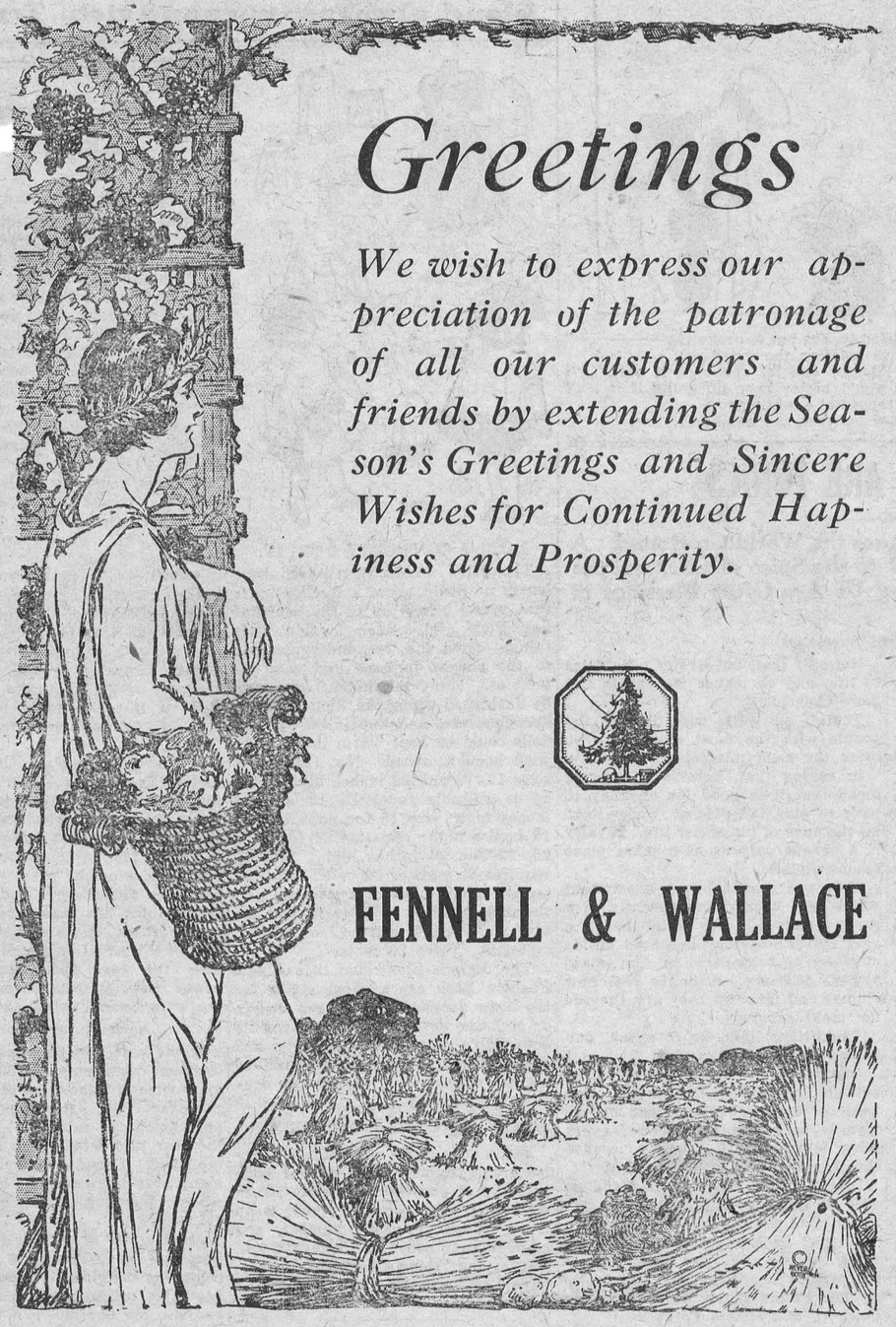
THE WINCHESTER PRESS

XXXIX WINCHESTER, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1925, NO 34



Greetings

We wish to express our appreciation of the patronage of all our customers and friends by extending the Season's Greetings and Sincere Wishes for Continued Happiness and Prosperity.

FENNELL & WALLACE

ELLIS MILK PRODUCT STORE

We thank you for the generous response since the opening of our store, and please don't forget as Manufacturers we are in a position to retail Cheese, Butter Milk and Cream to the public at wholesale prices.

A Merry Christmas to one and all.

L. A. ELLIS, Winchester, Ont.

WINTER BATTERY STORAGE

Bring your Battery to our garage for Winter Storage The warmest and best equipped battery station outside of the city.

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

Melvin's Garage, Winchester.

We Do Vulcanizing

House Phone 149

Don't forget we do all kinds of Vulcanizing. If your tires need repairing bring them in and we'll do you a good job at a moderate chargs. Have your tank filled with "Shell" Gas—endorsed by leading motorists.

Garage Phone 140

DELONG PRESTON, - - Winchester, Ont.

REMEMBER

We carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and all kinds of Pastry—Pies, Layer Cakes and Christmas Cakes—all made to order, also Bread of the Highest Quality. Orders delivered promptly. Phone 145

Carkner's Crown Bakery.

The roads are very slippery.

Nomition meeting in the town hall next Monday night.

The light fall of snow has made the sleighing fairly good, and the cars can still navigate without trouble.

Zion City, Ill., will start a Christmas programme at 4 o'clock Christmas morning. Do you think you will be listening in.

There will be a jolly re-union of old High School students, at Hotel, Winchester, at the Alumni banquet, Saturday night.

If you want a good seat you will have to go early to the Christmas entertainment in the United Church, Christmas night.

The volume of business through the local post-office this season has been beyond all records, and Postmastea Scott and his efficient staff have met the situation with their usual system and energy. It is no easy task to handle tons of mail with everyone expecting "first" service and satisfy all and the local office has not been delinquent in any respect.

In the Presbyterian Church, Winchester Springs, on the evening of Dec. 26th, the Brinston Dramatic Club will present their comedy drama, "Where The Lane Turned" and music by six-piece orchestra. There will also be choruses by the Sunday School and a Christmas tree. Everybody welcome. Admission 35c and 25c.

Sentence Sermons

No day is long enough:
For the man who is a procrastinator.
For the man whose work is a labor of love.
To provide time for one moment of jealousy.
To make room for the spirit of revenge.
For the cynic to tell all about the things that are wrong with the world.
To spend any of it hunting for flaws in saints.
To listen to all the reasons why it can't be done.

Cheese Factory for Sale

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

The Factory is fully equipped for Making Cheese and Whey Butter. In the season of 1925, we made over 143.000 lbs of Cheese, sold $752 36 worth of Whey Butter.

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

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

Terms of sale made Easy for a good Man.

Wm. Eager, Morrisburg, Ont.

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

Watch your step.

This is the last issue of the Press in 1925. Is your label marked up for 1926?

An observing editor remarks that "there is nothing more industrious than an idle rumor."

Mr. Wm. Workman has been reappointed as Auto License issuer for the year 1926.

Now don't over eat to-morrow. Of course this advise does not apply to the children.

And now you're sorry you didn't buy something just a little better when you had the chance.

You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly. The best you can do is to kiss her sooner than she thought you would.

Send your friends or relatives The Winchester Press. It's like a letter from home and will reach them regularly.

The horse, the cow, the cat, the dog, and even the poultry should be made to feel some Christmas cheer to-morrow.

Mr. W. J. Fisher had a 25 pound turkey in his shop on Monday. It will make some kids bust their sides to-morrow.

An exchange says "Fergus appoints a Cemetery Committee." Some towns look more like they would require an undertaker first.

It should be remembered during the holidays that there's one thing you cannot repair if you once wear it out—your welcome.

What a blessed world this would be if every week, every day, we could all maintain that happy Christmas spirit and temperment.

There was a big crowd in town Saturday night, and our merchants did a rushing business. The Christmas buying spirit was abroad.

The third session of the present Ontario Legislative Assembly will open the last week of January. It promises to be an eventful session.

"Bow legs are a sign of courage," declares a scientist. They certainly are, remarks a contemporary, if the owner wears an up to date skirt.

The rural route mail carriers are now allowed a holiday at New Year's, Good Friday, Victoria Day, Dominion Day, Labour Day and Thanksgiving Day.

Do you remember when it was the custom for the men to make their round of calls on New Years day? And do you remember how some of them returned home at night.

Its a great pity we have not more men in town possessed with a strong love for children. If we had the children of Winchester would not be without their free skating rink this winter.

The thought of Christmas always brings
The thought of gifts and giving;
It is the time for kindly things—
For laughing and forgiving.

The Board of Education at Wiarton have had a toboggan slide erected on the Public School grounds and they also intend having an open air rink for the scholars this winter. We need some of that Wiarton spirit in Winchester.

One man in town said to another the other day. "What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present?" "I don't know yet," returned the other, "she put it away in a drawer before I had a chance to see it."

Addressing the Barrie Kiwanis Club, Mr. W. B. Roadhouse, Deputy-Minister, of Agriculture, pointed out that Ontario has provided almost a third of the agricultural production for the whole of Canada, with a value of nearly five hundred million dollars.

It is a pleasure to have a chat with farmers this season, and note the very satisfied feeling which prevails on the farms. The farmers are coming back to their own by way of satisfactory crops and good prices. This is different from former years.

Mr. Albert Haggerty, Adams, N. Y. writes, "I see by the Press you would like subscribers to renew their subscriptions so I thought I had better attend to it at once for I could not get along without the Winchester Press." Thanks Mr. Haggerty, we thus broadcast your kind message.

When Mark Twain edited a Missouri paper, a subscrider wrote him that he found a spider in his paper and asked if that were a sign of good or bad luck. Twain replied: "Finding a spider in your paper is neither good or bad luck. It was looking over our paper to see which merchant was not advertising so he could go to that store, spin his web across the door, and live a life of undisturbed peace"

Fergusons 4 ¢ beer didn't bring the revenue it was expected to bring, didn't have the kick it was expected to have, didn't make the friends it was expected to make, and didn't do the government any good politically. All of which is enough to make any sensible man dizzy.

Notification has been received by the trustees of Knox Presbyterian church, Iroquois, from the Public Trustee, Toronto, that under the will of the late Richard McCaslin the sum of $125 per annum for a period of 12 years has been bequeathed to that church, provided, however, that should, during that time cease to be a Presbyterian church, the unpaid yearly payments shall be released and revert to the residue of his estate.

LOCAL AND GENERAL JOTTINGS

The Winchester Press wishes all its readers all the possible happiness of this Christmas season.

One week more and we will be writing it 1926.

Well, Old Santa Clause will be glad when to-morrow is over.

Bee wise and wax strong by eating honey says Mr. Nehemiah Summers.

St. Matthias Church, Christmas Service, on Christmas Day. Holy Communion, 8 A. M.

Miss Mary Dixon has returned to Winchester, and is at present at the home of Mrs. Ross Durant.

Another effect bobbed heads has had upon the world is that they changed barber shops into beauty parlors.

A new cement walk is promised for the west side of Alexander Street to be built first thing next Spring. It has been a long time in the coming.

There was a great radio programme of Christmas music on Sunday night last, and listeners in had a great choice It was a splendid night for receiving.

Christmas! Make some friend happy by sending them the Press for a year. The home paper is like a real letter from home every week.

Mr. Jas. Mallory, who was laid up for a few days with an injured hand, caused by a knife cut with which he was killing some geese, is again able to use that member freely.

The Moonlight Serenaders' Orchestra furnished music for the annual Christmas Ball held at the Agricultural School, of Kemptville, on Tuesday night. They play again at South Mountain next Wednesday.

Found guilty of selling liquor illegally, Willie Saperstein, a news agent on train 44, Canadian National Railways, was fined $500 and sentenced to one month's imprisonment, or a term of five months in lieu of the fine, by Police-Magistrate Clark at Orillia last week.

Driving from Kemptville to his parents home near Oxford Station, Albert Garrett discovered the rear of his car to be in flames when he turned into the lane leading to the house. He had only time to rescue a small dog he had with him before the car became a mass of flames. It was badly damaged.

Nelson Dixon is a thoroughly good natured crap and willing to give all the information he can, but he can't tell you "Why that parcel hasn't arrived' he can't tell you where it is, he cant tell you why the express rates are so high, but he will do all in his power to make it pleasant for you to pay that rate, Good boy, Nelson.

Fourteen days at hard labor for fourteen cruel blows leaving their marks on a pig was a recent English punishment. A month's imprisonment was given by a Massachusetts judge last month for similar treatment of a cow. There is everywhere too much thoughtless cruelty to animals. It is well for the public generally to realize that Canadian law provides for punishment for these offences.

Mr. J. Rae, in sending his renewal for the Press writes: "We could not get along without the old home paper. There must be some big changes since I left 21 years ago, I see so many strange names. Good bye and good luck to the Press and the Old Home Town." As the Radio broadcasters say, "We thank you for your kind works."

Dr. S J. Keyes, principal of the Ottawa Normal School, has established a scholarship at Queen's University of the annual value of $100 open to graduates of the Ottawa Normal School, who have completed by extra-mural or by extra-mural and summer school work four courses selected from courses 1 and 2 in the various subjects. It is given to an eligible student who is in attendance for the first time at a regular session of the university. Miss Inez Paul, of Brockville, is the winner of Dr. Keyes' scholarship for the present seseion,

Spoke on Weather Reports

At the regular meeting of the Tuxis Boys in the Town Hall last Friday night, Mr. Steedman, of the High School staff, gave a very interesting and instructive talk on how the weather reports are made while the boys thoroughly appreciated. The usual social hour in games etc, was much enjoyed by all those present.

Banquet Saturday Night

The Winchester High School Alumni Assn. will hold their annual banquet in Hotel, Winchester, Saturday night, and the occasion promises to be one of great pleasure as well as a happy re-union of ex-students of our high school. The committee have spared no efforts to make the meeting one that will be long remembered and the program is one that is sure to please. It is expected there will be over one hundred present at the dining tables on Saturday night.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The Annual Christmas concert will be held in the United Church, Winchester, on Christmas Night, Dec. 25th. A good program will be presented. See posters.

The W. H. S. Alumni Association will hold their Annual Banquet at Hotel Winchester, on the evening of Saturday, Dec. 26. Tickets $1.00 Members who are going to attend the banquet, please get your tickets, as soon as possible, from the secretary, Miss Tottie Reveler.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Miss Viola Burgess is spending the holidays with her parents at Cobden.

Mr. K. Christie, barrister. Toronto, will spend the Christmas season with his parents here.

Mrs. Morrison, Alberta, is the guest of her brother, Mr. S. J. McCrea and Mrs. McCrea.

Miss Flossie Merkley, of Winchester, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. George Timmins.

Mr. Arthur Daggett, of Norfolk, N. Y. has been visiting at the home of Mr. George Timmins.

Misses Frances and Betty Stewart left on Tuesday to spend Christmas with their aunts in Hawkesbury.

Mrs. A. A. McLaughlin, of Ottawa is spending the holidays at the home of her brother, Mr. Geo. E. Earle.

Rev. J. A. Waddell and daughter, Mabel, left the first of this week to spend the Christmas holidays in Kingston.

Mr. Fred Flora, of the University, of Toronto, arrived home on Saturday and will spend the holiday at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hill and Miss Nettie Hill, of Ottawa, are spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Earle, of Winchester.

Miss Greta Earle, of Bethune, returned home on Wednesday of this week having held her Christmas entertainment, Tuesday night.

Miss Helen Taylor, of the Inlet School, Que came home on Saturday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor, of Van Camp.

Miss Adrienne Earle, of Blanche, Que. returned home on Monday to spend the holidays with her parents here. On her way she spent the week-end with friends in Ottawa.

Miss Bertha Merkley was taken to Cornwall Hospital on Monday, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis. Miss Merkley is a sister, of Mrs. T. O. Keyes.

Miss Helen Agnew, attending Queen's, Kingston, is home for the holiday season, and has here as her guest Mis DeMille, of Edmonton, Alta., who is a student at Queens.

Miss Laura Melvin was unfortunate enough to run a needle in her arm a few days ago, and until it was removed by the use of X-rays and Drs. McLaughlin and McKendry, she suffered considerably. She is now recovering nicely.

Of our High School staff, Miss Stenhouse, principal, has gone to her home at South Indian, Miss Lee to Kemptville, Miss Wert to Avonmore, Miss Laidley to Belleville, and Mr Steedman to his home The Press wishes them all a pleasant vacation and a Happy New Year.

Rupert E. Helmer, member for Dundas, of the Ontario Older Boy's Parliament leaves Christmas day for Toronto, where the sessions of Parliament will be held.

The opening session on Dec. 26th in the Parliament Buildings will be open to visitors, so that they get a glimpse of what the boys are doing.

Coming home for the Christmas festivities are, Preston Timmins. Osgoode Station, Thos. Scott, Detroit, Mich., Alex Gibb, Saskatchewan, Miss Mable Suffel, Ottawa, Mr. Keith Muroe, of McMaster University, Toronto. Mr. Glenn Rennie, Toronto, Miss Florence McLean of McMaster University, Toronto. Miss Marion and Mr. Geo. Edwards, of McMaster, Toronto, Miss Jean Fetterly, Queen's, Kingston.

The annual entertainment of St. Paul's Presbyterian Sunday School, Winchester, will be held in Lannin's Hall, New Years night. A good program

Public Notice!

Notice is hereby given that a Public Meeting of the Electors of the Village of Winchester will be held in the Town Hall of the said village on the evening of

Monday, Dec. 28th, 1925 at 7 o'clock.

For the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Reeve Councillors and Public School Trustees, and remain open for one hour.

Should a poll be demanded, notice is hereby given that a poll will be held in the same village on

Monday, Jan. 4th, 1926

From the hour of 9 o'clock in the morning till the hour of 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at the town hall, to receive the votes of the electors

All persons interested will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

J. C. EMPEY,
Village Clerk and
Returning Officer.

Winchester, Dec. 17th, 1925

Season's Greeetings.

We wish to express our appreciation to our Customers for their generous patronage during the past year and extend to All the Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Very Prosperous New Year,

L. FLORA, Winchester.

Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

Winchester Baptist Church

PASTOR—Rev. Ernest Butcher.
SUNDAY, DEC. 27th, 1925
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Morning Service, 11 o'clock
'A New Year's Friendly Interogat'n'
Evening Service 7.30
"Most Popular Sin in the World"
Baptism at close of Evening Service
Strangers and visitors always welcome.

The Needlecraft Store.

Shop at the Needlecraft Store for your Christmas Gifts of all sorts of embroidered articles, ribbon novelties, pretty handkerchiefs, silk and silk and wool hosiery. Prices very reasonable.

IDA F. GARDNER.

For Sale

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

For Sale

One, 1¾ Horse Power second hand Mogul International Engine in good shape. Apply to
Melvins Garage
Winchester

Notice

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

For Sale

A real snap, brand new lawn swing, canopy top, never been used. Cheap to puick buver worth $40 will sell for $20 to make room.
Apply Press Office,

For Sale

6 Holstein heifers rising 2 years, and eight rising one year. Apply to
S. Wilson
R. R. 2 Winchester
33-94p. Phone 169 Morewood

Lost

On Friday, Dec. 11th., a bar pin with a topaz and small pearls setting. Reward.
M. E. Gardner.

Notice

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

For Sale

Five Grade Ayrshire cows, one already freshened. Five pure bred yearling bulls, of the Netherhall, Sir Douglas Import breeding, also some good winter apples.
Apply to C. B. Jamieson
34-6p. Nation Valley
Phone 606r4 Winchester

For Sale

King Cheese Factory, situated just west of Harmony, frame structure, 50 ton capacity, in first class condition. For full particulars apply to
Alex Porteous,
31-33p Winchester, R. R. 1

Strayed

A heifer calf came to my premises a short time ago. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses.
Wm. Prunner, 2½ miles south east
34p. of Inkerman.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
Head Office Montreal

Christmas 1925

THE President, Directors and Officers extend to the Customers and Friends of the Bank their Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

The Royal Bank of Canada

...edy

...KETT.

...) ...r her sleep ...The watcher ...ack a little into ...curtain. Then, as ...ne again approached ...ooping, glided his hand ...llow.

He ...ught out in his hand a withered spray of heather which once had been white. At the sight of it a kind of fury took possession of him. He stamped his stockinged foot on the threadbare carpet, and gnashed his teeth as he tore the dried fibres apart and scattered the dust-like leaf meal upon the floor.

Lilias Mac Walter turned over at the sound, and opened her eyes upon the startling apparition of the anger of her husband.

"Walter!" she gasped, not yet fully awaked from sleep. "Walter!" And could say no more.

And still the men at the window watched with their hands tense upon the chill wood of the window frame. The Classical Master put his hand behind him to feel his revolver easy in his hip-pocket. But without a word, or once removing the terrible fixity of his gaze from that of the woman, Walter Mac Walter backed to the door and so disappeared.

And Lilias lay thus hour after hour, staring at the blank black oblong of the door through which her husband had disappeared, her lips and throat not only parched but desiccated, her brain almost paralyzed, her soul under the influence of such deadly fear that she could not even pray the prayer so familiar to her—the eternal appeal of the sufferer to Him who, sitting at the helm of the Universe, yet permits the suffering to continue. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

But now it was not to be so very long.

The light came clearer. The day broke. It was Lilias Mac Walter's Christmas morning.

* * * *

The morning was Christmas morning over all the world. With the dawn the air had grown keen. The soft breath of the cyclone had quite passed. Glittering frost had fallen with the dropping of the wind upon the hardy hollies and stunted laurels around Baxter's Folly. The snow had not drifted deeply, and especially on a slope so wind-swept as that of Baxter's Ness it was nowhere more than a crust; while save for a wreath or two behind dykes, the edge of the great cliffs which stand out into the German Ocean all the way to Sandhaven were blown wholly clear.

It was twelve of the clock on as fine a December day as ever lighted up the white face of this northern land before life or sound appeared in the rooms occupied by Walter Mac Walter and his wife. Breakfast had been served at nine, but at eleven the dishes had not been touched. For Babbie Mac Gregor, the maid-of-all-work, had given so terrifying an account of the dark-faced man who sat at the table-end crumbling the "dottle" of his pipe upon the tablecloth and among the very dishes, and had growled at her to "let the fire alone for a meddlesome fool" when she went near to sweep up the scattered ashes, that it was thought best to leave everything alone for the present.

Hoggie, who did not seem to have anything to do on Christmas morning, wandered to and fro near the windows of the New House. He was prepared to assert that he was pruning the rosebushes, that is, if any one had asked him what he was finding to do there. But no one took any particluar notice of Hoggie.

The "Auld Hoose" lay apparently untenanted, save for a pew of reek which rose straight up into the windless air. It was so still that when Mrs. Conachar's Brahma rooster crowed suddenly in the yard it brought a trickle of snow sliding down the roof of the stable. Only a low growling sough very far away could be heard, which was the sea restlessly at the foot of Baxter's Heuchs.

Punctually at twelve the door of the New House opened, and a little wreath of snow with a wavy crest, which had been making a Cambridge blue shadow upon itself, collapsed inwards on the mat. Walter Mac Walter held the door open for his wife to pass. And Lilias came out, looking slender and even girlish in her plain black dress outlines against the spotless snow.

The pair turned into the high road together, watched, however, from every window of the inn. The "Auld Hoose" stood blank and silent without apparent observer. Only a black lump sped seaward behind a dykeback where the snow was lying thickest. It consisted of the hunched shoulders of Hoggie Haugh.

"This way!" said Walter Mac Walter, cheerfully.

And his wife turned obediently at his word.

They had not proceeded far, however, when the snow grew deeper in the hollows, and the progress of Lilias became so painful that her husband, who strode on before, waxed irritable and impatient.

"Cannot you go faster than that?" he growled. "Here, take my hand!"

But she shrank from the touch of his fingers and struggled on, sinking to the knees at every step.

"This will never do," he said; "turn back and we will get the mare and trap."

"Here—fellow," he shouted at the entrance of the yard, "where is that drunken scoundrel of an ostler?"

But Hoggie was far out of sight or hearing.

"I will put the beast in myself!" he said, angrily.

And striding from door to door round the yard he soon found the black mare, and began with the strong assured fingers of an expert to harness her.

The dogcart was sheltered in the wide bare house which in its time had held many a snowed-up coach with His Majesty's royal red and gold on the panels. Walter Mac Walter drew it out by the shafts, and had the whole turnout ready as quickly and as neatly as any professional yardman.

"Get in!" The order to his wife came like a military command.

But this was too much for one of the watching contingent behind the blinds of Baxter's Inn. Mrs. Conachar came out at the back door, a silver platter in her hand and a paper folded upon it.

"Will ye be pleased to look at this, sir, before ye gang oot o' my yaird. It is the custom of the hoose!"

"What is this?" The words came gruffly as Walter Mac Walter tied a new knot upon his whiplash.

The account, sir, if your honor pleases!"

Walter Mac Walter erected his head with a certain gesture of surprised contempt.

"I am not a trickster," he said, very proud and high.

"It is a custom o' the hoose, sir," repeated Mistress Conachar, fearless and implacable where money was concerned. Babbie Mac Gregor said afterwards that she was "fair feared to hear her mistress speakin' that gate to him, and the muckle black hyeny lookin' as if he wad hae etten her. Oh, if I had only jaloused!"

"I am going for a little drive with my wife," said Mac Walter. "To look at the view from the cliffs. I am not going to run away!"

"Na, but I dinna ken but your horse micht!" said the stout-hearted landlady, still extending the silver salver.

Babbie remarked that a "reesle-reesle ran up her back like pittin' a clean sark on" at her mistress' words. She "couldna describe it itherwise, but she kenned it was a warnin'!"

Walter Mac Walter pulled a thick wad of bank notes out of his pocket. He selected a couple, throwing them to Mrs. Conachar with scorn, and crying, "There, woman, will that content you?" he helped his wife into the dogcart.

"For the present, sir, I thank you!" replied the landlady, with strictly noncommital curtsey.

"I'll gie him 'Spread the cloth and be done'! Na, na—the black-a-vised gorilla doesna breathe that can say the like o' that to Elspeth Conachar, though her Jeems, puir man, is dead and in his restin' grave thae fourteen years come Martinmas!"

CHAPTER LIII.

BAXTER'S HEUCHS.

During their short drive to the heights of Baxter's Heuchs, Walter Mac Walter talked to his wife as he had done during the first months of their married life. He even pointed out places of interest familiar to him from boyhood. There was Sandhaven itself, glittering in the morning light, a water-color in white and red as the wet tiles took the sun and the warmth beneath melted the thin snow. The smoke was blowing blue and gossamer fine from it. He showed her the fishing boats bending their sails to fare forth from the harbor mouth, and the distant lighthouse, a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night, rising from the sea as the low sun of winter shone down on the myriad glasses of its crystal crown.

"Now we will go across the fields to the finest view of all! We have not had a holiday like this for a long time!" he said, cheerfully, leaping down and tying the reins to a stone gate-post.

Though the mare had scarcely come half a mile, he slung the bag of oats over her nose, and left her to feed at the entering in of the bare field which divides the high road to Sandhaven from the yet more bald and windswept cliff-edge.

"This way, Lilias," he said, reaching his wife a hand to help her over a great wreath of snow which undulated behind the dyke and rose into a final swirl that pushed a white nose a yard or two through the gate itself.

It was the first time he had spoken her Christian name in kindness for ten years.

She did not reply, but gave him a g'oved hand, and they went up the field without a word. A curious kind of amazed apathy had come over her. She even smiled to think how little she cared what should happen to her.

They reached the highest part of Baxter's Heuchs, from which the cliff began to drop, first in a little short slope of bare grey turfage to the brink, and then in a four hundred foot fall, sheer down upon the myriad flashing facets of the restless winter sea.

There was haze to seaward, like the moonlight which dwells in a large opal when you hold it so that the prismatic colors are not seen. The sea was blue and calm beneath, the waves the merest dancing dimplings. But an intermittent heave and growl told that a swell was running far into the caves which undermined the huge headland of Baxter's Heuchs.

Lilias shivered a little. She put the shawl, which she carried across her arm, about her shoulders. She felt somehow that the sea looked chilly.

"Yes, the view is fine," said her husband, looking out underneath his hand, "but I know a spot where you can see the mouth of the Guillemots' Cave, with the sea running straight into it. I have not seen it for twenty years. But I think I can find the place. It should be just by that little pinnacle on which the raven is sitting!"

Lilias shrank back a little, as if unwilling to go any nearer the verge.

"I am tired," she said; "I think I would like to go back to the inn."

"Nonsense," he cried, hilariously, without, however, looking at her. "It is a glorious morning, and I am going to show you all the places I knew as a boy. I remember walking here with——"

He broke off short.

"Give me your hand," he said, abruptly, with a quick change of voice. And he seized her fingers in a grip like a vice.

There was a noise near him, a stone dislodged itself from a crevice and trickled slowly down the bald grey slope. Then with a quickening leap it sped over the utmost cliff edge and fell—fell—fell—far out of sight and hearing into the deep gulf below.

Walter Mac Walter held up his left hand and inclined his ear to listen.

He listened in vain. No splash came up, nor any sound save the low booming from the caverns under.

"Four hundred feet," he said, with a kind of mounting exultation, "four hundred feet—and then!"

They went on, Lilias with her fine boots growing wet and discomfortable as the sharp slats cut them and the snow sifted in. Aterwards it appeared to her strange that at the moment her chief thought was a feeling of regret that she had not put on a stronger pair.

The edge of the cliff was thrown up in a sort of bluff like the crest of a breaking wave. A little wind-worn gallery ran beneath, aided in the task of keeping its position by the original backward thrust of the strata.

Walter Mac Walter had been holding his wife by the arm as they went up the last steep ascent. Now they paused on the very edge. The world seemed suddenly to grow hollow beneath them. And the heart of Lilias—nay, all her body seemed hollow also. Her instinct was to clutch the arm of her companion, and only an intense personal loathing kept her from yielding to it.

"Come here and I will show you the mouth of the Guillemots' Cave!" he cried, in an excited tone.

He almost dragged Lilias to a lower jutting pinnacle. "See," he said, pointing downwards into the gulf with his finger, "they are flying out and in like spirits—like ghosts of the dead, while the sea calls beneath. Four hundred feet! Look—look! They are beckoning us!"

His voice rose to a shriek and he compelled her to look over the verge.

As he did so he loosened his hold on her arm, and appeared to stumble with all his weight against her. She fell forward—outward—downward—and knew no more.

(To be concluded.)

"Mounties" in Far North Now Radio Equipped.

In the bitter cold and darkness of four lonely Arctic posts, all above the Arctic Circle, where the sun has entirely disappeared until next spring, far above the northernmost Canadian habitation of the Eskimo, the "mounties" are no longer entirely shut off from civilization.

At ten o'clock on the evening of November 21st came crashing through the air from the south the first direct messages the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in these posts had from home and friends since the supply ship sailed south and left them last August.

The prearrangement between Westing house station KDKA and the headquarters of the Police in Canada, messages from the department and from relatives of the men at the posts were transmitted from KDKA on both the short wave and the regular broadcasting wave length, as well as by radio telegraph. WBZ, in Springfield, also sent similar messages.

The Canadian Westinghouse Company this year equipped three of these stations with radio receivers especially designed to receive the short wave transmissions from KDKA, and the fourth also is equipped with a similar receiver.

One of these posts, Craig's Harbor, in Ellesmereland, is within twelve degrees of the North Pole and is said to be the farthest north radio installation in the world. The only human beings at present in Ellesmereland are the people at this post, Sergeant Joy and Constables Bain and Dirach, of the C. R. M. P., and four Eskimo the police brought from Etah, Greenland.

Early in October the sun sets at this post and will not reappear until May. No other humans probably will visit the post until the supply ship returns next August.

The other posts to which messages are to be sent are Pond's Inlet, Dundas Harbor and Pangnirtung, the latter being almost on the Arctic Circle and the farthest south. This post has the nearest approach to daylight of any of the four, it having a half hour of twilight at high noon when the sun comes the nearest to peeping over the horizon.

These posts formerly were out of touch with the world from the time the supply ship went south in the late summer until it returned in a year to deliver supplies and mail and hurry off to the next post and back south before the ice closed in on it. Now, however, the posts are all equipped with broadcast receivers and hear the programme from Canadian and United States stations.

Mail Bags from the Skies.

Experiments are being carried out in England in the hope of evolving some method by which mails can be safely dropped from aircraft flying at 5,000 or 6,000 feet.

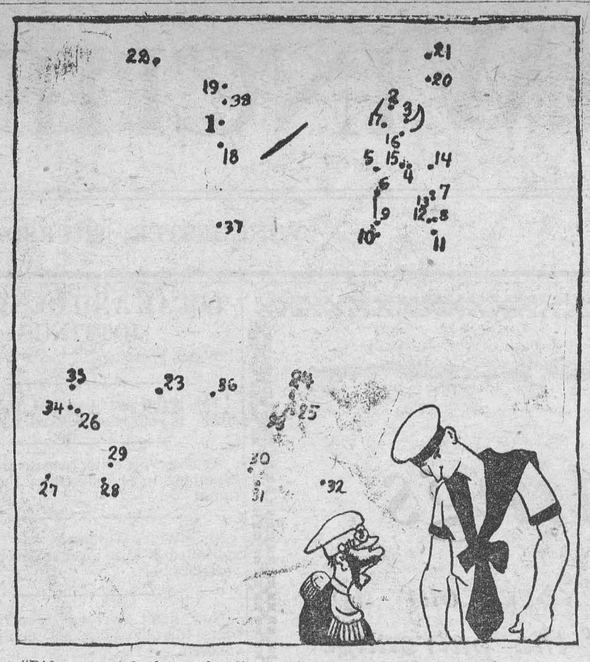
At present the technical details of the devices that have been tested are being kept secret, but they are on the clockwork delayed-action principle.

The intention is that air expresses shall be able to drop mail bags into "pillar boxes"—clear spaces of the countryside, reserved for the reception of mails — without slackening speed and without having to descend to a low altitude.

A mail attendant on the machine will use a kind of bomb-dropping sight. The mail bags will fall earthwards like a stone, but, when within about 50 feet of the ground, a parachute will automatically come into action, and the bags will land gently.

Delhi's Mystery Pillar.

Among the chemical wonders of the world is the famous Iron Pillar of Delhi, which was erected about A.D. 300. The pillar, which weighs about six tons and is over 23ft. high, presents one of the conundrums of metallurgical science. As there were no steam hammers or suitable forging presses at the time of its erection, it is not known how such a wonderful object could have been produced.



"Did you weigh the anchor?" "I tried to, sir, but it broke the ————"
(Kindly draw straight lines between the numbers).
"I've spotted a beautiful scene. I'll stop and let you once it over." "I can't see over your one-man top, but you'd better keep on going if it isn't prettier than that old ———— you stopped at a while ago."
(Kindly draw straight lines between the numbers).

TROUBLES ARE TONICS

It is Not Only Love That Makes the World Go Round. A Hearty Dislike May Add to the Spice of Life, and the Things That Most Annoy Us Are Often Blessings in Disguise.

By a Medical Specialist.

Everybody in the world has some special trouble of which he, or she, hopes to be rid some day.

You cannot talk to a man or a woman for more than a few minutes without hearing something about the bete noire, the "black beast" which is spoiling their happiness and darkening their lives. If only they could be free!

And yet my experience as a doctor has taught me that the loss of the "black beast" is often a great disaster rather than a great blessing. Instead of rejoicing when the burden at last falls from their shoulders, the majority of people pine and mope.

His Hated Partner.

The most striking example of that which I ever met occurred in connection with my own profession. A doctor friend of mine had a partner in his practice whom he had grown to hate.

He could not get rid of this partner, and he spent his life lamenting the fact. The two men scarcely ever met and very rarely spoke to each other, and their houses were situated at opposite ends of the town.

Yet when, at last, his partner died, my friend seemed to lose his interest in life. He carried on alone for a year or two, and then sold out and retired.

I have no doubt that what kept him eager and alert was his desire to do better than his hated rival. The "black beast," in this case, was a blessing in disguise.

Boredom Banned.

Occasionally, I think, quarrelsome or troublesome husbands and wives serve the same purpose. A nagging wife, for instance, may be "very ill to live with," but she often seems to act as a spur to her husband's energies.

The husband of the most unpleasant woman I ever knew confessed to me once that, after her death, he felt that he had lost all his interest in life.

That confession came back to my mind the other day when I happened to read a paper, written by a very clever woman, on the subject of monotony.

She has been making a special study of this subject and has carried out some most interesting experiments. Among other things, she has discovered that work in which there is keen competition if far less apt to be boring than work in which you have everything your own way.

The presence of rivals acts like a tonic. It keeps eagerness alive, and so it enables more and better work to be done.

Competing In Kindness.

The lonely toiler may be able to make his own pace, and suit himself about time, but he is sure to feel the "heavy hand of monotony" long before his fellow who has to keep his eyes open in order to get the better of competitors.

This is not just an opinion; it is a fact.

I wish that some of my friends who are always talking about the "horrors of cut-throat competition" could hear about it.

The truth is that rivalry is one of Nature's ways of keeping us alive. Rivalry in love gives the best lass to the best lad, and rivalry in work makes every man a better worker.

Not only that, but rivalry adds spice to life, and so makes it happier and more cheerful.

That, I am quite sure, is why the people with the most money are so often the most miserable.

In saying that, however, I do not mean that it is good for anybody to have to play the part of "under dog" all the days of his or her life. Rivalry is a benefit only when it takes place among equals.

This was proved by an experiment which was carried out recently in a great factory. It was found that, if a very clever workman is placed beside a group of beginners, so that these young folk are made to feel how clumsy and ignorant they are, they do not make progress.

The bright light, so to speak, outshines all the small candles.

One sees the same thing, often enough, in ordinary family life. The home of a very brilliant man or woman is seldom a happy one; every other member of it seems to realize that he or she is being "outshone."

In the same way, the husband or wife of a genius usually becomes entirely colorless.

Most of us have been surprised, at some time or other, to discover how much more interesting younger brothers and sisters usually are when older brothers and sisters are absent.

The truth is that, while we all need rivals, these rivals should be fairly matched to our own powers. Sometimes they will triumph over us, and sometimes we will triumph over them.

And this give and take will develop all our capacities and brighten all our labors.

By far the finest kind of rivalry, of course, is that of the friends or lovers who compete with each other in kindness. This competition, unless I am mistaken, is the shortest cut known to human beings to complete happiness.

Rivalry as a Medicine.

Because, while there is felt all the tonic influence of a contest, neither triumph nor jealousy can ever intrude themselves.

Such folk are never bored, nor does monotony ever oppress them.

All work, whether in the factory, the office, or the home, is monotonous of itself. What makes it joyful is the spirit in which it is done.

When we are going on holiday a railway time-table becomes more exciting reading than any novel.

It follows that those who complain of being "fed-up" are people who are living wrongly.

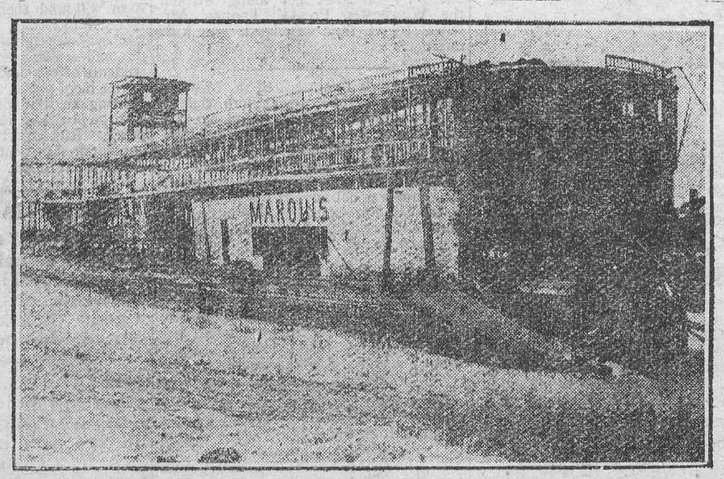
The only cure which is likely to do them any good is a change of spirit. Rivalry in one form or another is the best medicine they can possibly take.

Well-Doing.

Let no man be sorry he has done good, because others concerned with him have done evil! If a man has acted right, he has done well, though alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind will not justify him.—Fielding.

Nicely Worded.

"Thrown up your situation?"
"Certainly. I am about to marry."
"Do you propose to live on love?"
"No, on my love's father."



Rotted timbers on the banks of the North Saskatchewan river at Prince Albert are all that is left of the old stern-wheeler Marquis, which once plied between Cumberland House, Sas k., and Edmonton, Alta.

Have You Tasted "SALADA" GREEN TEA

H670

Those who have used Japan, Young Hyson or Gunpowder Tea will appreciate the superiority of this delicious blend, always so pure and rich. Try it.



DOLL'S COMPLETE OUTFIT.

The doll's wardrobe pictured here leaves no doubt about a birthday gift that would bring joy to the heart of any little girl. Such lovable little things—from the wee undergarments to the newest in cape and tam ensembles. Many adorable frocks may be fashioned from the kimono-sleeve dress pattern, and the tiniest of baby dolls could be kept warm in the cape with hood attached. No. 1242 is in sizes 14, 18 and 22 inches high. Size 14 is suitable for dolls 12 and 14 inches high; size 18 for dolls 16 and 18 inches high; and size 22 for dolls 20, 22 and 24 inches high. Size 18 requires ¾ yard of 32 or 36-inch material for the dress; drawers and petticoat ¾ yard 32 or 36-inch; and the tam and cape ⅝ yard 32 or 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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

The Persian Dyer.

The old master dyer emerges from his flat-roofed home. He stands at the door, his heart pulsating with joy. Another day with his art. His swarthy face beams with happiness.

The sun is beginning to peep over the distant hills where sheep are already browsing. He sees that

"The day unfolds like a lotus bloom,
Pink at the tip and gold at the core,
Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom
That lave night's shore."

He gazes ecstatically toward the fast-brightening east. His black eyes sparkle with the intense delight he has for colors. A dreamy, far-away look comes into them, for he is thinking how he could combine shades to produce the varying hues of the sunrise.

Turning from the door, he lingers beside a rose, the petals of which are of the richest cream veined with pink.

"Wonderful—marvelous," he murmurs.

Large copper vats stand at the side of the house. The cold ashes beneath them are soon covered by chips. Presently a fie crackles, and the water in each begins to steam.

Dyes are shaken painstakingly into them. Enraptured, his swarthy face glowing with inspiration, the old dyer tests the hues, then retests. He stirs and lifts; now in fancy he is sweeping colors from the sunrise into the mixture; from the rainbow he borrows radiance, the hues of autumn he uses, then he tones all with shades from night.

Hanks of the softest whitest wool are immersed. Eagerly, tenderly, he stirs them; as they boil and bubble the beloved fumes are as the sweetest incense to him. The stick with which he occasionally lifts them is a magic wand.

At last the wool is taken from the dye, rinsed carefully, they hung upon lines to dry. The dyer, his hands and face now splotched with many stains, views his work with satisfaction, murmuring incomerently about marvels, about rugs and sheep and roses.

Small onder that he is the master dyer!

Hold Up Your Head.

Don't let any man's wealth make you feel poor in his presence, nor any man's importance in his own estimation awe you or disconcert you for a minute. Learn to hold up your head ever with the highest. Hold up your head and look any man you approach in the face. Show by your manner, your bearing, that you are bigger than any furniture, any sumptuous environment. Bear the tamp of nobility, the hall-mark of character, and then you need fear to face no man or thing.—H. S. M.

Yarn of Camel's Hair.

Bedouins make yarn out of camel's hair.

TRADE WITH GERMANY

While the Anglo-German trade treaty has now, according to report, been ratified, Canada is not a subject to it, but the Dominion will conclude her own treaty with Germany Canada, it is understood, has entered into negotiations with Germany, looking to the arrangement of a trade agreement which will give her the benefit of most favored nation terms. Thus Canada will have added another to the growing list of nations with which she transacts business under peculiarly favorable conditions.

It is not generally realized how the volume of trade carried on between Canada and Germany has developed in recent years. As a purchaser Germany has increased her imports from the Dominion until in the last fiscal year, excluding, of course, the enormous purchases of the United States and United Kingdom, she jumped to first place as an importer of Canadian goods. Judging by the amount of business which continues to be carried on, it seems probable that Germany wil retain this position for some time.

In the last fiscal year Canada sold to Germany to the extent of $24,234,685, whilst purchasing from that country to the extent of $6,772,520, making a mutual volume of trade amounting to $31,007,275. A comparison with the figures of previous years not only reveals the phenomenal development of trade which has taken place in most recent years, but a complete revolution of the situation which existed before the war when Canada was a heavy importer from Germany but exporter to a small extent only.

Agricultural Exports.

In the year 1920 Canada's exports to Germany were only $8,215,337, or but approximately one-third of what they were last year. Her imports in that year amounted to only $1,547,685. In the year 1910, when trade was well established, Canada exported to Germany only to the extent of $2,065,768 whilst importing to the extent of $7,935,230.

An analysis of Canada's exports to Germany shows that more than 75 per cent. is of the class of agricultural and vegetable products. Animal products account for another two and a half million dollars, whilst non-ferous metals and non-metallic minerals are also substantial. Canada's principal purchases are of the classes describes as fibres and textiles, chemicals and miscellaneous.

The shipment of nearly all cereals and their products to Germany have been increasing. Wheat shipments in the past thre years have been respectively in value $1,517,978, $1,637,095 and $3,888,680, whilst a remarkable increase is shown in flour, the figures being $3,985,409, $10,313,280, and $12,748,162. New lines of business which have recently developed with Germany have been in automobiles and tobacco, both of which that country is importing heavily now. Other outstanding items in Germany's imports from Canada are apples, clover seed, chilled and frozen meat, cheese, condensed milk, lard, sausage casings, harvesters and binders, mowing machines, adding and calculating machines, aluminium, nickel and asbestos.

Quebec Losses Low.

Figures on forest protection in the province of Quebec during the present year have been given to The Gazette representative by Henri Keiffer, chief of the forest protection service in the province. He stated that up to October 1, 1925, there had been in the neighborhood of 450 forest firest discovered, entailing a loss of not quite 25 square miles, while out of the entire amount not more than three square miles, or 1,920 acres, was merchantable timber. At the same time last year there had been about 550 fires, with a timber loss of about 160 square miles, out of which there was some 65,000 acres of merchantable timber, the damaging fire in the Gaspe region last fall accounting for some 56,000 acres of this amount. Thus it will be seen that there is a big reduction in the amount of timber reported destroyed by forest fires this year, the entire 1925 loss to date only being a little over one-sixth of last year's damage, while as regards merchantable timber destroyed, this year's ratio is a trifle over 3 per cent. of last year's figures.

Although the 1925 figures are encouraging, and protection officials figure that the season is almost over, on account of the cold night and frost, they are not relaxing in the slightest, but will keep the fire wardens on the job until the last danger period is safely past. They are keeping a careful lookout for the month of October, bearing in mind the fact that last year there were some 86 fires in this month.

The present year is the best ever recorded in the history of the province of Quebec from a forest fire point of view, for less timber of any kind has been destroyed than ever before.—Montreal Gazette.

Toasts.

Here's to bride and mother-in-law,
Here's to groom and father-in-law,
Here's to sister and brother-in-law,
Here's to friends and friends-in-law,
May none of them need an attorney-at-law!

THE WINCHESTER PRESS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

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

NOTE:—All small advertisements received by mail or phone, and not paid for within one week will be charged 10c extra.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS, ANNOUNCEMENTS OF MEETINGS, such as Women's Institutes, Lodges or other Societies or Clubs, where an announcement is for the convenience of the membership and general public, 10c per line.

READING NOTICES, in black type, 15c per line.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF CHURCH SERVICES or any special feature connected with the regular services of a church, 10c per line. Minimum 50c.

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Advertisements ordered for insertion "until forbidden," and those sent out written instruction, will appear until written orders are received for discontinue same.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING RATES

e insertion, 50c per inch, 2nd and following insertions, 35c an inch ERLY, 100 ins. and over 15c per in., less than 100 ins. 20c in. Whole dvt., 1 insertion, to regular display advertisers, $24.00. Half page advt., insertion to regular display advertisers, $14.50. These rates are for "run of paper."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

$2.00 per year when not paid within 3 months. Foreign subscriptions $2.00 per year in advance.

W. J. CASS, B.A.

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary.
Successor to Geo. C. Hart.

Phone 11 Winchester, Ont.

LAWSON & LAWSON

Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

Offices—Molsons Bank Building
Chesterville, Ont.

W. B. Lawson, K.C. K. D. Lawson

DR. WALTER S. FLORA

Dental Surgeon

74 Sparks Street . Ottawa, Ont.

Phone Queen 4136

DR. G. H. McKEOWN
Dentist
Winchester, Ont. Phone 28
Gas for Extractions.

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.

Phone 81 - Winchester

CLARA IRVING

Teacher of Burrowe's Method of Kindergarten and Primary Music.
A method which is a delight for beginners. Also teacher of advanced pupils.
Terms reasonable. Lessons given at her home on Main St. Phone 117.

Holly Rebekah Lodge
No. 116
Meets First and Third Wednesday in the I.O.O.F. Hall, at 8 p.m.
Mrs. K. Helmer, N.G. Nora Elliott, Rec.-Sec.

Henderson Lodge No. 383, A.F. & A.M.
Winchester
Meets Friday on or before full moon in Sweet's Block, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren always welcome.
A. H. Annable, W.M. F. Coons, Sec.

Winchester Lodge, No. 336, I.O.O.F.
Meets in the Lodge Room, over the Bank of Nova Scotia, Main Street, every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
Carl Rice, N.G. Roy Annable, Sec.

G. A. DIXON
LIABILITY, AUTOMOBILE
LIFE INSURANCE
PHONE 109, WINCHESTER

IN 1923
What Will Be Doing?
GOWLING BUSINESS COLLEGE
Ottawa, Ont.

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 any time.

Write for free catalogue.
H. W. BRAITHWAITE, Prin.
W. E. GOWLING, President.

Sanitary Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor,

Hair-cutting, shaving, massaging and shampooing.

Ladies' hair-bobbing, shingling, waving, massaging and shampooing a specialty, done either during open hours or by appointment.

Oscar Pierce, Proprietor.

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Ottawa, Ont.

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.

Ross Morrow

Licensed Auctioneer

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

Sales of all kinds handled.

Phone 603r 31
Winchester Springs, Ont.

In the Stable.

What must her Virgin prayers for Him have been
Her child and God's? She surely knew no sin
Could ever snare the little satin feet
That, nestling in her palm, she found so sweet.
Those things the angel told her! Did they seem
Now in this darkened stable like a dream?
They must have floated through her gentle mind
In reminiscent wonder. Did she find
Her heart aflutter with strange pangs and awe
While looking on that wee bed in the straw?
What had it meant? (This little child, her own!)
Those solemn words: "His father David's throne!"—
"That holy thing which shall be born of thee!"—
"The Son of God!" Oh, pale young mother, she
Must surely have bowed low, remembering.
"Yea, Lord, yea, Lord, this holy, holy thing!"
—Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in Youth's Companion.

Ham Contest for the Holiday Party.

1. The ham that is a small village —hamlet.
2. The ham used by a carpenter—hammer.
3. The ham that is a bed or seat—hammock.
4. The ham that goes to market or impedes motion—hamper.
5. The ham that is a burrowing animal like a rat—hamster.
6. The ham where lace curtains come from—Nottingham.
7. The unsteady ham—Rockingham.
8. The ham that is a sort of fowl —hambury.
9. A boy's name, a letter and a nice piece of meat—Sydenham.
10. Another boy's name, the son of Noah—Ham.
11. Name of a city—that is, this contest, sick, and 2,000 lbs.—Hamilton.

Clemenceau Works Eighteen Hours Per Day.

Recent reports that Georges Clemenceau was critically ill and which, upon investigation, disclosed the "Tiger" just as vigorous and powerful as ever, brought attention to the aged statesman's daily mode of living.

In bed at 8 o'clock, M. Clemenceau rises between midnight and 1 o'clock in the morning. He goes to work immediately and stays at it until 6.30, when his servant brings the great morning bowl of chocolate, which constitutes the "Tiger's" first meal of the day.

From 8 until 8.30, under the direction of a physical culture professor, who has been assisting him for years, M. Clemenceau executes his daily exercises. He then dresses, shaves and goes to work until luncheon, which is his best meal of the day. Roast meats, well done, and an abundance of vegetables form the menu. M. Clemenceau drinks water.

After lunch he goes to work again. At 4 o'clock he goes out for his automobile tour, always sitting in the front seat next to the chauffeur. His promenade is generally through the Bois-de-Boulogne or to Versailles. Then home, where a litle thin soup and some fruit make up his dinner.

Clemenceau sleeps only four to five hours out of each twenty-four and works at least eighteen.

Three Great Musicians.

In 1831 Chopin, Liszt and Paganini were in Paris together—a fact which had great influence on one of the trio —Liszt. His association with Chopin attached him to the music of poetic imagination, and his listening to Paganin i impelled him to acquire at all costs piano technique like the marvelour violin technique of the Italian. He did so, and became the greatest executant of his age, and perhaps of any age.

Volcanic ash is found in large beds in several localities in Southern British Columbia. It has also been reported recently from near Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Material from the Saskatchewan deposit is already being used as an ingredient in scouring soaps and other cleansing compounds.

THEIR CHRISTMAS MOTHER

Three Lonely People Play a Game of Fellowship.

BY CHARLOTTE CONKRIGHT KINNEY.

Five o'clock and Christmas eve. "A regular story-book Christmas eve!" smiled Kathleen Davis, as she picked her way, stopping now and then to look in an attractive store window, through the hurrying, gift-laden crowd. "It couldn't be better if it had been made to order!"

Great, feathery snowflakes filled the air. Everywhere were festoons of cedar and holly, glittering trees, all the glorious jumble of things that mark the great Holiday. And above it all, to give the finishing and perfect touch, the cathedral bells at the end of the street chiming:

"Joy to the World! The Lord is come!"

"Joy, good will, friendliness. Yes, that is the keynote of Christmas!" Kathleen said to herself.

Presently she stopped by a brilliantly lighted shop window and studied the faces of some of the crowd. It was a Christmas pageant. She liked to imagine the part in the night's drama that each was playing. She hoped that it was a happy one and that they were all hurrying somewhere where love awaited them.

A dignified, distinguished-looking, judge-like gentlemen caught her attention. She laughed. The wind had blown away most of the wrapping-paper from the bundle he was carrying, revealing a dashing red-and-gray rocking-horse. The absurd pony was delightfully incongruous with the old gentleman's outward dignity.

"One of the nicest things about Christmas," thought Kathleen, almost speaking the words aloud, "is that it makes us children again."

A cripple passed. He was poorly dressed but his face was an inspiration. "Tiny Time," she named him. Next came a kindly-faced Irish woman who, she judged, was taking all the poor children in her block to visit some department-store Santa Claus. She had her hands full managing the brood but oh, the fun she was having!

"That's real giving," thought Kathleen. "She's giving herself and that is the only real gift."

Two women approached. They stood for a second looking in the window. Their faces were hard and brilliant as posters. "She only gave me a cheap box of stationery last Christmas," snapped one, "and I gave her an expensive pair of silk stockings. Well, she'll not get much from me this year." They walked away.

Kathleen was infinitely sorry for them. She joined the moving crowd. Her plans were indefinite. "I guess I'm the only one that's not hurrying somewhere!" Her face was wistful. She really had no place to go except to the room in her hotel. She longed like a homesick child for home—a place where a lighted tree shine in the window, where a little supper, a fire in the grate and Mother awaited her.

This was the first year since Kathleen could remember when Mother and she had not kept Christmas together. So much can happen in a year . . . Life can be very cruel. When Mother was with her they had always been poor but they had been happy although she had never been able to buy the many things she had wished for Mother. And then after it was too late, success suddenly came to her and money. Not a great deal, of course, but enough to have made Mother very comfortable. Now, she told herself bitterly, she could buy the comforts, even a few of the luxuries she had always desired—the clothes, all the dear, entrancing things that women love, the books, the plays, music, flowers—and Mother was gone . . .

She came to a flower shop. From behind the frosted glass, orchids, gardenias, sweet peas smiled out at her. And there in the midst of this fairy garden was the very kind of a Christmas bouquet she would have liked to take home to Mother. She had always given her flowers, the less expensive kind one buys in bunches done up in tissue paper at the elevated stations. But to send Mother, at Christmas, distinctive, out-of-the-season flowers tied up with ribbon in a bewitching box . . . For a long time she stood thoughtfully before the window. Then a delightful idea came to her. She went in.

"I should like to see that lovely bunch of lilies of the valley in the window." Her eyes glowed. They were her mother's favorite flower. She asked to have them arranged in a corsage. "A bit of green, violets and a pink rose or two for color. Lovely! Tie with silver ribbon." It was exquisite. She watched him arrange them in a darling box. "I'll take it with me."

Outside, she hurried along with the rest of the crowd. Her eyes danced as she hugged the ribboned box. At the corner she collided with a fat man carrying home a huge lamp shade. They both laughed good-naturedly. "I'm part of the Christmas pageant now, too,"thought Kathleen and in her heart sang a song of enchantment.

In Rosenberg's department store, up on the twelfth floor, Mrs. Mary Scott, an elderly frail woman was trying not to look as weary as she felt. Ordinarily the store served only the noon lunch but as it was to be open late on Christmas eve, the management had made a special arrangement to keep the cafe open. She had been waiting on table all day. She tried to ease her aching feet by shifting her weight from one to the other. She was very patient as one is apt to be patient at sixty-three when one is alone in the world and upon one's own resources.

Mrs. Scott, since the untimely death of her only daughter, a music teacher, had found few positions available to a gentlewoman of her years who had no specialized training. She was therefore grateful for her present position and was most conscientious and faithful. Thoughtful people, people with imagination, must have noticed her at once.

"Who was that sweet-faced old lady? What was she doing here?" they would ask. In her dainty white blouse with its touch of Irish crochet —carrying its hint of better days—she looked like a sweet mother. You had a sudden longing, as you watched her, to take away the heavy tray she was carrying. You wanted to seat her at the table and serve and protect her.

"Seems like people might get their shopping done daytimes," thought Mrs. Scott as she folded napkins. "I hope it's working people who have no other time who'll be here to-night and not the rich folks who thoughtlessly wait for their shopping till the last minute."

A man on the eleventh floor, in the music department, was singing jazz through a megaphone—something about moonlight and blues.

"Jazz on Christmas eve!" she sighed. She was putting fresh linen on her tables. There were not many in the restaurant. She was grateful for a few quiet moments. Again she heard the jazz. "How far we have wandered away from the true meaning of Christmas," she thought. She recalled some past Christmas eves. She saw Marian, her daughter, and the glowing faces of school children as they sang:

"Silent Night! Holy Night!
All is calm, all is bright . . ."

That was what the world needed—more peace, less of excitement and this feverish, tinsel happiness and more of the real and natural joys of life. She wished she had it in her power to send away all those tired, confused, over-laden shoppers, down there in the stifling air of the music department, with that quiet song in their hearts instead of the echo of jazz. And Marian. . . Her patient lips quivered. Tears gathered in her eyes and she quickly brushed them away. It wouldn't do to have a patron see her crying. How different this Christmas might have been if Marian had lived.

A young woman came in and seated herself at one of Mrs. Scott's tables. She wore the gray fur coat and toque that Mrs. Scott had come to know so well, for she often visited the lunch room. To-night there was a touch of holly in her color scheme. It was "Miss Delight"—Mrs. Scott's private name for her. She had attracted Mrs. Scott's attention because she always asked to be seated at her tables and while not old-fashioned she was not like the young girls Mrs. Scott usually served. "Miss Delight" was decidedly pretty and always well dressed. From her thoughtful, sweet expression Mrs. Scott was sure that she was not the kind of girl who smoked cigarettes, drank cocktails and danced "till all hours." In time, they learned each other's names and each felt the kindly spirit of the other. "Something about her reminds me of Marian," said Mrs. Scott. Whenever "Miss Delight" came to her table, it was Mrs. Scott's happiest moment of the day—that is, almost the happiest. For there was another bright occasion when a tall, good-looking young man with adorable brown eyes, appeared. He, too, was a regular daily visitor and he and Mrs. Scott also had become friendly.

Most of the people at Mrs. Scott's tables were merely people. They could be duplicated anywhere. Only "Miss Delight" and the Man-with-the-Adorable-Brown-Eyes were individuals. What interested Mrs. Scott at first, was the fact that they came there at all. By their bearing and clothes, they belonged to a higher-class place. It interested and amused her. They had never met, as far as she knew, yet day after day they came, usually at the same hour, she at the little table by the window, he across the aisle. However, she had an odd conviction that Rosenberg's, as far as these young people were concerned, existed solely as a place for seeing one another.

"I wish," she had often smiled, "I could be the head waitress. I'd seat them together! You don't often see shyness in youngsters nowadays." They endeared themselves to her the more because of their old-fashioned standards. She made two interesting discoveries which she kept to herself. She found Miss Delight's pretty face faintly sketched all over the young man's menu. And one day the Delightful Lady had scribbled a bit of poetry on the back of an envelope and forgotten it:

"But all remembered beauty is no more
Than a vague prelude to the thought of you—
Lover of beauty, knightliest and best."

To-night Mrs. Scott had not dreamed of seeing Kathleen Davis. Evidently, neither had Mr. Robert Harper, for he was not there. Mrs. Scott came pleasantly forward to take her order.

"Merry Christmas!" smiled Kathleen, her eyes sparkling like sapphires.

"Merry Christmas!" smiled back the White-Rose Lady, as Kathleen had privately named her, so sweet was her fine fragility.

"Just bring me a cup of chocolate and a sandwich—any kind. I'm not hungry, I just came to see you!"

In a few moments the White-Rose Lady returned. When she had daintily arranged the order on the table, Kathleen tucked into Mrs. Scott's trembling hands the florist's box.

"Why—why, my dear, it's lovely of you! I . . ." her voice broke.

Regardless of convention, Kathleen slipped an arm about her. "I know," she said softly. "They make you think of past Christmases and happiness." Her own eyes were a bit misty. "I'm going to tell you something. I've been coming here to lunch so often mostly because you make me think of my mother."

"Dear child!"

"Yes. And I've a plan. I want to adopt a Christmas Mother for to-morrow. If you will give me your address, I'll call for you—unless you have some other engagement—say at two. We'll have dinner somewhere down town and spend the day together."

"Bless your heart!" beamed the White-Rose Lady. "How lovely! I have no engagement but . . . you're not doing this, dear, just to be nice to me—because I told you about my daughter?"

"To-morrow I'll tell you everything —I mean about Mother and why I want to do this. Please don't refuse! If you knew how I dreamed of this Christmas. There is one condition. For one day you are to play you are really my mother and let me do all the things for you I would love to do for her."

"I think I understand," quietly smiled the White-Rose Lady. "There'll be my condition too. If I'm to be your mother, you're to be my little girl. It's to be a Christmas game for two *alone* people to escape loneliness?"

"That's it. I knew you'd understand. To-morrow at two . . . And wear your flowers. Good night, Christmas Mother!" She was gone but she had left behind her a trail of fairylight, a fragrance, a song. The rest of the evening did not matter.

Christmas day! Promptly at two, a gray-furred figure ran quickly up the steps of the address Mrs. Scott had given her.

Mrs. Scott answered the bell, not ready for the street, but in a huge, white apron over a well-preserved black silk dress.

"Merry Christmas, dear girl! Come in. I have a surprise for you."

Kathleen was at once conscious of unmistakable and delectable odors of home at dinner time—Christmas-dinner time with turkey, cranberry, plum pudding. Mrs. Scott half led, half pushed her "daughter" into a cheery dining room with a table set for three. There were spotless linen and pretty dishes and shining silver. Christmas candles stood on the suffet. In the centre of the table bloomed the Christmas bouquet. "Am I dreaming —Mother?"

"No. Your plan was the dream. You're going to have dinner here with me," the Christmas Mother said simply. "After you left last night, I remembered that the Smiths—I rent a room from them—were going to be away to-day. I called up Mrs. Smith and asked her if I might give a dinner. She told me to make myself at home. Take off your things, dear. Put them there in my room. You see," she said softly, a lovely light in her face, "you longed for a Christmas Mother . . . And I got to thinking how you always had to be eating in restaurants and cafes and I thought maybe seeing I was to be Mother to-day, you'd enjoy staying home and having a bit of real home cooking for a change."

"Oh, Mother Scott, how wonderful of you! It's exactly the homey kind of a Christmas I've been longing for but you should have let me share it . . And my dear," glancing at the little table, "there are three. Who in the world beside you and me?"

"That's my secret," smiled the Christmas Mother, "but I'll tell you this much—I rather think you'll enjoy our Christmas guest."

"Mystery!" Kathleen threw her arms about the white-aproned figure and kissed her. "I suspect it's some forlorn newsboy, tramp or poor woman you've rescued. But nothing can surprise me now not even if it's the Prince of Wales."

Suddenly the door bell. "Oh, my goodness!" laughed the Christmas Mother, flushing like a girl expecting a sweetheart. "Tell me, does my hair look all right?"

"You're a picture just as you are—a Christmas picture."

Mrs. Scott, her cheeks a pink as the Christmas rose, threw open the door and Kathleen heard her greeting. "Welcome! Welcome, dear boy! And Merry Christmas! Come right in. Put your hat and coat here. What? Another gift? My! My!"

Kathleen peeked around the door and—gasped. It was he—the Sir Galahad of Rosenberg's!

"Miss Davis, allow me to present Mr. Harper. Kathleen—Bob—my Christmas children."

"You see," explained the young man to Kathleen, "she's adopted me, too." Evidently Bob had been let into the Mother secret.

And Kathleen said something about "such a lovely idea . . ."

Mother, with glowing eyes, was opening her basket. "My! My! Isn't this lovely? Strawberries, grapes, persimmons, pears . . . Oh, you dear extravagant children . . . fruit and flowers in mid-winter."

Kathleen made a place on the table for the handsome basket. She broke off a rose and a few lilies of the valley and pinned them on the breast of the Christmas Mother.

They lighted the Christmas candles and Bob seated Mother Scott at the table as if she had been a queen. He insisted on carving and neither one of them would let the Mother lift a finger to serve them. It was the jolliest of dinners. It seemed as if they all had known each other for years. And how good things tasted!

"Did you tell Kathleen about the play to-night?" asked Bob. (In the spirit of the game they spoke to each other intimately.)

"Oh, no! Bob has invited us to a play, dear."

"Us? When did you know," Kathleen demanded of the young man, greatly surprised, "that I would be here?"

"It was like this," explained Mother. "After you went away last night, along comes Mr. Bob with this big box of candy. He saw the lights and thought maybe we'd be open. I guess he thought that he was the loneliest man in the city. He seemed like a lost soul. I saw how it was . . . we three all being lonely with no folks or place to go to but to a show or the movies. Christmas is a home day. So I thought we'd have just our own Christmas party."

"Dear Mother Scott!" . . . Over the fruit and candy they exchanged confidences. Kathleen was a short story writer. Bob was a commercial artist.

"I do everything from ham and eggs and beauty-clays to silk stockings and grand pianos." He had a sudden inspiration. "Mother Scott, you must let me paint you as you look to-day for my Mother's Day poster. Wouldn't she be great, Kathleen?"

"Speaking of pictures," said Kathleen addressing the other guest, "you remind me of some picture or person —I don't know which—I've seen."

"You feel that way, too? How many times I've wanted to speak to you in the restaurant but I didn't dare. I've always wondered where I have seen you or someone like you."

"You couldn't possibly ever have lived in the little town of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia?"

"Sure! I lived there until I was fourteen. My father was Douglas Harper. We lived near the East Ward School.

"Then I have seen you!" cried Kathleen happily. "I lived over in the West Ward on Haliburton Avenue with my grandparents. Do you recall Captain Casterlin? He was my grandfather. And do you remember the exercises at Central School when all the schools used to get together? Didn't you speak pieces?"

"Why, yes. I remember one was 'The Inchcape Rock' and 'The Death of Napoleon.'"

He hadn't thought of those old recitations in years. He laughed, saying, "The kids in school nowadays never even heard of them."

"And could you—no, of course you couldn't—remember a small girl who sometimes sang?—once it was 'Comin' through the Rye.'"

But he did! "You carried a tiny parasol and danced between the stanzas!"

"Yes, yes. Why, you do remember."

"Well, now, here's another of those unexpected happenings," exclaimed the Mother. "It's a good thing I planned this party so you could find out all this."

Their eyes said eloquently that it was a very good thing. The little party became a gayer affair than ever. Dinner over, they insisted on Mother Scott resting.

"You won't be able to enjoy the play to-night if you don't."

They chatted and laughed and worked and between spells ran to the piano. They sang "Noel" and "Little Town of Bethlehem." Presently Bob began "Mother Machree."

"Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.
. . . . . .
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!"

"The darlings!" Tears filled her eyes. It had been such a happy day! Oh, how good they had been to her! "Dear Marian! Dear Mother of Kathleen! If you can know, I'm sure you're glad that I gave them this chance to be happy. It was my part in the Christmas game—the gift of their Christmas Mother."



Have as much variety as possible in the home-made candies you give your friends in the festive season.

Making Mothers Merry.

The oldest English name for Christmas is Moddra Niht, or Mothers' Night. In the early days, when our Saxon forefathers had just settled down in the country that was to be England, the day of December 25th was given up to games and feasting, but the night was dedicated to the special honor of mothers.

They occupied the seats of honor, and everyone brought them gifts. Sons and daughters who had gone out into the world strove to be at home on that one night in the year.

A little later the name Yule was given to Christmas, and the rejoicings of the day were prolonged into the night, when men sang and told stories sitting round the cheerful blaze of the Yule log.

The old customs of Mothers' Night gradually died out, though they still survive in a few remote parts of the country. Its place has been taken to some extent by Mothering Sunday in the North of England. On that day everyone who can do so still makes a pilgrimage homewards, and the mother receives the homage of her family.

Yuletide.

Oh! merry piping time of Christmas! Never let us permit thee to degenerate into distant courtesies and formal salutations. But let us shake our friends and familiars by the hand, as our fathers and their fathers did. Let them all come around us, and let us count how many the year has added to our circle. Let us enjoy the present and laugh at the past. Let us tell old stories and invent new ones—innocent always, and ingenious, if we can. Let us not meet to abuse the world, but to make it better by our individual example. Let us be patriots, but not men of party. Let us look of the time—cheerful and generous, and endeavor to make others as cheerful and generous as ourselves. Draw the curtains, pile fresh wood on the hearth, and bring your chairs to the blazing fire.—Charles Lamb.

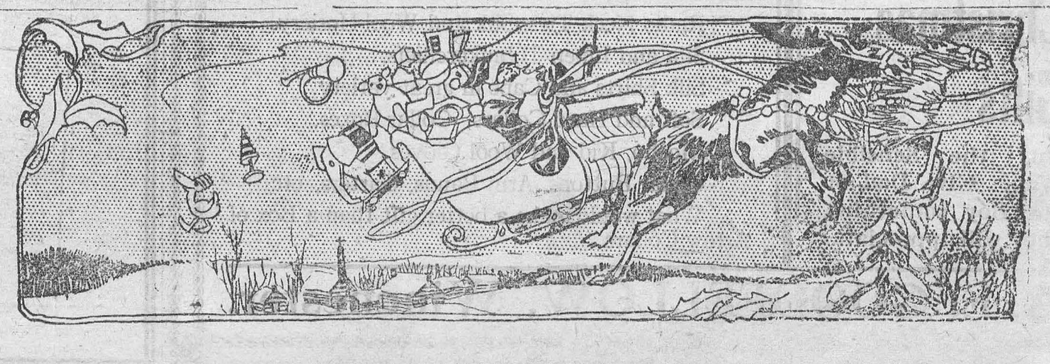
A Christmas World.

If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. A man who is habitually mean, selfish, narrow, is a man without Christmas in his soul. Let us cling to Christmas all the more as a day of the spirit which in every age some souls have believed to be the possible spirit of human society. The earnest faith and untiring endeavor which see in Christmas a forecast are more truly Christion, surely, than the pleasant cynicism of the atheists, which smiles upon it as the festival of a futile hope. Meanwhile we may reflect that from good-natured hopelessness to a Christmas world may not be farther than from star dust to a solar system.—George William Curtis.



A Large One.

Monk Santa—"Great Scott, that must be Willie Hippo's stocking. If I fill that I won't have anything for any one else!"



Winchester High School Exam Results

FORM I—Frederick Cass 87, Alex Mac Donald 82. Eleanor Hitsman 79, Robert Robinson 78, Evelyn Fennell 76, Muriel Holt 75, Harriet Imrie 75, Hazel Jackson 75, Jean Stewart 75, Ruth Melvin 74, Mary Ellis 73, Helen Lewis 73, Harold Beach 72, Murray Coultnart 71, Dorothy Farmiloe 71, Geraldine Summers 71, Marjorie Colborne 69, Oliver Derby 69, Minnie Fisher 68, Malcolm Ault 66, Mary Porteous 66, Donald Baldwin, 65, Roberta Reveler 65, Evelyn Walker 65, Annie Holmes 64, Laura Shaver 64, Olive Timmins 64, Arnold Duncan 62, Fred Durant 62, Lochie Goodfellow 60, Donald Stewart 60, Gordon Elliott 59, Robert Hitsman 59, Willie Jennings 59, Gordon Johnston 58, Margaret Durant 57, Charlotte Moore 56, Norman Durant 55, Douglas Davidson 54, Evah McQuaig 54, Karl Bell 53, Hugh Marquette 53, Idena Jones 52, Colin MacLean 52. Arthur Baker 51, Edward Butcher 50, Charles Cross 50. Beverly Jackson 50, Kenneth Ault 45, Lena Hughes 43, Ruth Darling 41, George Vanbridger 20.

FORM II—Mabel Waddell 87, Margaret Barclay 78, Hugh Wilson 75, Evelyn Armstrong 72, Annie Robinson 72, Kenneth Annable 70, Hector MacLean 65, Murray Rae 65, Harold Greer 64, Robert Rennick 61, Myrtle Cinnamon 60, Cyril Weary 58, Hilda Cinnamon 57, Jennie Empey 56, Dora Holmes 56, Stanley Gibson 55, Mary Sinclair 53, Isabel Gemeroy 52, Annie Strader 52, Paul Gordon 50, Muriel Robinson 49, Linda Steele 49, Robert Holmes 48, Charles Weary 46, Murray Porteous 43, Kenneth Barrigar 42, Viola Burgess 42, Gladys Casselman 42, Gordon Gibson 42, Dorothy Summers 42, Walter Sinclair 40, Willis Robinson 36. Following took 3 exams or less—Jack Boyes 42, Walter Coons 57, Arthur Hitsman 41, Herman Strader 55, Ella Reveler 87, Harold Lannin 55, Johnson Stewart 42.

FORM IIIA—Ruth Durant 90, Dugald McLean 86, Mildred Derby 77, Luella Edgerton 77, Helen Merkley 74, Jay Casselman 72, Tena Wylie 69, Bessie Coulthart 68, Donald Edgerton 67, Olga Scott 65, Willie Smith 62, Preston Rae 61, Carrie Servage 60, Allan McLean 59, Laura Dukelow 58, Nina Henderson 57, Bill McConkey 52, Arnold Dukelow 46, Arthur Anderson 42, Pliney Bowman 36.

FORM IIIB—Maude Gordon 70 one exam, Gerald Helmer 67 one exam, Olive Johnston 66, Wm. Agnew 63 two exams, Evelyn Cheney 63 two exams, Minnie Earle 62 two exams, Helen Elliott 61 two exams, Melvin Scott 60, Marguerite Flora 56 one exam, Alex Davidson 52, Minnie Robinson 52, Mary Carkner 48, Hazel Henderson 48, Donald Monteith 44 one exam.

Average % obtained on the Nov. and Dec exams. Half-yearly reports will be issued at the end of January.

FORM IV—Betty Stewart 90 2 exams, M. Marquette 88 4 exams, H. Stevenson 85 3 exams, L. McIntosh 83 2 exams, Rupert Helmer 78 3 exams, Frances Stewart 77 3 exams, Gordon Park 73 5 exams. R. Davidson 70 3 exams, H. Barclay 67 3 exams, Marion Gray 67 3 exams, Rae Derby 66 4 exams, V. MacCourtie 60 4 exams A. Summers 59 3 exams, Bill Servage 57 3 exams, D. Wallace 56 3 exams, M. Wallace 53 1 exam, K. Carkner 52 4 exams, E. Davidson 52 3 exams, L. Durant 52 4 exams.

Report of Ormond S. S. 4 For Eall Term

First—Clayton Stewart 70%, John Glasgow 64%, Ernie Glasgow 63%.

Second—Lola Cinnamon 68%, Jay Marion 65%, Clifford Carkner 65%, Henry Legault 47%, Gordon Kirkwood 46%.

Third—Carrie Carkner 73%, Robert Stewart 69%, Jean Carkner 68%, Isabel McGregor 68%, Austin Carkner 55%, Dorothy Stewart 48%

Jr. IV—Mildred Stewart 63.9, Ford Glasgow 58.6, Beth MacDonald 55.1, Ruth Cummings 54.4

Sr. IV—Ellis Carkner 71.6%, Thelma Cinnamon 69.4%.

Form I—Norma Porteous 71.6%, John MacDonald 70.1%, Jessie MacLean 63.1, Vivian Carkner 58.1%.

Form II—Margaret Carkner 73.8%, Dorothy Glasgow 67.3%.

Teachers, Laura Stewart and Wm. Reid.

Maple Ridge Radiograms

Mr. and Mrs. K. O. Helmer and Ernest spent Sunday as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Helmer.

Several of the youthful spirits of the Ridge, enjoyed themselves at a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNaughton, one evening last week.

Mrs. Erle Helmer, has returned from Cornwall General Hospital and is reported to be progressing favorably.

Miss Orma Hutt called at the home of Mrs. Erle Helmer on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Jessie Cross spent Sunday afternoon, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Derby.

Mr. Wm. Hutt, of the great open spaces is again in our midst. Mr. Hutt brings another car load of horses for Auction.

A very good crowd attended the Sunday School Concert held here on Friday last. Rev. J. A. Waddell presided. and in the course of his opening remarks congratulated the school, that they had bought a new piano. Messages of goodwill were also tendered by Mr. Ezra Summers, superintendent of the Summers School and by Mr. Herbert Carkner, of the Baptist Sunday School, Winchester. The duets rendered by Miss Weager, of Chesterville and Mrs. Irvine Cross, of the Ridge, were particularly pleasing and induced rounds of applause. Mrs. Irvine Cross pleased the audience with two solos and encores, that those in "standing room only stopped talking. The dialogues and plays were well chosen and very successfully given but not overached. We have heard that the school is contemplating getting up a play to be presented in the near future.

Trooper L. W. Mulloy's chauffeur driving west on the way, last week near Iroquois, ran into a carriage driven by Mahlon Zeron of the second concession, Matilda With him was his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sanford Zeron, who was thrown 20 feet. The carriage was broken up and the horse considerably hurt. The accident happened in front of Jerry Banford's farm house, and the family hearing the crash went to the rescue. A Brockville grocery truck came along and Mrs. Zeron was carried to it, and with the help of two sons of Mr. Banford, was brought to Iroquois to the home of her aunt, Mrs. Hutchcroft, where she is being cared for.

Lost

Either at Presbyterian Church sheds, Duncan's store or Keyes store, two $10 bills, Finder please return to Mrs. Hugh Rennie and receive reward.

The United Church

The Sacremental service on Sunday morning was well attended, and at the reception service four united with the Church by letter and 22 on confession of faith. Rev. J. A. Waddel spoke briefly but very impressively to those uniting with the Church. He said they must be real Christians if they want to be church members, and keep up to the mark spiritually, They must take time to look to God every morning and to read His Word be regular in attendance at Church, come regularly to the Lord's table, always be ready to give a word of testimony for Christ and to do some work for Him. There was an anthem at the morning service, God so loved the World, and also one at the evening service, The Song of the Angels." A quartette of ladies, Misses Helen Ellis, Erma Beach, Hazel Wallace and Jean Beach sang a very pretty Christmas lullaby. Miss Ethel Dixon's solo, The Christ is born, was given in her usual pleasing manner. The organ solo at the opening of the evening service, The Bells of Aberdovy, was greatly enjoyed. These Christmas numbers are to be repeated next Sunday. Luke 2:7 was was the pastor's evening text. He said there is a danger of us forgetting the real purpose of Christmas and the real meaning of the day. As Christ was shut out of the inn so long ago, there are things to-day that exclude Him from our heart are, 1. The clamor for the things that perish in the mere handling. 2. The pressing cares of the day. 3. The pleasures we entertain. He urged all to honor Christ by seeking his companionship in these things. To many He is a stranger still. Ask Jesus to take that rightful place in your heart anp let Him take full possession of your life.

THE OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS

Old-timers caught in the holiday rush and gazing at the wonderfully alluring panorama of the shop windows often fall into a reminiscent mood and re-live the Christmases of the long ago. Who does not fondly recall the magic of Christmas in his childhood?

Most of the presents were home-made. Perhaps grandma furnished mittens, knitted by oil lamp after you had been tucked in bed, thick warm mittens with a long cord that extended up through coat sleeves and around the neck to prevent loss. Aunt Saphronia gave you a basket of Christmas cookies, shaped like animals and stars and covered with delicious colored sugar.

Uncle Tom gave you a watch, and his generosity appalled you even if it was the old turnip that he had discarded. You can imagine the reaction you would get if you tried giving a 1925 boy a second-hand timepiece.

Most of the presents were useful, in the old days, including a reefer overcoat and a new pair of shoes. As for "boughten" presents, they were limited to "The Eric Train Boy," by Alger, Henty's "With Clive in India," a New Testament a sled, a pair of skates and that most wonderful of all old-time toys, a tin monkey that climbed a string.

At that, Christmas of long ago represented proportionately as big an outlay as now, comparing earnings in the two periods.

But the gift itself was secondary to the spirit of the giver. Somehow every grown-up can't help believing the Christmas dinners of those days were superior. The Christmas eve entertainment at the church was as enjoyable as the modern movie. And the ride in a cutter over the deep snow beat the auto-trip of 1925.

Christmas is always changing and (to adults) never for the better.

The Town Newspaper.

THERE is, after all, no newspaper in the world that means so much to one as his own town paper. The daily, with its flaring headlines and its sensational news, coming red-hot off the wires, that tells us what is happening in the great outside world, is a very necessary visitor. But there is another world—the world of our own home town—where all the actors on the stage of life are known to us, where the way each acts his part in the drama of life is a matter of personal interest to all, where sickness and death, losses and accidents arouse something deeper than the passing, curious interest with which we read of such happenings to unknown persons in the daily newspapers, and where the outstanding success or the winning of distinction by members of this little world becomes matter for pride and gratification to the whole community. And the record and chronicler of these happenings is the town newspaper. It is the Community builder in which everyone should have a personal interest, and in which everyone is invited to co-operate in an effort to have it present each week a correct history of the town and district that each week voice correctly the public opinion of the community and to take the right stand on all public questions that arise. Therefore the Home-Town Newspaper deserves the support of all public officials and public institutions as well as the business interests and people generally.

"BUY THE SENSIBLE WAY."

Look over this list of

Suitable Christmas Gifts

Buy the Sensible Way. Give Dad or the Boy something they will appreciate.

A Few of the Many Lines we carry in stock.

Silk and Wool Scarfs, Cashmere Scarfs, the latest on the market.
Radio Neck Ties, Silk and Wool Hosiery.
Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs.
Silk Shirts and Caps in great variety.
Soft and Hard Collars, Collar Boxes.
Mocho, Kid and Wool Gloves.
Collar Buttons, Arm Bands, Garters, etc.
What would make a better gift than a Box of Arrow Collars.

A. E. GOODFELLOW, Winchester.

The Manager and Staff of
The Big Store
Extends
A Wholesome
Old Fashioned
Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

A. Sweet & Co.

CUP PRESENTATION

To Nation Valley Public School-Large gathering and able addresses

Last week the Winchester Press made mention of the winning by the Public School at Nation Valley of a silver cup presented by the Ontario Horticulture Society Council for the best improved school grounds in Eastern Ontario Section, which embraces all the Counties east of Toronto to the Quebec boundary.

On Monday the night beautiful trophy was presented to the trustees and teacher, Miss Merkley, by the President of the Ontario Horticultural Society, Mr. Simpson, of Ottawa, and by the Secretary of the Society, Mr. Burrows, also of Ottawa. The presentation was made at the school, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather and the bad state of the roads, the school house was filled to its utmost. It was a community gathering that not only marks an epoch in the history of Nation Valley Settlement but also in that of the County of Dundas. Mr. H. B. Fetterly, Public School Inspector of Dundas Coy, and to whose untiring zeal much is due for the advancement of the teaching of Agriculture and Horticulture in our public schools, and who is ever urging the beautification of school grounds, acted as chairman. In his introductory remarks he congratulated the school section, the trustees and the teacher on having secured so marked a tribute to their efforts as the winning of the cup presented by the Ontario Horticulture Society. He spoke of the elevating and refining influences the cultivation of the beautiful had on a community, and said that when home surroundings were slovenly, you could not expect much refinement in children,

Mr. Simpson in presenting the cup referred to the bare, bleak and uncared for condition of the average Rural School. Around the school of our childhood days there ever lingered a feeling of reverance and a sentiment of love but often, when in after years we revisited that old school, we were impressed by its ugly and unkept condition. It was to help correct this that the cup was put in competition, hoping thereby to stimulate and encourage the improving of the grounds surrounding the public school of the province. That the prizes for the Eastern section of Ontario had come to Nation Valley was a great honor. The committee who had the judging had no difficulty in coming to a decision in favor of the Nation Valley School.. He congratulated the trustees, the teacher and the section on their standing, and hoped they would win the cup the following two years when it would be there to keep always.

Miss Lenora Merkley in accepting the cup on behalf of the school in her own pleasing and charming manner thanked the doners and expressed her appreciation and gratitude for the kind words that had been spoken. Miss Merkley told of how they had commenced improving the grounds by the erection of a memorial monument to the boys of that section who had been sacrificed in the Great War. Then, encouraged by Inspector Fetterly and assisted by the School Trustees, she and the children of the school had started to make flower beds, keep the grass cut, and improve generally the outside appearance of the school premises. When they started the work they had no knowledge of the prize being offered, or of entering any contest, but they were doing the work for the love of it, and its effect on the community. When afterwards they were induced to enter the contest, they had little hope of winning the cup when they considered that they were in competition with all Ontario east of Toronto. Their success was due entirely to the co-operation of scholars, trustees and ratepayers generally. The children had helped wonderfully, working after school hours, and during recess, to keep the grounds in good shape, the trustees and others had assisted in making the flower beds, keeping the plants watered, and in many other ways, and she was very proud to think that all their efforts were to be recognized and rewarded by the winning of so beautiful a trophy. Mr. Munroe, chairman of the trustee board also thanked the doners for the beautiful cup. The trustees had done what they could to encourage the beautifying of the school grounds, but he was somewhat doubtful about their holding the cup for the next two years. They would gladly do the improving if they only just knew how to go about it, and he hoped that the gentleman from Ottawa with more experience, would be able to give them some assistance in that direction.

It might be here explained that in connection with the competion a pupil was asked to write an essay telling of the improvements made at their school, for which they were to receive a cheque for $5,00. In this instance the essay was written by Miss Merkley, and the $5.00 will be devoted to the school ground improvement fund. Other speakers of the evening were, Mr. Burrows, Ottawa, Prof. McCoun, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, who claims the distinction of being the champion apple eater, of Canada, Mr. Spencer, President of the Ottawa Horticulture Society Mr. A. Sweet, M. L. A. for Dundas, Mr. J. A. Campbell, Winchester, Mr. J. H. Ross, of the Winchester Press, Mr. Preston Elliott, ex-M. P. for Dundas, Mr. J. F. Ault, ex-president of the Ontario Agriculture Society and Rev. Mr. Pounder, of the United Church, Chesterville. All spoke in congratulatoyr terms of the good work accomplished by the Nation Valley School and its teacher, and hoped that the splendid example set would stimulate other schools to follow along similar lines. They wished for the Nation Valley School and its teacher every future success.

There was also a musical programme. The children of the school sang a welcome song. Miss Evangeline Darling and Miss Jean Beach each contributed splendidly rendered solo selections and each was enthusiastically encored.

During the wait of nearly an hour for the gentlemen to arrive from Ottawa, Mr. Fetterly kept the audience happy by having them join in popular community songs.

After the programme, refreshments were served by the ladies of the community, and the gathering broke up about midnight.

The silver cup presented in a beautiful piece of workmanship. It stands about 2 feet high and is wide in proportion. The engraving, beautifully done, reads as follows; "Presented by the Canadian Horticultural Society Council to Rural School making greatest achievement in beautifying school grounds. Donated by E. B. Smith & Sons, Winona, Ont." According to opinions expressed by the different speakers on Monday night, there seems to be a fairly general opinion that if the present capable teacher is left in charge, there will be little doubt about the Nation Valley School retaining the cup for the next two years, and then for all time.

Township School Question

Winchester, Dec. 17, 1925.

To the Editor,—

I understand that meetings have been held to discuss "Township Boards" but that those who had the matter in hand made it an occasion to condemn Consolidation and Consolidated Schools instead of discussing the proposed Bill.

Let me say first of all that township Boards and Consolidated Schools are entirely distinct and the attempt to associate them is a result of ignorance of the Consolidated Schools Act and the proposed Act to create Township Boards.

In the letter from the Minister of Education "To the Trustees and Ratepayers of the Rural Schools of Ontario" not to the Township Councils, he lays before them 1. The situation in rural schools. 2. His proposals for the improvement of these conditions and asks those wno have the interests of the rural schools at heart to study the facts and consider with an open mind the remedy suggested. After they have done this then any CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS will be gladly welcomed.

The conditions in the Province enumerated by the Minister are,- (1) 177 schools have less thon 6 pupils enrolled, (2) 891 have less than 11, (3) 1794 have less than 15, (4) 2902 have less than 20 and (5) only 2081 have 20 or more. There are 900 schools with a total enrollment of less than 7000 pupils which cost over $1,000,000 a year or an average cost of about $150 per pupil, nearly three times what it ought to be.

Then there is the inequality of school rates, some sections paying 3 mills while others pay as high as 13 mills. With a township board the rates would be equal over the township.

Then in many rural communities it is impossible for the pupils to secure a High School education and thus they are deprived of the best opportunity they will ever have to develop aright their minds and characters. The urban centres have their Continuation, High or Technical schools so that every urban child has an opportunity to obtain a High School education in either full-time or part-time classes.

Many rural school children are deprived of the privilege of such a training and thus they are greatly handicapped when they come into competition with urban children.

The remedy proposed for this immense economic waste, this inequality of taxation and this lack of High School education in many rural centres is the Township Board of Trustees with power (1) to group the children so as to secure the greatest efficiency in the numbers and cost per pupil, (2) to arrange for secondary education for all the children in the township and (3) to automatically equalize the taxes over the whole township.

To illustrate take the township of Mountain outside the Consolidated area. There are 18 class rooms with a total enrollment of 387, an average of less 22; in 9 of these the enrollment is only 151 or an average of less than 17 pupils, 12 teachers could do more effective work than the 18 are now doing if the pupils were so placed as to admit of it; and the saving would be probably $3000. Similar conditions exist in the other townships so that an annual saving of at least $10,000 would be effected in Dundas County.

The rates (school) also vary from 3 to 12 mills in the different sections In the intelligent considerations of the proposed Bill, two important questions suggest themselves,- (1) What modifications of the provisions of the Bill would you suggest in order to make them more effective, or (2) If you have a plan to meet the situation which does not involve the township scheme, give an outline of this plan in sufficient detail that it may be clearly understood and carefully considered.

Simply disapproving or adversely criticising the Bill will not assist in solving the problem. The welfare of the children should be kept uppermost when considering the scheme, better citizenship should be the ideal of education. Local, petty considerations should be discarded and a spirit of sympathetic co-operation shown in finding a satisfactory solution of the greatest problem of rural life.

H. B. Fetterly,
I. P. S.

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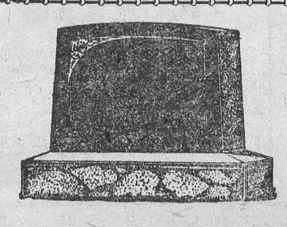

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Kit Kennedy

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER LIV.

WALTER MAC WALTER MEETS MARY BISSET.

When she came to herself Lilias found that she was supported in arms which clasped her firmly about the waist. Her head lay on someone's shoulder. This was very strange, yet somehow, as the buzzing in her ears ceased, she seemed to find herself in some strangely familiar place. She felt an incurious content steal over her. She was quite ready to stay where she was for ever.

"Mother," she said, "is that you?"

But even as she said it she knew that her mother was not there.

Then her eyes opened upon a world of dazzling whiteness, upon the blue of a brilliant sky infinitely removed.

Then her eyes lighted upon Walter Mac Walter. He was standing above her looking at her as she had seen him do last night. She shrieked aloud.

"Oh, take him away—do not let him come near me!"

Then a voice spoke in her ear, a voice she knew, yet could not remember whose it was. It said, "He will never come near you any more."

She perceived that two men whom she had never seen held her husband by the arms, while her son Kit, very hale and strong, stood behind with a strange, alert, triumphant look on his face.

But the voice behind belonged to someone else.

"Who are you?" she faltered, trying weakly to turn her head.

"Lilias, I am your husband!" said Christopher Kennedy, laying her gently back on the grass and looking down into her eyes.

* * * *

Joy does not kill, as the story-books aver. Perhaps for the reason that when it comes suddenly and unexpectedly like an angel from heaven, it is not at first believed in.

Slowly Lilias became aware that the elder of the two men who held her husband was speaking. The sense of his words seemed to come to her from an infinite distance.

"Listen, Walter Mac Walter," he was saying. "You know me. You have known me all your life. I am Daniel Bisset, brother of Mary Bisset, your dead—your murdered wife."

Walter Mac Walter tried to thrust his guards from him, but they held him fast, Hoggie Haugh hanging upon his arm with the grip of a giant, and Kit Kennedy standing behind ready to assist in case of need.

"Yes—murdered," said Daniel Bisset, solemnly. "We suspected it before. We know it now. From the place from which Mary Bisset fell you would have thrown Lilias Kennedy to-day, even as twenty years ago you sent my sister to her death."

"Lilias Kennedy!" The words came scornfully from the lips of the baffled madman.

"Aye, Lilias Kennedy, no other," said the Classical Master, coming forward—for his charge was now sufficiently recovered to sit up and (after the manner of women) begin to arrange her hair. "She is my wife, not yours. Alexander Strong, of Edinburgh, has found poor Nick French whom we thought dead. He has kept the original marriage lines of Christopher Kennedy and Lilias Armour. So long as I thought her happy I would never have come forward. I would have kept myself where she would never have known. But now—"

"It is a lie—a lie—a devil's lie"; cried Walter Mac Walter furiously, foaming at the mouth.

Then Daniel Bisset spoke again.

"It is a truth which the judges of the land will believe, as they will believe the witness of us four men—when you, Walter Mac Walter, are tried for the attempted murder of Lilias Kennedy and the accomplished murder of Mary Bisset, my sister and your wife!"

With a quick access of maniacal strength the prisoner cast his guards this way and that from him. Even then he would have sprung upon Lilias but for the shining tube of a revolver which looked at him from the right hand of the Classical Master. He heard his guards rushing at him from behind. With a quick swing he turned, dashed between them, knocked Kit down flat on his back, and ran along by the edge of the cliff in the direction of the gate at which he had left the black mare tethered.

But at the first dip of the ground, in a little sheltered hollow, he came upon a girl sitting. She held her hat in her hand as if enjoying the winter sunshine, and as he ran towards her she rose with a startled look on her pale face.

The maniac stopped dead in his career with a strange gasping cry.

"Mary Bisset! In God's name, Mary Bisset! Touch me not. Out of my way, fiend!" he shouted.

And swerving to the left to avoid the wraith of his victim, he stumbled upon the imminent verge of the cliff and fell outward and forward. He clutched at nothing as he fell, and as it were wrenched himself round, till his distorted face looked up at the accusing phantom who had confronted him so startlingly. That face vanished like a falling stone.

And from below there came an agonized cry of "Mary Bisset! Mary Bisset!"

Then silence.

EPILOGUE.

The fragments must be briefly gathered up. Lilias Kennedy began a new life from that day forth. Her husband, long tried in the fire, had come forth refined. These two went to the South of England for the winter, and Daniel Bisset accompanied them "for his health's sake," he said. But the Classical Master knew better.

"I thank you, Daniel," he said; next year I shall be able to walk without swaddling bands—by the blessing of God!"

"Amen to that!" said the Infidel Lecturer.

Mary Bisset gave up her situation and went with them, but her adopted mother refused to quit Edinburgh.

"I will keep the house open and the fireside warm against your return!" she said.

Dick listed in the Scots Greys, which were quartered at Piershill, and his father refused to buy him off in spite of his mother's many prayers.

"It is his one chance!" he said.

Kit went back to his college course, and when he came in spring to the Cottage under the Crae Wood he had two medals to show the Elder. But he had heard news that had saddened him. With one of the curious freaks of violent and passion-driven men, Walter Mac Walter had left all his property to Mary Bisset, the only daughter of his dead wife. Kit felt that now Mary was separated from him by a great gulf fixed.

He said this to Betty, to whom he communicated all his woes.

"Nonsense—try her," said that experienced person; "Rob tried me a score o' times afore I wad hae him. Only a fool ever takes it for granted that a woman will say 'No'!"

And Kit took Betty's advice.

* * * *

It was the bright heart of May when Mary Bisset came to Kirkoswald with her adopted father. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Kennedy were already there, putting the place in some sort of order. They had refused to remain, however, in spite of many invitations.

"I can maintain my own wife, thank God," said Christopher Kennedy, Senior, with some pride. "I have been appointed Classical Master at the Edinburgh Athenaeum. It is not a great school, but it is better on that account for one so long out of practice. Lilias and I have taken a house, and we start work after the holidays. Daniel will be near us."

Mary Bisset was infinitely distressed that Lilias would not consent to receive any of the inheritance of Walter Mac Walter.

"I am not his widow. I never was your father's wife. I will have nothing that ever belonged to him. It is yours by right and by gift. But if you put my father and mother back in the Dornal they will die happy."

And so it was arranged, Rob and Betty jointly and severally agreeing to work the farm for them.

"But I wad like to see the Rob or the Betty that will mak' me ither than mistress o' my ain hoose," said Kit's grandmother.

"Fegs," said Willie Gilroy, who had come to see them comfortably settled, "ye are o' the same mind as my wife."

"What, Willie, ye are never married again?"

The Sheriff's officer admitted the accusation with a shake of his head.

"Wha is't, Willie?" cried Betty Landsborough, who was naturally much interested.

"It's juist Meg Patterson frae Clairbrand."

"But she's surely no young. Willie, hoo auld is she?"

"God kens," said Willie. "I misdoot she'll never dee recently, this yin. I think I'll hae to shoot her!"

* * * *

Kit found Mary in the renovated drawing-room of Kirkoswald. She was looking prettier than ever before, though very simply dressed. But the radiance of her eyes seemed somehow to fill the room, even as once it had filled Kit's heart under the Edinburgh gas-lamps.

He took her hand and bent his head towards her.

"What is it, Kit?" she said.

"You are a great lady now," he said, very low. "You are the owner of all this!"

The pretty girl was silent a little, looking up at his drooping head with a singularly sweet smile. Then she went a little nearer to him.

"Ask me if there is nothing else I would like better to be!" she said at last.

Then Kit asked, and found that there was.

(The End.)

Couldn't Stop.

Pat, who was always very punctual, arranged to meet Mike at the post-office at ten o'clock. Arriving a few minutes before time, Pat decided to walk down the street in the direction from which he knew Mike would come.

Before he had gone far he observed Mike across the street hurrying towards the meeting-place.

"Hi, there, Mike!" he called, "here Oi am—come over."

"Regorra," answered the tardy Irishman, "don't be after detainin' me. Oi've only foive minutes to meet yez at the postoffice."

Lifer.

There was a man who was so fond
Of dreaming what he'd find beyond
His years on earth that earth's four seasons
Became four dull walls like a prison's
Within whose gloom he aged and paled
And planned escape and died jailed.

—George H. Dillon.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.



The largest motion picture camera in the world will be used to photograph the total eclipse of the sun on January 14, 1926, at Benkeelen, Sumatra. Capt. Barnett Harris, U.S.R., of the Harvard eclipse foundation, is shown.

Fruits of the Empire.

Seed-time and harvest never cease within the bounds of the British Empire, and at the Imperial Fruit Exhibition at Holland Park London, you may see the summer produce of two hemispheres jostling one another at the same moment. The fruit-grower can follow the ripening sun from the West Indies to South Africa and the farthest East and have a harvest every month of the year.

All the wealth of the gorgeous fruits of the tropics is available every day to everyone, and all of it is Empire-grown. The delectable mango of India, objectionable only on account of its stringiness, was grafted in the great experimental botanical gardens of Trinidad on the nectarine, and the result is a fruit free from any fibre with all the savour of its tender pulp preserved.

The mangosteen, most delicately flavored of all fruits, is grown to-day not only in its own habitat of Southern India, but in all the hot climates of the world. The persimmon, so strangely like a pale tomato in appearance and so utterly different in flavor, still comes to us only from Hong-Kong and China itself, where for centuries it has been the staple food of the silkworm breeders. They must deny themselves cooked meats for the sake of the delicate and precious worms, to whom the smoke of a fire means death.

South Africa, Australia, and the West Indies send passion fruit, custard apples, and, best of all, the avocado or alligator pear. Its name is the phonetic equivalent of an unpronounceable Aztec title, but its flavor, once tasted, is inducement enough to make another Cortes set sail for the Spanish Main.

All of these, the princes of the world of fruits, you may buy in London. But to meet the king himself, the exquisitely flavored but evil-smelling durian, you must go to his own domain, the Malay States of Borneo. As befits his rank, he keeps royal state, hedged about by the "duri," or thorns, that give him his name. But to taste a durian it is worth paying the passage-money to Singapore.

Health in Glass.

The history of glass dates back to a time before the Christian era. The ancients of that early time gave credit to the Phoenicians for its invention, but some historians believe that these Phoenicians may have derived a part of their knowledge of the art of making glass from Egypt. Be that as it may, all down through the ages, glass has been made in various forms to supply our ever increasing needs.

But scientists, in experimenting with light, have recently discovered some wonderful things about glass. It has been learned that animal life, unlike plant life, needs the sun's invisible violet rays. Our ordinary window panes shut out this valuable part of the sun's light.

To accomplish the health-giving results that sunlight is capable of, it must not be filtered through a window pane. Therefore, even though sunlight be all about us, equipment is not easily available to enable us to utilize this health-giving property of God's free sunshine.

Recent experiments at the Boyce Institute, along this line, may have a vital effect upon our lives. Scientists of that institution have two types of glass in preparation ,produced comparatively cheap, that permit the all-important ultra-violet rays of the sun to pass through, instead of absorbing them, as does the glass in our ordinary windows.

These two new types of glass may open new health avenues. If it is possible to have the windows of our homes glassed so as not to shut out the health-giving qualities of sunshine, it cannot but help make us a healthier people. Then the very windows of our homes will open a way to better health.

Wonderful.

The lecturer was discussing longevity.

"Has anyone any information to give regarding his own ancestry and longevity?"

"Two of my ancestors," said one man in the audience, "lived one hundred and fifty years."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the speaker. "We are indeed getting hold of some interesting facts. Can this statement of yours be vouched for?"

"Certainly," said the man. "They were my grandfather and my great-grandfather. They lived seventy-five years each."

What is the difference between the sun and bread? The sun rises in the East, and the bread rises with the yeast in it.

A Planet That Exploded.

Will the earth blow up? Science says it might happen. Apparently that very thing happened to a companion world of ours, which exploded nobody knows how long ago.

Professor Frank Wigglesworth Clark says all the "fallen stars," or meteorites, as we call them, are pieces of that last planet.

There are circumstances, entirely conceivable, under which a similar fate might befall the earth. It might be shattered almost in a moment into a multitude of fragments which thereafter would pursue an endless journey around the sun, like the meteoric swarms which represent today a sister world that blew up.

The sun has eight planets. Once upon a time there was a ninth. What become of the missing planet? Professor Clark says that it exploded. The flocks of meteors encountered by the earth in its flight through space are fragments of it.

Millions of these fragments enter our atmosphere every twenty-four hours, but nearly all of them are burned up by the resulting friction before they can reach the surface of the earth. Occasionally one lands, and we call it a "fallen star."

All the known meteorites, some of which weigh many tons, show indications of a common origin. The condition of the substances composing them, showing alteration by pressure and other physical influences, proves that they were originally parts of a planet. Their structure indicates that they are fragments of what was once a sizeable world.

It must have blown up. If so why, and how? The catastrophe may have happened in either of two ways. The planet, revolving too fast on its axis, may have been torn to pieces by centrifugal force. Or, if it has seas, the water of the latter may have found a way into he hot interior and blown it up.

Shot by a Candle.

A remarkable inscription cut into the stone wall of the lower ramparts of the Round Tower at Windsor Castle has excited the curiosity of many visitors. No date is attached, and there is no explanation of its meaning beyond the actual words: "C. Horne—Shot by a Candle."

Curiously enough, however, an old Windsor diary has come to light which contains, under the date June 8th, 1833, this remarkable entry: "Chas. Horne, Clever Lane, was killed by a man shooting a dush-light at him from a gun. Buried at Eton, June 11th.

There is no evidence that the inscription on the castle wall and this entry in a diary refer to the same incident, but the probability is that they do. In reference to the event iself, it was probably the tragic end of what was meant for a joke, the offender thinking a tallow candle would merely flatten out against the poor fellow's body and do him no injury, whereas it has been proved that a candle can be fired through an inch board.

The Incomplete Bible.

"Is any of the Bible lost to the world?" Yes, nine books and one psalm are mentioned in the Bible, and we have no trace of them. These are lost to the world—while many of the other books are lost on the world!

Like Calls to Like.

If you walk as a friend, you will find
a friend wherever you choose to fare;
If you go with mirth to a far strange land, you will find that mirth is there.
For the strangest part of this queer old world is that like will join with like,
And who walks with love for his fellow-men an answering love will strike.

If you walk in honor, then honest men will meet you along the way;
But if you be false, you will find men false wherever you chance to stray.
For good breeds good, and the bad breeds bad; we are met by the traits we show.
Love will find a friend at the stranger's door where hate would find a foe.

For each of us builds the world he knows, which only himself can spoil;
And an hour of hate or an hour of shame can ruin a life of toil.
And though to the utmost ends of earth your duty may bid you fare,
If you walk with truth and a friendly heart, pou will find friends waiting there.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Are Birds Color-Blind?

The appearance of the visible world, especially in the matter of color, depends so much on the structure of the eye which views it that no one can be quite sure what the actual truth about material objects is— if indeed they are not all, as some philosophers suppose, mere illusion. Some European naturalists have been studying the yes of birds and have come to the surprising conclusion that birds do not see color well at all; and that they see everything through a veil of either orange or blue light that gives things the appearance they have when we humans put on colored glasses of those tints. The gorgeous, shimmering, blue-green tail of the male peacock bird and the proud feathers of the barnyard rooster may mean nothing at all to the modest pea hen and the little red pullet, for birds do not look at things the way people do. That, at any rate, is the conclusion drawn by Dr. H. Erhard of Munich, who has experimented with the eyesight of birds at the university eye-clinic there. Doctor Erhard found that both male and female birds that fly by day see everything in a bright red-orange light, for they are but slightly sensitive to the short waves of light that make blue and violet visible. Night birds. on the other hand, never see red, for they are more or less insensitive to the colors at that end of the spectrum.

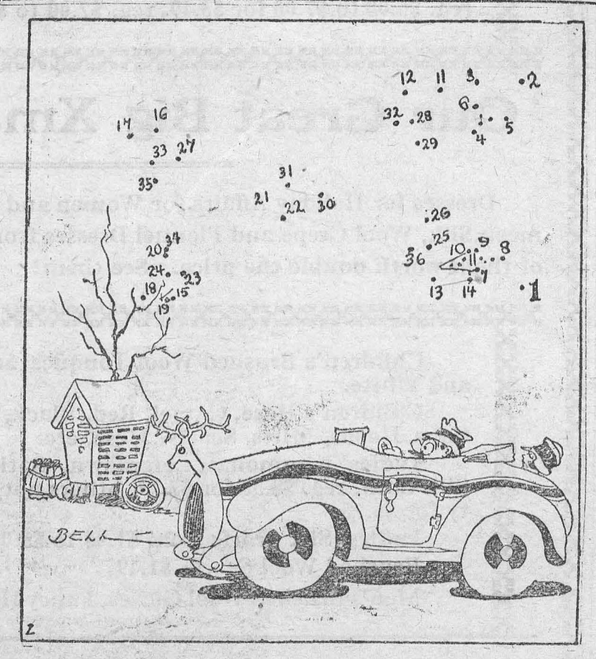
The difference in vision between the day and night birds is due to tiny globules of oil in the retinas of the eyes, according to Doctor Edhard. The globules in the day birds range in color from neutral to red, orange and yellow, while in the night birds they are blue-green. These act as color screens and determine the birds' color sense.

If these discoveries are confirmed by other investigators, it is in order to ask whether it will not be necessary for science to abandon another of the Darwinian theories; that is, the hypothesis that birds developed their gay plumage as a means of sex attraction. If the little female cannot see the beauty of the male's wings it is absurd to suppose that she is moved by it.

London Enveloped by Smoke Fog 1000 Feet Thick.

A fog which enveloped half of England and the North Sea as far as Holland made London a city of darkest night at noon recently. Trains and road traffic moved warily in the country through a thick white mist. In London itself a smoke pall a thousand feet thick blotted out the sky. It was blacker than any fog of recent years, and produced a crop of road accidents. Eighteen London omnibuses were in collision. Lady Gertrude Decies was badly injured in an extraordinary accident, in which four busses and the taxicab in which she was riding became entangled. Lord and Lady Gladstone's car ran into a pump, and Lady Gladstone was cut about the face. The fog was accompanied by very low temperature, and on ponds and lakes in the vicinity of London figures were seen gliding over the ice through the fog.

There are slums of the mind.—Principal C. Grant Robertson.



I've spotted a beautiful scene. I'll stop and let you once it over." "I can't see over your one-man top, but you'd better keep on going if it isn't prettier than that old ———— you stopped at a while ago."

(Kindly draw straight lines between the numbers).

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Every Day.

The main concern in life is not to gird ourselves that we may face exceptional, overwhelming crises, but rather to meet with courage and good cheer the occurrences of every day. We are not to blame when the longing stirs in us for a new and thrilling incident, a change of scene or a contact with a fascinating personality that shall transport us from the environment we know so well to a different sphere of thought and feeling. The urge is natural and primal. It may supply an incentive or create a fixed ambition. The thought of a good time coming is an inspiration while we labor in a task of duty and of conscience wherein the element of fun is meagre or nonexistent.

But one of the lessons we have to learn as we graduate from youth to maturity and to the assumption of responsibility is that life cannot all be play, that holidays are the guerdon of working days, and we have to make up our minds, if we are to be of lasting account, that on the way we do each day's work depends our ultimate rating as servants of the race. We are not called on by our fate to lead a cavalry charge, or direct a symphony orchestra, or thrill the multitude from the motion-picture screen, or write a book that tops the list of best sellers, or sold exalted political office, or wield a far-ramifying power as executive in corporate administration. But with every worthy design of making the most of our opportunities and the best of ourselves, each of us in his place every day has the same amount of time committed to his charge, to use well or ill according to his own free choice. The day belongs to each of us, the same number of sunny or beclouded hours are bestowed on "rich man, poor mon, beggar man, thief," for virtue or for vice, for business or indolence. It rests with us, one by one, to decide how we shall use the time. The kind of day it is to be depends not on the weather, not on the caprice of fortune, but on our own valorous performance, each in his own place, through thick and thin.

Man Who Chose Unknown Soldier Works for Grocer.

Auguste Thin, the private selected to choose the body of the hero who lies beneath the Arc de Triomphe and to whom millions already have paid homage, is now a grocer's assistant in Paris, and is glad to be alive.

On November 10, 1920, he was summoned by the Minister of War, who handed to the private a small bunch of flowers saying: "Soldier Thin, you have in front of you eight coffins draped with the Tricolor. The coffin upon which you deposit this bunch of flowers will be designated to represent the Unknown Soldier of France."

Thin saluted, trembling—he was 18 years of age. He stumbled past the eight coffins and half-dazed, placed the bunch of flowers on one.

Then four privates, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, the French Military Medal, the Croix de Guerre with many bars, stepped out and while "La Marseillaise" crashed out its inspiring hymn the coffin of the Unknown Hero of France was removed from the citadel of Verdun to a beflagged gun carriage to be entrained to Paris and thence to the Arc de Triomphe.

Thin now sells half a pound of butter, a box of sardines and with his meagre wages keeps his little family. His daughter, aged 2, accompanied M. and Mme. Thin to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier recently. The three Thins were in the crowd, but Mme. Thin was inwardly more proud than the diplomat strutting under the Arc de Triomphe, while more than 200 French flags dipped as they were carried past.

What Writer is Most Frequently Quoted?

A correspondent, writing in praise of Sir Edmund Gosse's article on Pope, incidentally states that the author of the Essay on Man is the most quoted of all the poets. There can be no doubt that many of his lines have become part of our common speech, but Shakespeare and Milton are, I think, more quoted than any other writer. Milton, I find, is quoted very often without acknowledgement, so to speak. Do we think of Milton when we quote:

Then, to the spicy nut-brown ale;

or, again, when we talk of "the old man eloquent?"

On the whole, Shakespeare may be placed first, Dilton Second, and Pope a good third. Burns would rank very high in this class—in Scotland, perhaps in this as in all else, the highest of all.

Doves.

What folly lies in forcasts and in fears
Like a wide laughter sweet and opportune,
Wet from the fount, three hunded doves of Paul's
Shook their warm wings, drizzling the golden noon,
And in their rain-cloud vanished up the walls,
"God keeps," I said, "our little flock of years."

—Louise Imogen Guiney, in "Happy Ending."

One of the greatest proofs of mediocrity is the inability to recognize superiority when it appears.

Protecting the Farmers' Savings.

A matter that is causing grave concern to Canada's responsible financial and business men is the investing of the farmers' hard-earned savings. Canadian farmers have had good crops this year and are receiving fairly good prices therefor. By far the greater portion of them have a little put away in the bank for a rainy day. This is all to the good.

Unfortunately, there are certain parasites that find easy pickings among Canadian farmers when times are good. These are the promoters of doubtful companies and salesmen of securities or articles that are not worth the prices paid therefor. All kinds of companies are floated and stock sold at from a few cents a share up. Much of this is unloaded upon the farmer. He receives a stock certificate, and in many—nay, the majority—of cases, this is all he receives. Farmers should beware of these gentry. Any proposition that is worth the price to-day does not have any difficulty in placing its securities. Legitimate bond houses report a dearth of good securities. This is evidenced by the keen competition for government and municipal issues.

When the Canadian farmer is approached by those who would have him part with his savings, before signing any paper he should consult his bank manager. The latter is in a position to safely advice, and his advice should be taken. The responsible bond salesman will be only too glad to have the banker's endorsecent, while the fake promoter will endeavor to show that the banker is prejudiced against his scheme. This should be sufficient to put any investors on their guard. After the farmer has parted with his money regrets will be of little avail.

Automatic Fog Warnings Made by New Device.

Thanks to the invention of a young professor in the National University of Ireland—J. J. Dawling Dublin is the first port in the world to possess a completely automatic lighthouse and fog-signaling service.

Mr. Dowling has devised a quite simple arrangement by which the advent of a fog starts the warnings of the apparatus. It has been under test at the Dublin port for the last year and, having answered all the demands made upon it, is now pronounced a complete success.

On one side of the River Liffey is a lamp which projects a ray of light obliquely across the channel upon a large lens window in the wall of a lighthouse. The light is thereby concentrated on a light sensitive cell within the lighthouse producing a minute electrical effect which is enlarged by a magnifier until a current strong enough to operate a relay is produced. When the light ray is weakened sufficiently by a fog, the relay current reverses and closes an electric circuit, causing the powerful fog-signaling machinery to operate.

A special device prevents passing ships, puffs of smoke, seabirds or other transient interruptions from operating the apparatus, a persistent weakening of the light, due to fog, alone having any effect. The apparatus is capable of operating without attention and the original installation, after a year's service, is giving complete satisfaction.

On Style.

Mere attention to words is not enough; for real style is not a matter of showiness. Solicitude over verbal niceties quenches the ardour of imagination. But no appropriate word will be lost, if one . . . by prolonged and judicious reading acquires a plentiful stock of words and applies thereto skill in arrangement, and, further, strengthens the whole by abundant practice, so that all is constantly at hand and before one's eyes. When our words are sound Latin, significant, elegant, and fittingly arranged, why should we labor for anything more?—Quintilian.

The Poor Porter.

A traveler, being in a great hurry, told his hotel porter at the station to buy his railway ticket for him. The traveler then got aboard the train, and just as it was about to pull out the porter galloped up to the window breathlessly.

"Yer ticket, sir," he said. "A dollar ninety-eight, sir."

"Thank you very much," said the traveler, taking the ticket as the train gathered speed. Here's a dollar—you can keep the ninety-eight cents for yourself."

To equal a predecessor, one must have twice his worth.—Bathasear Gracian.



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The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

The Story of Ghent.

If one were asked to compare Ghent with any other European city, the inclination to set it down beside Venice would be very strong. The points of similarity and the features which have earned for Ghent the appellation of "The Venice of the North," are of course the canals and the bridges. The Scheldt and the Lys are distinctly irregular in their behavior. Their branches are a network of such irregularity as to divide the city into twenty-six islands, the necessary connections between them being made by some two hundred and seventy bridges of all kinds and descriptions. Despite this similarity with Venice, however, Ghent is Ghent and nothing else. Its individuality is made up of living remnants of every century, from the time of Baldwin Ironarm, first count of Flanders, around the year one thousand, down to the present time. In fact, it would not be unnatural for the visitor to ask whether there be any other town or city on the European continent that has such an abundance and variety of places teeming with associations of history both religious and secular.

If, geographically, Ghent can be called "The Venice of the North," historically it can be denominated the city of revolts. Encouraged by the dukes of Flanders, the men of Ghent at an early date obtained commercial and political privileges which they jealously guarded against the attacks from many intruders and would-be conquerors. Now they were under the yoke of some foreign potentate, now they revolted and made themselves free again. The story of Ghent, in a way, is the story of human freedom.

But the story of Ghent has not been all martial. Intertwined with it are encountered the records of peaceful pursuits. One finds that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Ghent enjoyed the distinction of being the leading Belgian city for the manufacture of cotton goods and leather. Nor must we overlook the fact that from an early age, too, Ghent has been preeminently a "City of Flowers." Floriculture has remained a chief feature of the city to this day. The multicolored flower beds, originally confined within the walls of the city proper, have burst their confines, and now the suburbs vie with each other in the presentation of symphonies in color.

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Other sizes in proportion.

SEND NO MONEY—pay on arrival. Positive guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. You take no risk. Don't delay. Order TO-DAY.

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"Come Along, Boys, Here's a Church."

Once a ship was wrecked on a coral reef in the South Seas. The crew got ashore as best they could, using anything they saw afloat as a life belt. Not knowing the island, they were afraid to go inland. For aught they knew its inhabitants might be cannibals and they had no desire to furnish forth a cannibal feast.

Presently one of the company climbed a near-by hillock and risked a look over the island. Having won the summit he began to wave his arms excitedly, beckoning them. As they got nearer to him they heard him shouting, "Come along, boys, it's all right, here's a church."

The story is told by the famous Australian preacher, Rev. Henry Howard, who recently visited America. The Church to those men was a symbol of security. They were no longer afraid. Because the good news had been proclaimed there, those shipwrecked sailors felt safe. Without that symbol, they knew that their lives would not have been worth a moment's consideration.

The Church in the midst has made a difference. It has been the cradle of amazing securities, and liberties, of philanthropies and literatures and enlightenments. The modern world all too often takes these things for granted, without recognizing their origins. Christianity has made all the difference and often we know it not.

The Church, for instance, has literally grown Good Samaritans, and because of them life has taken on kindlier and more humane aspects. They have been found in every age—some of them known, most of them unknown. In the middle ages for instance, the Friars established themselves in the pestilential quarter of towns, ministering to the lepers. Men like St. Francis and St. Hugh of Lincoln would minister to lepers with their own hands, overcoming all repugnance, caring for them in the spirit and the name of Christ. Wherever Christianity has gone there have sprung up homes for lepers, orphanages, hospitals, schools. For the unprivileged and dispossessed life has come to have new securities and new succourers. The world's Elizabeth Frys, John Howards, Stephen Grellets and Shaftesburys found their inspiration in the Christian Gospel.

The world is still sadly imperfect. In a sense it is true that Christianity, so far from having failed, has never really been tried. Yet it has been a leaven at work and in deep and widespread ways, often too little acknowledged or recognized, it has made all the difference to our life. The Church in the midst is the symbol of what Christianity has done for us.

Parks Wild Animals Losing Fear of Man.

Each succeeding year's round of tourists bring new expressions of wonderment and surprise at the rapidity with which the wild animals in the Canadian National parks are losing their fear of man. Parks' officials, who administer wild life protective measures, have watched this condition develop and to them it was to be expected, but to the tourist new to the parks the holding up of one's car on a park highway by a band of friendly Rocky Mounain sheep is a novel experience.

Visitors to Rocky Mountains park in Alberta are always sure to have close-up views of mountain sheep and other wild animals at different points on the highways, and bears are frequent visitors to the outskirts of most of the towns in the parks. In the past year or two elk, among the most wary of animals, have been reported to have made their appearance on the golf links at Banff while play was in progress. In the early part of October of this year about fifteen elk trotted out on the fairway of the 13th hole, on their way from the Bow river to the upland forests. These exhibitions of animal friendliness are not confined to Rocky Mountains park. In Jasper park, on the occasion of Sir Douglas Haig's visit in July of this year, two young black bears interrupted the Field Marshall's game by their appearance on the links.

The growth in numbers of wild animals in the parks and the ease with which they may be encountered and photographed is year by year becoming a greater attraction to tourists.

The Son of a Fisherman.

"Are We goin' to keep him?" asked Bobby, looking at his new baby brother.

"Of course. Why not?" asfied the mother.

"Well, he's so small I thought maybe we'd have to put him back."

No Ticket.

The new servant brought the visiting card to her mistress.

"There's two of 'em," she said, "one in the drawing-room and one at the door."

"But why didn't you show them both in?" asked her mistress.

"They only had one ticket," answered the servant.

Felling Mahogany.

To fell a large mahogany tree is usually a day's task for two men. On account of the wide spurs which project from the trunk at its base, it is necessary to erect scaffolds and cut the tree off ten or fifteen feet above the ground.

Minard's Liniment for stiff muscles.

If I cannot afford a thing I go without it. I have done so all my life. —Judge Cluer.



LATEST IN MEDICAL SERVICE ON C. P. LINERS

It is gradually being brought home to Mr. Average Man that the discomfort associated with ocean travel is but a bad dream of the past. Travelling across the Atlantic in five days in a luxurious cabin, with hot and cold water, lights, music, dancing, newspapers, radio and every desirable convenience of the day, it is hard to think of the time when it took weeks or months before a tiny schooner would reach America after fighting its way over each wave, threatened with disaster by every high wind.

Ocean travel has reached the point of perfection where even invalids and those taken sick suddenly can be given all the medical advantages of shore hospitals. The ship hospitals are as modern and up-to-the-minute as those on shore, but of necessity, are more restricted.

But even the finest of man's calculations are sometimes upset by the uncontrollable sea. On the Canadian Pacific liner Montcalm recently, a passenger became dangerously ill and an immediate operation was thought necessary. At the time a fierce storm was raging. Commander Sibbons, R.N.R., ordered the ship stopped for two hours and Dr. Girvan, F.R.C.S., ship's surgeon, aided by Dr. D. E. Ross, of Montreal, performed the operation. The woman is now fully recovered.

Dr. Girvan remembers occasions when conditions were not so satisfactory. During the war, in Mesopotamia, he cut out the appendix of a native with a pen-knife when he could not get the patient to the hospital on time. In the wilds of Scotland, performing an operation for appendicitis, the man holding the candle fainted. Dr. Girvan summoned a woman to carry on. The patient recovered.

RHEUMATIC PEOPLE FIND RELIEF

By Driving the Poisonous Acid From the System.

Rheumatism attacks people when the blood is thin and watery or charged up with impurities, thus setting up inflammation of the muscles and joints. Cold, wet weather or sharp winds may start the pains, but the cause is rooted in the blood, and to get relief it must be treated through the blood. As a blood builder and nerve tonic Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed, and for that reason do not fail to give relief to rheumatic sufferers when given a fair trial. Among the rheumatic sufferers who have proved the great value of this medicine is Mr. N. M. Foley, Windsor, N.S., who says:—"My trouble started with a bad cold, the result of working in a heavy rain storm. From that it developed into rheumatism which badly crippled me and kept me confined to bed for upwards of six months. The doctor who treated me did not help me, and every friend who called to see me had something different to advise. Some of these remedies I tried, but with no better results. My legs were stiff from the hips down, and every move I made caused intense pain, and constantly I was growing weaker. Then a friend from Falmouth, who came to see me, asked if I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had taken so much medicine without benefit that I was skeptical and said so. My friend, however, had so much faith in the pills that he got me a supply and to please him I began taking them. I had not been taking them long when I began to feel a change for the better, and I gladly got a further supply. Soon I was able to get out of bed and walk around on crutches. Still taking the pills I used in all seventeen boxes, by which time I was a well man and at work every day. Now I always keep a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house and if I feel an ache or pain I take them, and always with good results. I believe I would still be a bed-ridden cripple but for these pills, and I shall always praise and recommend them."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

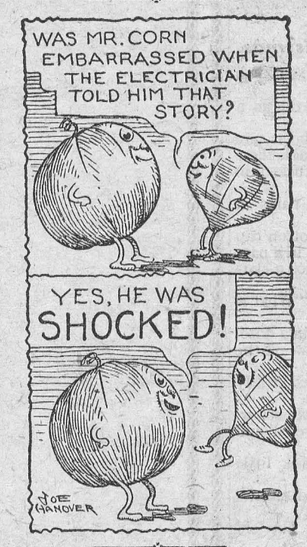
The Prevention of Measles.

The prevention and treatment of measles by the use of serum from a person who has recently had the disease is one of the most fruitful conquests of preventive medicine and should be included in all public health programmes.

Measles is to-day the gravest of the communicable diseases affecting children. From the view-point of mortality it ranks before scarlet fever, whooping cough and diphtheria. In France it killed 30,000 children from 1906 to 1913, while its victims throughout Europe, from 1900 to 1910 numbered about a million.

Those most in danger of measles are children of the poor who live in large cities. Its effects on such children contrast very strikingly with the disease as it occurs among children of well-to-do parents and children who live in rural places. The high mortality of measles in the cities among the poor is not due solely to hospital conditions, but is a consequence of the debility of the children, the unfavorable conditions in their homes, and the early age at which they catch the disease.

What remedies may be opposed to this situation? Measles is not controlled by the time-honored preventive measure of isolation, because it is so very catching in the early stages of the disease, even before the rash appears. This lends extreme interest to the prevention of measles by the injection of serum obtained from convalescent patients into persons exposed to measles. This method has passed beyond the stage of experiment. Reliability of the method has been proved and confirmed in France, Germany, the United States and in other countries.—The World's Health.



Protect Your Piano.

Despite its sturdy appearance a piano is probably your most fragile article of furniture. If you are wise, you will treat it as such when you decide its position in your new house.

Above everything, see that your piano is given a dry spot. Even a suspicion of dampness may cause strings to rust and snap under the slightest pressure. Place it, therefore, as far as possible from windows and outside walls.

Next decide where the instrument will have the most even temperature. Often the mistake is made of placing it in a room which is not used more than once or twice a week. When the room is occupied the temperature is fairly high, but for the rest of the week it will be low.

The result is that the strings, expanded by the warmth, will tend to contract when they become cool, and either break or go badly out of tune owing to altered tension. For your music room choose that which is most regularly inhabited.

In order to maintain the color of the keys it is advisible to leave them uncovered as much as possible. But if this is done care must be taken to dust them thoroughly each day.

Dark, yellow stains can be removed by a soft, non-linty rag dipped in methylated spirit, and polishing a few moments later. It will be found that the keys of a piano will retain their whiteness far longer in a dry and even temperature.

A squeaking pedal is an abomination, both to a performer and his audience. This can be remedied by the application of a little ordinary black-lead to the pivots at the base of the pedal lever.

To ensure getting the best out of your piano, keep it aired, tuned, cleaned, and dry.



Seven Years Have Passed.

When, seven years ago, the world realized, with a great thankfulness, that Armageddon had actually come to an end, Flanders fields were vast tracts of land laid bare and desolate by the invader, covered with mud and debris, and dotted with struggling weeds and scarlet poppies. Now they have regained much of their normal aspect.

At St. Eloi, Zillebeke, St. Jean, Boesinghe, and in the district of the Yser Canal reconstruction work is all but completed, and everywhere newly-built shops, houses, and churches pay striking testimony to the industry of the Belgian people.

Here and there, it is true, certain War-time features have been preserved, as, for instance, the trenches at Nieuport, which have been made permanent by fortifying with cement.

At Ypres, the town is entirely rebuilt, and reconstruction work on the cathedral is being pushed forward at a rapid rate. Only the ruins of the wonderful old Cloth Hall remain, and will stand stark against the skyline for ever—a memorial of suffering and heroism.

Amid all this newness two striking exceptions are Hill 60 and Houthulst Forest. The latter still remains a group of blackened tree-stumps, just as it was after that devastating gas-attack in which thousands of French soldiers, many of whose bodies still lie hidden in the denst undergrowth, were overcome by the fumes.

At Hill 60, the visitor may see old shells, cartridges, boots, socks, and other pathetic remains. Here to-day more than at any other place in the battlefields, is it possible to realize to the full what the War meant.

The work of completing the reverent orderliness of the cemeteries and raising memorials is also nearing its end. In fact, the country has now all but settled down. Those who contemplate a visit to the battlefields should make it as soon as possible.

Mine is Not a Singing Voice.

Mine is not a singing voice,
My fingers rasp a lute,
And passion, though it burn me up,
Strikes me stark and mute.

Search, oh love, my open eyes.
In men like me rise notes
Which beats out paeans in their breasts,
But strangle in their throats.

—Harbor Allen.

Silence.

When one small touch of Charity
Could lift them nearer God-like state
Then if the crowded Orb should cry
Like those who cried Diana Great:

And I, too, talk and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

—Tennyson.

CHILDREN LIKE BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Because They Are Tasteless and Are Easy to Take.

One of the strongest points in favor of any medicine for children is that it is so agreeable that the mother does not have to force it down the little one's throat.

Baby's Own Tablets have no drug taste, may be crushed to a powder if desired, and babies like them. They are perfectly safe for they contain no opiate or narcotic. They sweeten the stomach and remove the cause of fretfulness.

Mrs. Arthur Charlebois, Pawtucket, R.I., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets to be a gentle laxative and a safe remedy for stomach disorders in children. Our little boy had been given harsh cathartics but these tablets worked more effectively without the severe griping. I can recommend them to all mothers of little children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Pipes Cause Forest Fires.

The cigarette has been blamed for much, and the "good old dudeen" has had many a eulogy; but experiments carried on in California by members of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, dealing with the possible causes of what are termed "smoker fires" bid fair to turn the tables upon the highly praised briar, clay or cob, and to find it the guiltiest member of the smoker's trinity.

In typical national forest surroundings, such as are frequented all summer long by tourist and camper, 200 experiments were recently made of the relative importance of cigar, cigarette, pipe heel, and lighted match as a cause of forest fires.

With the aid of a motor-driven fan, breezes and even gales of various intensities were imitated to accelerate the forest fires produced on a minute scale. Forest litter, bark, rotten wood, pine needles—all the ordinary forest fuels—were exposed to ignition.

The results showed fairly conclusively that the smouldering tobacco from pipes would start fires, in almost every instance, whenever it fell on well air-dried material, and with very slight aid from the wind.

In this respect, pipe heels far outdid either cigar or cigarette, and in these tests was outdone only by the lighted match, which maintained a 110 per cent. record as a fire starter. The inference is that the pipe smoker can no longer be considered free from suspicion, as he has been in some instances, but should be subject to the same restrictions as the user of the "tailor-made" cigarette and the cigar. The foresters point out, however, that it is the degree of thoughtfulness and care that the smoker exercises in disposing of his matches, snipes, butts and pipe heels, rather than what he smokes, that concerns them most.

Minard's Liniment for Chilblains.

The guarantee

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The ORANGE PEKOE is extra good. *Try it!*

Hospital for Sick Children.

67 College St., Toronto, 2, Ont.
Christmas, 1925.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

This is the fiftieth year—the semi-centennial of the Hospital for Sick Children. It is the Golden Anniversary of an institution which started out in 1875 with a six-bed equipment to cure children medically of their illnesses and to rid them surgically of their disabilities. Fifty years have passed and the tiny hospital has grown into one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the whole world.

The people of this province demanded this service—and they have made it possible by their Christmas Time gifts. They are rewarded by the knowledge that thousands of Ontario children will grow up into manhood or womanhood blessing the "little blue cots" wherein they were restored and strengthened to play a full part in the battle of life.

To win back health for six thousand boys and girls was the measure of the Hospital's ward-service alone this year. Besides that there were over half a hundred thousand attendances in the Out-Patient Department, where the less serious cases are treated. All this cost a great deal of money, even though the doctors give freely of their skill and the nurses of their care. There is board and lodging and laundry to be provided, besides the best that can be procured in the way of all the medical and surgical supplies required to treat the myriad ailments and accidents to which children are subject.

In order to maintain its high standard of efficiency and also to widen the scope of its service through clinics conducted all over Ontario, the Hospital is compelled to borrow heavily during the year. On the occasion of its fiftieth Christmas an appeal is made to the public for the funds which will allow the Hospital for Sick Children to enter upon its second half-century of service with its courage renewed by a credit balance in the bank.

It is indeed a noble cause which I feel sure you will cordially commend to your readers.

Faithfully yours,
IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Appeal Committee.

Note—This Hospital does not receive an appropriation from the Federation for Community Service Drive.

What's in a Name?

Sometimes a great deal, as will be seen from the following selections. This compilation shows the curious, and even ludicrous, results of including family names with the baptismal ones.

Sponsors who read this little list would do well to hesitate when they are requested to "name the child": Edna Broker Mothershead; Marian English Earle; Sawyer Turner Somerset; Nealon Pray Daily; Benton Killin Saxage; Owen Taylor Money; Ima Little Lambe; Broker Husbands Hart; R. U. Phelan Goode; Marie A. Bachelor; Eaton Growe Phatte; May Tyms Uppe; Betty Sawyer; Knott Worth Reading.

Material in Oldest Stars Weighs 22 Tons to Pint.

The oldest stars, known as "white dwarfs," are made of the heaviest substance known to science, according to an interview with Professor Herbert Dingle, noted British astronomer, published in "The Daily Mail." It has been computed that this substance is 53,000 times heavier than water and 10,000 times heavier than iron. A child could not lift a piece the size of a penny. A pint of it would weigh more than twenty-two tons.

When hoarse use Minard's Liniment.

In an ounce of sugar there is sufficient energy to produce any of Shakespeare's plays if it found its way to a brain as gifted.—Sir Arthur Keith.

Either Kind Stops Coughs

Buckley's Mixture "Strong" or "Modified" will stop your cough or cold. Buckley's "Strong" is the same efficient remedy you have used before. Buckley's "Modified" differs in taste only. Made for those who find medicines distasteful, particularly the children.

Both Mixtures act like a flash on coughs, bronchitis or any affection of throat, chest and lungs.

75c—40 doses

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE "STRONG" OR "MODIFIED"

W. K. Buckley, Limited
142 Mutual St., Toronto 2 207

Britons Growing Shorter.

Sir Arthur Keith, conservator of the Royal College of Surgeon's Museums and England's best-known anthropologist, says the average height of the modern Englisman is 5 feet 6 inches. It was previously supposed for many years that the average was 5 feet 8 inches. Sir Arthur said also in a recent lecture that the brain of modern Europeans is smaller to-day than formerly.

Upset stomach, sluggish liver, and acid condition cause bad breath. Seigel's Syrup gets at the cause. Try it and have a wholesome breath. Any drug store.

If you are mashing potatoes be sure the milk used is hot. Cold or lukewarm milk will make the potatoes heavy and pasty.

Keep Minard's Liniment handy.

Mix a little ammonia with the beeswax and turpentine used for floor polishing. The wax will then dissolve quickly.

SHIP US YOUR POULTRY, GAME, EGGS, BUTTER AND FEATHERS
- WE BUY ALL YEAR ROUND -
Write today for prices—we guarantee them for a week ahead
P. POULIN & CO., LIMITED
Established over 60 Years
36-39 Bonsecours Market — Montreal



CHILBLAINS! Wash the feet with warm water and rub with Minard's. Quickly stops the pain.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

GENUINE ASPIRIN PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package

BAYER

Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

Colds	Headache
Neuritis	Lumbago
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

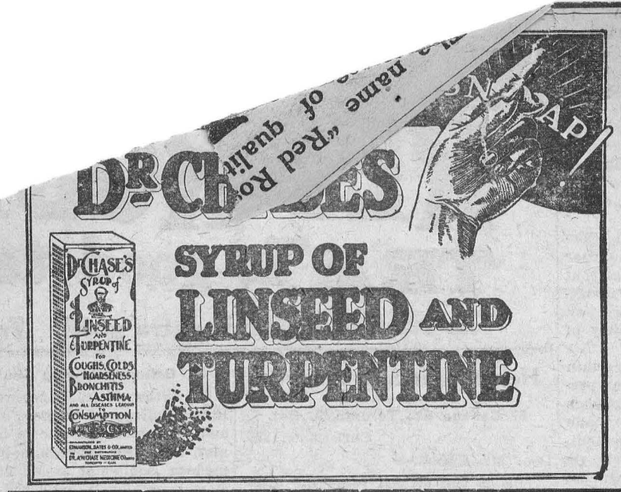
Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

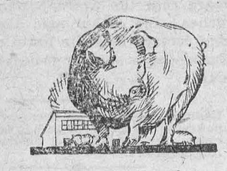


Why Suffer With Itching Rashes

When a warm bath with **Cuticura Soap** and application of **Cuticura Ointment** will afford immediate relief and point to permanent skin health in most cases when all else fails.

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





Better Live Stock means a Bigger Bank Account

In Time of Plenty

THE farmer knows—better than anyone else—how uncertain the seasons are. Careful farming and a little foresight when crops are good will help wonderfully when a lean year comes.

Here are a few suggestions:

Keep adding high-grade animals to your live stock.

Study the best methods of crop rotation.

Select the seed best suited to your locality—successful crops can come only from clean, vigorous seed.

Make your credit good at the Bank by paying up your loans and depositing something for the rainy day.

F546

The Royal Bank of Canada

Winchester Branch - - H. L. Lee, Manager
Branches at Metcalfe and Crysler 309

Visit Our Beauty Parlor for Christmas Gifts.

BETTER ASSORTMENT THAN EVER.

FOR HER—Compacts, Talcum, Face Cream, Perfume, Toilet Water

FOR HIM—Cigars in Fancy Boxes, all sizes, Pipes in Cases ranging from $1.75 to $6.00 also a good assortment of cheaper pipes Cigar Holders, Cigarette Holders, Pipe Cleaners, Pouches, Ash Traps, Tobacco, etc., Razors, Razor Blades and Razor Strops.

FOR YOUTH—Hair Tonic in all leading brands including Hair Fast, Hair Dress, Stay Put, Just-So, Sli-Kum, Gloss-O, etc.

The Sanitary Barber Shop & Beauty Parlor

Opposite Post Office. OSCAR PIERCE, Prop.

Card of Thanks

On behalf of the Alert Trail Ranger Camp I wish to thank Mr. Geo. G. Fraser for donating $5 for helping us along in our work.

George E. Johnston,
Trenton.



JOHN SAMUELS
Fine Piano Tuning
Kindly Leave Orders at
Smith's Drug Store Phone 34

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 all kinds of saddlery, hardware, and harness repairs; Fancy auto rugs and fancy woollen horse blankets; extra large heavy jute horse blankets, wool lined. A specialty in russet leather horse collars with flexible throat and ribon sewed; single and double harness, fancy English Russet stallion halters and bridles California wrapped and chafed belly bands, calfskin folded; fancy whips and lashes; a specialty in Blacksmith and wheel-right supplies. Wiikinson plows and repairs, also all other kind of plow repairs. Galvanized hog troughs, wheel barrows, steel scrapers; extension ladders. Furniture and brass beds in stock; also Good Cheere cook stoves and Supreme and Lion cook stoves. We also sell New Perfection oil stoves. Pure white Izal (1—600) disinfecting, nearly 30 years by Government services Sheffield Eng, and used by the Ottawa Exhibition 1923, Excells all others for poultry, cattle, sheep and hogs, sick rooms, schools and public buildings; (non poisonous) is many times stronger than pure carbolic acid. Circulars free.

Any Headache

—Sick
—Nervous
—Dyspeptic
—Monthly

Relieved by Zutoo

FLOUR & FEED

All kinds of Flour and Feed on hand, also Crosemeal Poultry Feed a Specialty.

"THE LEADING HOUSE."

John Johnston

Phone 84 - Winchester

TRY LOWER TOWN MEAT MARKET

FOR FRESH MEATS

In the old Laflamme Block

Highest prices paid for all kind of hides.

Geo. Marquette

27-40p Phone 172

CANADIAN PACIFIC TIME TABLE

Westbound—To Smiths Falls and West.

No. 23—12.36 a.m. daily except Sunday, flag for passengers to and beyond Sharbot Lake—Stop for passengers from Montreal.
No. 35—9.52 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 29—7.33 p.m. daily except Sunday.

Eastbound—To Montreal

No. 24—5.05 a.m. daily except Sunday flag for passengers to Montreal, stop for passengers from Sharbot Lake and points beyond.
No. 30—8.40 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 36—5.27 p.m. daily except Sunday.

For particulars and Tickets apply to
T. W. BOYES. Agent.

Melvin News

Miss Laura O'Neil has returned home after spending sometime with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Christie and son, Glenn spent Friday, at the home, of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDonald, of Ormond.

Mr. Ulric Lanoue, of McMaster University, Toronto is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lanoue.

Miss Winnifred Greer, of Thessolon is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Greer.

Winchester Springs

Miss Mabel Deeks, of Elma spent the week-end the guest of Miss May Durant.

Mrs. A. J. Casselman spent a few days at her home in Toyshill.

Mr. and Mrs. L. McIntosh spent one day last week at Chesterville.

Mrs. Orren Casselman spent the past week at Ottawa among friends.

Mr. Thomas Bell, of Inkerman spent one day last week in our burg.

Miss May Durant spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Luther Deeks, at Elma.

Mr. A. J. Casselman, spent Thursday, at Ottawa, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Lauderville.

Mr. Chester Laudreville, Miss Hazel Ozier, Miss May and Dina Laudreville spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orren Casselman.

Mr and Mrs. Howard Merkley, Mrs. R. Ball, and Mrs. spent Tuesday, in Ogdensburg.

Mrs. Thos. Cunningham visited her brother, Mr. F. Coons. of Winchester last week.

Several from here attended the entertainment in Nation Valley School, on Monday evening.

The School Concert given by the pupils of the public school was a great success and well attended. The teachers deserve credit for their splendid training of the children.

Mr. Earle Munroe has returned from Cornwall, after undergoing an operation, for appendicitis.

A very pleasant shower was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy McIntosh, on Friday evening of last week in honor of the approaching marriage of their daughter Hilda. Misses Mae Durant and Della Holmes were hostesses and during the evening presented Miss Hilda with a basket daintily decorated in pink and white, containing a number of very pretty and useful gifts. An address was read by Miss Durant and nicely responded to by Miss McIntosh. The bride's book was signed by all present before leaving with congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness.

Birth

At Ormond, Ont, on Saturday, December, 19th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. Justin Docksteader (nee Jessie MacEwen) a son.

The Night After Christmas.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all thro' the house
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse.
Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas care
Were emptied of all that was eatable there
The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nursery rose such a clatter,
I sprung from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter?"
I flew to each bedside, still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes;
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below.
For, what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the pale little face of each sick little dear;
For each pet that had crammed itself full a tick,
I knew in a moment, now felt like old Nick!
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—
Now turkey, now stuffling, plum pudding, of course,
And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce;
Before outraged nature all went to the wall,
Yes lolly-pops' flapdoodle, dinner and all.
Like pellets, which urchins from pop-guns let fly.
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam jelly and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and of Santa Claus, too.
I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back.
And brougnt out a vial marked Puly Ipecac
When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings shocked her,
'Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?
I ran and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof,
I might say that I hardly turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound,
He was covered with mud from his head to the foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit,
He had hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.
His eyes how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like port and his breath smelt of sherry.
He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.
But, inspecting their tongues, in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of his pulse, saying, "Each little belly
Must be rid," here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."
I gazed at each plump, chubby, sick little elf.
And groaned when he said so in spite of myself.
But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred.
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straight to his work,
And dosed all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk
And adding directions, while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose:
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jolap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle.
But the doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow, good night, Jones, good night!"

GREETINGS

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking you for the patronage you have given us during the past year, and wish all our customers and friends

A

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

HAPPY NEW YEAR



T. O. KEYES, Winchester.