearly to the axles of the wheels. Every moment we expected the automobile to surrender its task. We passed one or two machines that had given out; they stuck in the middle of the road embedded in the deep dust. Every vehicle successful in vanquishing the obstacle was also successful in churning up clouds of white dust which blotted out from view the landscape and nearly choked both passengers and passersby. I pity the Prince, if he is condemned to take this way. He may escape it, however, for there is a railway depot at High River, twenty-seven miles from his ranch and by alighting there he will avoid the discomfort which we experienced. Beyond High River the road is fairly good, until it becomes a semi-prairie trail—one of the best tracks to follow in Western Canada. That friendly sign—the telegraph wire—marks out the track until the ranch is reached. Towards the end of the way all signs of the true prairie disappear; the aspect of the country changes and there opens out a vast stretch of undulating land, rolling on and on until it touches the foot of the nearer Rockies.

What has brought the Prince of Wales to this remote place? In what consists the attraction? The answer does not lie in the road, but in the ranch itself. Nothing of the house or of the farm buildings is visible from the road. A simple gate divides the main track from a short winding path by which the modest bungalow of the Prince is reached. Modest, I call it. It is surprisingly so. Everything about the ranch is modest; barn, outhouses, cattle-houses, and the bungalow itself. In all there are 4,000 acres of land—by no means a vast amount, according to ranch reckonings. The house is really small. Lounge and dining-room are little larger than my own rooms in Birmingham. The lounge, indeed, is, if anything, not quite so spacious as mine. The Prince's bedroom is a simple apartment, not so large as a first-floor bedroom at the Hotel Metropole in London. In all there are three or four quite small bedrooms. The dining-room table has places around it for six or seven guests. The furniture is of the simplest description. In the lounge is a small couch, one or two basket chairs, three simple skin rugs, a small writing table, a bookcase and a gramophone. Upon the wall hang photographs of the King (in the centre), the Prince, himself, and an intimate friend of his.

And above the bookshelf stands an ordinary, unframed text, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." The whole place is lighted with electricity, generated in a shed close by. The house is built of logs and planed wood. It is no more than a glorified "log cabin." We saw it at its best, with the flowers in full bloom and the creepers embowering the entire verandah. From the front door a great and wondrous vision offers itself. To the right are the Rocky Mountains, some fifteen miles away. Immediately in front of the house is a fine knoll, from the top of which an extensive view is gained. Nearer the house are the farm buildings, a shallow, noisy brook, and a spring of delicious pure cold water. And gathered round the house on the north side is a circle of trees, beneath the shade of which the Prince and his friends drink their tea and play some of their games. When one sees this ranch, its situation and the appointments of the house it is easy to understand why an overworked Prince, whose nature inclines him to simplicity rather than to splendor, should seek refuge in so wonderful a solitude from the strife of tongues and the blare of trumpets, He might, however, have brought to this place strange and exotic luxuries. In place of that he brings his simple spirit, which is content with simple things. Now that I have seen his ranch and his Canadian home, my respect for the Prince is more profound than ever. He is not the less, but rather the more royal because for the time he has the courage to shed the trappings with which others load him and to steal away to the heart of Nature. We were his guests at lunch, by the courtesy of his steward. Around his table we sat, and at the close of the meal we drank his health in tea prepared by a Chinaman, his cook. And afterwards we drove back through clouds of dust to civilization—and bath—and with a happy impression of the Heir to the Throne as a true child of Nature.

A gardener is a man who raises a few things; a farmer, a man who raises many things; and a middleman who raises everything.

RIVERSIDE

(Too late for last week)

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Starke spent Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. Mills Foster.

Week end visitors at the home of Mr. R. C. Bogart —Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carrington, Mr. Dalton Hawn and Mr. Willie McKay of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills Foster and Malcolm visited Mr. and Mrs. Snetsinger, Newington on Sunday.

Mrs. J. Foster, Mrs. Robert Bogart attended a meeting of the W.M. Society at Berwick on Tuesday.

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McMillan on Saturday. Congratulations.

Mrs. Wm. McMillan is visiting her daughter Mrs. Dan Pollock this week.

Mrs. J. Pollock is visiting her daughter Mrs. Silas Farrell this week.

Mrs. Chas. Miller is spending this week with her daughter Mrs. D. McMillan.

Mrs. Robert Bogart visited Mrs. Bernard Shaver on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bogart, Master Ernest, Mr. and Mrs. Fay Droppo and Miss Alice Summers motored to Ottawa on Wednesday.

RETURNING OFFICER'S FEES ARE CUT DOWN

Fees to returning officers who will officiate in recording the plebiscite vote next month will be less than the scale recently in effect in the taking of similar votes. Attorney-General Nickle announces that the minimum to be paid such officials, for one riding, is now $300 and the maximum $500, although in general elections the amounts may be somewhat higher. The amount is determined by the number of names on the list, and ridings with more than 15,000 names on the list will be allowed $500, while in smaller ridings salaries of $300 and $400 will be paid.

In addition there are mileage rates and other expenses, which have also been reduced. For the plebiscite, ballots are being printed in Toronto, but cost of posters, stationery and other printing in the various ridings may bring total outlay to $800 and in the larger ridings up to $1,200. Rentals of polling booths remain the same.

A Barber Needed.

A glib oil stockman had just finished describing the glorious oppportunities of his proposition to a prospective purchaser with the question, "What do you think of it?"

"I think," drawled the previously bitten man, "that there is just one thing that saves you from being a bare-faced liar."

"What is that?" answered the salesman.

"Your whiskers," was the reply.

Explicit.

"Good morning, Mike. Doing a little fishing?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how are they biting this morning?"

"With their mouths, sir."

"No, I mean how are you pulling them out?"

"Head first, sir."

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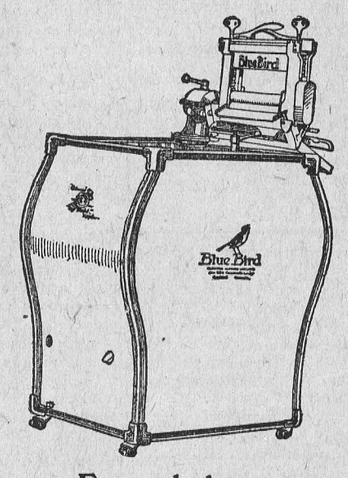

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A PAIR OF SKIS

Astrid Halvorson stoked the rose tinged stove, shuddered at the eeric cry of a coyote off on the the snow-covered hills and again picked up one pair of newly varnished skis that she had been working over. Her slim fingers were stained with gilt paint. Her blue apron had splotches of it down the front. She wrinkled her nose at the signs of her amateurishness, then sat down, balanced the slender piece of wood on her updrawn knees and continued her work.

One long slender piece of wood already stood behind the stove. Across the curved point was printed in tiny gilt letters "Comet." Astrid was just applying the final s of "Cometess" on its mate. Wilbur Biddle was coming that evening to go skiing over the hard, wind-packed snow. If the sky remained cloudless, it would be a moon lit night.

Skiing was the one joy that Astrid got out of winter in the isolated foothills. Her father had taught her the art, which had seemed to come to her naturally. She went everywhere on the slender two pieces of wood, and she never crossed her skis or took tumbles going downhill, as Wilbur sometimes did. She had varnished the skis the night before; painting the names on them had been an afterthought, something to keep her hands busy during the long winter day. She had been alone since early morning.

Astrid got up when the Cometess was ready and, standing it beside the Comet behind the ruddy stove, backed away to survey her work. She still held the camel-hair brush pinched between her right thumb and forefinger. Her cheeks were flushed. A happy sparkle came to her eyes—eyes that were the color of flax blossoms. And her hair, which was like the fibers of flax stalks, hung about her face in unruly wisps; she had been so much interested in her painting that she had shoved it unthinkingly this side and that with the back of her hand until it had escaped the pins. She was aglow with anticipation of the evening when she should send the glistening skis skimming across the hard snow.

A moment later, hearing booted feet in the shed, she turned to the door. Flinging it open, she stared into the ruddy-cheeked face of a panting youth. "Wilbur!" she gasped. "I didn't expect you. Come in."

Wilbur Biddle made no move to enter. He was clothed warmly against the crisp December cold; his body was wrapped in a sheep-lined coat with a fur collar, and a wool cap fitted close about his head. He carried a coil of new rope, looped over one arm and he had a rifle tucked beneath the other. Two wide leather straps bit into the thickness of his coat, one round his waist, the other across one shoulder and his chest. Astrid saw a small axe hanging from the waist strap, and when he turned to close the door of the shed she caught a glimpse of steel traps attached to the shoulder strap.

"You're coming in, aren't you?" she asked, holding wide the kitchen door.

He shook his head. "Not now. I'll be back later. I'm going down to the river. I thought I'd bring the lariat rope your father ordered. Ed. Spesok brought it out from town this morning."

He slipped his arm out of the coiled rope and handed it to her. Astrid took it, but she remained in the doorway. "Father is gone. Jeannie Mack had a bad night. They sent for mother. Father took her over. I've been alone all the morning. Won't you come in and warm your feet?"

Wilbur again shook his head. "I can't," he explained, smiling at the flushed face of the girl. "I'm late now. I've got to take a run over my trap line. And I'm figuring on crossing the river to make some additional sets. The Yellow Rock is frozen now, and I want to pick my sets before Charley Pierre gets ahead of me."

"It's a little early for crossing the river, isn't it?" inquired the girl, and her face suddenly lost its happy flush. "This is the first cold spell, you know."

"I know," he replied quickly, "and I've got to take advantage of it. Charley Pierre got ahead of me last year because I waited. Charley never had any trouble crossing the Yellow Rock in December. I'm just as able as he is."

Astrid was silent; for some vague reason she mistrusted the Yellow Rock. Its muddy swirling water filled her with strange apprehension. It seemed treacherous. On the surface it was much like other rivers, but there was under currents that caused the lazy swirling. She had heard tales too of how deceitful the sluggish appearance of the water was.

"The Yellow Rock—I hate it!" she burst out. "It isn't safe. It's tricky. Wait a day or two. Two nights of freezing weather can make a lot of difference.

Wilbur laughed. "And two nights of freezing weather can give courage to a dozen trappers," he said..

"But you don't know the Yellow Rock as I do. I've lived right here in sight of it for six years. I know. It isn't safe to cross on the ice now."

Astrid eyed his bulky form. Wrapped up and weighted down as he was, what could he do against the icy currents of the Yellow Rock?

"It can't be much more than rubber ice near the middle of the stream," she added. "It's dangerous. Stay here."

Wilbur laid his hand on the knob of the shed door. "If I stay here much longer, you'll be bribing me," he said, laughing. "I'm not afraid. Don't worry about me. I'll get along all right. And it's going to be a great night for shooting down Ski Hill; don't forget that."

He smiled at the seriousness of her face as he pulled open the door.

Astrid said nothing more until he had stepped out.. Then she rushed to the outside door.

"Thanks for bringing the rope," she called after him. "Father's preparing for spring already; he's making lariats. And be careful!"

Astrid could not help smiling at the carefree chuckle that escaped Wilbur's lips. He was big and strong and above all fearless. She liked him for that. Nothing seemed to daunt him. He always faced every difficulty with a smile.

As she went into the warm room admiration and anxiety struggled within her.

She dropped the coil of rope on the kitchen table and put away the gilt and the camel brush. Next she carefully inspected the Comet and the Cometess. Then she tucked the outlaw wisps of flaxen hair into place. But those actions were unimportant; they merely put off the thing she wanted to do. Finally she walked to the curtained window that overlooked the long slope to the river and peered out.

Wilbur was striding along two hundred yards down the slope. His bulky form stood out distinctly against the dazzling white of the snow. A chill, wan sun shone on the blanketed hills. The glare was hard on her eyes, but she did not draw back. Her gaze anxiously followed the receding boy. Unnatural lines creased her smooth face. She was worried.

Halfway down the steep slope, a quarter of a mile from the window where Astrid stood watching, the youth paused on the edge of a sharp pitch and looked back. Astrid thought it impossible that he could see her white face framed in the square window, but he lifted his hand and waved nevertheless. She did not try to wave back, for he turned immediately and plunged onward. However, a flood of color swept through her smooth cheeks, driving away the look of anxiety, and for the next few minutes she saw nothing distinctly. Wilbur Biddle had been her only companion during the past two years. The isolated stretch of foothills had been a lonely place until he came. Since then he had been a sort of big brother to her, always looking out for her happiness. He planned unexpected to break the monotony of the foot-hill life, and he always brought a spirit of lightheartedness with him when he came to the Halvorson shack. Not once that Astrid could remember had he been disagreeable or unpleasant.. He was a good friend he seemed to understand her, and she him. That is why his plan to cross the Yellow Rock filled her with growing uneasiness.

Her attitude grew tense as she gazed past Wilbur, now a mere moving speck, to the river; there were no trees on the nearer bank; the bluffs ended right at the edge, but on the far side many cottonwoods were growing. The thin sheet of ice that confined the sluggish movement of the water glistened dully in the sunlight Her eyes refused to leave off studying it That coating of ice seemed to her merely another evidence of the treachery of the Yellow Rock. The ice appeared firm enough, but she knew that it could not be safe. Something warned her that the river had never been more deceitful than it was on that December afternoon. She wished that she had not let Wilbur go.

Suddenly she turned and snatched a belted coat from a near-by chair. In a second she was buttoning it round her. Again she went back to the window. Wilbur was almost at the bank. She ran for a white tam-o'shanter that was hanging on a hook in her bedroom. When she came back to the kitchen the tam was looped over one ear, and she was pulling wide-gauntleted white wool gloves over her hands.

A second time she rushed to the curtained window. Only a short hundred yards separated the youth from the Yellow Rock. For an instant she stood watching. What would he think of her if she ran wildly down the slope, shouting his name? He already knew what she thought about his crossing the river. He had laughed at her objections. If she should burst from the shack now crying out like a celebrating cowboy, would he not think her foolish? Would he not think that she was too much interested in his affairs?

Astrid bit her lips. She stayed at the window, but she did not remove her wraps Her gaze was riveted on the figure of the youth now perched on the very bank of the Yellow Rock. She forgot everything except the expanse of dull ice and the youth who was about to trust his weight to its uncertain strength. Her gloved hands tightened on the scrim curtain.

Wilbur stepped out upon the ice. He made no attempt to search for the best place to cross, but moved straight ahead for the opposite shore. Astrid's breath grew shorter and shorter as she watched him stide confidently toward midstream. His body seemed bulkier against the dull glitter of the ice; the pack of steel traps looked heavier. Still he went on, moving swiftly, fearlessly, toward the cottonwoods. To her it seemed as if the width of the Yellow Rock were endless; he was moving swiftly, yet the distance to the opposite shore did not shorten appreciably. Midstream was still before him.

Astrid held her breath as he neared the dangerous area. She seemed to know what was going to happen. She thougt of the helpless bundled body of the youth; the weight of the steel traps and the heavy coat would not matter so much if both had not been strapped on with wide, strong straps. It would be next to impossible for him to get rid of either. And thus encumbered, what chance would he have against the deep, icy current?

As she watched the young man drew farther and farther away from the security of the ice along the shore. Each step he took the ice grew thinner, more perilous. The next instant she saw him try to scramble back to safety. Then he sank out of sight.

Astrid turned toward the cozy interior of the kitchen, horrified at what she had seen. Wilbur Biddle drowning! Clenching her gloved hands, she cast a despairing glance round the room. She spied first the glistening skis propped against the kitchen wall and next the coil of new rope. Her ideas took shape. She tore open the door of a wall cupboard and from amid an array of pans and kettles seized an old-fashioned flatiron with a solid handle. To the handle she tied one end of the coiled rope and, slipping her left arm through the coil, grasped the flatiron in her left hand. Then, gathering the skis in her left hand she dashed outside.

A hundred feet from the Halvorson shack the bluff dropped away sharply. She ran to the spot and threw the skis on the snow. In a flash she had slipped her feet in the straps and was ready to take the courses toward the break in the river ice. Then she shifted the flatiron to her right hand and, still keeping the coil of rope about her left arm, grasped the loose end of the rope in her left. In a second she river, for there was no stopping place at the bottom. Her face was set and hard. Her eyes, which had been filled with determination a few seconds before, now shone with determination. She balanced her strong body to the downward sweep of the skis, crouching a trifle with head and shoulders ready for any unexpected dips in the hillside. Now that she had pointed the skis in the direction they were to take she had little control over them; she could only meet the obstacles as they loomed ahead. Fortunately the deep layer of snow covered most of the rocks; she had nothing to fear from them. Moreover, the very speed with which she was now skimming the hillside helped her to meet its irregularities.

The wind stung her face and whipped aside the corners of her coat it shot through the baggy part of her tam. The hiss of her skis on the snow grew softer as she gained momentum. At places in her mad flight she seemed to leave the ground.

Astrid was not afraid. The lightning-like motion of the slender skis did not daunt her. She kept her body poised and her feet pointed at the correct distance from each other. She did not worry about getting her feet crossed and taking the terrific fall that would be the result of such carelessness. Keeping her eyes intently on the course, she was always ready for the short abrupt descents. But she had no time to gaze ahead at the object of her downward swoop.

In less than a minute she had swept three quarters of the way down the hillside. The skis were carrying her faster and faster toward the expanse of dull ice. She wondered whether the thin ice at mid-stream would hold her. As she looked ahead and saw the break where Wilbur was making a last desperate attempt to escape the freezing water she was afraid. Perhaps the weight of her body on the thin ice would be too great. Perhaps she too would crash into the muddy water. She had depended on speed to carry her across the dangerous area. She had reasoned that the momentum gained in shooting down the bluff would carry her over the ice almost without touching it. Now, she thought the skis were holding back, that they were not skimming along as they did an instant before. What was wrong?

She was headed almost directly at the hole in the ice where Wilbur was floundering each second growing more numb from the icy water. If he did not break off more of the fragile layer on the side toward she was headed, she could edge by. The skis struck the last of the sloping hillside, shot over it and, like a wild duck gliding into water, dropped upon the smooth ice. Astrid did not realize until then how fast the skis were rushing her toward her destination. She had scarcely time to glance down at the coil of rope before Comet and Cometess had sent up a spray from the water-splashed ice bordering the hole.

"Here!" she cried with all the strength of her voice and as she shot by drew back her hand and tossed the flatiron. Holding fast to the rope, she shot forward. She passed midstream and found herself speeding madly toward a new peril. She had never considered how she could stop; her chief idea had been to reach Wilbur in time. The cottonwoods rose before her. She clung to the rope and waited.

Then the flashing skis left the Yellow Rock and struck. The sound of splintering wood rose on the crisp air, and Astrid, recoiling from the bole of cottonwood, lay limp and unconscious.

The snow against her cheek and forehead soon revived her. She sat up dizzily, wondering what was tugging at her arm. Her brain cleared quickly. Twisted round her body was her father's new rope. She looked up, Wilbur had already pullel himself from the icy water. Still clutching the rope, he was crawling on hands and knees toward the strip of shore.

Astrid, forgetting the bruise on her forhead, sprang up and ran toward him. She got him to his feet and supported him until they reached the cottonwoods.

"We'll go to Monty Mawson's," she said. "Quick! You mustn't stop."

Wilbur stared at her bleeding forehead. "Astrid," he said, smiling weakly, "I saw you coming—and fought! You're—you're an angel!"

Astrid's eyes glowed as she locked her fingers round his arm and started with him upstream toward Monty Mawson's cabin. When Monty's door finally closed on Wilbur she smiled. Her head no longer troubled her. Because she had known how to use a pair of skis, she had saved a life—the life of Wilbur Biddle, a good friend, a good companion.

Recipes

Tested and approved

(The Record during coming weeks will publish recipes in this space, that have been approved by members of the Women's Institute)

PERFECT BAKED APPLE

Core apples and fill with sugar or maple syrup, a bit of butter and a few large raisins. Place each apple in separate buttered cups, when baked serve in the cups with cream.

—o—

HAM and SCALLOPED POTATOES

Cut a pound and a half of sugar cured ham in inch pieces. Slice into a pudding dish a layer of potatoes, then a layer of ham, then a layer of potatoes and so on until all the ham is used. Cover with milk, add a dash of pepper and cook in the oven until the potatoes are tender and most of the juice is absorbed. Does not require salt or butter.

Cut this out and paste it in a suitable book with those to follow and eventually you will have a valuable cook-book.

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SMP Enameled Ware has the smooth surface and polish of fine crockery—without the breakage. And it is so very easy to clean—just like china, and therefore makes light work of pot washing.

Try this test. Take an SMP Enameled Ware sauce pan and an all-metal sauce pan of equal size. Into each pour a quart of cold water. Put on the fire at the same time. The SMP sauce pan will be boiling merrily when the water in the other is just beginning to simmer.

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Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

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HURRY AND WORRY

The more you worry the more you must hurry, and the man who is always in a hurry always has reason to worry. Keep cool and calculate. Our greatest trouble—the thing that gives us most of our worry—is this: We are always in a hurry—always trying to do to-day what we should have done yesterday. Most of us fail to get ahead of our work and then our work gets ahead of us. Naturally we worry. Worry is Monday's trouble carried over into Wednesday.

REAL ESTATE

Have you a village or farm property for sale ?

If so, list it with me. Remember, there is no charge unless a sale is made.

FOR SALE

FARM FOR RENT

West ¼ Lot 24, Con. 2, Township of Winchester, owned by Thomas J. Curran. Good buildings, house newly papered. Possession at once. For terms apply to C. W. Casselman.

BUSINESS PLACE FOR SALE

Building recently occupied by C. W. Casselman as Millinery and Insurance Office. Plate Glass windows and Hardwood floors.

Vacant land consisting of 3½ acres, well drained, situated south of C. P. R.

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Losses promptly dealt with.

Money to loan on farm property in sums of $1000 to $10,000 for a period of 5 or 10 years. Rates on application.

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Buy your tickets to all points at the town ticket office. Tickets delivered if required, at your residence or place of business. All information cheerfully given. Office Phone 15-4, Residence 10-7

C. W. CASSELMAN - - AGENT

Chesterville.

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COMMUNITY SUGGESTION

As the sun has passed to the other side of the line the activities of the Bowling club are tapering off the season's wind-up, and as they do and we look back to the success of the sport as a community institution, it naturally leads to the question as to what can be done in the way of providing tennis courts as a community service to the younger people of both sexes who are more interested in that form of recreation than in bowling. To be sure the bowling got off to a fine start when the Oddfellows and Masons granted the use of their grounds in the rear of Fraternities' Hall, for the purpose to which they have been put. The season of the year is now here when a tennis court could be constructed for use next season. Is there anyone in Chesterville having the required amount of land, big enough to come forth and allow its use for a sufficiently long time to make it worth while to go ahead and put it in the required shape. It requires a big heart and some vision for a citizen to loosen up to this extent, but he or she, or they, would be conferring a lasting benefit on the welfare of the community to do so. In our mind's eye we can see such places which in the past year have not grown a crop comparable in value to that which could be harvested in the addition to community life public tennis courts would confer on the young people of our town.

GEORGE N. OUDERKIRK, BERWICK

"In the midst of life we are in death." This truth was brought very forcibly before the minds of both old and young, when on Sunday Sept. 7th, the heavenly father called away George Nichols Ouderkirk to his eternal home.

Mr. Ouderkirk was 77 years old and was in good health until the time of his death. He had been working in New Liskeard and came down to Ottawa exhibition where he was taken ill and went to St. Luke's hospital for an operation and was improving when heart failure called him away.

He always made his home with his brother James Ouderkirk, Berwick, who went after the remains with W. J. Brownlee of Finch.

The funeral on Sept. 9th, was very largely attended, friends being present from Lowville, N. Y.; Crysler, Finch, Chesterville and Moose Creek. At 2 p. m. the remains were taken to the church where service was conducted by Rev. Hodgins, interment cemetery. The pall bearers were afterwards being made in Berwick Allan Stark, Cyrus Lang, Peter Ouderkirk, Isaiah Ouderkirk, Alex McLeod and James Webb.

He leaves to mourn his loss, three sons, and two daughters—Robert of Lowville,N.Y.; Melvin, Lockport; Edmund, Moose Jaw, Sask.; Mrs. John McPherson, Fort William; Mrs. Ralph Little, Lockport; also one brother James of Berwick, and one sister Mrs. Peter Merkley of Chesterville. The sympathy of the entire community goes to the bereaved ones.

IN MEMORIAM

McMahon—In loving memory of my dear son, Jerald who entered unto rest Sept. 28th, 1923.

Father

IN MEMORIAM

McMahon—In loving memory of my dear brother who died Sept. 28th 1923.

Sister—Mrs. J. McKee.

CRYSLER

St. John's Church

Rector Rev. W. S. Weary

Phone 138 Winchester

There will be no service on Sunday, Sept. 28th.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH

CHESTERVILLE

Rev. Roy M. Pounder, Pastor.

Sunday Sept. 28th.

Rally Day Service

Public Worship—11.00 a. m.

"Who are our Neighbors and How May We Help One Another?"

Public Worship—7.30

"What is Conversion?"

A Welcome Extended To All.

CHESTERVILLE

Holy Trinity Church

Rector Rev. W. S. Weary.

Phone 138 Winchester.

Sunday Sept. 28th.

Morning Prayer—10.30 a. m.

Preacher—The Rev. J. L. Homer of Iroquois.

Come and bring a friend.

NOW ON HAND

COAL & WOOD

A. HENDERSON

Chesterville

Satisfactory Weights and Measurements guaranteed. Best quality at Lowest Prices

TELEPHONE SIX

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Mr. Patrick Page attended Kingston exhibition last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Beattie and Mr. and Mrs. John Pitcher and daughter Lola spent Sunday in Ottawa.

Alex. Wallace, M. P. Norfolk, was the guest on Sunday of Preston Elliott, M. P.

Mrs. Geo. McFadden of Smiths Falls is the guest of Mrs. A. O. Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Zufelt of Kingston, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown this week.

Miss Annie Barkley left this week for Ottawa, where she has entered the Normal school.

W. B. Lawson, K. C., has been in Toronto this week on professional business.

Mr. M. J. Grady of Ottawa, has been spending the week in town renewing acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barkley of Mountain, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. McGillvray on Tuesday of last week.

The Misses Gladys Fairbrass and Margaret Shaver spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Chester Robinson of South Mountain.

Mr. Ernest Franklin of Riceville came up last week to spend some time with his cousin Mr. Geo. Beattie.

Miss I. M. Gadbois returned to Cornwall on Monday after spending the past week with her friend Miss Murphy.

Mrs. Thos. McKay of Lanark, visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robt. Harper over the week end and was accompanied home by Miss Luella Harper.

Miss Jennie Beattie spent Sunday in Winchester with her grandmother, Mrs. D. Beattie, who recently fell, and broke both bones in her left wrist.

Mr. Bert Beattie with his uncle Mr. R. D. Beattie and cousin Mr. Ernest Franklin spent Sunday with Mr. and and Mrs. Arnold Docksteader of Cloverdale.

Plan to attend the Rainbow Social on Tuesday evening Oct. 14, in the Sunday School hall of Trinity Methodist Church. Particulars next week.

Misses Laura O'Neil and Edna Christie of Melvin, left the first of the week to attend the Ottawa Normal School.

Mrs. Allan Moran entertained on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Celia Doherty of Detroit, who has been spending a few days in town as the guest of Mrs. Labre.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sinn of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Creighton of Norwood, N. Y., were guests of their uncle and aunt Mr .and Mrs.. M. E. Curran.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pelletier, Mrs. L. D. Pelletier and Miss Celia Doherty attended the Thanksgiving festival in Berwick on Monday provided by the ladies of the Methodist church.

The marriage took place Tuesday morning at St. Mary's Church of Miss Nora Moran, daughter of the late Thomas Moran, and Mr. H. G. McCambride, both of Chesterville. The Record extends congratulations.

Miss Winnifred Bogart, daughter of Deputy Reeve Bogart of Winchester township, and Mr. Elburn Carr, son of Mr. Donald Carr of Grantley, were married yesterday at the home of the bride, Rev. R. M. Pounder, officiating.

Word comes from Montreal that the Rev. W. T. Brown formerly pastor of Trinity Methodist church had the misfortune last week to have his new sedan somewhat damaged in an auto accident when a driver under the influence of liquor crasned into Mr. Brown's car on one of the principle streets of the city. Mrs. Brown, Miss Jean and Mrs. Brown, Sr., were in the car at the time and as a result of the shock were under the doctor's care for a few days.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

Peptimists Begin Fourth Year.

The re-organization meeting of the "Peptimists" was held in Room "A" Sept. 9th, when the following officers and committees were elected:—

President—Ramon Campderros.

Secretary—Frances Fulton.

Financial Secretary—Elsie Hewitt.

Programme Committee— Minnie, Edith Brown, Edith Hornby and Allan.

Attendance Committee—Clifford, Madge and Helen.

The Auxiliary held its first regular meeting last Friday afternoon. Short addresses were given by the President, the Secretary and the Director who explained our Pledge and presented a new membership button to each member. Elsie Hewitt gave an excellent reading on "The Junior Red Cross." Allan, Kenneth and Keith each read a part of an article about "The Belgian Portfolio." Letters from Mr. McCready were also read.

Our first Mite Box Donation amounted to $1.90 which will give us a good start for the year.

After the Health Game Committee had been appointed we closed by singing the National Anthem. .. ...

Frances Fulton, Sesretary.

BORN

Dillabough—At Elma, Sept. 15th, to Mr. and Mrs.. Elmer H. Dillabough, a daughter. Marjorie Joye.

LIGHTEN YOUR LABOR OF HOUSE WORK DURING AUGUST

Buy Food Ready For The Table Economical and Tasty

Clark's Beefsteak and Onions

Gunn's Corned Beef

Gunn's Pork Sausages

Canned Chicken Kipper Snacks

Canned Lobster Canned Shrimp

Canned Asparagus Canned Spinach

Ewing's Lemon Pie Filler

Libbey's Prepared Mustard

Certo Makes Perfect Jams and Jellies

Kellogg's Cooked and Krumbled Bran

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

Tillson's Rolled Oats

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The Latest Styles

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Millinery

Sweater Coats

Some as low as

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Come in and see our complete range of samples.

CASSELMAN & BARWICK

Chesterville