THE WINCHESTER PRESS

VOL. XXXVII — WINCHESTER, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1923 — NO 27

APPLES! APPLES!

Of the best grades and superior quality. We have a full stock of Ontario Grown Apples of the most popular varieties including Spy, Baldwin, Russet, Greening, Ben Davis, etc., of which a large percentage is No. 1 grade, and each barrel is inspected and guaranteed by the packer. We will be pleased to have you call and investigate quality and price.

FENNELL & WALLACE, - - Winchester, Ont.

CLOCKS, CLOCKS.

Gifts your friends will cherish—approved by famous decorators. Clock beauty is more than case-deep. The proverbial accuracy of New Haven Clocks is due to movements of supreme mechanical excellence. Mahogany finish Tambours, different styles and prices.

MANTLE AND NOVELTY CLOCKS.

We are showing a nice line of Metal Novelties. These clocks are suitable for my Ladies Boudoir or for the office desk. Your choice for the small sum of $4.00

BRASS JARDINIERES

See our display in the Bronze and Bright finish. These were bought direct from the manufacturer, and enables us to sell them at greatly reduced prices.

We have just received a nice assortment of pouch and leather bags, different styles.

J. A. McDougall,

Jeweller and Optician, WINCHESTER, ONT.

Store of Quality, Value & Service



You Can't Afford

to overlook the certain satisfaction that goes with having your clothes made-to-measure. The cost is no more, to say nothing of the longer wear.

Have It Custom-Tailored

Pecks MADE-TO-MEASURE TAILORING

The finest made-to-measure suits in Canada

Come in today and see the new Fall and Winter Suiting and Overcoating Fabrics

John McCormick & Son

McDougall Block, - - Winchester, Ont.

Heating Problems

House heating is a science—it should be done by experts. Any good salesman can tell you all their good qualities and lead many people to believe that their furnace is the best, that any one can install them, the sale is made, the contract signed, the furnace installed, or SIMPLY PUT IN, the fire made—works fine—just feel the heat, the money paid—thanks very much, hope you have have satisfaction, Good-Bye. Then the real test—cold weather. Say this room is chilly, open draft on furnace, puts on sweater coat—still no comfort, drive furnace hard soon the smell of gas, dust on furniture—where is the agent? Gone. Have to phone the tinsmith, furnace is too small, improperly installed—who is to blame. You! Have it done by Mechanics.

Polished Stove Pipes, Stove Boards, Coal Sifters and Hods on hand.

QUALITY & SERVICE—OUR MOTTO.

D. H. JACKSON

Phone 103 Winchester.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Mrs. J. Davidson spent the week end with friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. Davidson spent Wednesday with friends in Chesterville.

Mr. W. A. Dinwoodie of Ottawa was the guest of Mrs. Henry McQuaig Monday.

Mrs. A. F. Reveler and some friends from Finch spent Sunday in Ogdensburg N. Y.

Mr. M. Wilson, of Melvin and daughter Mrs. J. R. Martin were recent guests of Mrs. Wm. Hughes.

Dr. Meldrum and Dr. Guthrie of Ottawa spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs Flora and family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hamilton of Brinston visited at the home of Mrs. E. J. Rose on Sunday.

Mrs. Eva Hogg and son Douglas of Iroquois, spent Sunday at the home of her brother W. J. Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Dixon of Montreal Que., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Beattie over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Peterkin and family of Ottawa spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Beach spent Sunday and Monday with their daughter Mrs John McWarren of Colquhoun.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fisher of Iroquois, spent a few days with their son Wm. on their way to Ottawa for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hutchinson of Iroquois spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. I. Annable.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McQuaig spent Sunday and Monday at Farran's Point, Mrs. McQuaig remaining for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McConnell of Morewood were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hutchinson and of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Earle on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Mill and baby Rose Marie who spent the past week with the formers parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mill of town, left on Monday for their home in Montreal.

Drs. Meldrum, Guthrie and Flora, of Ottawa, also Harry and Leslie McCormick, of town, motored to Kingston on Saturday and took in the Queens-Varsity Rugby game.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Ball, of South Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Garnet McLean of Chesterville and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Clark and son Harold, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Johnston, on Sunday.

Mr. Frances Mayhew, of the Detroit museum of Art, on Saturday night, 10th inst., will introduce to a select audience James Alexander Gibb, nephew of Mr. John Gibb, Winchester, in a piano recital, in which he will be assisted by Miss Alma Belleperche, a popular soprano, of that city.

Mr. Merrick Durant has sold his residence on Caleb street to Mr. D. H. Weir, Civil Engineer, who takes possession soon. Mr. Durant and daughter intend moving to Ottawa.

Penman's "seconds" in Cashmere Hose are superior to other manufacturers 'firsts' Compare our line at 69c per pair with the best $1.25 shown. Popular shades—8½ to 10. D. C. Bush.

Case Settled.

A number of young men of Ormond district, in their Hallowe'en pranks, went a little too far when they began to stone the home of Mr. Turner, and otherwise annoyed and abused he and his wife. A complaint was lodged against the offenders, and the case was to have been tried before Magistrate Kline, of Cornwall, here yesterday morning, but was settled but of court by the offenders paying all damages and promising not to offend again.

Fresh Apple Cider.
By the glass or quart.
At L. Flora's.

Fire a few nights ago completely destroyed the barns with their contents belonging to Johnson Jones, who resides a few miles west of Oxford Mills. The buildings were a mass of flames when discovered by a neighbor, who awakened Mr. Jones. Nothing was saved from the building and Mr. Jones' loss is a heavy one, as he had but little insurance. Fourteen cattle, three horses, the season's crop and a quantity of machinery were destroyed.

The Hosiery House of Morrisburg. Penman's Cashmere—plain colors and heather, and Penman's Silk and Wool mixture in all shades and sizes.
D. C. Bush.

At 9.30 p.m., October 21st, there passed out of this life at Williamsburg, a most highly respected citizen, in the person of William I. Merkley, aged sixty-five years and ten months, the son of the late Simon A. Merkley. The deceased was born near Williamsburg, and lived and died on the old home farm which has always been in the "Merkley" name since deeded over by the Crown.

The United Farmers' Co-operative Co., Ltd., of Toronto, has entered action at Osgoode Hall against Mrs. R. H. Ashton of Morrisburg. The action is to recover $9,142,45, alleged due under a mortgage in which Mrs. Ashton joined to bar her dower. The mortgage was for $6,000 and was upon Morrisburg property and was between the U. F. Co-operative Co. as mortgage and R. H. Ashton, a director, as mortgagor. The mortgagors have had to make payments on the property to retain their interest.

Look out for Aaron Campbell's sale, 20th of November.

JUST ARRIVED
New Dates, Figs, Prunes, Seedless Raisins—all in Bulk.
The price is not high—but the Quality IS. Does this interest YOU? L. Flora.

Mr. Andrew Brown met with an accident at the C.P.R. station here yesterday that will confine him to his home for a few days. He had a long telephone pole on his wagon, the small end extending considerable beyond the rear of the wagon. In some way the big end got loose and in flying upward caught Mr. Brown on the shoulder and badly bruised him, but fortunately no bones were broken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

Be thankful and give thanks.

The Press would be very thankful to receive a couple of hundred new renewals during the present month.

The Ottawa exhibition for 1923 will show a financial surplus on the year's operation.

Some students write home frequently and others have accounts in the local bank.

The Press is indebted to Mr. A. W. Beach for a nice prairie chicken, one of a lot sent to him by his son, Dr. Beach, of Mossomin, Sask.

Mr. Crawford of the British and Foreign Bible Society, will address a Union Meeting in the Presbyterian church here on the evening of the 18th.

We are showing a good assortment of Dresses in the new Crepes, Tricotines, Cords and Trenella, Flannels from $10 to $25. D. C. Bush.

Next Monday is armistice day as well as Thanksgiving day. How will Winchester observe it? Would it not be a good thing to usher in the day by the ringing of the Church bells for say two minutes at a certain hour in the morning. It would at least wake some of us up.

A forward movement to be inaugurated by the Government in the building of county roads was announced this week by Hon. George S. Henry, Ontario Minister of Highways. Mr. Henry stated that it was the intention of his department to encourage and assist counties in their road building so that their standard of construction would be brought more nearly to that of a provincial highway.

Inquiry From India

Mr. Thos. Stobo, Cloverdale wrote an essay on "How Settlers Succeed" which was considered of sufficient importance to be published in pamphlet form by the Ontario Dept. of Agriculture. That the article has its influence is attested by a letter received by Mr. Stobo from a man, named Bert de Lany, who is employed in an office in "Lucknow, India." The letter is one of inquiry, and the writer expresses a desire to come to Canada and take up farming, and asks advise as to how to proceed.

Be on hand at 3 p. m. in the Methodist S. S. rooms on Saturday the 10th and you will be able to purchase your cooking, fowl and candy for over the holiday.

Death of Norton Fleming.

Norton Fleming son of the late James Fleming passed peacefully away the 5th of October in his 73rd year at London Ont. He worked at one time as Miller in Beach's Mill, Winchester, afterwards moving to London, going into the grocery business with his brother-in-law. He also acted as Life Insurance agent making good both in business and insurance. He had just returned from a trip to the Coast, taking ill in Victoria B. C. He was just able to reach home dying shortly afterwards. He had inward cancer and serious heart troubles. All physicians who attended him could not allay the disease. His funeral was largely attended and glowing tributes to his work and memory were given by his pastor. In the home church, Methodist, he had been a faithful office bearer. The mourners in general contributed wreaths, sprays ahd a large floral cross. He leaves to mourn his loss, two daughters and his faithful wife and friend and a sister and two brothers.

Carkner—O'Shaughnessy.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, October 31st, 1923, when Mr. Harold Carkner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Carkner, of Williamsburg, and Miss Alla O'Shaughnessy only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Shaughnessy of the same place, were married at the Methodist Parsonage, Elma, by the Rev. J. B. Howe. The young couple were attended by Mr. Carkner, brother of the groom, and Miss Reta S. McMillan, a special friend of the bride. The bride was attired in navy blue silk trimmed with gold braid and embroidery with hat to match. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the bride's home where a wedding supper was served to a company of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was made the recipient of many beautiful and costly presents. As Mr. and Mrs. Carkner leave to take up residence in Massena, N. Y., they bear with them the best wishes of a host of friends by whom they are held in the highest esteem.

COAL & WOOD

Cars of both to arrive this week. Leave your orders.

A. W. BEACH.

The Late Harriet Howes.

Winchester has suffered the loss of another of its oldest citizens in the passing of Harriet Turner, wife of the late Nathaniel Howes, who died at her residence on Louise Street, after a lingering illness, on Sunday evening Nov. 4th at six o'clock, in her seventy-ninth year. The late Mrs. Howes was a daughter of the late Gabriel and Jane Turner and she was born in the township of Matilda, but has resided in Winchester over thirty years. Deceased was a devout member of the Methodist church and a life member of the W.M.S. She leaves to mourn her loss, besides a host of friends, Mrs. David Larmour, Morrisburg. The funeral was held on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, at one thirty o'clock, in the Methodist Church, the services being conducted by the Rev. Waddell, interment being made at Maple Ridge Cemetery. The floral tributes were beautiful and included the following,— Anchor, Mrs. David Larmour and Mrs. E. Turner; Pillows,— Mr. and Mrs. Albert Turner and Mr. and Mrs. George Turner; Mrs. Christie and family, Calgary. Sprays,— Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Christie and Minnie and Dora Christie; Mr. James Christie, Calgary. Mounds,— Mrs. J. G. Myers and Mrs. E. F. Summers; Mr. and Mrs. Chas Summers and family; The Berea Bible Class; Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

Frederick, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Barlow, Chesterville, is suffering from an attack of diphtheria.

Fennell and Wallace have a car load of fine winter apples. Leave your order now. We have sampled them and they are good.

The Canada Gazette contains notice that authorized assignments have been made under the Bankruptcy Act by Fred A. Nash, of Morrisburg; Herbert Durant of the township of Williamsburg, farmer.

The death took place on October 20 at Vancouver, B. C., of Mrs Marcia Frith, wife of David Frith, of 1939 Forty-second avenue west, that city. She was born in Prescott 63 years ago. Burial was made in Ocean View Burial Park, Vancouver.

Why?—honestly and truly—Why? should you blister and torture yourself with biting plasters when you can get Williams' Camphorated Mustard Cream for 35c a jar at all druggists. Why?

The Hustlers Tuxis Square met at the Methodist parsonage on Thursday night, last, and enjoyed a very interesting talk from Mr. Cecil Dukelow, who recounted some of his experiences when in the west. After routine business, refreshments were served by Mrs. Waddell and the meeting adjourned to meet again to-morrow night Nov. 9th, in the Sunday School room.

Residents of a certain section of Greenock township witnessed an interesting spectacle Saturday evening when a herd of cows owned by a farmer of that township came home drunk. It is supposed that the cattle came across a still somewhere in the swamp and possibly drank a considerable quantity of the swamp product. The animals acted in much the same manner as drunken men, and when word was flashed over the rural telephone lines about what happened, residents of the neighborhood rushed to the scene to witness the performance.—Hanover Post.

School Reports

The Winchester High School and Public School Reports for October will be found on page two of this issue.

Orangemen Will Entertain

The local Orange Lodge will give an entertainment in the Town Hall on Friday night, Nov. 9th. The Grand Master, Mr. Charles Lount, of Cornwall, and other speakers will be present, also a musical programme. No admission fee. Silver collection at door. All friends are cordially invited to be present.

Makes Assignment.

Mr. John A. Campbell, who has a couple of cheese factories in this section, and who carried on a business in feed, grain, etc, has made an assignment to Mr. Horace Pratt, the official receiver, and Mr. T. Bert Cole has been appointed custodian. No statement of total assets and liabilities has as yet been made public.

The Ladie's Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church will hold their Annual Bazaar on Friday, Dec. 7th.

Methodist Church Notes

The quarterly Sacramental service was held on Sunday morning last at which the pastor, Rev. J. A. Waddell, gave a very fitting message from the text:—"I came not to do my own will, but the will of Him who sent me." Eight members were received into the Church, seven by letter and one on confession of faith. A large number partook of the Sacrament. In the afternoon World's Temperance Sunday was observed in the Sunday School by a special program under the direction of the Temperance Supt, Mrs. N. W. Beach. Mr. W. J. Cass gave a very interesting talk to the boys and girls, full of good advice, in which he compared the bootlegging going on in our midst, to a lion, a snake and a fire, in it's destructive power, and said it was the duty of every good citizen to drive it out. The young ladies' class with the assistance of Mrs. N. W. Beach sang: "The fight is on." Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Sweet is to give a talk on Armistice Day and there will be other special features. At the evening service the pastor spoke on the ways in which Jesus asserted his supremacy. 1. As a Teacher, never man spoke as this man. 2. As a Comforter, He was great and mighty 3. As an inspirer of man, for example Peter. 4. As a Saviour of man. "What does Jesus Christ mean to you?" was the searching question with which Mr. Waddell closed his inspiring messsge.

Everyone interested in Temperance work will be sure to attend the Annual W.C.T.U. in the Town Hall Thanksgiving night and hear some splendid Temperance selections. See Advt on this page.

Death of James Jones.

At 4.30 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 30th, the community of Mountain was visited once more by the Angel of death, when an esteemed neighbor, in the person of James Jones, was called to his reward, following a short illness of only two weeks. The deceased had been apparently as well as usual up until about three weeks ago. He was born on April 17 1847, having always lived on the old home until his death. His wife predeceased him three years this date, Nov. 6th, 1920. He was of a very quiet nature, and thought a good deal of home and enjoyed staying there. When on his death-bed he was satisfied to whatever might be the will of his Saviour and was fully given up to God. He leaves to mourn his loss, two daughters, Mrs. James Anderson, Winchester, Mrs. Edgar Locke, of Canton, N. Y., and one son Gordon married and living on the home place. Also fourteen grandchildren two brothers and four sisters. The funeral service was preached at the house, conducted by Rev. A. J. Shea, of Ottawa, assisted by Rev. W. Hamilton, Rev. Waddell and Rev. E. Claxton. The pall-bearers were B. Watts, Thos. Smith, Jos. Robinson, James Brown, John Moffatt and David Bruce. The remains were afterwards interred in the family plot in the Maple Ridge cemetery.

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

An old fashioned chicken supper, on Thanksgiving night in the Presbyterian church, Vernon, and a good programme. All for 50c. How can you spend the evening better.

Don't forget to give the W. M. S. Ladies a call on Saturday at the S.S. rooms and secure your fowl and cooking for Thanksgiving.

Cemetery Desecrated

An outrage was perpetrated in the Protestant cemetery at Maxville on Sunday last when three children, two boys aged 14 and 10, and a girl aged 12 years, with assistance of a plank, upset and smashed over sixty tombstones, and doing damage to the extent of over $2,500. The children were arrested and taken to Cornwall for trial.

It is now believed that the children implicated in the desecration of the cemetery at Maxville, were urged to do what they did by an older person, and the damage done is much more extensive, amounting to about $5,000. Feeling has been greatly stirred over the unpleasant incident and the authorities intend seeing that the guilty ones are properly punished. The church that originally belonged to the cemetery in question is the one that Dr. Gordon, (Ralph Connor) first preached in and it was while there that he recieved his inspiration to write his "Man From Glengarry."

APPLES!
All Varieties!
Spies, Greenings, Baldwins, Russetts, Choice McIntosh's Packed Nos. 1 & 2
We guarantee the Apples to be of the same quality throughout the barrel.
We Invite Inspection L. Flora.

Card of Thanks

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Jones and family wish to express their gratitude to friends and neighbours for kind assistance and sympathy during the illness and in the death of Mr. Jones, father of Mr. Gordon Jones.

Card of Thanks

For the many kind attentions to our dear invalid in her long illness, and for the assistance and sympathy received in our recent bereavement, we render our heart-felt thanks.
Wm. McDiarmid and family.

Wanted

Some reliable men for retailing Rawleigh's well known products in some of the best districts in Eastern Ontario.
27p. Geo. E. Earle.
Winchester
Ont.

To Rent.

Farm containing one hundred acres in the tenth concession of Mountain, east half of lot twenty three, Cloverdale. For particulars apply to
William Anderson
27-8p Winchester
Boyne

For Sale

House at Winchester Station. Immediate possession.
27c W. J. Cass.

For Sale

A few choice White Wyandottes, Barred Plymouth Rock, Cockerels. Bred from the Guild's Bred-to-Lay strain.
Wanted—a few young pigs.
J. F. McVey & Son,
27 9 p. R. R. 3, Winchester.

Bond Wanted

A fully registered Victory Bond due in 1932 or 1933, for $500. Any one having one to sell Apply at
Press Office.

For Sale

An oak tilting office chair, in first class condition, will be sold cheap. Apply
Press Office.

For Sale

For nice ripe Clover honey go to
S. J. McCrea,
Winchester, Ont.

For Sale or Rent.

East ½ Lot No. 9 in 5th Consession of Mountain—100 acres of heavy clay loam. 75 acres under cultivation, 12 acres of wood and timber. Good house and outbuildings. Terms to suit. Apply to
J. H. Richardson,
Phone 31 r 42 Mountain, Ont.

ROSS MORROW

Licensed Auctioneer

For the Counties of Dundas, Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry, Prescott and Russell.

Sales of all kinds handled.

Phone 608 r 24

Winchester Springs, Ont.

Try Weston's

Cream Cone
Short Cake
Meltise Cream
Melt-in-your-Mouth
Lemon Cream
Bonnie Shortbread, etc.
Strawberry Shortcake, etc.

Buy a "Sample Tin" and enjoy thes delicious English Quality Biscuits

Weston's are different and better.

Just try Weston's once!

L. FLORA, Winchester.

Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery.

At Casselman's

Buy your Hair Nets here and win a Pearl Necklack free.

3 double mesh nets or 4 single for 25c, in separate envelopes with a coupon in each, when you have 75 you will receive a Necklace free.

Decidedly new are the Dainty little scarfs made of three or four blending shades of our Iceland Wool or any of the other Pure Wools we carry.

In Stock—a fine range of Corsets, Gloves Hosiery, Leather Hand bags, Collar and Cuff Sets in Madeira, Linen, Lace, etc. Clumy Hand-Made Lace for Camisole, Slip, or Night Gown Tops, Hand-Made Lace Doyleys, etc.

Three Quebec Heaters for sale, size 4 & 5—can be seen anytime.

Mrs. C. Lee Casselman

Yellow Bus Line

Special Bus

For Thanksgiving Day

In addition to the regular bus which leaves Wincnester at 8 a.m. and returns at 6 p.m., a bus will leave Winchester at 7 p.m. and will return, leaving Ottawa at 11 p.m. This will enable anyone going to Ottawa in the morning to stay till the late bus if they so desire.

M. C. ROBINSON, Driver.

Nursing

Miss Mary Dixon is prepared to take cases. Phone number 145. Room at Mr. Wheeler's, Main Street.

For Sale

Bargains in Walking Plows. Wilkinson, Fleury and Percival Walking Plows at $18.00 each, Cash. Thos. Faulkner, Morewood.

For Sale

Two Pure Bred Aryshire Bulls. One Yearling, one Spring's Calf.
C. B. Jamieson
606 r 4 Winchester Nation Valley

House For Sale or Rent.

The brick residence on Caleb St. unfurnished, good barn, sheds, etc. Apply
26-9p Merrick Durant.

The Needlecraft Store

* * *

The Needlecraft Store is selling some of their prize-winning models, including centre pieces, library table runners with cushions to match, dayslips, pillow-cases, towels, pin cushions, dresser scarfs, boudoir pillows, night dresses, card table covers, hot plate table mats, hot plate holders, hot water-bottle holders, dolls etc. We have any of the above stamped ready to embroider.

We also carry the famous Corticelli Wools including Sylverflos, Zephrene, Golf Wools for Men's Sweaters, Vests and Socks, Shetland Floss, Cable Rope for Silk Sweaters and Scarfs. These are all in the newest shades.

Don't forget that we have sealing wax for making beads, etc. for ChristmasGifts.

IDA F. GARDNER.

W. C. T. U. MEDAL CONTEST

TOWN HALL, WINCHESTER

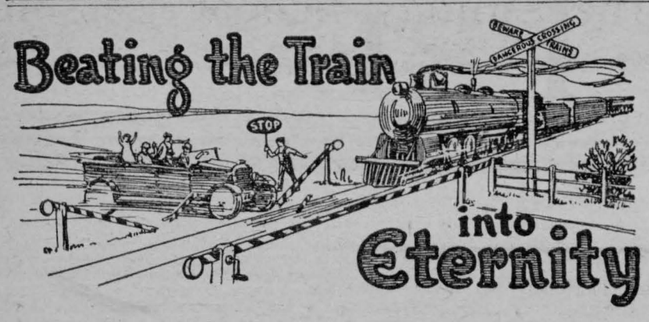
Thanksgiving Night, Nov. 12th

There will be two contests, one in Elocution and one in Instrumental Music.

Also a Ladies' Quartette, a Mixed Quartette, a Reading and a White Ribboner's Chorus.

A first-class program, all for 25c.

Tickets will be on sale at Mrs. L. Flora's. Concert begins at 8 p.m.



IN line with new legislation being passed in the various States of the American Union aimed to diminish the alarming number of accidents through reckless driving of automobiles, particularly on level railroad crossings, the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada has requested the Canadian Pacific Railway to submit information bearing upon similar dangerous practices by motorists on various portions of its system so that use may be made of the information with a view to endeavoring, through education, to minimize the occurrence of such dangerous practices.

In a Bulletin issued by the Board of Railway Commissioners on June 15th, 1923, 54 cases of danger at protected crossings are cited for the period October, 1922, to May, 1923, and of these fifty are declared to have been due to the carelessness of motor drivers. "Motor accidents," says the bulletin, "are becoming more frequent. Every sane motorist deplores this. If accidents are to be lessened, the sane motorist must educate the culpably negligent motorists."

All highway crossings are by law protected by signs, and they are only dangerous when the driver of the automobile makes them so. They are not dangerous if motorists will take a small part of the care they exercise in turning on a city street. It is the motorist's carelessness that makes them dangerous. The train has right of way. Everyone knows what may happen if the plainly seen warnings are disregarded at a point where the motor car can stop while the train cannot.

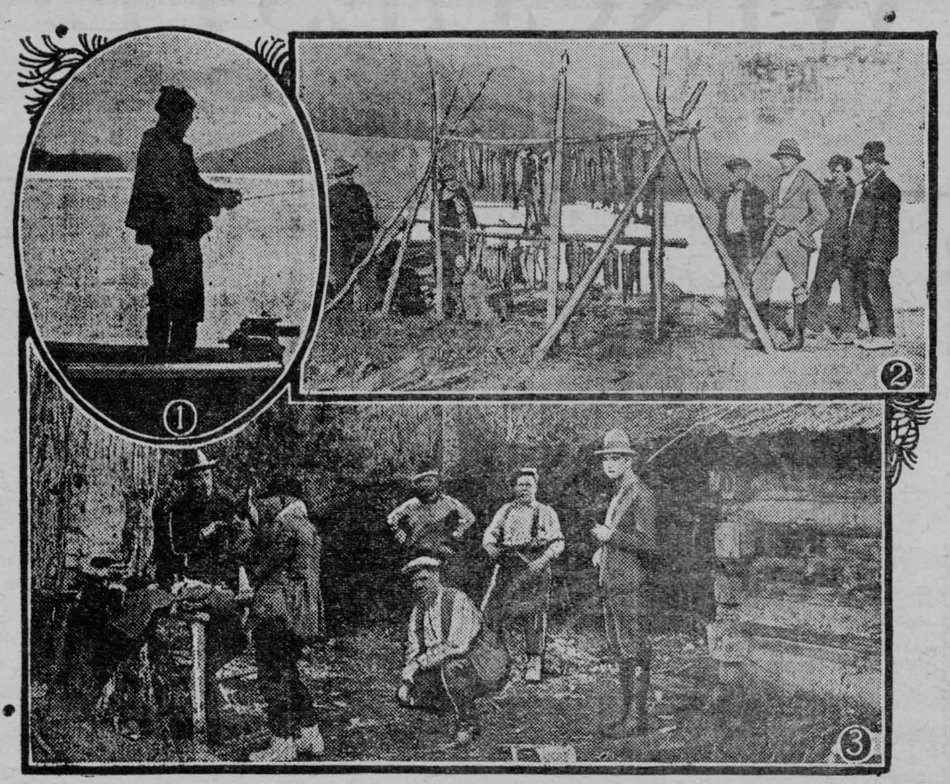
The surprising part of it also is that safeguards and precautions erected by the railroads are so often entirely ignored. Time after time newspaper reports show that crossing alarm bells, barrier gates and even watchmen waving "stop" signals mean nothing to the man in the motor car who is determined to beat the train to it.

Coroners' juries are usually more discriminating and put the blame where it belongs, but the general public, seeing the usual newspaper heading, "Train Crashes into Motor Car," starts out with the impression that the train must necessarily be to blame, when, as a matter of fact, a fairer statement of the case would be "Another Auto Gets in Path of Fast Train." Quite as often, too, the heading should read, "Flying Auto Dashes into Moving Train." Frequently the auto strikes the train well behind the engine, a convincing indication that the motorist too frequently treats the railroad crossing with the same casual notice that he gives the intersection of a quiet country road.

Out of 32 level crossing accidents that happened in Ontario during 1922, 22 were the result of the motorist not heeding the stop signal, and seven were the result of running into the lowered gates or actually passing under them after they were lowered or while they were being lowered. One man had no headlights and apparently did not see the gates were down while the remainder in other ways tried to cross in front of the engine in order to save time.

In an editorial on this question, the Toronto Star says that: "In a country like this, with its magnificent distances, and railway systems with twenty thousand miles of track, the time may never come when all level crossings will be eliminated. With motor cars in use everywhere there is no railway crossing so remote but that a motorist may use it. It is his business to see that he does so at a safe moment. It is his business for two reasons: (1) because it is the presence of him and his car at that time and place, and not the coming of the train, which creates the risk of a crash; and (2) because if there should be a crash he and his car will be crushed, and not the train."

Cariboo and Carib



1. Casting on Quesnel Lake; 2. A fair morning's catch; 3. Cleaning the gun for the hunt.

WHAT is one of the finest big game and fishing sections of North America and one of the last great stands for big game, lies within easy reach of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Cariboo district of British Columbia. Here, as nowhere else on the continent, are found in abundance the bear, grizzley, brown and black; the moose and caribou, and the wary mountain goat and sheep. The cougar is often seen and heard and the smaller fur bearing animals make a trappers paradise of this vast virgin territory. As will be seen from the picture above, the fishing is superlatively good; it is the fishing country of the west.

"Who is the man with soul so dead and bent on irksome chores, who hath not sometime to him said, 'I'll seek the Great Outdoors' ?" Each year an increasing number of hunters and fishermen are absorbed by the district, but so vast and extensive is it, that there are yet parts of it that have never been visited by the hunter, and streams that have never had a line thrown-over-them. To reach the Cariboo district one usually leaves the railway at Ashcroft from which place, arrangements having previously been made, one starts out by automobile over the famous Cariboo road to Quesnel Lake, Harpers Camp, Horsefly Lake or one other of the numerous camping sites. The road, which winds among the foothills for hundreds of miles, climbs to an elevation of 5,000 feet and drops gradually to below the 2,300 foot level by the lakes, was made famous by the horde of gold seekers who passed over it in the days of '49. The old road houses built in those days are still there, and while many of them are used as headquarters for the large ranches in the district they afford simple but comfortable accommodation on the trip.

From the camps one can just paddle along the still, black, green bordered streams and lakes over which the snow capped ranges tower, or one can sit at ease by the camp fire and watch the sun sink behind the hills set ablaze with its glory, listening the while to the soft rustle of the wind in the tree tops and the gentle plashing of the water on the crags. If one is of a more agressive nature one can, accompanied by a careful and well tried guide, strike through the wilderness in search of its natural denizens, or, armed with rod, fly and other bait, angle to the hearts content. One may spend weeks, making short trips by boat, canoe, or saddle horse, fishing in the lakes and streams near by, and getting back to camp each night, or travel with the necessaries for bivouac and commune with the wilds for days or weeks at a time.

The Cariboo hunting and fishing grounds are located in the Great Interior Plateau, lying between the Rockies and the Cascades, east of the Fraser River. Ashcroft, the jumping off place, is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific 203 miles east of Vancouver. Equipment for trips can be purchased there or at one of the various hunting centres in the district close by. Guide and Outfitting companies cater to every necessity and the "Cariboo" and other lodges adequately care for the wants of the business or professional man who does not care for an extended hunting or fishing trip but desires to get away from something or everything for a while.

Nova Scotia Interior as Moose Pasture



NOva Scotia is a country of lakes and streams, offering many ideal canoe trips, and the interior is a great moose pasture. Ideal, too, is the moose hunting, because both the canoe and automobile are used by hunters and guides, thus saving many miles of weary hiking through the wilderness. On the Liverpool chain of lakes reached from South Milford via Annapolis Royal or Digby, and on Lake Kedgemakooge, Lake Rossignol, Lake Munro, Loon Lake and the Liverpool River expert Indian and white guides use the canoes for long distances and even call the moose to the shore with their birch bark horns. When some distant point is to be reached from "Del" Thomas' South Milford camp, canoes, guides, hunters and duffle are loaded upon a big motor truck for the journey.

South Milford is 15 miles from Annapolis Royal and is a favorite outfitting point. So is the Kedgemakooge Rod and Gun Club, on famous Lake Kedgemakooge, in the heart of the wilderness 36 miles from Annapolis Royal. Both of these camps have ample accommodations and plenty of canoes and reliable guides.

The Nova Scotian moose season lasts from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15. Deer are as plentiful as moose, and the open season for this game lasts from Oct. 16 to Nov. 31.

Although large numbers of moose are shot each year, many with magnificent "spreads," the annual increase is said to equal the kill. Such guides as Louis Harlow, half-breed Micmac and Sam Globe, full-blooded Indian, are expert moose callers and stalkers and rarely disappoint the hunter. The cleverness with which they simulate the calls of the cow moose with a simple roll of birch bark fashioned into a horn, is sure to fool the wisest old bull in the wilderness. When the calling season is past, the moose no longer comes to the hunter and the hunter must go to him. Neither canoe, nor automobile figures much in this phase of moose hunting except that one, or both, may help the hunter near the place where the quarry is supposed to be and carry him home when the hunt is over.

High School Reports.

Report of Winchester High School for October—the average per cent. obtained in the examinations held during the month

Form IV

Mary Campbell 80, Pearl Stewart 67 (one exam) Ethel Dixon 62, Marion Edwards 56 (2 exams) Elizabeth Link 52, Gordon McDonald (absent) Marion Edwards, absent through illness for 2 exams.

Form III B

Adrienne Earle 87, Olive Hughes 86, Vera Haggerty 67, Ada Summers 64, Hilda Davidson 63, Marion Gordon 63, Billy Smith 58, Bessie Carkner 57, Dorothy Wallace 55, Ruth Claxton 53, Leonard Porteous 53, George Johnston 52, Rae Derby 52, Edna Christie 50, Ruby Davidson 49, Helen Justus 48, Rupert Helmer 47 Wilma Johnston 45, Mabel Suffel 32, Evangeline Darling 29, Gertrude Johnston 22 Jean Wallace, Fred Johnston and Cecil Dukelow, absent.

Form III A

Betty Stewart 93, Francis Stewart 72, Thelma Dixon 71, Lucinda Jackson 71, Florence Jackson 70, Lera Summers 69, Violet MacCourtie 66, Kathleen Carkner 62, Helen Elliott 61, Gerald Helmer 61, Lucy McIntosh 61, Hilda Black 60, Leila Durant 56, Donald Morrow 56, Eldon Davidson 53, Marguerite Flora 52, Violet Steele 52, Elizabeth Wylie 51, Harold Gemeroy 51, one exam, Harold Barclay 50 Eddie Thomas 47, Herbert Bellinger 42

Form II

Marcia Cranston 85, Olive Johnston 75, Beatrice McConkey 70, Evelyn Cheney 67 Maude Gordon 65, Pauline Docksteader 54, Arnold Dukelow 61, Minnie Earle 59, Lulu Rennie 59, Minnie Robinson 58, Melvin Scott 58, Marjory Wallace 58, Ina Barrigar 57, Mabel Jackson 56, Alex Davidson 53, Beatrice Dixon 52, Iena Wylie 51, Annie Christie 50, Andrew Derby 48, Evelyn Merkley 47, Andrey Anderson 47, Laura Dukelow 45, Paul Summers 42, Levius Shaver 41, Robert Ault 18. Following only 1 exam, Laura Fawcett 90 Nelson Thomas 78, Hilda Jackson 72 Mary Carkner 51. Absent through illness Jennie Hutchinson and William Agnew.

Form I

Ruth Durant 94, Bessie Coulthart 85, Mary Cranston 34,
Ewart Carkner 84, Mildred Derby 82, Eva Docksteader 81, Annie Robinson 78, Luella Edgerton 77, Olga Scott 77, Hugh Wilson 75, Laura Munroe 73, Bessie Blackburn 71 Rae Brown 68, Nina Henderson 68, Jay Casselman 67, Dorothy Forrester 67, Audrey Anderson 66, Willie Smith 64, Stuart Corry 63, Isobel Gemeroy 63, Zree Thomas 59, Donald Edgerton 58, Lillian Higginson 58, Wilhelmina Wylie 56, Jack Boyes 53, Kenneth Barrigar 50 Pliney Bowman 48, Willis Robinson 46, Ella Reveler 46, Harold Greer 44, Earl Kirkwood 41, Vera Allen 37, John Deeks 36, Eleanor Hitsman 35, Gerald Darling 17,

R. Stenhouse, Principal.

Honor Roll
Winchester P. S.

ROOM (A)
Entrance Class

Cyril Weary, Mabel Waddell, Jennie Empey, Paul Gordon and Arthur Hitsman equal, Edward McKercher. Stanley Gibson, Eleanor Edgerton, Muriel Robinson, Evelyn Armstrong.

Jr. IV Class

Charles Weary, Hugh Marquette, Margaret Durant, Dorothy Summers.

S. Annable, Prin.

ROOM (B)
Jr. IV Class

Roberta Reveler, Anna Bowman, Olive Gibb, Kathleen Fawcett, Winnifred Gillissie.

III Class

Frederick Cass, Eva Jackson, Mary Ellis, George VanBridger, Gordon Johnston.

Emma Gardner, Teacher.

ROOM (C)
Sr. III

Raymond Summers, Leitha Coulthart, Stanley Hamilton, Norma Robinson, Eileen McCauley, Keith Summers, Ivan Thomas.

Jr. III.

Harold Lee, Sparling Dukelow, George McKeown, Margaret Ault, Maude Egerton, Agnes Parker, Myrna Robinson, Emma Earle, Ada O'Neil, Gwendolyn Scott, Phyllis Henderson, Ethel O'Nel, Euretta Annable.

Number on Roll 35.

Leroy E. Strader, Teacher.

ROOM (D)
Jr. II (A).

Jean Melvin, Frances Eagleson, Cecil Gillissie, Vivian Lee, Allan Preston, Harry Rodney, Cecil Marquette, Jean VanBridger, Thelma Billings.

Jr. II (B).

Dwight Armstrong, Donald Fawcett, Elwood Thomas, Donald Harper, Gordon McQuaig, Harold Watts, Mary Shaver, Margaret Patterson.

D. Christie, Teacher.

ROOM (E)
First Book.

Audrey Scott, Mary Ann Holmes. Keith Hamilton, Alfred Carkner, Ina Eagleson, Kenneth Summers, Max Cormier.

Sr. Primer.

Doris Hamilton, George Utman, Audrey Bell, Keitha Coulthart, Eleanor Melvin, Jack Shaver, Olive Bellinger.

H. J. Beach, Teacher.

Room F.

A. Class.

Desmond Dixon, Jean Scott, Lloyd Dixon, Bruce Armstrong, Andrew Deeks, Charles Davidson, Billie Dixon.

B. Class.

Stanley Raistrick, Lynden Robinson, Joe Liscomb, Lawrence Bilow, George Elliot.

C. Class.

Basil Dawley, Helen VanBridger, Teddy Wier, Lloyd Pierce, Morley Wallace, Gerald Holmes.

Gladys A. McCormick,
Teacher.

HONOR ROLL

Ormond Public School October.

Senior Room

V. Class—Physiography.—Dugald MacLean 82, Dorothy Glasgow 56, Allan MacLean (absent). Geography—Dugald MacLean 96. Allan MacLean, 89, D. Glasgow 88. History—Dorothy Glasgow 80, Dugald MacLean 75, Allan MacLean 73.
Sr. IV Class—Hector MacLean, Margaret Carkner, Myrtle Cinnamon.
Jr. IV Class—xMadge Hargrave, Jessie MacLean, Colin MacLean, Vivian Carkner, John MacDonald.

C. Allison, Principal.

Junior Room

Sr. III Class—Ellis Carkner 77, Mildred Stewart 65, Ford Glasgow 64 6.
Jr. III Class—Stella Hargrave 83, Thelma Cinnamon 68, xBeth MacDonald 65, Ruth Cumming 63.
Sr. II Class—Jean Carkner 71.
Jr. II—Austin Carkner 74. Carrie Carkner 69, Robert Stewart 61.
Sr. Pr.—xIsabel MacGregor, Lola Cinnamon.
Jr. Pr.—Clifford Carkner, Ernest Glasgow, John Glasgow, Clayton Stewart.
xPerfect attendance

E. D. MacGregor (teacher.)

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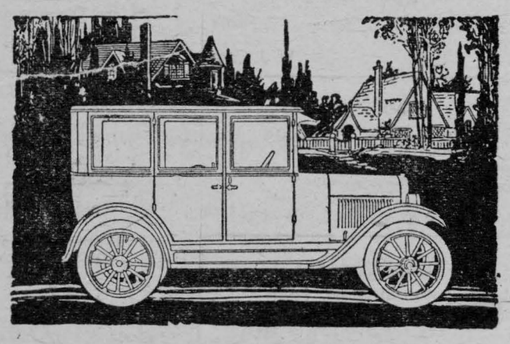

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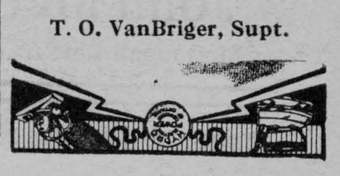

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Turkey 'n Fixin's

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

The Lodge it was eo be then. It was a relief to this fair young Decider of Things that *that* was settled. She went to find Ned.

"We're going out to the Lodge for Thanksgiving, Neddie. My mind is made up."

"Then we're going out to the Lodge for Thanksgiving," nodded the husband of the Decider. He was rather relieved to have it settled, himself. Nell might easily have hatched up a good deal crazier scheme—she and the girls.

"Girls know yet?" he inquired, for Nell might be sole hatcher.

"They will before the clock strikes ten tonight," laughed she. "You and I will tell 'em, Neddie. We'll make the rounds."

The Lodge was, true to name, a lodging-place for the gay little coterie of the Big Four. The Big Four was Ned Winters' pet name for the four young couples who had jointly built and now jointly owned it. Only a matter of twenty odd miles away, it could be reached whenever the fancy of the Big Four demanded a woodsy retreat and all the fresh trout the Big Four husbands could inveigle out of the cool depths of the best trout stream (yes, sir!) anywhere in reach or out. But so far, in its five years of existence, the Lodge had never been put to use as a winter resort.

At dinner Nell waxed eloquent over what she considered her inspiration.

"Huge fire every minute, in the stone fireplace—snapping, roaring! Hear it roar?"

"I do—I hear it!" Small Peter's eyes glinted in their clear blue depths. Peter and Cicily had been allowed as a remarkable concession to come down to dessert because it was ice-cream. "Don't you hear the fire a-roarin' like ever-thing, Cecie? This way—r-r-r-r-r-r-r——!"

"That is enough! You children run up to bed now. You weren't going to talk, you know, if I let Nurse bring you down——"

"That wasn't talkin'. That was roar—" His eager little voice pelted on, getting fainter and fainter as Nurse got him farther and farther away.

"Aren't they little nuisances? Well, maybe not *nuisances*—Of course the children won't go out with us. Not if we want a good time! Ned, we will have a good time, you see! A regular old-fashioned dinner."

"What's that? Say it again! You aren't referring to sage stuffing and the heart and giblets chopped up in the gravy and cranberry sauce and mashed turnip and creamed onions and pumpkin pie and—*'fixin's?'*"

"Yes, all those grandmothery things and *'fixin's'*—any other fixin's you can think of. To match the big open fire and out-in-the-countryness of it. We'll send the cook out two or three days ahead—" but no further did the Decider of Things progress.

"If you dare to send our cook! She'd put mayonnaise in the stuffing and some thing crazy and Frenchy in every other last thing—my aunt! Shades of my aunt! That was where I had real Thanksgiving dinner last, at beloved old Aunt Nancy's. My mouth has watered ten years, Nell—Nell, don't you love me?"

She laughed across the beautiful Frenchy table and nodded her head.

'Enough to give you an Aunt Nancy dinner this time. Watch me!"

"You mean—cook it yourself?" His voice, if she had noted, was a wistful voice. Of course she didn't mean exactly that, but to see Nell in a blue-checked apron basting a turkey—no, no, it wasn't done.

It wasn't.

"Ned Winters!" which sufficiently answered the wistful voice.

The plan of the Decider of Things went through with a snap, as of course. Did her plans ever fail? The "girls" who were to be parts and dainty parcels of it all, cheered her on. It was a perfectly lovely plan—good for Nell! The husbands of the girls added their plaudits and offered their services, their cars' services, their servants'—plunged eager hands into full pockets to "dig up" their shares of expenses. For four Thanksgivings these friends of the Big Four had had Thanksgiving together, with more—or less—success in the way of a grand good time. But last year—well, last year——

Ellen Winters expressed the Big Four's mind as to last year.

"I must say I don't want another restaurant Thanksgiving! Ugh! The cold things we ate that ought to have been hot, and the side dishes. Think of a *Thanksgiving* dinner in side dishes! The one year before last, at the Club House, was twenty degrees hotter, anyway! Neddie, wait till you get a taste of this year's!"

"How can I wait?" sighed Neddie. But it was not hotness his mouth watered for, not even sage turkey and cranberry sauce, a la Aunt Nancy of beloved memory. It was the blue gingham apron—on Nell. And all that would have meant. What was the *use*, anyway! He sighed and let the vision slip. He ordered the two big turkeys and the "fixin's" that were down on Nell's list. He saw to it that plenty of generous logs for the great fireplace were hauled out to the Lodge; that he lights were in order, the place swept, flowers engaged, his full part of the arrangements attended to. But there was something he could not understand—why in thunder wasn't he tickled at the pleasant prospect? Nothing as pleasant in Thanksgiving had come his way since he watched Aunt Nancy baste her turkey and smelled the old kitchen full of Thanksgiving smells.

"Is it going to be at noon?" he suddenly inquired over the top of his newspaper. It was three days now to "it." He had a queer sensation of holding his breath for Nell's reply. Of course, though, it would not be at noon, not at noon like Aunt Nancy's. "—er—two o'clock? Along *about* two o'clock? That's a good Thanksgiving dinner time——" His voice coaxed like a boy's.

"It is going to be at half-past six o'clock—naturally. You don't feel as if you were going to break down, or anything, do you, Neddie? In your mind?" She was regarding him with amused eyes. But they were loving eyes, too, although the love in them had the effect of being a little out of practice. As if so many other immensely important things occupied the spacious blue fields of vision that Love had been crowded into the background. Gowns to be looked at with sharp appraisal, dust to be ferreted out in the wake of careless maids, little Peter's socks to match exactly the gold-brown of his soft hair—for Peter's mother looked to the perfect outer perfection of his small round body, although the little perfect soul of Peter was almost a stranger to her.

"I've got everything going at last. For the dinner, I mean. I had no idea it would be such an undertaking to get up a dinner twenty miles from a lemon! I've hired a woman who lives right on the edge of the woods to do all the cooking—an Aunt Nancy woman, Neddie."

"Blue-checked apron?"

"Blue-checked or pink or somechecked. She had the liveliest bunch of kiddies. They're like a flight of steps, from the lowest up! I mean to tell her to keep them out of the kitchen."

"Oh, *no!*—er—I mean—" slipped past Neddie's still boyish lips, but she did not wait for what he meant. It had not occurred to the mother of little Peter and Cecie as it had to their father what joys they themselves were missing in being kept out of the kitchen. So many other things occurred to Ellen Winters.

"I wish we had somewhere to send the babies for Thanksgiving—a grandmother or Aunt Nancy," Ned Winters mused aloud wistfully. "It is tough on 'em to be shunted off up into the nursery alone. *They* should have a Thanksgiving to remember when——"

"I don't believe you have heard a word I've been saying, Ned Winters! But I shan't begin over—you'll have to find out by the context. Canned plum pudding will have to do because she hasn't time to make everything. Four kinds of pie, I told her, but I forgot pumpkin and that will make five. I told her to strain the cranberries and make jelly. She was going to roast her turkeys before hand and get her vegetables all started. I shall motor out Saturday and see she doesn't, though—I ought to have insisted. They must taste *right*, even if she does have to work harder," and on and on ran the soft voice that could with so small exertion, put on hardness, when necessary.

On Saturday, Nell motored out to see how the cook was faring, but too late to keep the turkeys out of the oven. The warm, savory smell of them met her on the threshold. As also did the "flight of steps from the lowest up." She was too late to keep the "steps" out of the kitchen, too! One "step" sprang shyly at her.

"She's just basted 'em an' all of us smelled three smells. She let us. Essie began 'cause Essie's tallest. But—but—they sort of didn't smell good's *own* smells. Once we had own smells—my! Didn't we have, Essie? It was 'fore the war, when Fardie had *both* his legs in Canada."

"In—Canada?" Ellen Winters, mother of a man child, shivered.

"Yes, before he left one in France. You have to have *both* your legs in the same country to earn Thanksgivin' dinners, Fardie says, an' he says that's a joke, so we all laugh. But Mardie doesn't. Mardie goes right up to Fardie an' kisses the France leg—"

"Genie Ross!" The tall Essie found her voice in rebuke.

"She does too! An' then Fardie doesn't laugh either—"

"Genie Ro—" urged Essie all in vain. The soft little torrent swept on straight from the heart.

"We are goin' to laugh all tomorrow to keep Fardie an' Mardie from thinkin' we mind— 'cause— 'cause the smells aren't *own* smells! But—" the small feet rose on their toes to enable Genie's lips to reach Ellen Winters' ear. "But we *do* care ev'ry time the oven opens—sh! It's very diff'cult to laugh when those puffec'ly splendid smells come out. I can, though—watch me laugh; Mardie's goin' to open it again!" And Ellen watched that valiant little roar of mirth for Mardie's sake and Fardie's whom Ellen could discern in another room.

"One, two, three! Now it's *my* turn to smell, Genie!"

Ellen Winters, muffled in her rugs and furs, rode home smoothly and swiftly. She stopped at the flat of one of the "girls," Esther Sherman. No mob of little children met her there. Esther was alone and eager to hear the details of the Lodge dinner. Nell was such a dear dear to do all the work, besides having all the inspirations. What was she going to do with Peter and Cicily? The other girls, Meg and Carolyn, were going to send theirs—David and Meggie Two—off to grandmothers.

"No grandmothers here," sighed Nell. "Nurse will have to play be one. We're away so much, anyway, Cecie won't know the difference, and if Peter does, he won't let on. He keeps things to himself, nurse says. I'm not awfully well acquainted with Peter myself."

"They couldn't—you don't think they could go too, Nell?" This Esther without a Peter or a Cecie was a bit troubled for those of her friend.

"Certainly not," Nell returned firmly. "Not if we want a good quiet time. Much you know about children!"

"I'm acquainted with Peter, anyway!" retorted Esther. "He tells me things. I run in to the nursery often. And Cecie kisses me."

"That's more than she does to me," laughed Nell. And suddenly she heard her own laugh as if someone else had laughed it in her ears. It sounded forced. Why should Cecie be kissing people who were not even mothers? A sudden question leaped up in her mind as if it had been some one else's mind and demanded an answer.

"Are—you—a—mother?" it asked distinctly, sternly.

Ned was not downstairs when she reached home and she wanted him downstairs to talk to, to get the taste of that question out of her soul.

"Where have you been?" demanded she, as he at length appeared. "What's the use of having a husband if you can't have him when you want him?"

"What's the use of having babies if you can't see 'em when they are asleep?" countered he. He had been taken a little unawares.

"Neddie! You mean to tell me—"

"Didn't mean to," he muttered.

"—that you—you—"

"That I—I," he confessed, a flushed, found-out Ned. "Well! A bit explosively. "It isn't a crime to look at your own babies in their sleep, is it? If 'tis, I'm guilty all right. Say, Nell—" sweeping about toward her suddenly. "Did *you* know there are dimples in their knees? There are. I—I undressed the little buggers one night. Cost me two dollars—bribed the nurse to beat it. That was one. Cecie's are the deepest—Cecie is a little witch! What do you suppose she said? That I could drop a kiss in the deepest dimple—that made two—for a dollar. Most *I* ever got out of two dollars!" He made a little chuckling noise in his throat but, curiously, it was not really a laugh. Nell, leaning forward on her chair, was not laughing either.

"Go on—and what did you do?"

"I dropped it in."

It was a beautiful room they were sitting in—too beautiful. Too perfect. It needed things—little things, on the floor, over a chair, over a little chair. It needed beautiful sounds, like soft father-mother laughter over a Peter's funny performance that day or how a Cecie had got round the cook for tiny doll-cookies for her party. It was a beautiful, cleared-up room and very silent. A pity, since this was a rare at-home-together evening for Ned and Ellen Winters—when before had they been alone and together here, at nine o'clock? Ned there in his stuffed lounging chair—Nell here on the couch that was so becoming in its pastel shades to the faint pinkness of her cheeks.

"Hark! That's the fire siren again—how I hate it! Why must they have such a shrieky, moany thing that sends the creeps up and down your spine? It makes me think of lost souls wailing in the dark. I suppose somebody's house is afire."

"Poor somebody! It must be the most awful death to be burned—"

"Ned!—for pity's sake! Is that the cheerfulest thing you can think of to say after being still most an hour? Why, Nurse! What is the matter? The children—" Nell was on her feet, in alarm. The usually calm, phlegmatic face of the children's nurse was startled and pale.

"They're gone—I can't find them! It's the siren; it's been ringing the longest while. Their clothes are gone! Peter is perfectly possessed about fires. He *always* wants to follow the siren. He must have waked up and heard the alarm and seen—have you looked out? The sky is *ablaze*."

Together they tore the heavy draperies aside—dropped them—sprang for the long motor coats that hung ready.

"Stay here, Nurse! Have hot bottles and things ready. They'll be chilled. Hurry, Nell! Did you count the times it rang?"

"We don't need any directions. The crowd will tell—it's a big fire. I've got Peter's overcoat — where's Cecie's?"

"I've got it—hurry!"

A tenement, huge and tall, was flaming to the sky. There was din of engines and men's voices and a woman shrieking. The crowd was held back but with difficulty. Din and confusion reigned. Ellen Winters, moaning under her breath, clutched at Ned's arm. Suddenly the woman's shrieking ceased.

'She's gone in! She got away from 'em! She's gone after her baby!" A voice close behind Ellen—a mother's voice—was lifted high in terrible excitement. "Well, I'd a-gone—they couldn't a-held me back neither."

Another excited, lifted voice. A mother voice—Ellen seemed to know. "But it's too late, Ida! They aren't letting the firemen in now—don't you see the walls are just ready to fall in! Ida, she'll be burned to death! Oh, the baby! Oh, the poor mother! Poor, poor things!"

An awful death Ned had said so short a time ago, back there in the beautiful safe room. The voices, other added voices, went on saying terrible things.

"They say the baby's burned to ashes by this time!"

"So's *she* by this time! Oh-oooo—" a shudder ran through the crowd. For the walls were caving. A crash and spouting sparks and flames—they had fallen in.

"Ned! Ned!" shrieked Ellen Winters. She could bear no more. She too was a mother. He caught her to him and hid her face in his arms.

"Don't look, dear. Don't think! It's all right—*we're* all right. We'll find the babies and go home—" but it was not of her own babies Ellen Winters was thinking at that one shuddering moment. It was of that other mother's baby—ashes to ashes, mother and baby. Oh, she hoped there'd been time to *get* to it—to snatch it into her arms—

"Yes, I *am* a mother!" she whispered, at last answering the stern question of her soul. Then dire panic seized Ellen Winters.

'Ned, we can't find them! They're lost!" She hurled herself upon strange little ones in the surging crowd only to be freshly disappointed, freshly frantic. One small creature, *almost* a Cicily, she clasped to her and refused to give up until Ned gently released the child who wanted its own mother.

"Come dear," he soothed, "I am going to take you home—I can hunt better all by myself. Besides, I've set the police hunting. You must obey, Nell. I'm Decider of This!" He tried to coax a smile but in vain. They went homeward in spite of Ellen's objections, he, talking steadily to keep her mind from dwelling on terrible things, she, dwelling shudderingly.

Peter met them at the front door. A sobered but unrepented Peter.

"Here's us!" he greeted gravely "Was you lookin' for us? I brang Cecie home—of course I brang her. I made her wear my coat. An' I said 'run!' an' we runned—ranned, I mean. And Nurse toasted us; we're all toasted now. Father, there was a woman all burned up—*up!* An' her little boy was all burned up. I—I cried, but Cecie didn't. Cecie said if she'd been the mother she'd been *glad* she'd burned all up, too." Oh, the eternal motherness of Cecies, little and big!

"Father, are you glad 'twasn't us burned—Mother, would you have run in and bur—"

'Oh, darlings, don't—don't—*don't!*" And Ellen Winters on her knees before her unharmed darlings felt a great light sweep in on the tide of her child's words, the glaring and awful light of truth. She saw herself in the light once more and heard the question.

Half an hour later the children were still downstairs. Mother'd sent Nurse away! Mother'd held 'em both in her arms *to once!* An' Father'd held 'em. An'—*my!* Only girls went to sleep those times. Peter stayed broad awake an' had splendid times!

"Peter, how would you like an old-fashioned Thanksgiving right here in our dining-room—and—and kitchen, Peter? And you and Cecie smelling the good smells every time the oven-door opened? No cooks 'round, no Nurses, and Mother in a blue-checked apron—"

"What's old-fashioned like, Mother? Is a blue-checked apron *nice?*"

"Nicest apron in all the world, son!" sang Father. "It is the Badge of Home and Joy."

"Father can wear one, too!" laughed Nell unevenly. "Neddie? Just us four together? Us four, alive and safe!"

"Us four! Us four an' Thanksgivin'!" sang Cecie to the world at large. It was a kind of a song. She liked it. So did Father.

"And Thanksgiving," repeated Father. "Thanksgiving, Nell!"

The Decider of Things had it all decided. She slipped away to the telephone and explained to the girls. Back she flew, joyous with her news.

"I got them all three. They are all rather relieved, Ned, and I told them about that flight of little steps, on the edge of the woods, and they all want the little steps to have the dinner! The girls are dears! I told them how that boy Genie said it wasn't the same to smell other folks' smells—now he can smell 'own' smells! I'll send word out to them the first thing Monday. Neddie, Peter, Mother's going to baste the turkey!"

Early on Thanksgiving day Esther Sherman appeared but could not be induced to sit down.

"I've only got a minute, while she's asleep. I came over to tell you—we've got a baby, Nell! Hush, let me talk! Richard chose the very homeliest one, I do believe, but I can make her pretty! I can—*love* her pretty. I've begun now. I told Richard we'd borrow one for today—when you phoned you were going to have a real home Thanksgiving. *We* had to have a real home one, too. I sent him to the Baby Home for one. Nell, do you think we'd give that baby up after—after it snugged its little soft head in our necks! And went to sleep—here?" She laid her hand upon her breast. "And—we'd kissed its little knees—let me go! Don't keep me or I'll cry I am so happy—"

"Neddie," whispered Nell later, when "own smells" like holy incense of Home and Joy floated through the big house, "did you think a Thanksgiving could be so very thankful?"

And Neddie wiped her mother-tender eyes on the corner of the big blue apron.

Thanksgiving Day---November 12, 1923

"Be Ye Thankful"

Thanksgiving—and for what should we give thanks?
For all the brightness, and the joy in life:
Freedom, for which our brothers fought and died:
Our country, free from tyrants' rule; and free
To carve her destinies among the best
Of nations, growing better and more wise,
More careful of the lives and hopes of all.
Thanks do we give for friends who make our lives
More pleasant, and more useful to the world.
Thanks do we give for books, and for their help,
Their pleasant intercourse with noble souls.
Thanks for the beauteous sky and blazing sun:
For trees and hills: for birds and beasts: for life
In all its forms: for Nature everywhere:
For all the common blessings that we take
Without a thought of care, so common do they seem.
Thankful for all of these, and more than these.
Thankful for pain and sorrow, weariness:
For disappointment, and the kindred things
That make us feel, within our inmost soul
That life is but a part—a small one too—
Of that great universe; and that, some day,—
Some great Thanksgiving Day, we shall not fail
To understand the mystery of life,
And realize how many trials there were
Which then seemed crosses, yet were but the cause
Of true Thanksgiving—if we had but known.

—H. B.

A Perfect Day.

Over hill, over dale,
'Cross the stream, o'er the vale,
Romping through the meadows green,
"Spot" and I are often seen.
J yously we romp along,
While my heart is filled with song.
Prayers of thanks, dear Lord, I send
For a brave and loyal friend.

—Helen L. Goodman.

Did you ever try to drive nails into seasoned timber, such as white oak, post oak or hickory? Hard job, wasn't it? I have learned that axle grease or lubricating oil applied freely to the point of the nail will make it drive much easier and the grease also prevents the nail rusting in the timber. Use any grade of oil or grease, just so it is greasy, and be careful to get none on the nail-head, for your hammer will slip off and bend the nail.

The Sunday School Lesson

NOVEMBER 4

World-Wide Prohibition — World's Temperance Sunday. Psalm 101: 1-8; Proverbs 23: 29-35. Golden Text—I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes. — Psalm 101: 3.

LESSON SETTING—This week we have our quarterly Temperance Lesson. This is not an interruption or a turning aside from the main theme of the lessons. Temperance is a world question just as the missionary movement is. Temperance is a vital part of the missionary movement. Intemperance is waste of life and soul power, just as Christianity is conservation of life and soul power for the highest ends and purposes. We know how intemperance has been one of the great hindrances of the missionary in his work, for where the missionary has blazed the trail, the rum seller has followed. Moreover, the intemperance of so called Christian nations is a reproach to Christianity in the eyes of many non-Christian peoples. A world that has turned to God will be a world tha[illegible] perance.

I. THE WISD[illegible]

Vs. 5, 6. *W[illegible] his neighbour.* verses of the p[illegible] expressing his as ruler of the to use his powe[illegible] nizing his duti[illegible] Power, like a[illegible] used intemper[illegible] will remember and to man. verses, he des[illegible] those who forg[illegible] ance in all th[illegible] the man who is[illegible] who speaks f[illegible] neighbor with *Him that hath* is lofty eyed." of pride, and magnifies othe[illegible] and magnifies *He that walk[illegible]* This is the m[illegible] day to day re[illegible] He has a stand[illegible] his life. The[illegible] life that he se[illegible]

Vs. 7, 8. *H[illegible] shall not dwel[illegible]* king seeks th[illegible] ful, and shun[illegible] the wicked. ionship is of[illegible] There is a c[illegible] to right thou[illegible] as well as t[illegible] wrong actions[illegible] not be a ma[illegible] choice. *He shall not be* shall have n[illegible] royal favor those who pr[illegible] will not be t[illegible] craft, but of king seeks to[illegible] court aright.

II. THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD, PROV. 23: 29-35.

Vs. 29, 31. *Who hath woe . . redness of eye?* This section of the lesson turns our thought to temperance, in our accepted sense of that word. It has to do with the physical and moral effects of drunkenness. The writer calls attention to the after effects of a debauch, after the first exhilaration of body and mind has passed. The drunkard, perhaps, sought to drown his woe and sorrow, but it waits for him in the morning, greater than ever. Perhaps he had sought to banish his weariness of body, but the morning brings increased physical unfitness. Perhaps he had sought intellectual stimulus, but the morning finds him dull and heavy. The life needs release from the burdens and heaviness of life, and there are ways of escape which re-

[redacted]

Thanks for the human things, dear Lord—
Bill's rough cheek on my arm,
The funny dent in baby's nose,
The backward way May's red hair grows—
Like her own perverse charm.

The big things are Thy keeping, Lord—
Life, Truth and Love and Peace,
But little, kindly, human things,
Are like the touch of angel wings,
Whose blessings never cease.

—Margaret W. Jackson.

Our Complete Debt.

Teacher—"We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can any one think of any other examples?"

Willie Willis — "Our lawn-mower from the Smiths, our snow-shovel from the Joneses, and our baby-carriage from the Bumps."

It is reported that since 1914 the horse population of Russia has decreased about one-half. It is said that approximately 16,000,000 of the horses have been eaten by the people.

"Better washers for water faucets can be made of cardboard than of leather," says a plumber, "for the cardboard swells when wet and prevents leakage."

. . . "Give thanks, oh, Heart of mine, with very mirth for meed
To Him who gave us knowledge of the cunning of the seed,
For beauty of the growing and the joy of blossoming
And granting of the harvest from the promise of the Spring."

—Theodosia Garrison.

1st Business Man—"Of all your office equipment what do you think counts the most?"

2nd Ditto—"The adding machine, of course."

Autumn.

Have you seen the wondrous glory of the trees,
And the shining splendor of the golden rod?
Have you felt the call of Autumn on the breeze—
To get out and view the handiwork of God?
If you have, just come with me,
See the perfect harmony
Of the red-gold leaves ashining i. the sun.

See the dainty asters in their purple frocks,
Gaze on glowing yellow pumpkin in the field—
See the ripe corn in its stately shocks
And the bountiful display of nature's yield.
When you've seen this you'll agree
'Tis a blessing just to be
Aliving in a wonder-world like ours.

—M. Theo Currie.

The Present of An Island.

The gift of an island to its inhabitants is rather unusual, but such a gift has just been made of a large part of the island of Lewis, one of the outer Hebrides, by Lord Leverhulme, the soap maker.

Lord Leverhulme purchased the island some time ago, planning to organize fisheries and other industries there. The project failed chiefly because the islanders objected to becoming employes of a company. They preferred to fish and run their small farms as their own masters.

The most valuable feature of the island is the famous Stornoway Castle and its supporting estate. The islanders, who number about 4,000, have been rather undecided about accepting Lord Leverhulme's present, some fearing the Castle would become a white elephant on their hands. It was even talked of asking the lord to submit to them a report of his revenues from and expenditures on the property in the last few years.

Now, however, the Stornoway Town council has voted to accept the Castle, and doubtless the whole gift will be ratified by the island government.

On Thanksgiving Day give special thanks for the blessings of friendship.

The age limit should not be put on a fowl so long as it maintains a good breeding condition.

IN RABBITBORO



The Winchester Press.

Subscription Rates

$1.50 per year, strictly in advance to any address in Canada. $2.00 per year when not paid within 3 months. Foreign subscriptions $2.00 per year in advance.

Display Advertising Rates

One insertion, 50c per inch, 2nd and following insertions, 35c an inch. QUARTERLY, 100 ins. and over 12c per in., less than 100 ins. 15c in. Whole page advt., 1 insertion, to regular display advertisers, $24.00. Half page advt., 1 insertion to regular display advertisers, $14.00. These rates are for "run of paper."

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LOST, FOUND, TO-LET, WANTED, ARTICLES FOR SALE, Etc.—5 lines and under, 1st insertion 50c, each subsequent insertion 25c.

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GOVERNMENT, LEGAL AND MUNICIPAL NOTICES, BY-LAWS, Etc.—12c per line for the 1st insertion, 6c per line for each subsequent insertion, 12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements ordered for insertion "until forbidden," and those sent without written instruction, will appear until written orders are received for to discontinue same.

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1923

[redacted]

Church Union.

The Renfrew Murcury thinks the opposition to church union is growing stronger. The Murcury is mistaken. The opposition is becoming noisier and is creating more discord, but the strength of the union movement is growing, and will continue to grow. Unfortunately some of the opposition advocates are becoming bitter and unkind in their reference. No great forward movement but has its objectors and opponents, but the men of larger vision, those who see in this great Canadian Christian movement a united and progressive Protestantism, a more efficiant missionary organization, and who also read correctly the signs of the times, are the really big men in the religious life of Canada, and when the United Church of Canada is an accomplished fact, and moves forward with a new impetus to greater accomplishments, we will hear little of the opposition that is so noisy to-day.

Premier Ferguson

Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Premier of Ontario, has been making himself heard of late in a really national way, and some of his views have stirred up some opposition as well as some enthusiasm among his followers. His declaration that Ontario controlled the surplus waters of the St. Lawrence, and that he intended that that river should be utilized for the purpose of electric energy has raised the question as to the rights of the Province to the use of the surplus water of the St Lawrence The newspapers in the Province of Quebec see a danger in such a scheme, as it might effect the usefulness of the St. Lawrence beyond the boundary of Ontario. The using of the St. Lawrence to generate electric power is at present a live question, and if Premier Ferguson can force the issue, and enlist the assistance of the Federal authorities in daming the river and utilizing it's tremendous water power, he will find a united province behind him and prove himself a worthy and wise leader.

A few days ago in the city of Montreal in an address to the Conservative Assn, of that city Premier Ferguson expressed his friendliness and the friendliness of the people of Ontario toward the sister province of Quebec, and regretted that there was so much misunderstanding, and he intended as long as he was Premier to encourage and promote that feeling of friendliness. He thought that the interchange of views by leading public men would help to do away with much of the misunderstanding that now exists.

Premier Ferguson has also been expressing himself in other ways that will not perhaps, meet with so general approval. For instance he thinks the U.F.O., as a political movement in Ontario is as dead as Julius Caesar—we all know Julius Caeser is dead, so according to Premier Ferguson the U.F.O., as a political force in Ontario is only a memory. The United Farmers organization may be badly crippled as a political force, but in saying that it is dead the Press is inclined to believe is somewhat overstating it, for in the Ontario Legislative to-day the U. F. O. members outnumber the Liberals, which does not look as though it was an entirely spent force. It might be well for Premier Ferguson, and other political leaders, to remember that it is the independent vote that controls the political situation in Canada to-day. It was that independent vote that first elected the U.F. O. to office, and the same independent vote that turned them out and gave Premier Ferguson his hold on the political reins. Wise leaders study closely the signs that shape the political storm clouds, and too often their contempt for the smaller forces that gather in the horizon leads to disaster.

As has been frequently pointed out, Premier Ferguson, came into power in a most propitious and opportune time. He is unhampered and has a strong following. There is place and need for a strong and vigorous policy, not only in conservation and economy, but in developement and expansion. In his several addresses he has outlined some of the great needs for the developement and betterment of this province. His views on the developement of our water power resourses, the settlement of our great expanse of rich agricultural country, the curtailing of needless expenditure in administration, the practical improvement of our public highways, have all been sane and sound and meet with public endorsement. His business is now to get to work and put those views to a practical purpose. Sir Henry Thornton did not impress the public mind much by his speechmaking until he began to show that the Nation Railway System was showing some beneficial results under his management. When Premier Ferguson begins to show beneficial results of his control and administration of Ontario provincial affairs his statement made at Montreal last Monday that "he expected to be Premier for a long while" may prove true.

Be True!

To our gallant sons who fought and won;
To those who are not returning;
To the flags unfurled in freedom's struggle
To what kept the home fires burning.

To the new grand new world so dearly bought;
To the work we all must do;
To be worthy heirs of a noble cause;
To the task, reconstruct, BE TRUE.

—Rev. J. Thurburn-Conn.
Chateauguay.

LIMBS AND BODY ALL SWOLLEN

"Fruit-a-tives" Relieved Both Dropsy and Sick Kidneys

The Wonder of Fruit Medicine

Those who know they have Kidney Trouble—who suffer with pain in the back—who are up frequently at night—will welcome the news that "Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful medicine made from fruit juices and tonics, will positively relieve Kidney and Bladder Troubles—as proven by this letter.

"Our little girl had Kidney Trouble and Dropsy—her limbs and body were all swollen. We decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". In a short time, the swelling went down. Now, she is the healthiest one of the family".

WM. WARREN,
Port Robinson, Ont.

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

Auction Sale!

Farm Stock & Implements

Having rented my farm, I will sell by Public Auction, on Lot 4, Con. 5, Tp of Winchester, about ½ mile South of Winchester Station, on

Wed. Nov. 14th

Commencing at 1 o'clock.

LIVE STOCK

18 head of pure-bred and grade Holstein Milk Cows, due to freshen from Jan. 1st on. 2 pure bred Holstein bulls, 1 yearling and 1 coming two. These cows are high testers for butter fat.

1 Percheron mare 5 years old, weight about 1300 lbs. 2 work horses.

200 hens, 18 ducks, 18 geese and 40 Turkeys.

MACHINERY, Etc.

1 McCormick corn binder, 1 McCormick grain binder, 1 McCormick Hay loader, 2 horse rakes, 2 Percival Walking Plows, 1 set Randalls, 13 disc. F. & W. drill, spring tooth cultivators, 1 wagon, 1 hay rack, 1 buggy, 2 cutters, 1 milk wagon, 1 new DeLaval cream separator, 750 lbs. cap., 1 Feed Boiler, 1 pair bob-sleighs set of Renfrew Scales, 2000 lbs., 1 Wisconsin Incubator, 130 egg cap., 1 outdoor brooder, 1 horse fork rope and pulleys, 1 double harpoon fork, 1 scraper, 8 shipping 8 shipping cans, 1-30 gal. milk can, set double harness, set single harness, about 100 tons hay, a quantity of straw, field of stooked corn, 400 bus. barley.

TERMS—12 mos. credit or 4 per. cent. off for cash, $10 and under cash.

EARL BAKER, Prop.

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When You Feel It Coming

—When that old Headache sends its warning that you are going to suffer—take ZUTOO. When you feel a Cold coming on take ZUTOO. At the first sign of a pain—at the first feeling of sickness—take ZUTOO.

You will be all right in 20 minutes if it's a headache, or the next morning if it is a cold. Pain all gone, and the whole body refreshed.

Don't wait—don't take chances. Get ZUTOO Tablets to-day—and have them ready to take at the first sign of a Headache or cold and TAKE THEM.

25c a box—at dealers or by mail postpaid W. N. Robinson & Co. Regd., Coaticook, Q

CLINTON CASSELMAN
Auctioneer.

Terms Reasonable—License for County of Dundas.
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Address 86 Nepean Street, Ottawa, Ont.
Phone at my expense.

Special Notice

I am keeping a stock of Watkin's Products at the residence of Mrs. Tweed, on Alexander Street, where it can be had on application. Orders left there will be promptly filled.

J. G. DARLING,
Phone 116 Winchester.

Farm For Rent

For rent on shares, sixty cow's milk, Station prices for milk, and one of the best farms in the County. Man must have some help and have the best references. Handy to High School. Possession Nov. 1st. Apply,

B. S. Crapser.
Waddington, N. Y.

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Graduate of Mt. Allison Conservatory of Music, Sackville, N. B.
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A method which is a delight for beginners.
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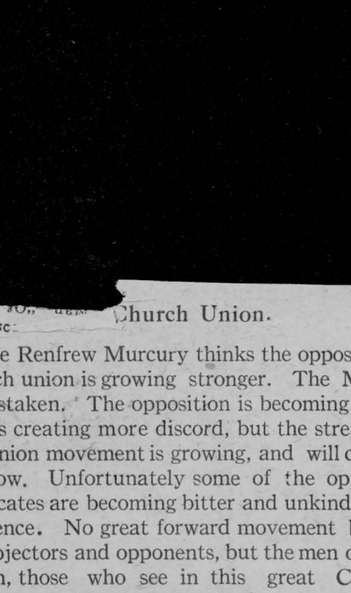

"The loveliest I ever baked" is what you will say of *all* your cakes and pies if you bake with Quaker Flour.

Your baking will always be best with Quaker Flour because Quaker quality is always the same, and always the best. Quaker Flour is rigidly tested during the milling process, and samples of each day's product are baked by our staff of expert bakers.

Every sack is sold under our guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or the dealer will give you your money back without question.

Our master baker has collected a number of original recipes for home-made bread which we will gladly send you, on request.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same-Always the Best

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon 222

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THE BIG STORE



NORTHWAY JACKETS

There are some people who seem to think that they can get better goods by sending away to the city for them instead of patronizing their home dealer. Fortunately for us there are many who think otherwise. Last week we had an order from an Ottawa lady for one of our Northway Jackets. We were able to send her exactly what she wanted and she was delighted with it. If you come and give us your order we can suit you just as well.



Men's Underwear

Stanffeld Pure Wool Ribbed Shirts and Drawers unshrinkable $2.00
Same in Combinations $4.00
Special Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers $1.50

Hosiery

An assorted lot of pure wool heather hose, sizes 8½ to 10, regular prices 1.00 to $1.25 clearing at an all round price of 80c
Pure Wool Elastic Ribbed Top, Black Cashmere Hose, Special $1.25
Children's Dainty Dot Hose, black, cream and brown, sixes 4½ to 9

Gloves

We show some Special Values in Fall Gloves.
Chamoisette in grey and bearer 85c
Chamoisette with fancy stitched cuff $1.50
Child's Knitted Wool Gloves, Navy Brown, Red and White 50c
Ladies' Brushed Wool Gloves with long cuff 85c and $1.00

Men's Socks.

One special line of Men's Heavy Work Socks, per pair 25c
Men's Pure Wool Heavy Ribbed Socks 50c
Pure Wool Heavy Ribbed Golf Hose per pair 80c

Overcoats

We show a great line of Young Men's Overcoats at $20.00, $25.00 and and $28.00 The cloth has a soft wool face with plaid back and comes in all the new shades.

Electric Light Bulbs

Standard Quality.

40 Watt, each 35c
60 Watt, each 35c
3 for $1.00

Filtered Coal Oil

In connection with our Coal Oil Tank there is a filter which removes all sediment, leaving the oil pure and clear No extra charge for the filtered oil.

Fur Bargains

Fox Sets—Muff and Collar, heavy thick fur. per set $8.00
Badger Sets—Muff and Collar, per set $4.89
Taupe Sets—Scarf 10x62 inches and Muff to match, per set $10.00
These sets are offered at less than the Manufacturer's Price and cannot be duplicated when these are gone.

Suggestions

Here is a list of Seasonable Goods, some of which may be just what you are looking for.

Large Oval Aluminum Roasters at $3.25 $3.75, and $4.25
6 sizes in Granite Preserving Kettles from 25c
Men's 18 inch Club Bags from $3.50
Mid and dark green Window Shades each 75c
10x14 Mirrors with white enamelled frames, each 80c
Good size, all glass lamps, complete each 75c
Royal Canadian Clothes Wringers $7.00
Pure Wool Canadian Knitting Yarn per pound 90c
Heavy Carriage Rugs, pure Wool $5.00
O'cedar Mops, large $2.00
O'cedar Mops, small $1.25
O'cedar liquid 25c and 50c
Handy Ammonia 10c
Pearline 9c
Old Dutch Cleanser 2 for 25c
Bon Ami 15c
Glass Jar Tops, per doz. 30c
Metal Jar Rings, per doz. 30c
Good Clear Glass Tumblers 3 for 25c
Single Mesh Hair Nets, real hair 4 for 25c.
Double Mesh Hair Nets, real hair 3 for 25c.

Men's Underwear For Large Men.

Fleece Lined up to 46 shirts and 42 drawers!
Stanfield's Yellow Label, up to 44 shirts and 42 drawers.
Heavy Combinations up to 44
Light Combinations up to 44
Penman's No. 95 up to 44 shirts and 42 drawers.

A. SWEET & CO., WINCHESTER.

Holly Rebekah Lodge
NO. 116
Meets First and Third Wednes'y in the I.O.O.F. Hall at 8 p.m.
Nellie Lannin, N.G. Nora Elliott, Rec.-Sec

CANADIAN PACIFIC
TIME TABLE

WESTBOUND

No. 23—12.39 p.m. flag for passengers from Montreal and to and beyondSharbot Lake
No. 35—10.07 a.m. stop except Sunday.
No. 29—7.40 p.m. stop. " "

EASTBOUND

No. 24—5.05 a.m. flag for Passengers to Montreal and from Shorbot Lake and Points beyond.
No. 30—8.10 a.m. stop.
No. 36—5.27 p.m. stop.

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Toronto University. Graduate of Post Graduate Course of Dental Department of the Virginia Medical College.
Telephone 28, Winchester. Ont

Whitteker the Optician
Will be at Winchester the second Monday and preceding Saturday of each month.

The Business of the
Late D. F. Sutherland
Private Banker
Is continued as usual at his former office at Winchester

JAKE ROSS

All kinds of Poultry Wanted at all Seasons
Wool Wanted
I buy all kinds of Hides.
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Thanksgiving

Through days of grievious heartache,
In nights of bitter pain,
So many hopes have faded
So many plans proved vain;
But still the silver lining
Fringes the clouds o'erhead,
And newest hopes come thronging
Swift after those that fled.

Always another dawning
Follows the longest night,
Turn then from cheerless brooding
Look for the gleaming light;
Lift up the weak and weary
Who falter by the way,
So shall you find new blessings
On this Thanksgiving Day.

South M untain

Wedding bells are ringing loudly in town at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bellinger were down to Winchester Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Berry and family, were guests of friends at Finch Sunday.

Messrs. R. W. Boyd and B. Tompkins were up to Kemptville this week.

Miss Lila Henderson, of Mountain Station, called on friends one day recently.

The many friends of Mr. Wm. Marshall are sorry to report that he is still very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Farrell and family and Mrs Nathan Farrell spent Sunday at Finch.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Berry and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Coons were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Aden Richmire at Cardinal Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs Lorne Boyd spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Angus Coons, of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barnhart, of Ottawa visited here the latter part of the week.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Armstaong, who have taken up residence at the east end of town.

Mr. G. Gilroy spent the latter part of the week at Ventnor.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Boyce were Cardinal visitors Sunday.

Mr. G. Timlick, merchant, of Hainsville was in town Sunday.

Mr. E. Burchell, of Glen Stewart, was a visitor in town one day last week.

Mr. H. Cooper is spending a few days at Oxford Mills.

Mr. Geo. Todd and the Misses Enid Hinton, Sadie and Ethel Todd spent Sunday at Brinston.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Parkley and Miss Geraldine spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hall.

Messrs. Geo. Todd and W. Somerville left on Tuesday for Massena.

Messrs. Wm. Burd and Roy Berry were into Ottawa the first of the week.

Nation Valley

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Darling visited elatives at Kenmore.

Mr. Jas. Irving of Pinkham Sask. visited several friends in this locality.

Miss Nancy Gray is the guest of her sister Mrs. Charles Beach, Cornwall.

Miss Iva Marcellus and Mr. Andrew Carruthers visited Mr. and Mrs. A. Oliver of Waddington district.

Mrs. Jno. McGee of Cardinal has returned home having visited her brothers here.

Mr. and Mrs. Docksteader of Winchester spent Tuesday with their daughthr in the Valley.

Miss Irene King of Avonmore and cousin Sparling Summers visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Summers.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Algate visited friends in this locality.

Miss Marian Gray visited Miss Helen Nesbitt of the Springs.

Mrs. Wm. Moffatt of Winchester visited her brother Mr. Wm. Elliott.

Miss Lottie Merkley spent last week with Waddington relatives.

Miss Helen Nesbitt and brother Frank were guests in the Valley.

Mrs. R. Aikens and Mr. Hugh Jackson visited Toy's Hill friends.

Mr. James Jamieson of Toronto visited his mother before leaving for Vancouver B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gray and little Ruth visited Mr. and Mrs Duncan McKercher.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gordon of Grantley, Miss Countryman of Montreal and Mrs. Kelly of Penn., U.S.A. visited at the home of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Summers.

Ouch! Wow! Gee!! Gosh!! Help!!! That's the time when you need Williams' Camphorated Mustard Cream to ease the pain and draw out the soreness. Does not blister. At your druggist's—35c a jar.

Melvin News

Mrs. McCurdy is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Baxter.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Christie and children had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Christie on Sunday.

Miss Strader spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Erratt.

Mr. G. T. Beckstead is busy threshing for farmers with his new mill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fraser spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Annable Mrs. Fraser remaining for a short time.

Miss Ina Anderson spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Annable.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Christie and daughters had dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Dixon on Sunday.

Mrs. A. Baxter and Mrs. McCurdy spent Tuesday in Morewood.

Mrs. Sheppard and children of Morewood spent Sunday with the formers sister, Mrs. Roy Annable.

Morewood

Mrs. Lyle Loughridge spent Monday at Chrysler with her parents.

Mrs. Adam Carlyle of Dunbar spent the week with her brother Mr. Walter Coulthart.

Mrs. Keith Carruthers and Mrs. Chas. McLean spent a few days last week with their sister Mrs. Woods of Ottawa.

Messrs. Wilburn Marcellus and Bismark Stephenson left Monday for the hunting district of the North.

Mrs. William Forrester is visiting her parents in New Brunswick.

Mrs. George Weaver spent the week end at Ottawa.

Miss McIntosh of Ottawa spent a few days last week with Miss Gretta Faulkner.

Miss Helen Farmiloe has returned from a month's visit to her sister at Winchester.

Miss Susie Elliott spent the week end with friends at Winchester.

The Horticultural meeting held in the Hall on Thursday was a great treat for those who were present. Mr. Richie of Ottawa gave a very fine address and illustrated his remarks with lantern slides.

Mrs. R. S Jackson of Deteyster, N.Y. spent the week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bilow. Mrs. Bilow accompanied her home and will remain her guest for the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlibois and child visited friends at Casselman over the week end.

Mrs. Hazel Countryman is visiting her sisiter Mrs. Servage of Berwick.

Toy's Hill

Misses Aleitha Coleman and Lauretta Haggerty are visiting Miss Dora Liezert of Iroquois.

Miss Bertha Coons returned home on Sunday after spending a week with her aunt Mrs. E. Gillard of Chesterville.

Miss Beatrice Peterson is visiting Miss Luella Ellis of Iroquois.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Coons and family spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gillard, Chesterville.

On Friday evening of last week the members of the Young People's Society motored to Iroquois and spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Miss Dora Liezert. The evening was spent in games and music after which a dainty lunch was served. A vote of thanks was tendered Miss Leizert and the enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

Miss Effie Droppo spent the week end with her parents near Chesterville.

Winchester Springs

Mrs. O. Casselman returned to her home Wednesday after spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. M. Landreville at Ottawa.

The Presbyterian W. M. S. held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. R. Johnston Thursday afternoon. A large number responded to the roll called.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman, Thursday, Nov. 1st, 1923, a son.

Mr. Charlie Shorte, of Dunbar, visited his aunt Mrs. T. P. Cunningham Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Meddagh and family, of Morrisburg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. McIntosh Sunday. Mrs. Agnes McIntosh accompanied them home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McIntosh and sons spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Saddlemyre's' Glenbecker.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Frooms and family, of Shanley were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Munroe Sunday.

Mrs. Micklewright and baby were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Orten Webb recently.

Messrs. H. Holmes J. Bailey and L. Holmes motored to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bailey visited Mr. and Mrs. G. A Merkley at Nation Valley recently.

Mrs. Bertha Casselman spent a couple of days with her son Aden.

Mrs. Henry Barkley and baby of Williamsburg were guesns at the home of her sister Mrs. Aden Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Casselman of Williamsburg were guests of Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin Sunday.

Visitors at the home of Mr and Mrs. O Casselman Sunday were, Mr. and Mrs. C. Strader and Miss M. Verna Strader and Mr. and Mrs. G. McIntosh and family of Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Micklewright and baby of Massena and Miss Pearl Patterson were guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bolton.

The Methodist W. M. S. held their monthly meeting at the home of Miss E. Webb on Tuesday afternoon.

The Presbyterian W. M. S. intend holding a Thanksgiving service on Tuesday Nov. 13th in the evening, here, at half past seven. Rev. and Mrs. Smith will be present. A good program is being prepared, everybody welcome.

Visitors of Mr. and Mrs. W. McIntosh were Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnston and family and Mr. and Mrs. E. Munroe and baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bell and family of Inkerman were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bell on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Bell spent Thursday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Baker Nation Valley.

Mr. Harold Durant and son Letta Durant from the Boyne, and Miss Hazel Fisher, Morrisburg were guests of Mrs. O. Casselman on Wedneseay.

Cloverdale

Miss Ola Baker of Inkerman spent Sunday visiting friends in Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Burchill and family have returned to their home in Brockville after spending a few days at the home of Mr. B. Cinnamon.

Miss Ethel Lamoureux spent Sunday evening at Inkerman the guest of Miss Ola Baker.

Mr. George Cinnamon and Miss Hilda motored to Ottawa on Saturday last.

Sunday guests at the home of Mr. Ira Docksteader's were, Mrs. James Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. T. Docksteader and family.

Mr. Cyrille Lamoureux of Winchester spent Sunday at his home here.

Ploughing is almost completed in this vicinity.

Quite a number from here attended the Hallowe'en party at Mr. Joe Holmes' Winchester.

Miss Pearl Docksteader spent Tuesday evening with Miss Jean Stobo.

Mrs. Fred Baker and Mrs. T. Stobo attended the funeral of the late James Jones last Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. John Hutt made a flying trip through Cloverdale last Sunday.

The cheese factory here has closed for the season prices of cheese being satisfactory only the farmers suffered heavy financial losses through business failures.

Metcalfe

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt and son of Kars visited Mrs. Pratt's sister Mrs. C. Carson here the first of the week.

Mrs. Nadow of Chrysler is the guest of her daughter Mrs. W. Woods here.

Miss Nesbitt of Cornwall was a recent visitor of her sister Miss L. Nesbitt of the continuation classes staff.

Messrs R. McKeown, A. Elliott, S. S. Latimer, H. McInnis and J. Albert left Friday for their annual hunt at Cauonto, Ontario.

Dr. Byers and Mrs. Byers visited friends in Kingston last week.

Over a hundred of the Kiwanis Club of Ottawa motored here Monday evening of last week and enjoyed the banquet prepared for them in the Town Hall by the ladies of St. Catharines parish.

The annual Bible Society meeting was held Friday evening in the Methodist church. Rev. Crawford was in charge and gave some very fine pictures on the work.

Mrs. C. York of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. R. Boyd.

A United Memorial and Decoration service will be held at the Town Hall on Monday 12th. November.

Rev. Patterson of Russell exchanged pulpits at the morning service on Sunday last with Rev. Eakins. The sermons were on the mission work of the church.

Mr. Glen Dowser had the misfortune of dislocating his wrist last week while cranking a car.

Household Furnishings.

We have been receiving a lot of new goods in each department such as Ladies' Purses, Ivory, Stationary, Toys, China, Silverware, Pyrex, Cut Glass; Club Bags, Suit Cases, Trunks, Oil Cloth, Linoleum and many other lines.

Do Not Forget Our Cups and Saucers at 15c

SPECIAL We have a lot of Comforters that we are cleaning out at very low prices. Come and get one while they last.

PHONE 3 THE M. F. BEACH COMPANY, LIMITED, WINCHESTER.

Insurance Payments

Systematic saving is an easy way to meet life and fire insurance premiums, taxes, and other fixed expenses.

Deposit in a Union Bank Savings Account each month one twelfth of your annual premium and and you will have the full premium in the bank when it comes due, plus interest.

948

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Winchester Branch and Safety Deposit Boxes - H. L. Lee, Manager
Metcalfe Branch - - - - - W. S. Seiber, Manager
Crysler Branch - - - - P. W. St. Louis, Manager

NOTICE TO FARMERS!

At periodical intervals a prudent owner of an automobile has it overhauled by an expert. The engine is thoroughly examined, all bolts are tightened, the electrical system is tested, the brakes are inspected and the carburator regulated,

Is it not just as wise and perhaps more important to have your human power plant overhauled from time to time. All unknown to you, some important part—the heart, the lungs, the kidneys—may be on the verge of a breakdown. Only a thorough medical examination by a competent physician can reveal your real candition. Let one examine you. If he finds you in good physical condition, you will be glad to know it. If he finds any impairments, this knowledge will give you the opportunity to apply correct measures, which may overcome them or at least control them so as to save you from severe illness, possibly from permanent disability.

A $5000.00 participating policy at age of 35 is $107 a year. The dividends year $61.78 or roughly 60 per cent. of this year's premium. For an an additional $6.00 in case of accidental death, the Co. will pay your beneficary $10,000.00 Ask or write for free book on "How to Live Long."

W. D. McQUAIG, Agent, Metropolitan Ins. Co.

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The Book Store. A. H. DUNCAN, Winchester.

Produces More Milk at a Profit

FEED grain crops have been light this year, and the quality is poor. How to balance the ration is the problem of every man who keeps cows for profit.

Schumacher Feed is the answer to this problem. It produces more milk at a profit. It is a perfectly balanced ration, manufactured from milled products of corn, barley, oats and wheat, with linseed meal. Cows like the taste of it, and eat every scrap of it, They digest it all.

Dollar for dollar of cost, no other ration compares with Schumacher as a milk producer. Give it a trial. It will make your herd make more money for you.

Schumacher Feed fed regularly brings your hogs to market at the earliest age. It develops good, sound flesh.

SCHUMACHER FEED

Write us regarding your hog and dairy problems. Our Live Stock Service Department can help you. Its advice is free.

The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon. 512

For Sale by M. F. Beach Co., Ltd. Winchester, Ont.

SELECT OYSTERS In Stock.

Groceries

A full supply of Fresh Groceries constantly on hand.
Bulk Raisins and Apricots
Spanish and Red Onions.
Remember that we carry a line of Weston's Biscuits, English Style.
The highest price paid for good fresh eggs.
Phone 7, all orders promptly delivered.

J. E. UTMAN, Winchester, Ont.

Call and hear our Star Records, 65c each.

Dairy Farms For Sale

St. Lawrence County, N. Y., U.S.A.

All Sizes. Some With Stock, etc. Best Markets.
Best Prices. Free Showing from Ogdensburg, N. Y. On Appointment.

Write, stating your requirements. Information furnished as to Roads, Buildings, Water, Location, Taxes and Terms.

Address

Lovejoy Real Estate Agency
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SALESMEN
Fred Paige, Fred Armstrong, Nathan T. Lovejoy.

DURANT STAR Car.

We have the 1923 Models of Star Sedan and Touring Cars in our Show Room now.

The Sedan has a roomy five passenger body of beautiful design, large windows, easily adjusted, four wide doors hung on three hinges, with double catches and anti-rattlers. Upholstered in wool broadcloth of pleasing pattern.

The Touring Car is a beauty, of wonderful value, Streamline Body, One-man top, Curtains opening with the doors, Gas tank on the rear, and the same Standard Spring Suspension that is used on cars selling for two or three times the price of the Star, Quiet, clean, high-powered Red Seal Motor.

Qnality Cars at a Moderate Price.

Come and see them at the

OLD RELIABLE STAND

BAILEY'S GARAGE, Winchester, Ont.

Meats That Satisfy.

Buy Your Roasts, Steak or Stews at Fisher's

Having purchased some Choice Western Steers from Mrs. Jas. Colborne, we are in a position to serve the public with the Best of cuts.
LAMB.—Choice Spring Lamb now ready for the table.
Pig Pork—cuts all kinds from a Ham to a Pork Shank.
Get your Bacon at Fisher's, sliced on a raw Berkel Slicer, any thickness you desire.

Shop Phone 12. House Phone 55

W. J. FISHER

Winchester - - - - Ontario.

A. A. Casselman,
JOBBER.
General Saddlery and Hardware Merchant.
Wholesale and Retail Established 1886
Terms Strictly Cash.

Customers are you willing to do the same—Hand over the cash to help local trade as you are to the Mail Order Catalogue Houses. The Farmers' Supply House has been competing with the Mail Order Catalogues, in quality and price. Goods arriving daily. You would do well to call at my store and consult your Humble Servant, before purchasing your necessary supplies. We make a specialty in furs of all kinds. In stock—gloves & mitts lamb caps & coats, china and near beaver fur toats sold only on guarantee; fancy auto plush rugs, woolen horso blankets & jute lined army blankets. We have some of the best fur robes in Canada, also water proof rubber goods, coats, rugs and horse covers; team harness, light & heavy; single harness, fancy halters, bridles and whips, blacksmith and wheel-right supplies a specialty; hand made cast-steel horse shoes for high actors & roadsters, also drive calks steel shoes and neverslip steel shoes and screw calks; buggy rims, spokes, shafts, poles, yokes and trees, Wilkinson plows & repairs, also all other kinds of plow repairs at prices to compete with others. A shipment of Good Cheer stoves just arrived something real new, an open grate fireplace stove, also our improved new cook stove will burn 19 inch. wood or coal. large oven and copper reservoir, 6 lids, polished top and warming closet also, step and extension ladders.

Life Insurance
Without Medical Examination
For Particulars Apply to
G. A. DIXON
Agent For
Life, Fire, Accident Insurance

The J. R. Watkins Co.
Hamilton Branch Dealers:

Notice!

I have made arrangements with Mrs. L. A. Snmmers, who resides in the first house west of the Presbyterian Church shed on Church St., to carry a full line of WATKIN'S PRODUCTS, where my customers can be supplied at anytime.

E. R. Summers,
Watkins Dealer.

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Licensed Auctioneer
For the Province of Ontario
Phone 76 J., Morrisburg, Ont

Barber Shop.
KARL HELMER.
Shaving, Hair-Cutting, Shampooing and all kinds of Barbering. Shampooing and Hair Cutting for ladies, a specialty

Sanitary Barber Shop.
Hair Cutting, Shaving, Massaging and Shampooing.
Ladies Hair Trimming, Massaging and Shampooing, done either during open hours or by appointment.
OSCAR PIERCE, Prop.

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What Will Be Doing ?
GOWLING BUSINESS COLLEGE
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Will prepare you for a good position that will insure advancement.
Attend this Great School that leads all other Canadian schools in open competition on the Civil Service Examinations and make sure of being in a good position in 1923. Enter anytime.
Write for free catalogue.
H. W. BRAITHWAITE, Prin.
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SCHOOL
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Our STANDARD of instruction being 10 per cent. higher than any other, our graduates are preferred and given BETTER PAY.
Our teachers know what to teach, and how to teach it, all having been practical stenographers.
It pays to attend the LARGEST and BEST.

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

My Little Friend the Partridge

The Story of a Valiant Little Mother Bird Who Reared a Large Family—By E. L. Chicanot.

Although in the course of some years' stay in Alberta I have shot hundreds of partridges, the most poignant memory I possess of these game little birds is not of the slaughtered ones brought in at close of day to appease appetites, justifiably created, but of a little bird I never shot, one I would like to think never fell victim to the gun of sportsman or farmer but, at a ripe old age, passed serenly out of this world to another where the existence of wild creatures is not one continual succession of dangers and hazards.

The facts I will here relate occurred at a time and under circumstances when man had to make his friends of the dumb animals or do without them, and it is surprising how many of the creatures of the wild will come half way to meet man's advances.

One morning I was made aware of the certainty of spring's arrival by the loud and unmistakable tatoo of a male partridge upon a drumming log in the copse at the back of our cabin. It rolled long and insistently, imperious and commanding, brooking no refusal, and echoed widely in the still air of the wood. There could not remain in the minds of hearers any vestige of doubt but that this strenuous drummer had been left the sole and undisputed monarch of that particular domain. By the way he was advertising his presence, however, he was not so keenly desirous of remaining alone.

PRAIRIE PARTRIDGE COURTSHIP.

It required most cautious stalking, and I made several unsuccessful attempts, to obtain a view of him on his log. But it was worth the waiting and trouble. A finer example of concentrated vanity and egotism it would be most difficult to find. Although he pretended not to know, he must have been aware that a shy little hen partridge was closely observing him from some place in the brush neither of us knew, and he was engaged in exhibiting his fine points in a most scrupulous manner. His pompous strutting up and down the log left not a thing to be imagined. The ruffle about his neck stuck out, symetrically rounded, like an Elizabethan collar. His magnificent tail with its semi-circular pin feathers was showing to the best possible advantage. He was certainly on exhibition and knew it and exerted every dandyish lure to bring the little hen to his feet.

At the next observation I managed to make I found the compelling attraction and conquering hero attitude of the male bird had overcome the modesty of the little hen and she had completely surrendered to her wonderful mate. He strutted about as magnificently as ever and she seemed quite sensible of her good fortune in having secured so splendid a matrimonial prize. He was early training himself for family affairs, however, and scratched longer and more vigorously in the rotten wood, pausing occasionally to draw her attention to some dainty he had unearhed. From behind a screen of willows I followed their progress down to the creek where they drank together.

Then came a time when I suspected the male bird came to the copse alone. Every morning I heard the drumming on the log but on the one occasion I could approach sufficiently close to the locality he was unaccompanied, and, I imagined, different. He was still a bird supremely conscious of his own worth, but some of the conceit seemed to have been taken out of him or his vain shallow, egotistical bachelor attitude had disappeared under the responsibilities of a pater familias.

DISCOVERED THE NEST.

I was returning to the shack one evening, partridges being positively the last thing upon my mind, when almost at my feet a bird arose so abruptly and noisily that for the moment I was startled and unnerved. I turned my glance towards the spot whence the bird had risen and by the strangest chance my eyes fell directly upon the nest with its eggs. I walked up to it, losing some of my respect for birds, for the location seemed absolutely open and unscreened. Two large poplar trees started at an acute angle from a common root and between the two was the nest with its nine eggs. A prairie fire had come right up to the edge of the wood and denuded the ground of all verdure and shrubbery so that the nest had not a blade of grass to conceal it. In a negligent manner I marked its location by nearby trees and went away.

My respect for the instinct of the partridge went up somewhat on the following day when I spent an hour and a half in seeking the nest. I really couldn't afford the time but it was too baffling to be defeated in that way. Never was I very far from the spot and must at times have passed within a foot or two of the sitting bird. There she was sitting, as my eye fell suddenly upon her, just as if the picture had been pushed into view, composedly watching me with one eye, and so obviously in the open that I began to distrust my own ability to find my way about and wonder how she and her eggs ever escaped the many depredators of the wood. Then I began to look into things and came to appreciate how the nest in the materials of its composition and the sombre coloring of the bird harmonized with the general surroundings and the bare coverings of Nature in the early spring.

I took a step forward, and then another. She permitted me to approach within a few feet and then rose with a disconcerting "whir-r-r." She can hardly have realized that I had already spotted the nest for she flopped on the ground a foot or two from me and struggled away with her wing dragging as if broken, moaning the while. Having had previous experience of this subterfuge I was not to be drawn away, and still feigning lameness she made a complete circle of the two trees and finally retired into some saskatoon bushes from which, no doubt, she kept a careful eye on me until I was satisfied and retired.

A RIPENING FRIENDSHIP.

Every day afterwards I visited her nest and slowly she came to realize I intended her no harm, for, little by little, I shortened the distance between us until I was permitted to approach quite close and sit watching her without her exhibiting any uneasiness save to turn an occasional beady eye upon me. Another egg was added to the nine and on the nestful she sat, solitary all day, except to adjourn at feeding time to the drumming log or to the creek to drink. During the period of incubation the warm sun and fertile rain brought forth luxuriant grasses and shrubs and soon the prairie round, which had been shorn by the fire, was a mass of young green foliage, completely burying the nest and forming a protective alcove over the sitting bird.

My periodical visits were interrupted by several days of heavy rain which discouraged excursions into the sodden and dripping timber. I rather wondered how my little friend was getting along in the downpour and, as soon as the weather was fine enough, went back into the wood. A deserted nest greeted me. Nothing remained but a mass of empty egg shells and one whole egg which had failed of its issue. The last of my little friend, I thought, and proceeded once again to forget all about partridges.

THE "BROKEN WING" RUSE.

A few days later I was strolling along an old buffalo trail which ran past the discarded nest when "whir-r" and my old friend, now a mother of nine, flopped lamely at my feet and as if exhausted from wounds rolled painfully along the path, a wing dragging in the dust. Simultaneously I caught a glimpse of several brown speckled little balls which as suddenly disappeared with the rapidity and perplexity of a conjuring trick. First they were there, then they weren't. There was no sound save the pained cry of the mother bird enticing me to follow her and get away from her offspring. I had not moved and knew exactly where those brown specks ought to be though there was not the slightest stir to indicate their presence. Carefully I took one step forward and there was a frightened "tweet," the tiniest sound, barely audible, but the mother had heard it.

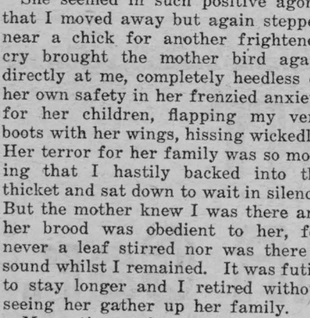
There was a blood-curdling cry that reminded me of a wild cat and scarce seemed possible to have issued from the throat of a tiny bird. The noise she made, too, coming through the bush was suggestive of the progress of some large, heavy animal. Straight at me she came, a pathetically tragic little bird, beak open, hissing and shrieking, the ruffle of her neck flung out aggressively. It seemed unbelievable that this could be the same timid little bird I had observed for so long. Forgotten were our frequent tete-a-tetes, everything obliterated by rampant mother love.

A MOTHER AROUSED.

She seemed in such positive agony that I moved away but again stepped near a chick for another frightened cry brought the mother bird again directly at me, completely heedless of her own safety in her frenzied anxiety for her children, flapping my very boots with her wings, hissing wickedly. Her terror for her family was so moving that I hastily backed into the thicket and sat down to wait in silence. But the mother knew I was there and her brood was obedient to her, for never a leaf stirred nor was there a sound whilst I remained. It was futile to stay longer and I retired without seeing her gather up her family.

Many times afterwards I saw the little family out in the woods. Each time the chicks had grown a little bigger and soon the mother could never have covered them with her body or shielded them from the sun with her fan-like tail. Later the family was reduced to seven, from what cause I never discovered; and finally the little brood so developed that it was impossible to tell the mother from her offspring. November blasts came along and scattered them each, no doubt, to make a home of his own in the spring.

In the following March the old drumming log by the creek again gave out its familiar tatoo and a young cock-partridge strutted in all his glory up and down the prostrate tree. He might have been one of the old wood brood—I liked to think he was—whilst somewhere else, her family raised with such difficulty and tribulation forgotten, his mother was beginning to build another nest and so continuing to carry out her destiny until one of the many fates which await the wild creatures overtakes her.



Ma, the Fixer.

"No, mother. With all his money I cannot marry Jack. I do not love him."

"But haven't I told you he has a very weak heart?"

Aiming high isn't much use if you have no ammunition.

Australia's Wonder Bridge.

will possess in the bridge to be built across Sydney Harbor one of the across Eydney Harbor one of the greatest engineering marvels in the world.

The total cost of this vast structure, for which contracts are shortly to be allotted, will be about seven million pounds, nearly half of which will be expended in wages. The new bridge will eliminate the slow-working ferry now in use, and will bear four lines of railway, beside a 57ft. roadway with broad pavements.

Australians have dreamed of this undertaking for many years, and there has been much discussion as to what form the bridge should take, the possibilities of floating and suspension structures being considered. Finally, a high-level bridge has been decided upon.

For pure grandeur, this great construction is expected to eclipse the world-famous Forth and Quebec bridges, for although its span of 1,600 ft. is slightly shorter than either of these, it will be considerably higher above the water than they are.

The approaches to the bridge were commenced some time ago by Australian firms, but they found it impossible to carry out the whole undertaking, and tenders were invited from engineering concerns all over the world.

There are few great difficulties to be overcome in the construction, as the granite piers which will support the bridge will have solid rock foundations on both sides of the harbor, thus making the venture less speculative than has been the case with other large bridge-building contracts.

Bibles as "Best Sellers."

The Bible, although the oldest book in the world, still has by far the biggest sale, and every publisher knows that the greatest literary event of modern times was the issue from the printing press of the Revised Version of the New Testament. One newspaper sent the whole of it by wire from New York to Chicago in order to be the first to issue it there.

Yet there are many versions in English besides the Authorized and the Revised. One of these, published in the eighteenth century by a clergyman named Heywood, referred to the Prodigal's father as "a man of opulent means," and to the Daughter of Jarius as "this young lady;" whilst Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration was made to exclaim: "Sir, what a desirable place of residence is this!"

He was a worthy successor of Dr. Lightfoot, a seventeenth-century divine, who computed that "man was created on October 23rd, 4004 B.C., at nine o'clock in the morning."

When the sinking of oil wells in the United States was becoming common a clergyman petitioned the President to stop the practice, declaring that the nation was flying in the face of Providence, who was storing the oil there in view of the future burning of the world!

Isle of Bitter Memories.

Corfu, prominent in the news as a result of Signor Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece, is living up to its reputation in being once more the scene of conflict. Probably no island in the world has had a more chequered history.

One of the loveliest of all the Greek isles, it has changed hands more than a score of times, and has had as many different owners.

Known originally as Corcyra, it was the site of the first naval battle fought in the annals of Greece, the engagement taking place nearly seven hundred years before the birth of Christ. Since then it has figured in innumerable Near Eastern crises—an island which has been the cause of almost endless bloodshed.

Pirates of old Illyria, Romans, French, Sicilians, English, Italians, Corsairs, Turks, and, of course, Greeks have all had a hand in its affairs at some time or other. Great Britain ruled it for not quite fifty years, when it passed under Greek control at the wish of its inhabitants.

To-day its future is as uncertain as ever it was. It is a beautiful dream island which many want and none can hold!

Woolen clothes examined under a microscope can be tested not only for their quality, but also to show whether the wool was grown on a healthy animal.



NOT IF PAPA KNOWS IT

—From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

She's a Grandmother Bachelor.

The record does not state whether or not the feat of the elder and censorious Cato in learning Greek at 80 had anything to do with spurring her ambition. At any rate, after Mrs. Sarah Shoemaker Farley of Swarthmore, Pa, had seen her three sons and a daughter through college on a widow's moderate means she decided it was her own turn to join the rah rah ranks, even if she had passed the fifty year milestone.

So she matriculated at Pennsylvania State College and when the diplomas were passed around recently Mrs. Farley found herself possessor of the degree of bachelor of science.

All of the new made bachelor's children are married and between them have made her the proud proprietor of an even dozen grandchildren.

During her student days Mrs. Farley was affectionately known to her fellow undergraduates as "Mother Farley." So her resemblance to the fussy old Roman who 200 years before Christ was fighting for laws regulating women's dress and calling in and out of season for the destruction of Carthage seems to have begun and ended with the retention of a thirst for knowledge at an age when the minds of most people have crystallized and set in their final form.

Famous Ear Specialist to Treat Spanish Prince.

The congenital disease—deafness—which has impaired the health of Don Jaime, second son of King Alfonso of Spain, is soon to be treated by Dr. Curtis H. Muncie, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who is widely known as a specialist on afflictions of the ear. Dr. Muncie has just sailed for Europe with the admission that he is going to treat a "well known case of deafness, given up by many specialists of Europe." It has been learned that this "well known" patient is none other than Don Jaime.

Until he was 9 years of age the young son of King Alfonso was unable to speak, but it was later found that this condition was brought about by his deafness. He has been taught lip reading and now converses fluently by that method. He is not the heir to the throne, the Crown Prince being the Prince of the Asturias.

Dr. Muncie has also accepted invitations to demonstrate his new method of "manipulative surgery" or "reconstruction of the eustachian tube" before leading medical associations in Paris, Glasgow and London. He uses no instruments in his treatment of the deaf, merely molding and shaping the tube which leads from the inner ear to the nose.

Office-Boy to Millionaire.

Lord Joicey, who celebrated recently the "diamond jubilee" of his entrance as office-boy into the firm which he still controls, probably owns more coal-mines than any other individual in the United Kingdom. The foremost items on his escutcheon are a couple of pickaxes and two ponies.

Born in the atmosphere of collieries and brickyards at Tanfield, Durham, seventy-six years ago, he grew up as a boy in the "black environment."

His father, who worked in a Tyneside colliery, was a man of foresight and shrewd common sense. He saw the future of the engineering side of mining, and his son benefited by his advice and instruction.

The future Lord Joicey saved every penny he could while learning all he could. Out of two pounds a week he saved enough to enable him to make his first mining investments.

Six Men to Carry Dad's Salary Every Week.

Colonel Shatford, of Montreal, addressing the 26th District of Rotary at Toronto, pointed his morals with apt anecdotes. Here is one of them that will go without adding on the moral.

Three small boys were sitting on a fence bragging of their dads. The one said his father was a wonderful money maker, why he was a lawyer and could write out what they called a brief and in a few hours make hundreds of dollars.

The second said that his father could pull out teeth, put them in and plug them, and charge fees as high as he liked, and still the customers would be glad to pay them.

But the third was a clergyman's son. "Why, it takes six men to carry dad's wages up to him every week," said the parson's heir.

Time for Another Bath.

Confessing recently that her ideas for stories came to her mostly in the bath, Miss Phyllis Austin, the English novelist, told an amusing story on the subject.

Before taking to novel writing, she wrote a number of lyrics which were set to music by her brother, Harold Austin, and published by different firms. On one occasion, when another composer was particularly struck with the success of a lyric she had written for him, and which, she informed him later, was composed in the bath, he wrote, after three months, simply and wistfully: "Dear Miss Austin—Isn't it time you had another bath?"

Youth is a folly for which age would gladly barter all its wisdom.

How Earthquakes Are Measured

The awful cataclysm that plunged the Japanese Empire into mourning has roused scientists all over the world in their endeavors to foretell, with some degree of accuracy, the coming of great earthquakes.

These terrible volcanic upheavals are already recorded, and tabulated by amazingly delicate instruments, but all the devices possessed by science have not yet been able to predict when and where the overwhelming forces of Nature will next break loose.

Seismology, or the science of earthquakes, is one of the oldest of known sciences, for when the Romans were subduing ancient Britain the Chinese completed an instrument designed to record the shocks that so constantly harass the Eastern Empire.

This took the form of a copper sphere, about twenty-five feet round, with a long pillar at the top which was suspended so that it could swing in any one of eight directions.

The sphere contained eight dragon heads. In the mouth of each was placed a ball, so that when the pillar was moved by any trembling of the earth it would knock a ball down, thus showing in which direction the earthquake had occurred.

The first British seismograph was simply a basin full of treacle. When the earth shook the treacle moved, and left a mark on the side of the basin that indicated from which direction the shock had come.

The instruments are much more complicated now, and shocks can be corrected and measured in observatories fully 10,000 miles away from the scene of the disturbance by means of the sensitive Milne-Shaw seismograph.

This consists of an upright column supporting without friction a horizontal boom which sways according to the earth tremors. A needle at the end of the boom is slit to allow a spot of light to fall upon sensitized paper, and this shows a straight line when the instrument is at rest. When there is any movement, however, the light shows it, and a clockwork attachment records the exact time of each "tremble."

The place of origin of the shock is located by the time taken for the shock to be recorded, for there are three types of earth "waves," which rush outwards at varying speeds. The observer knows that if, say, 166 seconds elapse between the first and second shocks, the earthquake is 1,000 miles distant, and so on.

By means of records taken at two or three different points, it is possible to determine almost exactly where the trouble lies and the area over which it operates.

At the West Bromwich Observatory in England about 4,000 distinct shocks are recorded every year, although, of course, nearly all of these are very slight, most of them being the result of disturbances beneath the ocean bed.

According to the most up-to-date authorities, earthquakes are caused by the solid outer "crust" of the earth gradually "creeping" northward. This movement, however slow, causes an enormous strain in places, and when the strain becomes too great the earth cracks.

In order to increase their knowledge of earthquakes, some of the world's greatest scientists have experimented with artificial explosions in mines, and they hope that in time they will be able to warn the inhabitants of volcanic districts when disturbances are likely to occur.

The Gift of the "Gamp."

Brussels appears to be the only city which has a well-organized umbrella-borrowing bureau. The annual subscription is low, but if every umbrella user were to join such a society, its income would be enormous.

The idea is rather similar to that in force at the British Museum, National Gallery, and other public institutions, where you are required to deposit your "gamp" before being allowed to go round the galleries. You get a ticket of metal or a bone disc, which will redeem your umbrella at any time; only in the case of the umbrella exchange, the umbrella is not your own but the property of the society.

Each member on paying his subscription, receives a token, usually of metal stamped with an index number, which he carries in his pocket instead of an numbrella in his hand. When caught by the rain, all he has to do is to go to one of the society's agencies, which are tobacco shops, restaurants, and big stores, and hand over the token, to be immediately provided with an umbrella.

When the rain ceases the borrower deposits his umbrella in the next agency he happens to pass, and in exchange receives another counter.

Bread Without Flour.

It sounds strange to talk of bread being made without flour, but a new system has recently been introduced in Europe by which bread is made direct from wheat.

The operation is performed in three stages. First of all, the wheat is washed with running water in order to remove all dust and impurities. After this, it is allowed to soak in pure warm water in which there is a small quantity of sea-salt. When it has become sufficiently soft the grain is ready for the third and last operation, which consists of passing it through a special apparatus fitted with revolving cylinders. Ths machine presses the soft grain into a pulpy paste. Yeast is then added to this paste and worked up into dough in the usual way. The dough is allowed to rise, and finally baked.

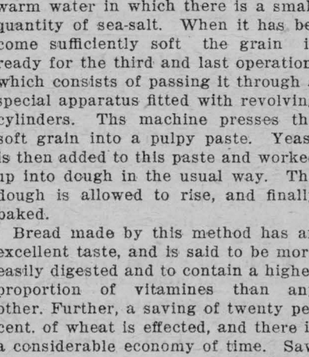
Bread made by this method has an excellent taste, and is said to be more easily digested and to contain a higher proportion of vitamines than any other. Further, a saving of twenty per cent. of wheat is effected, and there is a considerable economy of time. Saving in storage accommodation is another advantage claimed for flourless bread.

Measuring Ozone.

Before long it is likely that among other attractions of a seaside resort may be included announcements of the proportion of ozone in the air.

Experiments have shown that it is possible to discover the amount of ozone in the air with fair assuracy.

Slips of white blotting paper are soaked in a solution of iodide of potassium and starch. These, protected from sunshine and rain, are exposed to the air for a definite period. According to the amount of ozone present so is the paper colored in varying shades of yellow. If ozone is abundant the paper will be a very deep shade.



Realized Ambition.

"He seems to have realized his ambition in being able to cut monkey-shines in society."

"Yes; I think he's reached the ape-x of his career."

Population of Montreal.

Lovell's directory, just issued, gives the population of Montreal at 836,304, and of greater Montreal, which includes Lacine, Verdun, Outremont, Longuell and several other suburbs, at 941,529.

THE FUN OF BEING FIFTY

By Dorothy Dix

Why do some of us hold middle age in such contempt? Why do we look upon attaining it with horror?

We glorify youth. We clothe it in romance, and fill it with thrills and excitement and the tumult of adventure, and we cling to it with a desperate determination to hold on to the last shred of its radiance as long as possible.

We idealize old age. We think of it as the purple twilight in which one sits at peace and rest with folded hands, one's work done, and in one's heart the placid enjoyment of those who have worthily performed their task. We are proud of being young. We are proud of being old, but we are ashamed of being middle-aged.

Disappointments of Youth.

Now all this is utter foolishness. Middle age is really the golden age, if we only have the intelligence to realize it. It is the time of full maturity, of the full-blown rose, breathing its heart out in perfume, not the hard little bud that is only faintly fragrant.

Our glorifying of youth is a mere superstition. Youth, in reality, is not a time of happiness. It is a time of stress and tears, of bitter disappointments and baffled desires, when we suffer because we have not learned how to meet the trials and tribulations of life.

When you are young you can go through the agonies of being eternally disgraced by having to wear a dress or a coat different from those worn by your companions. You can suffer utter desolation of soul and feel that there is nothing left in life worth having if it rains on the day you had planned to go to a picnic. You can know every torment of the pariah if you are a wall-flower at a party or are too bashful to go with the crowd.

Middle age is far happier than youth, because by the time we reach fifty we have acquired a philosophy that makes us proof against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. We have learned to laugh at ourselves, and so ridicule has no power to hurt us. The keen edge of our desires has been blunted. Moreover, we have seen so many hopes blasted, so many disasters turn into victory, that we are content to wait the turn of fate.

To men, middle age is the time of achievement. It is then that they engage in the big game of business and match their skill and wit and luck against the world. No thrill like that. No adventure like that. No sport like that. Youth has no fun like that.

Domestic Felicity.

And even the men who never do big things have reached Easy Street by middle age, if they are ever to arrive in that pleasant thoroughfare. They have their homes, their comforts, and have settled down into a humdrum contentment that youth never knows.

Middle age is the heyday of domesticity. It takes twenty-five years for most husbands and wives to reach a working basis where they can enjoy each other's good qualities and avoid each other's peculiarities. Gone are the jealousies of the honeymoon; eliminated the friction of clashing wills. On the middle-aged household roosts the dove of peace as it never does on that of the newlyweds.

Women should go rejoicing towards middle age, because it is their time of emancipation, when the spinster no longer requires a chaperon, and when the mother has raised and settled her family and is free for the first time to enjoy herself.

Foes of Memory.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and strangely, too much education.

An Oily Nut.

Guatemala produces a nut whose oil content is 65 per cent.

A literary critic is a person who finds meanings in a book that the author never knew were there.

My Teacher: A Belated Appreciation

BY WALTER A. DYER

I read in the newspaper the other day a brief notice of the death, in the city where I spent my boyhood, of a woman whom I shall call Miss Robinson, since that was not her name. I had not seen her—I suppose I had scarcely thought of her—for thirty-odd years. Yet there was a time when that woman and I came in daily contact with each other, and I saw as much of her, I think, as of any member of my family.

And as I read the modest obituary it came over me that in forgetting her I had sinned against the simplest standards of kindness and gratitude. For I can realize now that in those long vanished days I was the cause of bringing some shadows into her life. If I brought also some little sunshine, it was not because I intended to do so, but because she had the grace to find it. There were times, I fear, when I made life about as hard for her as I could without suffering serious consequences. And I have let these wiser years slip by without an attempt at reparation.

She was not an angel; she was human. And we—I think we were little barbarians. Sometimes when she tried to brighten things up a bit we said she was silly. There were mornings when we said she was cross; very likely she was. Who is never cross? On the whole, I believe we liked her, but not for worlds would we have let her know it. I like her now, but it is too late for her to know.

I can see now that she had things to fight against, and she fought not unsuccessfully. I can see that she had cultivated the virtue of patience to a remarkable degree. There was something of the stuff of a martyr in that teacher, I honestly believe.

I have allowed myself to forget many things that I should have remembered, but I can recall vividly encugh just how Miss Robinson looked as she sat at her desk and opened the morning session with the simple religious exercises that were then in vogue. Her sincerity showed itself there. And I can still see her as she arose and came down to stand in front of her desk, her brow puckered with earnestness in her effort to make us understand.

She was a good teacher, I think. That is, she was conscientious and intelligent and eager to have us learn, and I don't know that any teacher can be mush more than that.

I wonder what she got out of it all. I wonder what were her conpensations for the nerve-racking strain of keeping order among thirty boys and girls bent on mischief. The salaries paid to public-school teachers are not large to-day; they were much less thirty years ago. And I think I knew that she was supporting her mother with her slendor income. I wonder if there were some few pupils—among the girls, perhaps—who repaid her in some measure for her labors by some conscious or unconscious response of mind or affections. I hope that others have proved themselves less forgetful and less ungrateful than I.

I do not so much blame that young pagan who whispered and snickered and threw spitballs and rattled the windows and brought toads and snuff into school. His was but a half-awakened conscience. He wrought after the manner of his kind. He had not looked into human hearts to know them. The person I blame is the so-called Christian gentleman twenty, twenty-five, thirty years later, who had walked out of that schoolroom with never a regretful backward glance, and then forgot his teacher. He should have known better.

I wish it might be that her sacrifice could be turned to some other's gain, that this confession of mine, these words of belated appreciation, might quicken the memory of some other teacher's pupils, might stir in their hearts the thing that has stirred in mine too late.

Teacher, with the earnest frown and the nervous little smile, I am sorry. I am sorry for the mischief I did so long ago, when you were thirty and I was ten. I am sorry for those innumerable acts of mine that added to your full measure of burdens and worries. I am sorrier still for my thirty-odd years of silence. But if I know you as I think I do, I believe you will not withhold forgiveness.

I would not lay a flower now on your grave if I could, since I lost my chance to send a rose to the living; shame would forbid. I can only hope that you found others kinder than I, and that before you lay down for your final rest, some of those things for which you hungered—whatever they were—came into your life to reward you.—Collier's.

Particular People

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WHAT DOES NOT CHANGE

"Change and decay in all around I see." The law of life is the law of constant alteration. The world you behold to-day is not the one that you saw yesterday. The house where you lived when you were a boy was razed years ago. The tree you planted dwindled because the roots of it were starved, and it was cut down. The street was invaded by stores, and the old residents were pushed out into strange outskirts of the town. The market square has filled with alien faces and unfamiliar names. Great industries, whose windows shine like gold against the sundown, line the banks of the stream where you fished and swam. When you were little, animate and inanimate alike were immortal. Nothing could die. Nothing would grow up. Your mother's cheek would never fade, nor your father's hand and foot grow less decisive. You might turn the key on all your treasures in Time's cabinet, and come back when you would, and find them there intact. You have learned better now. You have seen that there is a difference between a day and a day. You have learned that the world of sense is forever mutable, and that even what seems solid ground under your feet dissolves like the cloud overhead when met by the pulse of the wind.

What is Enduring?

What is there that remains? The friends that we cherished, on whom we leaned for judgment and for sympathy, have passed on into the world that is "a wonder still." We rear a memorial in a public place, or in the unforgetting grateful heart, and our lives are fed by the expectation of meeting them once more and giving an account of our stewardship for better or for worse. But they are not here. What precious thing have we that we can keep secure against all that would "creep and intrude and climb into the fold?"

The only things we can keep with us surely to the end of days are the things that never had a market value. It is not the wood and stone of the houses made with hands or of the monoliths and pyramids that endure. We can keep and hand down to those who come after us a creed of kindliness and charity, a sense of honor, a delicate regard for the individuality of others, an affectionate loyalty in friendship, a serene and modest self-reliance. These are not to die when at last the frame that holds them shall mingle with the dust. These shall outlive the evanescent phenomena that filled our little day on earth between the morning star and eventide. These shall bring true the dreams whose fulfillment was denied us, and these shall be the heritage on which time has no power.

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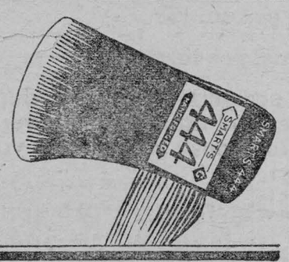

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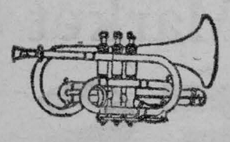

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Windmills May Become Popular.

Windmills may prove to be the solution of the fuel and power problems so pressing in both Great Britain and America. The high cost of coal, the great initial expense of utilizing "white coal," or hydroelectric power, and the tying up of water power everywhere by corporations, make the use of windmills increasingly important to the small factory owner and individual in the suburbs or open country.

By means of wind turbines and a compact storage battery it is possible to generate and save electric current sufficient to light and heat the ordinary dwelling, besides furnishing power for the farm machinery and even for small factories. The wind turbines work without rest and in their perfected form require little attention, as automatic governors prevent overcharging of the storage batteries.

Time was when windmills were seen everywhere. Then cheap fuel and gasoline motors superseded them, but with the increasing cost of all fuel they stand more than a fair chance of coming into their own again.

Measuring Bridge Strains.

Measuring the strains of bridges, skyscrapers, airshps and structural material accurately and quickly is being done by a little machine just perfected by the Bureau of standards in Washington. The gauge can be placed anywhere on the structure being tested and is almost uncanny in its findings. It measures only ten inches long and about five inches wide, and is so sensitive that its recorder returns to normal in one one-thousandth of a second.

The principle involved is the varying electrical resistance of many closely adjacent thin carbon plates. It has been known long, but never applied with success commercially until the Bureau of Standards' engineers built the present machine. A special voltmeter gives the readings of the strains developed. A practical test is now going on in Iowa, where impact strains of highway bridges are being found. Prof. Almon Fuller of the Iowa State Agricultural College and O. S. Peters, one of the inventors, are in charge of the tests.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Ladybirds are bred in Italy and France to produce the larvae which destroy insect pests of the vines.

Flowers for sick rooms should be carefully chosen, as red blooms aggravate fever, while blue blossoms are soothing.

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak and Impoverished Blood.

Apart from accident or illness due to infection, almost all ill-health arises from one or two reasons. The mistake that people make is in not realizing that both of these have the same cause at the root, namely poor blood. Either bloodlessness or some other trouble of the nerves will be found to be the reason for almost every ailment. If you are pale, suffering from headaches, or breathlessness, with palpitation of the heart, poor appetite and weak digestion, the cause is almost always poor blood. If you have nervous headaches, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve pains, the cause is exhausted nerves. But run down nerves are also a result of poor blood, so that the two chief causes of illness are one and the same.

If your health is poor; if you are pale, nervous or dyspeptic, you should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills act directly on the blood, and by enriching it give new strength to worn out nerves. Men and women alike greatly benefit through the use of this medicine. If you are weak or ailing, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will be pleased with the beneficial results that will speedily follow.

If your dealer does not keep these pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Worth of Music.

A half hour or more spent in listening to good vocal music or instrumental music after a long day's contact with the friction and asperities of this work-a-day world will act as a balance wheel to restore the jaded soul, the perplexed mind, the tired body.

The man who is worried, or excited, or downcast, will find in good music a stimulus, or, it may be sedative, which will go far to correct the strain and stress under which his whole being has been laboring. It will inspire him with nobler thoughts, purer vision, peace and calm. In these days of agitation and unrest, when the very foundation of established institutions seem sometimes to be crubing and we wonder what cateclysm impends, music, good music and an abundance of it, will prove a powerful corrective, and an agency which will heal the sickness in the human soul and help to restore civiliztaton.

The worth of music has not been as generally recognized as it should have been.

Music has the same effect on men in civil life as in army life, and during these days of upheaval, of discontent, of mental and moral disintregration, it can be used as a potent and effectual means to offset these malign influences and to recreate a happy and contented spirit in the minds of our people.



No Help Needed.

Wife (sarcastically) — "I guess you've been comforting that unfortunate friend of yours all evening—helping him to carry his load!"

Hubby (cheerfully) — "No; must say I never in my life saw a man carry his load better than he did tonight."

Cause for Doubt.

There was an all-around good-for-nothing man who died, and at his funeral the minister delivered a most beautiful address, eulogizing the departed in the most glowing manner, praising his splendid qualities as a fine type of man, a good husband and a kind parent.

About this time the widow, who was seated well up in front, spoke to her little daughter by her side, and said: "My dear, go look in the coffin and see if it is your father."

The sweet pea dates back to 1699, when the plant was first cultivated by a priest in Sicily.

Silver was first coined in Rome in 269 B.C., when Fabius Pictor set up a mint.

LEARN BARBER TRADE

In few weeks. Positions guaranteed. Steady employment. Write for Free Catalogue. Moler System of Colleges, 193 Queen St. E., Toronto.



Lake That Sharpens Razors.

One of the most curious lakes in the world is to be found in Ireland.

This lake has the power of petrifying any substance that may fall into it. Of course, the petrifaction is not absolute, but the substance is coated with a layer of stone, which is found dissolved in the lake, and the stone then hardens and forms a shell over the substance.

A well-known cutlery firm in England heard of this, and sent a man over to inspect it. He selected several pieces of hard wood, which he sank with weights and then marked the place with small buoys.

A fortnight later he returned and took up two pieces of the wood, which he found to be partly petrified. Two weeks after he drew up the other pieces, and found each piece to be as hard as flint.

The firm then made several experiments with the wood, and found that at a certain stage of petrification an excellent razor hone could be manufactured from it.

Adventure.

I often think the folks I meet
Are much like houses in a street.
Some throw their casements open wide
For everyone to see inside.

Some keep their curtains closely drawn
And look the same, both night and morn,
Till, lit with some mad passion's glow,
Their secret souls they sudden show.

Those I love best are shuttered tight,
Yet through the chinks shine gleams of light.
Before their doors I like to stand,
And tap and tap with gentle hand.

And call, as loudly as I dare,
"Say, Little Brother, are you there?"
And sometimes there is no reply.
Then sad I turn away, and sigh.

But sometimes, too, if I look back,
The door will open just a crack,
A smiling form its hand extend,
And then I know I've found a friend.

—Janet Read.

Artificial Light for Extra Eggs.

By E. W. Knife.

The use of artificial light is simply to induce the hens to eat a greater quantity of feed. This, of course, with proper exercise, results in increased egg production. Therefore it matters little when the lights are turned on. Some people prefer morning, and turn on a couple of hours before sunrise. In this case, scatter the grain ration in the litter after dark the previous evening, and when the hens get off the roost in the morning they will immediately get busy scratching for their feed. Then feed your hot mash at noon, and your grain late in the afternoon again. Others prefer continuing daylight, by artificial means, until 8.30 or 9 p.m., feeding grain about 7 a.m., hot mash at noon, grain again about 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Others, including Professor Graham's farm, believe in supplying an "evening lunch" by turning on the lights for an hour, from 8 to 9 p.m., then feeding the extra feed of grain.

It will pay anyone who keeps a flock of 50 or more hens to have light installed, as the use of same increases egg production from 1/3 to ½ more than when lights are not used. This does not necessarily mean a greater egg production throughout the year, but it does mean getting the most eggs when prices are highest.

Electric light is, of course, the most convenient form of lighting, as the lights can be switched on and off by an alarm clock. But if you have not electric light do not despair. A plant with about 2,000 birds a short way from Toronto uses gasoline lanterns, which being the safest lantern made, giving a 300 candle power light, has also a great advantage, for when gasoline is turned off the light does not go out for a few minutes, thereby giving the birds a chance to get back to roosts. With a lantern it is almost necessary to use lights in either of the two evening methods suggested.

Using light is not a new idea, but a long used method, coming back and back to stay this time.

A Study in Heredity.

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog.

"Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. " 'Pwhat kind is it?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," the man replied.

"Shure an it's related to both of us," the Irishman rejoined.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

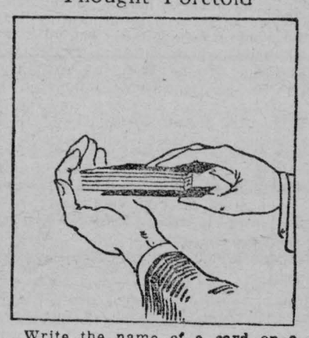
A French scientist has predicted that in a few hundred years the world will be in the grip of another ice age, which will come about because the earth is using up its supply of carbonic acid gas faster than it is manufactured.

There are 40,000 lakes in Newfoundland.

EASY TRICKS

No. 51

Thought Foretold



Write the name of a card on a borrowed visiting card and ask a friend to put it in his pocket without looking at what you have written.

Take a pack of playing cards in your left hand, backs uppermost. Hold the right hand with the fingers on the cards and the thumb underneath. Draw the cards, a few at a time, into your right hand, asking your friend to tell you when to stop. When he tells you to stop, show the last card you drew back. Then ask him to look at the visiting card he put in his pocket. On it is written the name of the card.

When the spectator told you to stop, you drew the cards under your fingers into your right hand, just as you appeared to do. At the same time, your thumb, pressing on the bottom card of the pack, drew that back. Before introducing the trick, you observed the bottom card and wrote its name on the calling card.

The illustration shows how the trick is done. In order to expose the movement of the bottom card, the fingers in the drawing cover less of the card surface than you will find they will do when you try the trick. Of course, the greater surface the hands cover the less danger of detection there will be.

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

BABY'S OWN TABLETS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND

Mrs. Ernest E. Adkins, Brotton, Sask., writes:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets with great success for four years and always keep a box on hand." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing—once they have used the Tablets for their little ones they will use nothing else. Experience shows them that the Tablets are the ideal medicine. They are a mild laxative, thorough in action and never fail to relieve the minor ailments of little ones. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dogs Used for Fishing.

Fishing with dogs is a sport many people have never heard of, yet it is popular in some parts of the British Isles, chiefly on the north coast of Somerset.

During the autumn, conger-eels are very abundant there. They lie off the coast beyond the low-water line, where the spring-tides, at this period of the year, leave exposed a vast expanse of mud. The conger-hunters take advantage of this to pursue their sport. Wearing wading-boots, and armed with a thick stick some six feet long, one end of which is sharpened after the fashion of a chisel, they set out, accompanied by a motley collection of dogs.

Boulders and large stones are turned over to lay bare the lair of the eels, the long sticks being used to stir up the mud. The eels then start to wriggle; this excites the dogs, who seize them as firmly as possible. It is no easy matter, however, for an angry eel is a ticklish, slippery customer, with more strength than one might credit.

But the dogs soon become quite expert at their job. Having got a firm hold of an eel, they will stick to it until the hunter helps them to "land" it.

The conger-eel weighs anything from five to nine pounds, and even larger ones are sometimes caught. A lucky hunt will result in some five or six congers, but no matter what the "bag," this method of fishing with dogs will afford exciting sport.

MONEY ORDERS.

When ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

Defined.

A servant girl who was employed in a family in which there were several children became very much alarmed when one of them fell ill with scarlet fever. She was for leaving at once.

"You need not be afraid, Mary," said her mistress. "We have isolated the little boy, and you need not go near him. Moreover, adults rarely take the disease."

After an hour or two Mary was overheard saying to a fellow-servant:

"Betty, what does 'isolated' mean?"

"I don't know exactly," replied the brilliant Betty, "but I guess it means that they have put him on ice."

"That must be it. And what is an 'adult'?"

"I don't know exactly that, either; but I guess it means a girl who works out."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Which Way?

Teacher (opening second object-lesson on the cat)—"Can you tell me to what family the cat belongs, Jones?"

Jones (after a little hesitation)—"I think it belongs to the family next door."

Free Gas.

Motorist (frantically flagged on a lonely road)—"What 's the matter? Is the bridge out?"

Native—"It's my missus, mister. She's goin' to prayer meetin' an' she's got some grease on her coat. She wants to know would you let her have half a pint of gasoline?"

Radio Price List

Write for NEW PRICE LIST of Radio Sets and Supplies. Mail orders a Specialty.

TORONTO RADIO CO., TORONTO



Fill your pipe with Ogden's CUT PLUG

"It Satisfies"

15¢ per packet

80¢ a ½ lb. tin



If you roll your own ask for OGDEN'S FINE CUT (Green label)

The Clever Man.

The newly-married couple were gazing into the window of the jeweller's shop.

"John," said the young bride, suddenly clutching his arm, "I'd love to have that bracelet hanging up at the back of the window."

"I can't afford to buy it for you, dear," replied the husband.

"But if you could you would, wouldn't you?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid not," he retorted.

"Oh, John, Why?" she asked in a tone that showed both surprise and pain.

"It isn't good enough for you, dear," he said tenderly.

"Oh, you darling!" she answered.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Just Right.

Tourist—"I supose this rain will do the crops a lot of good, Pat?"

"Pat—"Ye're right, sorr. An hour of ut will do more good in five minutes than a month of ut would do in a week at any other time."

The highest hotel in Europe is now being built near the summit of the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps, at an altitude of 11,800 feet.

Thin Folks

If you are weak, thin and nervous, let your druggist supply you with Bitro-Phosphate. It is guaranteed to increase weight and strength and restore energy, vigor and nerve force. Price $1 per pkge. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed Mailed Free to any Address by the Author.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 129 West 24th Street New York, U.S.A.

Harmless, purely vegetable, Infants' and Children's Regulator, formula on every label. Guaranteed non-narcotic, non-alcoholic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other trouble if given it at teething time. Safe, pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results.

At All Druggists



GARGLE

With Minard's in water several times a day for colds in throat. For colds in head inhale.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Miss Boissineau Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"About three years ago I was bothered with pimples on my face. The pimples were hard and small and festered, and my face was disfigured for a while. They oftentimes caused me to lie awake hours at a time as the irritation was so great.



"I tried different remedies but without any relief. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after the first application I could see an improvement. I continued using them and was completely healed after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Miss Rose Boissineau, 12 Bellevue Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

The elk, the largest quadruped in North America, has now a special reservation in Vancouver Island, where the Canadian Government is preserving a large herd of these animals to save them from extinction.

Try MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Wholesome Cleansing Refreshing

Relieves Dyspepsia

M. D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation should take after each meal and at bedtime, fifteen to thirty drops of the Extract of Roots known to the Drug Trade as "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup." Get the Genuine. 50c. and $1.00 bottles. 1

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

HELP FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Mrs. Holmberg Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Viking, Alta.—"From the time I was 15 years old I would get such sick feelings in the lower part of my abdomen, followed by cramps and vomiting. This kept me from my work (I help my parents on the farm) as I usually had to go to bed for the rest of the day. Or at times I would have to walk the floor. I suffered in this way until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had very satisfactory results so far and am recommending the Vegetable Compound to my friends. I surely am glad I tried it for I feel like a different person now that I don't have these troubles."—ODELIA HOLMBERG, Box 93, Viking, Alta.

Letters like this establish the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They tell of the relief from such pains and ailments after taking it.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills in this country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials prove this fact.

If you doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for Mrs. Pinkham's private text-book and learn more about it. C

Toy's Hill

(Too late for last week)

Mrs. Willis Steinburg and family of Morewood were calling on friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gillard and daughter Laura and Daisy MacLean spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Coons.

Mr. Archie Patrick is spending the week in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Coleman and Delbert and Mr. and Mrs Jas. Haggerty of Winchester Springs motored to Shanley on Sunday.

Miss Bertha Coons is visiting friends at Chesterville.

Messrs Joe and Alace Steele have just returned from the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moore and family spent Sunday at Morewood.

Minced Steak at Fisher's 15c Per lb.

Vernon

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church met in the Vestry on Tuesday afternoon, final arrangements were made for the annual chicken supper to be held on Monday evening, Nov. 12th, in the church.

The Baptist church is nearing completion and it is expected to be opened early in December.

Miss Wilson and Miss Hyatt of Coaticook, Que., who have been visiting at the manse during the past week returned home on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. J. Howell visited her daughter Mrs. Howard Morris of Metcalfe last week.

Mrs. Neil Hutt of Winchester, is spending the week with Miss M. Howell.

Miss Olive Campbell returned home from Ottawa where she was visiting for the past three weeks.

Miss Margaret Campbell and Miss Lois Campbell are visiting in the city.

Mr. Harry Moore is in a Hospital in Ottawa, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis on Sunday last.

Brockville Presbytery.

In Brockville Presbyterial, an effort is being made to stimulate interest in Auxiliary work, by holding, at different points sectional Presbyterial meetings. One was held on Sept. 25th, at Hallville, where in the afternoon papers on 'Our Stewardship' 'The Young Women's Auxiliary" and Mission Band work," followed by discussions, were read, and proved very helpful. In the evening Mrs. McLeod, of Kemptville, the Presbyterial President, spoke on "Vision and Service," and Rev. J. W. Clarke, of Hallville, gave a missionary address. Just a month later, October 26th another Section comprising Auxiliaries from Morrisburg to Morewood, held two sessions at Morewood. Delegates were present in large numbers from Auxiliaries of Winchester Springs, Dunbar, Chesterville and Winchester, and, with the representatives, well filled the hall. Mrs. R. J. M. Glassford, the Sectional Vice-President was in the chair, and an attractive programme was presented. The papers read were on such subjects as "Our future Auxiliary members;" "It is Love that counts;" "A glimpse into real life in India and "Our Stewardship," and were all of a high order, the one on "Stewardship.' which was very impressive, taking the form of a discussion by question and answer. Members of Morewood Y. W. Auxiliary sang a special hymn, and at the close of the afternoon session, supper was served in the hall to all present, when the Morewood ladies excelled themselves in the sumptuous lunch provided. In the evening, inspiring missionary addresses were delivered by Revs. F. L. Jobb, Morewood, R. J. M. Glassford, Winchester and A. J. Sinclair, of Chesterville, interspersed by an exercise from Morewood Mission Band, a recitation by Miss Steele of Winchhester Springs and a solo by Miss Giles one of Morewood High School teachers. The Morewood Auxiliary made these meetings the occasion of their Thank-Offering, and the splendid sum of over $80.00 was received. All went away saying and feeling that it had been good to be there, and that a great impetus had been given to our W. M. S. work.

Remarkable Values in Underwear, separate and combinations for men, women and children. Penmans, Stanfields and Watsons. D. C. Bush.

Morewood High School

Morewood High School organized a Literary society with the following officers for the current month: President, Arthur Casselman; Vice-President, Ralph Dillabough; Secretary-Treasurer, Mildred Dillabough; Executive Committee, Dwight Feely, Earle Gordon, Beryl Hetherington. At the last meeting of the society a debate was staged; Resolved that it costs more to bring up a girl at the age of twenty-one than a boy. The affirmative was ably upheld by Ralph Allison, James Shaver and Orland Kyle, while Muriel Jobb, Gladys Swerdfeger and Mary Munharvey, stoutly contested the negative arguments. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative. The society has also launched a paper with Ralph Allison as Editor Pearle Swerdfeger, assistant Editor, Hugh Fetterly, Gladys Swerdfeger and Eula Ouderkirk as reporters, and Norman McLeod as Advertising manager.

Tulip and crocus bulbs, over one hundred of each, were planted during the past week in the school grounds. Hyacinths and daffodils, presented by interested friends of the school were potted for indoor culture. Anticipations run high for a profusion of bloom.

Late Nancy Rodney

Nancy Rodney, sister of James W. Rodney of Ormond, after a lingering illness, died at her brothers home on Wednesday, 7th inst., in her 77th year. The funeral will take place to-morrow at 12.30 o'clock, noon, interment to be made at Spring Hill cemetery.

"I Was Terribly Weak After Baby Was Born"



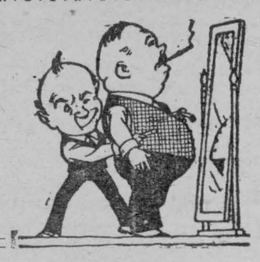
Mrs. H. McClure, Norwood, Ont., writes:

"After my baby was born, I was terribly weak and run down, with pains across my back. I had heard so much of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that I decided to try it. Three boxes proved enough to make me quite strong and well again. I also used Dr. Chase's Ointment for a rash which broke out on the baby, and the rash disappeared completely in a short time."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

They All Get Onto Your Shape



It is simply wonderful what a change a neat and snug fitting suit will make in the shape of a man.

By having a suit made to your shape you are assured of that neat and snug fit. Let Goodfellow make your suit and you will be perfectly satisfied.

Just have a look at my stock of Seasonable Gent's Furnishings. They are a select lot—Shirts, Underwear, Socks, Ties, Collars, Hats, Caps and everything else a well dressed man requires.

A. E. GOODFELLOW, Winchester, Ont.

"The Store of Quality"

"BUT NOT OF HIGH PRICES."

Men's Work Pants.

Men's Grey all wool Canadian Tweed, which gives lasting service, has five pockets and belt loop at the low price of $5.00

Men's Heavy Mackinaw Pants, Dark Brown Pattern, neatly tailored with 5 pockets. Extra value at $5.50

Men's Mackinaws

Storm-Proof, made double-breasted from all wool Mackinaw Cloth, Patch-pockets with belt, broken check with black and red intermixed, wind cuffs in the sleeves. Price $10.00

Men's Mackinaw Coat of good value, made double breasted with shawl collar, belted all the way around, double stitched seams, patch pockets yellow and black intermixed at $7.75

Real Good Mackinaw Coats for Boys.



Double-breasted Coat, all Wool Mackinaw, large colar, patch pockets witn flaps and belt, dark grey. A good serviceable coat for $6.50

Horse Blankets

Don't wait—last year we could have sold several dozen's more but could not get them. The new army blanket this year sells for $4,50

The Used Army Blanket $2.50

We have opened up a good stock of both. Come in and see them.

Mitts, etc.

Men's Horsehide pullovers $1.25 and $1.50

Men's Horse-hide, lined, $1.50 and $1.65

We have cheaper mitts.

Come in and see our 100 per cent. pure Meriono Hose for men in brown and lovat shades. Just received a large shipment this week.

SHOES

Working Boots For Men.

Uris Calf, black. A good sensible boot for hard usage, outside counters, per pair $4.75

Tan Boots, Army Leather, broad soles and heels a good roomy shoe with outside counters, $4.75 pr.

Tan Boots, high-cut, waterproof leather, outside counters to cop, made especially for rough weather, per pair $6.50

Empress Shoes for Women

Stylish Walking Oxford of Soft black Kid made on neat stylish last, cuban heel, very smart shoe, price $5.50

Cushioned Treadeasy, graceful high cut walking boot. correct in style and unsurpassed in service—it is made on a popular last with Military heel, rubber top lift, correct for wear with tailored suits or dresses and liked by women of taste because of its perfect comfort. Price $7.50

High cut walking boots of fine black Kid, medium heavy sole, correct heel, a splendid shoe at a reasonable price $6.50

With Empress shoes you have comfort right from the start.

DRY GOODS

Flannelettes in light and dark stripes:
28 inch, per yard 20c
31 inch, per yard 24c
36 inch, Grey, per yard 30c
30 inch, Grey, per yard 24c
28 inch, Grey Stripe, for Shirting, 28c yard

Flannel, plain Grey, all wool, 29 inches wide, per yard 55c

Unbleached Factory Cotton, 40 inches wide, per yard 20c

Rockfast Drill for Boys and Men's Shirts, per yard 40c

Blue and White Galatea, per yard 35c

Khaki Duck, for Overshirts and pants, yard 50c

Turkish Toweling, tan and white stripes, with a little blue, per yard 30c

Pure Linen Towelling, dard grey, per yard 30c.
" " " white " 25c.
Brown and White Stripe 18c

Towels, Plain Huck 17x30 inches, each 25c
" " " 19x34 " " 40c
" " " 20x37 " " 50c

Bleached Sheeting, 9-4, per yard 70c

Circular Pillow Cotton, 22 in., per yard 50c

Victoria Lawns, 30c, 35c and 50c

Special Chamois Finish Cambric, yd 24 and 27c

Long Clothe, per yard 20c.

1 piece Snow White made specially for Nurses Costumes, an extra good buy at 30c per yard.

GROCERIES

Get your Iron. Make a Mock Cherry Pie, half Cranberries, half Raisins, a delicious dessert.

New Raisins, seedless, 15 oz. packages 18c

Sultanas Seedless Raisins in Bulk, per lb. 16c. We bought very heavy on these and secured the very best prices and we are going to pass it along to you. Secure a 25 lb. box before this lot goes

Cranberries. A barrel of Eatmore's, the best brand of Berries at the same price as common ones per lb. 20c

Mince Meat, the same as mother used to make one lb. makes a pie, per lb. 20c

It is true that we have moved up the hill, but our prices remain down below.

Nice bottle Sour Pickles 25c

We are still selling a Barrel of Grandmother's Cookies per week, per lb. 15c

Spanish Onions, per lb. 8c

APPLES—We are getting a car, don't worry, the quality will be good and the price very low. A good assortment to choose from, leave your orders. Price $5.00 per barrel.

Of course you wish for the very best in groceries equally, you want the lowest prices—you obtain the both at Keye's. We will not sacrifice Quality for for Price, Quality is first with us, but we are able to top off a penny here, a penny there, sometimes more from the regular price. These savings bulk substantially in the months food bills.

Pure Maple Syrup in 1 gal. cans. $2.25

Pure Clover Honey, per lb. 15c

Sunkist Oranges, per doz. 40c

Kemptville Creamery Butter, always the same, per lb. 45c

Jam Jams, per lb. 20c

Canned Peas "new pack" choice quality, "Sun Ripe Brand." This brand is different from [illegible] brands, try it and you will note the differ[illegible] can 15c

MEATS

Finest Western Beef.

We cut nothing but Inspected Beef.

Try us with your next order for a roast,

Choice Young Lamb fresh from the country.

Young Pig Pork direct from the farmers.

Bacons, Cooked Meats, etc.

No order too small or too large to receive our prompt attention. Phone 85

ALL NEW

Groceries

And

Hardware

Together With

Boots Mitts
Shoes Socks
Shirts Overalls
Men's Furnishings

Look at the Buildings painted years ago with S. W. P. They stand Well-Painted to-day.

To have a Long Lasting Paint use

"Sherman Williams Paints & Varnishes."

Harvey Nesbitt

Phone No. 40 Main St. Winchester

Telephone 16 Meat Market 85

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