The Chesterville Record.

XXXV, NO. 20. CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, MAR. 21, 1929. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

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Therefore, it is not surprising that business men, in advertising for stenographers, should specially say, "Graduates of Henry's School preferred."
For particulars about our course, apply to:
D. E. HENRY, Director.
196 Sparks St.

VALUABLE DOG POISONED

Monday afternoon a valuable police dog belonging to Mr. Harold Hamilton met its death at the hands of a dog poisoner. The poison had been placed on meat and the meat thrust through the high wire fence surrounding the tennis court where the dog had been turned in for exercise shortly after noon on Monday. A very substantial reward is offered for information that will lead to the identity of the party placing the poison.

WM. J. MELDRUM, BERWICK PASSES AWAY

Berwick lost another old and respected resident in the death of Wm. J. Meldrum, who passed peacefully away about 2 p.m. on March 13th. The deceased, who was better known as Will, developed pleuro-pneumonia and complications, which proved fatal, set in. Mr. Meldrum was in his 70th year, and was born in Cambridge township, coming to Berwick as a child, he resided there ever since. Surviving are his widow, 5 sons and 3 daughter; a brother, George, of Crysler, and a sister, Mrs. Allen Merkley, of Calgary, and 24 grandchildren.

The funeral took place on Friday afternoon, services being conducted at the United church, Berwick, by Rev. A. W. Stewart, pastor. A large number of friends were in attendance. The cortage proceeded to Berwick cemetery. The pall bearers were, at the request of the deceased, his five sons and J. H. Ouderkirk, of Finch.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our many friends for their many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy during our recent sad bereavement.

John Pitcher and Lola.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Masterson sincerely thank their friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during the sickness and death of their son "Billy."

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking my friends and neighbors for their great thoughtfulness and many kindnesses during my recent illness. —Mrs. John Helmer.

CANADIAN PACIFIC



GOING EAST

No. 24	5.36	a.m.
No. 30 (Local)	8.55	a.m.
No. 36	5.38	p.m.

GOING WEST

No. 35	9.40	a.m.
No. 29 (Local)	7.15	p.m.
No. 23	12.24	a.m.

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Grand Lecture
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DR. FRED. HARDWICKE
WORLD-FAMOUS ORATOR, MUSICIAN, VOCALIST AND TRAVELER
United Church, Chesterville
MON. & TUES. EV'GS, MARCH 25th & 26th
AT 8.15 SHARP

MONDAY
"REJUVENATION BY LAUGHTER"

TUESDAY
"FEAR AND WORRY"
Omens and Superstitions

Dr Hardwicke will also render Vocal numbers, including the famous bass song "ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP"
Come and hear the wonderful "Laughing Song"

Adults 35c **Children 25c**

Dr. Hardwicke will speak at morning and evening service on Sunday

"THE SHAMROCK AND ROSE"

On Monday evening, the 18th inst., in the Music Hall, the Chesterville audience, which occupied practically every available seat, was presented with perhaps one of the most indulgent and instructive portrayals of "The Shamrock and Rose," a play of Irish life during the rebellion of '98, by St. Mary's dramatic club.

This drama, composed by John Fitzgerald Murphy, is a clever narrative and stands unique, bringing forth the historic events during those troubled times, with a variety of good humor and comedy intermingled with pathos, a facsimile of the Irish characteristic under oppression. Irish songs such as "My Bouchaleen Bawn," "The Shamrock and Rose," "The Prison Song," "My Irish Queen," and other musical strains, mingled with the drama and added such solidity and dignity to the play that it received repeated applause. Squire Fitzgerald, whose home was in Wicklow, and borne out by Mr. Walter Carr, performed his duty with an aristocratic air and apparent loyalty to the realm, but secretly was in sympathy with the oppressed people, and even gave his life for the noble cause of freedom. Mr. Carr's experience overseas during the great war gave a stimulus to his character which was received with keen interest and favor. Rose Fitzgerald, the squire's daughter, by Miss Marcia Hughes, was a decided success. The mild gentleness with which she is gifted enabled her to perform her part ably and well. Shaun Carey, by Mr. Ted Carr, made a typical spy, and while he had a difficult part to execute, he was able for the occasion, and kept the house in roars of laughter throughout. Barney O'Brady, an Irish bouchal, by Eric MacMillan, with strong anti-English sentiment, and around whom the story was intertwined, displayed a clever piece of work and the general impression was that Eric excelled himself both as an actor and comedian. His romance with pretty Ileen O'Rourke, ably produced by Miss Eva Gillissie, gave a touch of good humor and rare comedy that required the trait of a real finacé. Miss Gillissie was indeed quite up to snuff in the role and in addition gave the audience a treat with the singing of "My Bouchaleen Bawn" and the step of a real old Irish dance. John Desmond, the Irish rebel, by Mr. Arnold Lynch, and Capt. Beck, by Mr. Ronald Lynch, of the King's Yeomanry, were two outstanding characters, and each in turn made a favorable impression by the masterly way in which the parts were portrayed. Their roles were difficult and required a special talent which was ably found in their successful endeavor. Nano Desmond, John's sister, was presented by Mrs. Mac Curran. Her natural temperament and character with that of the play seemed identical, so that her work was well received. Mr. Jack McAvoy, of the King's Yeomanry, a Lieutenant, made a successful attempt and was applauded on many occasions. He sang "The Shamrock and Rose" with good effect. Mr. Cecil Gillissie, also of the Yeomanry, contributed a share of interesting humor in his duty as sentinel. The other soldiers, Messrs. Clarence Labré, Fleming LaPierre, Alec Clarmo and Alec McMillan, were on the job to make the arrests when under orders. Their military uniforms together with that of the other characters added much to the brilliancy and attractiveness of the various scenes.

Miss Ella McCloskey assisted at the piano and in a most efficient manner accompanied in the different musical numbers. The committee in charge are to be commended for having obtained such an overwhelming success.

HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE IN TRAIN WRECK

Seventeen lives are reported lost as the result of a head-end collision between two fast trains of the Canadian National Railway at Drocourt, a siding 46 miles north of Parry Sound, at an early hour Wednesday morning. A misunderstanding of orders is said to have been responsible but just who is at fault has not been determined.

GRAND EASTER BALL

An Easter Ball will be held in the Music Hall, Chesterville, on Monday evening, April 1st, when music will be by the Winchester Five-Piece Orchestra. Mrs. Bronskill, Mrs. M. Hughes and Mrs. A. Tate have consented to act as patronesses. Refreshments will be served at Mrs. Gillissie's cafe. Tickets, including tax, are $1.25.

WELL KNOWN FINCH MAN MEETS TRAGIC DEATH

Tuesday afternoon at 5.35 Fred McMartin of Smiths Falls, met a tragic death when he was struck by a train in the Ourtemont yards of the C. P. R. near Montreal, and instantly killed. From information at hand it appears that Conductor McMartin, who had been in charge of a freight train between Smiths Falls and Outremont, had just arrived and was crossing the tracks in the yard while a yard crew was doing some switching and while avoiding a switched car on one track, stepped in front of a train on another track and was instantly killed.

Mr. McMartin was a brother of Mr. W. T. McMartin of Williamsburg, and had been in the service of the C.P.R. for about twenty-five years as trainman and conductor. He was about fifty years of age, one of the most highly esteemed men on the division.

MRS. JOHN PITCHER, SMITHS FALLS

A fitting tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. John Pitcher at the funeral which was held at her late residence, 27 Lorne street, at 7.30 o'clock, Tuesday evening, March 12th, Rev. D'Arcy Clayton, of the Anglican Church conducting the services.

The deceased was born at Morrisburg fifty-three years ago, a daughter of the late John Pyper and Mrs. Pyper, and had resided in Smiths Falls for the past ten years.

The remains were brought to Chesterville on the morning train, Wednesday, and placed in the vault at Maple Ridge.

Surviving besides her husband, is her daughter, Leola, at home; her mother of Morrisburg, and five sisters —Mrs. A. E. Kelley, Ottawa; Mrs. P. J. Powers, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. E. Dawley, Hamilton; Mrs. P. J. Reddick and Kathleen, Morrisburg; two brothers, W. G. Pyper, Westmount, Que., and H. D. Pyper, Morrisburg.

Many beautiful floral offerings were placed on the casket including, a basket from the Packing Department; a wreath, Fire Department, Frost & Wood Co., Smiths Falls; a pillow, neighbors, and several from relatives and friends.

The sympathy of many is extended to the bereaved ones.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT

Last week Mr. Robt. Steven, of Cannamore, brought to the Record office a very interesting document, which we have tried to re-produce as nearly as possible on another page and which we believe will have very considerable interest for descendants of those whose names appear on it who took part in a very kindly act, in honoring the name of a beloved pastor. More than the allotted span of life has elapsed since the erection of the stone referred and it is not at all likely that there is a single survivor among those whose names appear on the list of contributors.

Rev. John Dickey is said to have been the first Presbyterian minister to look after the spiritual welfare of that denomination in Dundas county. He was most highly thought of and to this day his name may be found as a given name among some of the county's most prominent families. His resting place may been seen in the cemetery at Williamsburg under the tender care of the Women's Institute.

Shamrock Juniors, having retained their lead of one goal over Victorias of Montreal, in the final game of the round in Ottawa last night, will now meet Marlboros of Toronto, in a two-game series, the first of which will be in Ottawa Saturday night.

NYAL QUALITY

Nyal Family Preparations are not designed to replace the physician but to provide the public with safe, dependable family medicines for the treatment of ordinary ailments. Only the best drugs obtainable enter into NYAL prepartions and they are compounded by the most modern methods under the supervision of skilled chemists.

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EYES TESTED : GLASSES FITTED

CHESTERVILLE UNITED CHURCH
Rev. R. E. Newman, Pastor.
Sunday, March 24th, 1929.
Public Worship 10.30 a.m.
"Feed My Lambs"
Sunday School 2.30 p.m.
Public Worship 7.30 p.m.
"The Prodigal Son"
Dr. Hardwicke will speak

CHRIS McLEAN AND HIS FORD. MAKE 14,600 MILES

Mr. Chris McLean and his partner, Miss Lizzie Ford, finished their twelve-month marathon last week after having covered 14,600 miles on the mail route between Chesterville and Morrisburg. During the year but two trips were made otherwise than by motor. When it is known that the roads between the two points are not plowed out for motor traffic during the winter season former residents of this district will realize the very fine conditions prevailing here during the winter just passed.

MOREWOOD

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Swerdfeger of Mountain, and Mrs. W. J. Fawcett and sons Keith and Roy, of Mountain Ridge, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Allison.

Mr .and Mrs. Eric Newman, Miss Margaret Carlyle and Mr. Hugh Fetterly of Ottawa, spent Sunday with friends in Morewood.

The Misses S. B. Attridge and A. H. Giles spent the week end in Ottawa.

Miss Gladys Swerdfeger, of the Ottawa Normal School, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger.

Mrs. John Coulthart is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. E. McDonald, Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcide Lanoue and daughter Shirley of Melvins, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Swerdfeger.

$200 Reward
I will pay Two Hundred Dollars reward to any person who can give me information as to who poisoned my police dog.
H J. HAMILTON

Rex THEATRE Town Hall CHESTERVILLE
SATURDAY, MAR. 23
TIM McCOY
in
"Beyond the Sierras"
Two-Reel Comedy
PARAMOUNT NEWS
Two Shows—7.15 and 9.15
ADULTS 35c CHILDREN 15c

Desired Annual Flowering Plants

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Annual flowering plants should be employed more largely than they now are to improve home surroundings and supply cut flowers for inside decoration. They are easy of culture and will do well in almost any garden soil. With few exceptions they may be seeded to the open ground in the early spring as soon as the ground can be prepared. If a good stand results thinning to about six inches apart should be done.

If started under glass or in a hotbed in order to get earlier bloom, the seed is sown in rows in shallow boxes, generally termed flats. When the plants are sufficiently advanced they are transplanted to other flats. In these they are spaced two inches apart, so that a section of soil may be cut out with each plant when transplanting to the field, and little check in growth result. Or the seed may be sown in flats and the plants sen to the open ground when fairly well developed, without the necessity of transplanting into other flats.

There are many varieties listed under the various kinds, and unless for special work mixed sorts are advised. From time to time many of the varieties offered have been tested at the Experimental Station, Kentville, and it is largely a matter of choice on the part of the individual as to what may be considered the best.

Group planting in borders or at the base of shrubbery, rather than formal bedding, is advised, as requiring less work and uually giving a more pleasing effect. Those sorts suitable for cut flowers should also be planted in rows in the back garden, so that an ample supply for this purpose may be available.

For edging, Sweet Alyssum Little Dorrit, and Candytuft (white); Tagetes signata pumila (yellow); and Lobelia Crystal Palace Gem, and Dwarf Ageratum Blue Star (blue) are very satisfactory. Of the everlastings Helichrysum (Strawflower), Acroclinium, Globe Amaranth (Gomphrena), and Statice are the best.

For cut flowers as well as for general planting the Snapdragon (Antirrhinum) is one of the best. It is usually started inside. There are many kinds, and the sorts intermediate in height are probably the most satisfactory. The annual single Chrysenthenum and the double variety Bridal Robe are both good. They are usually started inside. Coreopsis Drummondii and C. tinctoria are two of the best; these may be seeded outside. Cosmos should be more extensively grown, and the plants should be started inside. The annual larkspur may be seeded outside, as well as Gypsophila, Gaillardia, Lavatera, Scabious, Sweet Sultan, Bachelor's Button, Shirley or other poppies, Schizantus, Nemesia, Nigella Sunflowers in variety, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Swan River Daisy, African Daisy (Dimorphotheca), Celandula, China and Indian Pinks (Dianthus), sis. Then tender annuals, such as Balsam and Zinnia, had better be started inside and planted out after danger from frost is past. Phlox Drummondi, Petunia, Verbena, Nicotiana affinis, and Ten-weeks Stock should also be started inside. The Sweet Pea, sown outside as early as possible, should be included in all plantings of annuals. Because of the disease which attack the aster we have not mentioned this exceptionally fine flower.

WHEN IS A MAN RICH?

When I was a lad an old gentleman took the trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view, I remember he asked me one day, "When is a man rich enough?"

"I replied, "When he has ten thousand dollars."

He said, "No."

"Twenty thousand?"

"No."

"A hundred thousand?"

"No."

"Five hundred thousand?" Which I thought would settle the business, but be continued to say, "No."

I gave it up and confessed I could not tell, but begged he would inform me.

He gravely said, "When he has a little more than he has, and that is never."

A Finishing Touch.

Diner: "Are you very up to date with your cooking?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, we are very up to date here. We cook everything by electricity."

Diner: "Is that so? Well, suppose you give this steak another shock?"

The Raidroad Radio.

Jiggs: "What kind of a radio have you got?"

Wiggs: "The raidroad type. It whistles at every station."

Urgent Buisness.

Woman to office girl: "Is the Secretary of Agriculture in?"

Office Girl: "Yes'm, but he is very busy. What did you want to see him about?"

Woman: "About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

FOUNTAIN PEN PISTOL

A fountain pen that spurts thirty-eight calibre bullets was picked up near a street corner in New York city recently and turned over to the police. The tiny weapon, little longer than the width of a man's hand, is shaped to appear merely a harmless writing instrument. A few feet away, it would be mistaken for a real pen. Only when it is examined closely does the open muzzle at one end reveal its dangerous character. The pistol unscrews in the middel to insert the cartridge. It is fired by pressing a small button, about the size of a pinhead, in the end of the weapon. This releases a spring that operates the firing pin.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The twentieth regular meeting of the Chesterville Peptimists was held in Room "A" on March 15th, 1929. The secretary passed the membership buttons after which the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. We then had many intersting readings by the members on "How the Nervous System Works" as follows:

The Function of the Nervous System. by Jean Colquhoun.

How the Nervous System Works, by Audrey Black.

The Nerves, by Arthur Hewitt.

The Brain, by Eva Hartwell.

The Gray Matter, by Hilde Latta.

The Three Parts of the Brain, by Mr. Boyd.

A reading by Beulah Olsen.

The Sympathetic System. by Billy McElroy.

The Spinal Cord, by Mary Hartwell.

Inhibitiosn, by Della MacLean.

Habits and Their Importance, by Willie Nash.

Rest and Play, by Pauline Pomeroy.

Importance of Sleeping, by Lillian Shaver.

Pauline Pomeroy received the merit badge. Mite box donations amounted to 29 cents. We closed our meeting by singing the National Anthem.

Audrey Black, Reporter.

Cost Of Rearing Heifers To Time Of Freshening

(Experimental Farms Note.)

A consideration of the actual cost of rearing heifers to time of freshing emphasises the importance of using only the best sires available and also of raising only heifer calves from the highest testing and the highest producing dams.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, a record is kept of the feed consumed by all of the young stock from date of birth until the amles are sold for breeding and the females freshened. From these data, it is found that the verage feed cost of rearing heifers to time of freshening (2 years 7.4 months) is $127.50. In the calculation of this cost the whole-milk was charged at $2 per 100 pounds, the skim-milk at 50 cents per 100 pounds and the other feeds used at average market values. No charge has been made for labor or housing and consequently when these items are added it may be noted that there is an outlay of at least $150.00 before the heifer commences to give any returns. Providing she is well bred and develops into a good producer she will easily repay this outlay. While on the other hand if she is a low producer and a short term milker she can never become a paying proposition.

HOW THE SCOTS CURE COLDS

In the glens of Scotland, where doctors and chemists are miles away and roads impassable for weeks together, the houewives make great use of oatmeal gruel for preventing colds developing into anything more serious, says the Daily Mail.

But makinga good gruel the glen wives would say, calls for as much gumption as making good porridge. Here is an old Scottish countrywoman's recipe:

While a pint of milk is coming to the boil, mix a tablespoonful of fine oatmeal with a little cold milk. Pour the boiling milk on the meal, stir it well, and pour it back into the pan. Boil it about ten minutes and stir it often to prevent burning. Salt it well, and if it is for the children put in a little sugar. The patient should be put to bed with a hot-waterbottle and made to drink the gruel when it is very hot.

If the cold is very bad, whiskey is stirred into the gruel just before it is served. In some parts of Scotland treacle is added. "Caudle," an English remedy which the Scots have adopted, is made by beating an egg to a froth and adding it to a pint of gruel together with a glass of sherry or port and flavouring with lemon and sugar.

There is even an effervescing gruel. For this the gruel is made thin enough to drink. The strained juice of a lemon and as much bicarbonate of soda as will cover a sixpence are then stirred into a breakfast-cupful of gruel which is drunk during effervescence.

Good Judgment.

New Bride: "I took the recipe for this cake out of my cookbook."

Hubby: "You did just right. It should never have been there."

Big John And The Preacher

"Yes, I worked three weeks—never toiled harder in my life—to gather evidence against my man, and—I missed him!"

Not often did we find the revenue agent in a reminiscent mood; so we listened attentively. Briefly this is his story:

He had heard that a certain man known as Big John who lived back in the Southern mountains twenty odd miles away, was making and selling whiskev. But the agent knew that heresay is not evidence; so he decided to go into the hills. It is no trivial matter to enter such a mountain community and gather evidence; no stranger escapes close scrutiny.

Then he heard that the people along the creek on which Big John lived, were planning to build a church. Having been a carpenter, the agent set out at once. None of the mountaineers were experienced carpenters; they needed him, and his coming did not arouse their suspicions.

For a week he labored. He soon decided that Big John would not be an easy man to get out of the mountains. Genial and generous almost to a fault, the man had many friends. As for evidence, after ten days, the revenue man found the still on Big John's farm, though he had not yet seen the man at work.

Then came dedication Sunday. The native minister who had inspired the people to build the church came to address them in the morning, and as the moon was full, he stayed for a night meeting also. There had never been "preaching" on that creek, and the new church was crowded at both services.

The revenue man did not attend the night meeting. Instead, he went to bed, for he had decided to arrest Big John at three o'clock. Since it was moonlight, he was certain that he should find Big John working his still. He would "get the drop" on his man, gag him and take him out.

The agent fell asleep with the fervent voice of the preacher in the little church down the creek ringing in his ears.

At two o'clock in the morning the agent slid through the window of his room. He soon reached the site of the still, but Big John was not there. The agent found a huge mass of glowing coals where logs had been heaped for a great fire. Poking in the hot ashes, he found some pieces of twisted, half melted metal. On a tree nearby he saw a signboard, and on it, half written and half printed in large crude letters, was this notice:

"Big John joined church last night. He are going to live strait. Pray fur him."

"No, I am not sorry," said the agent. "Big John kept his word. You remember what the Bible says about the 'foolishness of preaching'? Big John had never been to church until that time."

BECKSTEAD

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Beckstead and family took tea on Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beckstead.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Froats and son Wray spent Sunday at the latter's parental home, Mr. John Servage's.

Miss Orlean Weegar spent Sunday with Miss Jessie MacLean.

Mr. Morley McPherson has returned home after spending the past few weeks in Massena, N.Y.

Mrs. Murray MacLean and baby Earl and Miss Jessie MacLean spent Friday at Mr. Howard Beckstead's of Grantley.

POTATOES 30c PER BAG

Barrie Examiner—A carlo tatoes was sold at Carley on Friday of last week a bag. A similar sh Barrie a few days prev th same figure. A gran Midland last week told er he had 500 bags i couldn't sell a potato. A a bag, this scarcely pa bor of sorting and hau cost of seed, plantin harvesting, and in ma of fertilizer and spra All this further serve the present serious s potato industry in Sim which the Examiner two weeks ago, urging mediai measures.



A Budget for Success

Should include provision for the regular saving of a percentage of your income. . . . Whether the amount is large or small, however, regular depositing is most important.

This Bank Invites Your Savings Account.
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Total Assets over $260,000,000

J. A. McLEOD, General Manager, Toronto

811

Do You Buy Stocks By the Map?

Of course you don't, and nobody does, because there is no geography in the investment of money. Like water, money always flows to its easiest level.

When the Bell Telephone Company needs new capital to extend its service it must compete with American utility companies which offer their new shares to shareholders.

If the Canadian company is restricted in this, Canadian investors cannot be expected to refuse greater attraction abroad and Canadian money will not stay in Canada.

The monthly rates paid by telephone users in Ontario and Quebec are the lowest rates in the world for comparable service.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Smiths Falls Crowd Ugly When Chesterville Wins

Smiths Falls Record-News — The Winifred Street Arena was the scene of a naval battle on Friday last when the Chesterville and Smiths Falls teams splashed through water and slush for sixty minutes in a Rideau Group hockey fixture that finally saw the champions end up on the long end of a 4 to 0 score. The night was anything but suitable for hockey and the ice was in horrible condition. Water covered and dotted with holes where the rain dripped through the roof, the ice made stick-handling practically impossible and a rolling puck forced the players to do practically all their shooting with golf strokes at the puck.

But while the game was listless and unexciting sensation seekers were given quite an eyeful as the closing bell rang when players and spectators came together with a crasn and a rousing free for all fight ensued to the delight of the warmer headed gentry. For a few minutes fists and sticks were flying fast and furious and the scrap threatened to cause some real excitement. Cooler heads interfered, however, and the Chesterville team was finally escorted upstairs to their dressing room while a turbulent crowd stood on the ice and hurled wisecracks at their departing figures.

There was a big crowd for the game and the audience seemed in a resentful mood. After Chesterville had taken a two goal lead the crowd took offence at some of Referee O'Meara's decisions and he was given the razzberry in a deep throated chorus. Later, in the third session, play roughened up considerably and bumping, cross checking and heavy slashing became the order of the day. O'Meara caught some offenders and let others go by and in a few minutes the game was almost completely out of hand.

The "Big Parade" to the penalty box began in this session and there were numerous penitents occupying the pew troughout the session. As the period and the game waned Archie Campbell and "Shorty" Harper engaged in a bumping duel on the right boards and finally broke out into a fistic engagement. The combatants were parted and sent to the pen but both teams had now felt the call of the scrap and the heavy bumping and cross checking continued.

Fists Were Flying.

As the whistle blew to end the game the teams skated off the ice together and the spectators swarmed over the boards anticipating a fight. Just how the free for all started is still a deep and dark mystery but it looked as though the whole matter was begun by a spectator who took a pass at Hamilton, the Chesterville goalie. In a few seconds fists were flying and sticks brandished. The combatants were pried apart, however, and the teams went to their dressing rooms.

The game was a listless exhibition which gave the customers little to enthuse over. Fast skating and stick-handling were well nigh impossible on the spotty surface and the locals, a hard ice team, were decisively outplayed by the Chesterville squad which took to the slush and water as a travelling salesman takes to a new story. Lady Luck was wearing a Chesterville sweater on Friday and the champs had much more success in handling the rolling puck than the locals. Two of their goals were of the lucky variety and the first counter, a slow backhand lob, entered the net after it had taken a crazy bounce in front of Hunter.

Would Leave It Behind.

A Virginian who had moved to Baltimore was driving through the section where he formerly lived, and stopped at a log cabin to get a drink.

An old black woman came out, and he recognized her as one from his old plantation.

She was fat and slovenly, and had a corncob pipe in her mouth, black, foul and dribbling over her chin. He spoke to her.

"Look here, aunty, aren't you a good woman?"

"Yes, sur, I is."

"Don't you know what the Good Book says about keeping yourself clean and undefiled?"

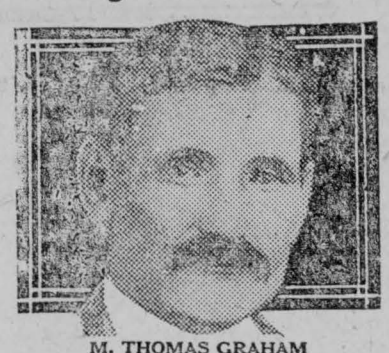
"Yes, sah, I heered about dat."

"Well, what do you suppose they will say to you if you try to get into heaven with your breath smelling from that dirty old pipe?"

"Now, hole on der, Massa Roy, I 'spects when I die and go to heaven I'se gonna leave my breff behind."

KEPT HIM FROM WORK FOR A MONTH AT A TIME

Never had a Sick Day Since Taking "Fruit-a-tives"



M. THOMAS GRAHAM

Of the thousands and thousands of men and women who have been restored to perfect health by "Fruit-a-tives," none are more grateful than Mr. Thos. Graham, 538 Masson St., Oshawa. "I am 60 years old and was treated for years for a trouble between the bowels and the bladder, which kept me home from work for a month at a time; until I started to take "Fruit-a-tives." Since then, I have worked steadily for four years and have never had a sick day."

Try this wonderful medicine; made from fruit juices combined with the finest medicinal ingredients. 25c. and 50c. a box—at dealers everywhere.

A Sale Of 1849

When the California gold fever spread over the country many persons sold their property and hurried west to get rich. Here is a bill of those days:

SALE

Having sold my farm and I am leaving for Oregon territory, by ox team, will offer, March 1, 1849, all of my personal property, to-wit:

All ox teams except two teams, Buck and Ben and Tom and Jerry; 2 milk cows; 1 gray mare and colt; 1 pair of oxen and yoke; 1 baby yoke; 2 ox carts; 1 iron foot of poplar weather boards; 800 to 1,000 three-foot clap-boards; 1,500 ten-foot fence rails; 1 sixty gallon scap k sugar troughs, made of white ash timber; 10 gallons of maple syrup; 2 spinning wheels; 3 pounds of mutton tallow; 1 large loom, made by Jerry Wilson; 300 poles; 100 split hoops; 100 empty barrels; 1 thirty-two gallon barrel of Johnson Miller whiskey, seven years old; 30 gallons of apple brandy; 1 forty-gallon copper still; oak tanned leather; 1 dozen real books; 2 handle hooks; 3 scythes and cradles; 1 dozen wooden pitchforks; one-half interest in tanyard; 1 thirty-two calibre rifle, bullet mold and powder horn, rifle made by Ben Miller; 50 gallons of soft soap; hams; bacon and lard; 40 gallons of sorghum molasses; 6 head of foxhounds, all soft mouthed except one.

At the same time I will sell my six negro slaves—2 men, 35 and 50 years old; 2 boys, 12 and 18 years old; 2 mulatto wenches, 40 and 30 years old. Will sell altogether in same party, as will not separate them.

Terms of sale, cash in hand or note to draw 3 per cent. interest with Bob McConnel as surety.

My home is 2 miles south of Ver Sailes, Kentucky, on the McCouns ferry pike. Sale begins at 8 o'clock a.m. Plenty to drink and eat. J. L. MOSS

What changes eighty years have made! The ox team has gone and the tractor has come. Barbed wire has displaced the rail fence. Silent is the spinning wheel. Only here and there is there one to be found in a home and in most cases it is kept as a memento of bygone days. No auction in these Volsteadian days advertise whiskey and brandy and the advertisement of a forty-gallon copper still would mean a visit from a Prohibition officer. And best of all, slavery has gone. Alas, most of the boys who fought to end slavery, have gone also. If J. L. Moss could revisit his farm he would encounter a series of surprises and it would be difficult for him to adjust himself to the changes that have taken place.—The Ellsworth Record.

Shocking Extravagance.

"Dad, we learnt at school to-day that the naimals have a new fur coat every winter."

"Be quiet, your mother is in the next room."

Appraising Himself.

Leslie had always been very much afraid of dogs.

One day, after a struggle to get him to pass a large dog which stood on the corner, his mother scolded him for his unnecessary fear.

"Well," was his reply, "you'd be afraid of dogs if you was as low down as I am."

From the Back Seat.

Husband (in car)—"Great Heavens! the engine is terribly overheated."

Wife (calmly)—Then why don't you turn off the radiator?"

Mary is "Neat."

Mary has a little skirt,
So neat, so bright, so airy;
It never shows a speck of dirt,
But it surely does show Mary.

Don't Be Coughed At

J. W. Sangster, Listowel Board of Health, hands out the following seasonable advice through the columns of the Banner:—

Authorities tell us that the little germs which cause influenza are not carried on clothing nor do they enter our systems with the food that we eat. They do not lurk in rooms awaiting a suitable victim. They are acquired through the mouth, almost always from some infected person's breath. It is a long time since we were warned against tubercular infection through the breath. We were taught that even a light cough was enough to propel the germs a distance of six feet or more. They even warned us that in many cases the infected break could make "indirect hits" by striking against some surface and caroming off the face of some other person.

With flu it is the same, only more so. You get quicker action. Any person may be the carrier, and may infect perhaps a hundred others before they even suspect that they have got it themselves. So it is that, to breathe anyone's breath is a dangerous thing to do. So it is that to breathe in the face of an acquaintance might be just as deadly to him as it would be to shoot him with a pistol. For people quite often die of flu.

Now, if someone pointed a pistol playfully at your face, you would resent it. So much is this the case, that it is now an offence, punishable by a good stiff fine, to point any firearm loaded or not, at you.

Is there not just as much reason why you should resent anyone breathing right in your face. It may be the signature of your death warrant. Or you may contract flu, and before you know about it, communicate it to a dozen others.

It is a good rule not to breathe in anyone's face. It is just as good a rule to resent in a noticeable way anyone beathing in yours. If you do this once or twice, it will be an intimation to anyone habitually guilty of this abominable practice, that their fine social habits are not appreciated. In times of an epidemic of such characteristics as those of influenza, it is your duty to set an example of resenting anyone's breathing directly in your face.

Perhaps it is worse than breathing. It may be a cough. If you have got a cough carry a handkerchief. Use it when you cough. It may be the one thing that may save others from catching infection from you.

ADVERTISE IT NEXT WEEK—
SELL IT THE DAY AFTER

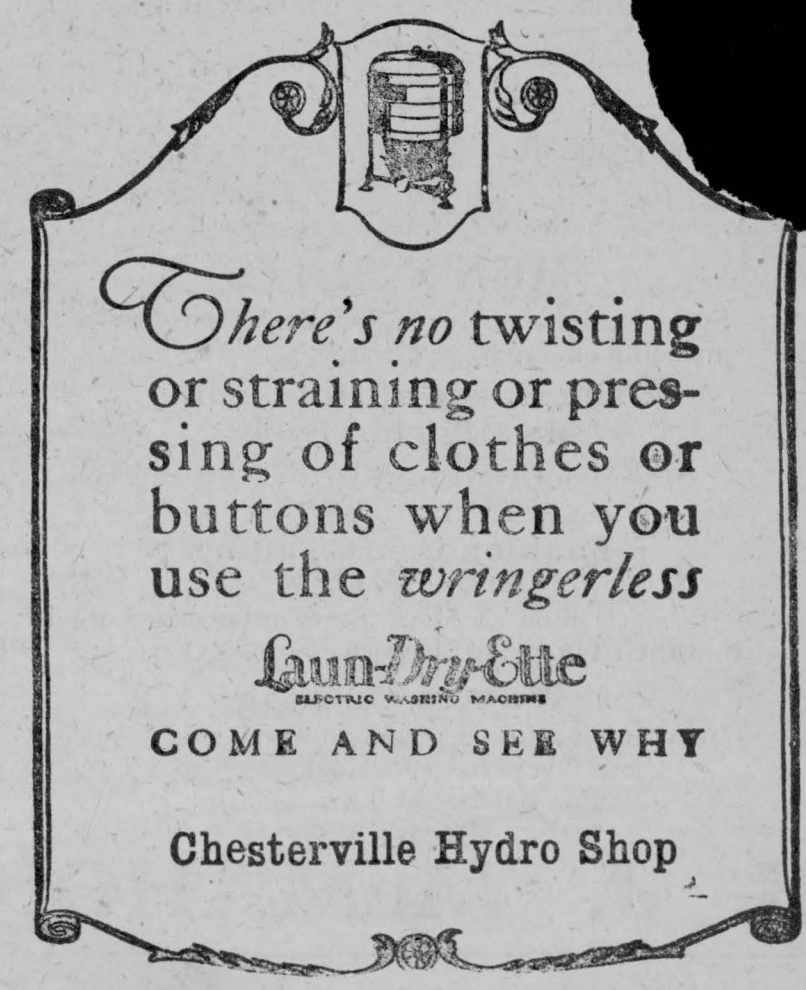
No Doubt

SHR... WH...



High value at low
Ideal for Winter with h
Proved by 34 years of growing

Made by The Canadian Shredded Wheat C...



There's no twisting or straining or pressing of clothes or buttons when you use the *wringerless*

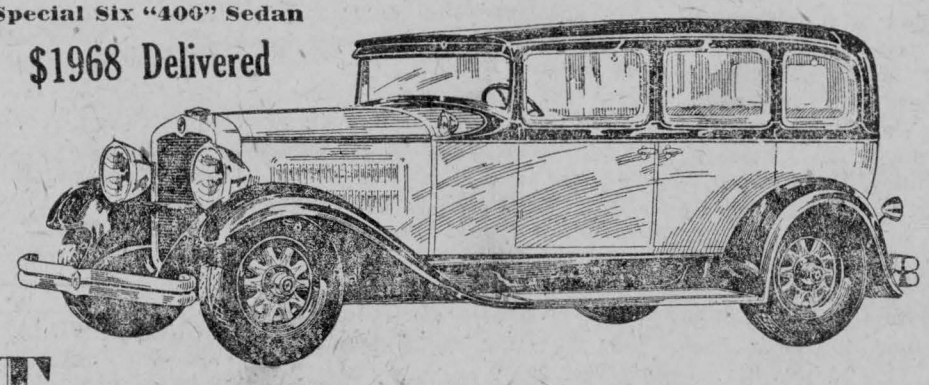
Laun-Dry-Ette
ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

COME AND SEE WHY

Chesterville Hydro Shop

THE RECORD-BREAKING NEW NASH "400"

Special Six "400" Sedan
$1968 Delivered



TAKE THE WHEEL and learn why NASH can say:

"World's Easiest Driver Control"

EFFORTLESS steering . . . softness of clutch action . . . quick brake response—these are features of the Nash "400" that give new delight to motoring.

Thousands of "400" owners will tell you that to them driving is never tiring. For the Nash "400" has "World's Easiest Driver Control."

This is a strong claim, but we make it earnestly, and with the firm belief that it is an unvarnished, accurate statement of fact.

We invite *you* to test it. Ask us for a Nash "400" to drive. Take it through the severest traffic, up to and away from stop-lights. Try parking in difficult places.

See how effortless are even the sharpest turns, with what ease brake and clutch pedals operate, how swiftly motor and brakes respond. *You'll find yourself driving with more driving confidence than you ever had before.*

And you'll know what a truly remarkable car the Nash "400" is!

Standard Six 400 Sedan $1334 Delivered

The New NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

IMPORTANT "400" FEATURES—*NO OTHER CAR HAS THEM ALL*

- Twin-Ignition motor
- 12 Aircraft-type spark plugs
- High compression
- Houdaille and Lovejoy shock absorbers (*exclusive Nash mounting*)
- Salon Bodies
- Aluminum alloy pistons (*Invar Struts*)
- New double drop frame
- Torsional vibration damper
- World's easiest steering
- 7-bearing crankshaft (*hollow crank pins*)
- Bijur centralized chassis lubrication
- Electric clocks
- Exterior metalware chrome plated over nickel
- Short turning radius
- Longer wheelbases
- One-piece Salon fenders
- Clear vision front pillar posts
- Nash Special Design front and rear bumpers

D. MacGREGOR & SON
Morewood Ont.

(9370)

[illegible]KING

[illegible] broken lines which we [illegible] out at a price to keep [illegible] and up-to-date.

[illegible]is Lot Are
[illegible]S OF DRESS GOODS
[illegible]ND SUITINGS
[illegible]ced to move quickly

[illegible] CHILDRENS' SWEATER COATS
[illegible]' SWEATERS & SWEATER COATS

ODD LINES OF
[illegible]ES & HEAVY WORK RUBBERS

[illegible]arns

[illegible]ARLITE and SIL-[illegible]ARNS, reg. 25c **10c**
[illegible] .....

[illegible]rey Cotton

[illegible] GREY COTTON, good
[illegible]ECIAL, 10 yds. for.... **$1.00**

Flannelette Blankets

First Quality in our famous CUDDLEDOON FLANNELETTE BLANKETS in White or Gray with assorted borders
Per Pair **$2.10**

Fancy FLANNELETTE BLANKETS Greatly Reduced.

MEN'S SUITS

Special values in Men's Made-to Measure Suits are being offered by our leading tailoring houses.

The House of Hobberlin Is Offering Free

An Extra Pair of Trousers with each suit ordered in January.

Fashion Craft Tailors Are Offering

20% Reduction on all Men's Suits ordered in January from their big range of tweeds and OKO Suitings

We Are Offering

Very much reduced prices on Men's and Boys' Cloth Overcoats and Mackinaw Coats For Balance of This Month.

Phone 62

H. J. McMAHON

PAYNE VALLEY

Mr. John McIntyre spent one day last week at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eligh spent Wednesday with their daughters at Cornwall..

Mr. Sandy McIntyre was at Crysler on Sunday.

Quite a number of people are ill with the 'flu in our valley.

Mrs. Rupert MacIntyre spent a couple of days last week with her sister Laura, nurse-in-training, at Ottawa. She was accompanied home by Mrs. Willard Rutley, Finch.

Miss Mary McIntyre spent Sunday with her cousin at Finch.

Mr. John Ouderkirk was calling in our Valley on Tuesday last.

Mr. Will Meldrum and sons, Wesey, Russell and Douglas were at Finch on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eligh and Miss Clara Garlough spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Garlough, Williamsburg.

GRANTLEY

A very pleasant time was spent one evening last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jno Locke when a few young people gathered there in honor of Grant Taylor before his return to New York.

Visitors at Mr. Alex. Taylor's on Sunday were Mrs. Ed. Hummel, Mr. Roy McIntosh and Roy Bailey.

The many friends of Miss Jane Hart will be pleased to learn of her recent marriage in Montreal on Jan. 15th, to Mr. Budd, of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Riddell of Finch, spent Friday with their son, Mr. Arnold Riddell here.

Miss Edithe Locke is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Henderson, Dunbar.

Mr. Grant Taylor left for New York after spending the past month with his parents here.

Miss Jean Darling returned home after spending some time with her aunt at Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Miton Carr and children spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. John Bogart, Berwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Gordon and children spent Sunday afternoon with the latter's mother, Mrs. I. Countryman, Bush Glen.

Mrs. John McMillan and daughter spent a few days at Cornwall, returning home on Saturday.

STRADERS HILL

Rev. Sisco was caling through here this week.

We were sorry to hear that Clifford Wylie was taken to Brockville for an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernice Strader, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Reddick and Mrs. John motored to Spencerville Thursday and spent the day with friends.

Guests of Mr. Henry Hanson for the week end were Mrs. Effie Strader, the Misses Olive and Gladys Casselman of Toys Hill, Mrs. Myrtle Woodford, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Riddle.

We are sorry to hear Mr. and Mrs. John Hanson are sick in bed with the mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hanson visited Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Merkley Sunday.

Wedding Bells are ringing in our midst.

ADVERTISE IT NEXT WEEK—SELL IT THE DAY AFTER

PLAN FOR THE FUTURE

Arrange a systematic saving for your boy or girl by means of an Endowment Policy. It can be taken for a term of ten, fifteen or twenty years.

The full risk is now granted on the life of the child when they attain their thenth birthday.

Special plans for children under ten years of age.

Dividends or profits paid by the Sun Life are unexcelled in the world.

Information gladly given on the various plans.

Phones—Office 34J : Residence 34W

E. B. LYNCH, Agent, CHESTERVILLE

CHURCH FINANCES GOOD

At the annual meeting of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church held last week the reports of the several organizations showed a most gratifying situation in the church. The church treasurer and the treasurer of the Board of Management indicated the finances of the church to be most satisfactory.

The two retiring managers were re-elected. A motion of gratitude was extended to Miss Gertrude Weegar and Mrs. D. Craig for the efficient manner in which they have conducted the Ministry of Music. Mr. C. Ritchie Bell was thanked for his capable administration and his watchful care over his congregation and his consecrated efforts from the pulpit.

Upon motion and ballot the name "St. Andrew's" was chosen for the church.

Opening devotions were conducted by Mr. C. Ritchie Bell, minister, who also occupied the chair at the meeting.

FINCH

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. MacLean were in Cornwall recently.

Dr. and Mrs. MacLeod are at the latter's parental home here.

Mrs. H. A. MacMillan was in Chesterville recently.

Master Neill MacLean spent the past week with his grandmother, Mrs. A. Henry.

Weare glad to know that Mrs. Roland Droppo is back home again after being a patient in the General hospital Cornwall.

Miss Irene Stewart and Mrs. Boss were in Ottawa one day last week..

Miss Helen Casselman spent the week end with friends in Ottawa.

Rev. John McKay of Avonmore, United church, exchanged pulpits with A. W. Stewart, of Chalmer's United church, Finch, on Sunday. last.

Don't forget the big hockey match Friday night, Jan. 25th, in Finch Arena, Cornwall vs. Finch.

Mr. Whitney Merkley, Cornwall, spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. J. S. Merkley.

Mrs. R. Riddell spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Baxter were in town one day last week.

Mrs. J. Rombough returned home Saturday night after spending some time in Toronto with her daughter, Mrs. C. Boadway.

Mrs. Jas. Shaver was in town recenty.

Miss Cassie McElheran spent the week end at her home in Lodi.

Mrs. Fred Rodgers of Prince Rupert, B.C., was visiting her cousin, Mrs. D. P. Cameron, last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Gibson spent a day in Ottawa recently.

Mr. Gladstone MacLean spent a few days in Montreal attending the Motor Show.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. James spent Friday in Montreal.

CHESTERVILLE WO'S. INST.

Several members of the local Women's Institute were hostesses at a charmingly arranged Japanese tea held at the home of the president, Mrs. D. Allison, recently. The rooms were artistically decorated with an array of lanterns, parasols, flowers, etc., while the ladies assisting with the serving resembled a staff of efficient Japanese maids, quaintly attired in beautiful kimonas and slippers.

Mrs. J. G. Tate and Mrs. D. Allison received the guests at the door and Mrs. Wesley Hamilton and Mrs. W. M. Saucier presided at the tea table while Mrs. S. E. Robinson received the donations.

An interesting program was given during the afternoon, consisting of several Japanese songs, readings and instrumental selections. Among those who assisted with the program were, Frances Fulton, Arthur Hewitt, Eric Barwick, Mrs. E. L. Bronskill, Mrs. Geo. Merkley and Yvonne, and Mrs. P. Hewitt.

BECKSTEAD

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Froats and children of Grantley, and Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Froats and family of Chesterville, and Mr. Arnold Froats spent Sunday at Mr. Lloyd Froats'.

Miss Alice Beckstead is spending a few days with friends in Chesterville.

Mrs. Charlie Beckstead and daughter Essie are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Farran Beckstead of Morewood.

Mr. Murray MacLean and children Joyce and Dalton spent Friday at his home here.

FULTON BROS.

The Store of Quality But not of High Price

Stock-Taking Specials

INITIAL BOX NOTE PAPER AND CORRESPONDENT CARDS
Regular 50c
To Clear per box..... **19c**
Initial—E, T, D, N, H, P, L, W.

DINNER SETS
Stock Pattern
Reg. $29.00
To Clear **$22.45**
97 Pieces
Also sell any part of a set

FANCY CHINA CUPS & SAUCERS
Special **$1.49** Dozen

7-PIECE WATER SETS
Cut Grape Patterns
Reg. $1.50
To Clear Per Set **$1.09**

GLASS SALAD BOWLS
7 inch
To Clear, each..... **18c**

PEG TOP CIGARS
Xmas Package
25 in box for..... **98c**

TOILET PAPER
7 Rolls for..... **25c**

BIT SNAPS
Reg. 5c Each
To Clear ..... **2 FOR 5c**

Groceries

These are our every day prices—not specials for a few days, but hold good unless a change in wholesale price.

P. & G. NAPHTHA SOAP—
PEARL WHITE SOAP— **10** Bars for **39c**

Choice Quality TOMATOES, large tin .....2 for 25c
Choice Quality CORN, 2's.....2 for 25c
PEAS, Size 4 .....2 for 25c
CAMPBELLS SOUPS .....2 for 25c

MAPLE LEAF MATCHES—
EDDYS MATCHES —Per Package **27c**

Clover Leaf SALMON, Small 25c
Seeded or Seedless RAISINS, Large Pkg.....2 for 25c
MARMALADE, 40-oz. size, Per Jar.....39c
Kellogg's CORNFLAKES Per Package 10c
Quaker or Jersey CORNFLAKES .....3 for 25c
McLarens JELLY POWDERS .....4 packages 25c
Hand Picked WHITE BEANS Per lb.....10c
SODA BISCUITS, Large Pkg.....30c
Fulton's Special JAPAN TEA, Per lb.....60c
Signal JAPAN TEA Per lb.....50c
New Bulk DATES 2 lbs. for 25c

Below are a few of the Prices on the Patent Medicines We Carry

SCOTTS EMULSION, Large 98c
SCOTTS EMULSION, Small 50c
CHASES LINSEED & TURPENTINE....30c
CHASES NERVE FOOD 50c
CHAESES OINTMENT 50c
CHASES KIDNEY & LIVER PILLS.....30c
ABSORBINE, Large $2.25
DODDS KIDNEY PILLS 45c
GIN PILLS 45c
LISTERINE .....30c, 50c & $1.00
LAVORIS .....25c, 45c & 90c
PINKHAMS COMPOUND, Bottle $1.25
WAMPOLES MAGNOLAX Bottle.....90c
PINEX, Bottle 45c
CASTORIA, Bottle 35c
SLOANS LINIMENT 30c
ZAM BUK 45c
CO-RE-GA, Large $1.00
NUJOL, Large $1.00
NUJOL, Small 65c
PHILLPS MILK OF MAGNESIA.....50c
COMMON SENSE RAT POISON 30c

Clothes Baskets

INDIAN CLOTHES BASKETS, each.....$1.15

Ensilage Baskets

INDIAN ENSILAGE BASKETS, each.....$1.75

Mixing Pans

BREAD MIXNG PANS—TIN or AGATE

Sabadilla

A Fresh Barrel Just In.
Per lb. 50c

APPLES

SPIES — TALLMAN SWEETS — STARKS — GANO
Per Barrel .....$5.00 and up

Poultry Supplies

C. R. L. BRAND MEAT & BONE SCRAP
50-lb Bag $2.50
100-lb Bag $4.75
OYSTER SHELLS — GRIT

FULTON BROS.

CHESTERVILLE, ONT.

ORCHARDSIDE

Mrs. G. Ouderkirk of Berwick, spent Friday visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Irving.

Miss Dorothy Merkley spent the week end visiting Miss Olive Barkley of Dunbar.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Dillabough and children of Elma, visited at the home of Mr. David Beckstead on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cunningham and Miss Grace spent Sunday at Mr. Wallace Myers'.

Mr. Cecil Beckstead spent the week end with Walter and Irwin Merkley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crump of Morewood, visited their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Elliott, on Sunday.

BORN

Ouderkirk, on Saturday, January 12th, 1929, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ouderkirk, a daughter.

LOST

Tuesday afternoon, one tire chain for truck, between Morewood and Chesterville. Finder will please return to A. B. Allison, Morewood. 12

FOR SALE

Ten or twelve cows from 3 to 6 years old, your choice from herd of 36. Apply John Kelly, Chesterville. 13

FOR SALE

Because I do not intend to stage any Harness Race meeting this coming summer the Driving Park grounds complete is hereby offered for sale.

Any person or persons desiring to purchase same may do so with terms to suit.—J. H. Brownlee, Chesterville, Ont. 13

FOR SALE

Five Collie pups about 2 months old. Apply W. B. Allison, Chesterville. 12

FARM TO RENT

Lot No. 1, in the sixth concession of Williamsburg, two miles south of Grantley, possession given March 1, 1929. For any further information apply to Albert Becker, Williamsburg. 13

CUSTOM SAWING

On and after March 1st Custom Sawing will be done at Cannamore. Faulkner & Carruthers. 8tf

NOTICE

Milk and cream may be secured at Brownlee's store, from McElheran's Dairy. When whipping cream wanted please order one day ahead. 4tf

MOREWOOD

Mrs. D. MacGregor has returned home from spending a few weeks with her sons in New York.

The annual installation and banquet of the Morewood I.O.O.F. No. 285 took place on Wednesday evening when supper was served to over eighty-five persons.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Dillabough and daughter Sybil spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Dillabough.

Owing to the illness of the pastor there were no services in the United church on Sunday.

Mrs. H. Burrows of North Bay, having spent a few weeks with her father, Mr. M. E. Hunter, who is ill, returned home on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Fetterly spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Faulkner.

The funeral of the late Mrs. A. Sprung was held in the United church on Friday, Rev. Mr. Hamilton of Winchester, conducted the service.

RIVERSIDE

Miss Isabel McMillan spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Montgomery, who has been on the sick list.

Miss Bella McMillan visited Mrs. Jake Smirle, Cannamore, over the week end.

Recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bogart—Mrs. Dan Pollock, Mrs. Mills Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dafoe, Mrs. W. T. Dafoe of Aultsville, and Mr. and Mrs. Fay M. Droppo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Snetsinger of Newington, visited Mr. and Mrs. Mills Foster on Wednesday.

A number from here attended the annual meeting of the Y.P.S. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hutt on Wednesday night, at Berwick.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Fay M. Droppo and Mrs. Robert C. Bogart motored to Ottawa on Tuesday and spent the day with friends.

A number from here attended the box social at Berwick on Friday night.

A large number attended the hockey matches at Finch and Chesterville an Monday and Tuesday night.

BALED SHAVINGS

I expect a car of baled shavings to arrive here about Jan. 24th. This makes first class stable bedding and is much cheaper than straw. We are offering a special price direct from the car.—A. W. Beach, Winchester. 12

NEW DODGE SENIOR

Before asking the price, examine the new Dodge Senior in your most critical mood. Scrutinize each small detail. Inspect its fittings and fitments. Compare its upholstery, its trimming, its accessories with those of highest priced cars. Be as exacting as you please.

Then stand back and view the whole ensmble— the size and spaciousness, the pleasing contours, the imposing beauty of design.

There is no surer way to establish the unduplicated value of magnificent equipage than to subject it to the same minute appraisal by which you judge the most exclusive custom creations. Nor will you evaluate it more truthfully unless you do.

But once you have subjected the new Chryser-built Dodge Senior to your most careful scrutiny you are certain to conclude that never before has a car so large, so handsome and so fine been offered at so low a price.

D. ALLISON, DEALER
Chesterville

Grantley Store

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR EGGS, CASH OR TRADE

Fresh Groceries Always On Hand

See our Sleighs—McCormick-Deering
The real Bob-Sleighs

Double and Single Harness on hand
Beatty Barn Equipment. Beatty Washers and Wringers
Mount Forest Cutters
One Good Fordson Tractor

Three Young Cows and 1 Yearling Bull For Sale

If you need anything in our line of McCormick Deering Machinery I would solicit yonr patronage.

Charles McMillan **Telephone Chesterville 57 R 23**

JUNIOR GAME TOMORROW

With Chesterville and Morewood tied for the lead in the Junior Central Ottawa Valley league, tomorrow night's game on Chesterville ice should prove one of the best of the season. The Morewood boys have a nifty bunch of puck chasers and will be out at full strength determined to step off the ice when the last whistle blows with another game safely tucked away. Eric Casselman will turn loose a bunch of Juniors ready to take care of the invasion and turn back the boys from the north empty handed. The last appearance of Morewood here attracted a good crowd and a packed house is looked for tomorrow night.

DIED AT BUTTE, MONT.

On Sunday, Jan. 13th, there passed away at Butte, Mon., Richard C. McDonald, son of the late Michael McDonald and Mrs. McDonald, formerly of Finch. The funeral was held at St. Patrick's church, Butte, on Wednesday the 16th. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and two children; his mother and three sisters of Cornwall, and five brothers, William, Joseph, Edmund, James and Thomas.

Y. P. S. HOLD SOCIAL EVENING

The Young People's Society of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Andrew Wilson on Friday last.

Miss Lila Weegar, acting-president, presided at the meeting and led in community singing. Those contributing to the program for the evening were: Mr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. D. Craig, Miss Madge Campderros, Miss Olive McIntosh, Miss Louise Wilson, Miss Gertrude Weegar and Mr. Geo. Riddell. The "Musical Contest" was very much enjoyed.

Dainty refreshments were served and a vote of thanks tendered Mr. and Mrs. Wilson for their hospitality. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

BERWICK

Mrs. J. Meilleur was the guest of her aunt and uncle at Embrun on Thursday.

Mrs. A. Summers spent Wednesday and Thursday with Mrs. Kinnard at Crysler.

We are sorry to report the illness of Mr. Chas. Gray but hope he may soon recover.

Mr. Vanace Briere moved to Avonmore on Saturday last.

Mr. Chas. Thompson is installing Hydro lights in his home this week.

Miss Hilda Miller who, spent a couple of weeks at her home in Oxford Mills, returned on Monday.

Mr. Willis Miller is able to be out again after his serious illness.

Master Grenville Alguire is able to be around again after an operation for adenoids and tonsilitis at the Civic hospital, Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ostler and family spent Sunday with relatives at Chesterville.

Guests over Sunday at the home of Mr' and Mrs. Geo. Barragher were, Mrs. Dishaw and Mrs. H. Merkley of Massena, and Mr. Harry Merkley of Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pomerville spent Thursday at Ottawa.

MOREWOOD UNITED CHURCH

Last Sunday it was impossible to hold any of the regular services except Sunday school, owing to the pastor being sick in bed with 'flu-pneumonia and under the doctor's care. Next Sunday the morning and evening services of worship will be in the sole charge of the pastor's father, Rev. Geo. Stafford, Aylmer, Que. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper which was announced will be postponed for the present until the pastor is able to take charge himself.

The annual meeting of the congregation will not be held on Friday of this week as announced, but will be announced later, possibly next week.

The pastor is steadily gaining now and may be out of bed by next Sunday.

IN MEMORIAM

Robinson—In loving memory of our dear sister, Mrs. C. F. Robinson, who died Jan. 24th, 1928.

Today recalls sad memories
Of a loved one gone to rest;
And those who think of her today
Are those who loved her best.

Brother and Sisters.

Casse[illegible]

SPE[illegible]

FOR THIS

New Prints
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New Patterns and Colorings
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Flannelette Blankets
Large Size
2.10 and 2.25 per pair

Boys' Woollen Mitts
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CASSELMAN & BARWICK
Chesterville

BOUCKS HILL

Mr. and Mrs. George Hill spent Thursday with Dr. and Mrs. E. Marcellus, at Iroquois.

Mr. and Mrs. eKmp Beckstead and son Ray, Mrs. M. Shannette and son Hugh, of Morrisburg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Harriman.

Miss Nellie Cameron is on the sick list.

Mr. Fred McMillan and family spent Sunday afternoon at Mr. Morley McPherson's.

We were sorry to hear of the misfortune that occurred to Mrs. Sanford Harriman while she was spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. David Bouck, Mrs. Harriman fell on the ice and fractured her hip. Her friends hope she will soon recover.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford McIntosh spent Sunday at Mr. Geo. Hill's.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Whittaker and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Casselman.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Mert O'Shaughnessy, of Hoasic, in the loss they have sustained on the death of their little daughter Edna.

Recent visitors at W. A. Carr's were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hill and daughter May, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cameron of this place, and Mr. Hugh Fetterly of Cornwall; Mrs. Walter Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Countryman, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Carr and baby Doris.

Mr. Hilas Herriman spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Merkley.

Mr. Harold Pemberton spent the week end at Mr. Chas. Lane's.

Mr. Linden Barkley of Massena, spent the week end with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Barkley spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Carman Barkley, Spruce Grove.

Miss Vivian Dillabough is spending a few days with Mrs. Bill Lane.

IN MEMORIAM

Robinson—In loving memory of my dear wife, Maude, who departed this life Jan. 24th, 1928.

There is someone who misses you sadly,
And finds the time long since you went;
There is someone who thinks of you daily,
But tries to be brave and content.
So we shed a tear silently,
And breathe a sigh of regret,
For you were ours, we remember,
If all the world forgets.

Husband and Mother.

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G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24th, 1929.

Junior Farmer Tells Of Trip To "Royal"

Some enlightening comments on Toronto and the Royal Winter Fair from a young agriculturist's point of view are contained in the essay with which Stewart Miller, R.R.1, Georgetown, won first prize in the essay competition conducted by the Ontario Department of Agriculture on "The Second Junior Farmers' Trip to Ontario."

During our four days in Toronto," reads the essay, in part, "we not only had an opportunity to see the very best crops and live stock that are produced in this country, but we were able through the courtesy of various firms to inspect different manufacturing firms and commercial organizations, thus to see for ourselves the inter-dependence that exists between farm and factory.

"We had a 'Royal' time in more ways than one. Probably to some of the boys the trip was regarded as a holiday and a chance to have a good time, but is was really more than this. These annual pilgrimages, as Premier Ferguson has called them, have already borne fruit in stimulating interest in live stock, judging work, and it is certain that they will have a powerful influence not only in elevating the status of the livestock industry but in promoting more efficient farming methods generally."

Of the Royal Winter Fair, he says: "The excellence of the exhibits, the wealth displayed in crops and livestock and the enormity of it all constitute a wonderful tribute to Canadian agriculture; but the application of all the lessons taught depends upon Canadian men and women and the intermingling is, alter all, the Royal's greatest contribution to Canada."

Must Work Together.

Dealing with sightseeing in the city the essay continues:

"A forenoon tour of the Union Stock yards and packing plants was made. Great surprise was shown at size of the yards and the service which they must give the farmers in general. The packing plants were also busy. To see the amount of meat on hand and the rate in which it is slaughtered one would not think there could surely be any shortage of meat. It is plain to be seen that farmers and meat packers must work together if real success is to be obtained."

After mentioning visits to various plants and department stores, the essay concludes:

"Nor were we finished our sightseeing yet. Many of the boys took advantage of the offer of the Toronto Board of Trade to view the city from their Board rooms. This made more evident than ever the courtesy which was shown us wherever we went. It would seem that there must have been something between the different firms and organizations which entertained us, which made each one try to use us better than the other.

"I consider great credit is due to the officers and officials who organized and carried out this event. Of more importance perhaps, is the person or persons who first began this movement.

"The friendships alone that were made among the boys were many. It should be as true to-day as ever it was that 'Friendship Doubleth Love.' These both are needed everywhere in the world. Consider them among the results of thetrip and they may even surpass all others."

Modern Introduction.

Dick: "You remember Miss Jones, don't you?"

Dave: "I don't recall her face, but her knees are very familiar."

ry Of Florence gale Connects With Canada

glory of the winter sun was ading, a faint chill breeze stirred mounds of newly-fallen snow to resh resting places, as I stood in the nillside cemetery at Elora, Ontario, beside the grave of one, who in life gave up all thought of earthly happiness for the sake of the woman he loved.

The plot was covered with snow, the head stone blackened and loosened on its pedestal but I saw not these material things, my eyes spanned the sea and visioned two young lovers and their great renunciation, by which the world was given one of her most wonderful nurses and Canada a faithful missionary.

Although Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, her father was owner of vast estates at Hampshire and Derbyshire. It was at "Lea Hurst", Derbyshire, that John Smithurst, a second cousin of Florence Nightingale's was born. It was in Derbyshire that the two grew to womanhood and manhood and became betrothed.

Parental objection totheir engagement was the reason for extensive travelling on the continent, of Florence Nightingale and her parents with the result that upon her return to

Parental objection to their engage- annulled.

It was a great crisis in the lives of the two young people.

Both pledged themselves to lives of celibacy as each felt they could never again love as they had each other. Florence Nightingale decided to train in the nursing profession and to the question of her lover, "What of me, what shall I do with my life?" She answered, "Go to North America, as a missionary to the Indians."

Thus John Smithurst, who at that time was in mercantile pursuits under Sir Richard Arkwright, became a clerk in holy orders.

After his ordination he sailed for Canada and for twelve years was a faithful servant of the Church at Lower Fort Garry, Manitoba.

In the year 1851 he returned to England no doubt with the hope of bringing Florence Nightingale back to his Canadian home.

This however was not to be, and after a year spent in his boyhood home he again sailed for Canada not returning to the West, but settling in Grantham Township near St. Catharines. His stay here was very brief for after a few months he found his way to Elora, Ontario, where he became rector of St. John's Church.

The original St. John's Church beautifully situated on the banks of the Grand River has passed away, but the rectory with its quaint chimneys is still in a splendid state of repair and is now occupied.

After five years as incumbent in Elora, Rev. John Smithurst for reasons of failing health retired to a bush farm in Minto Township near the village of Clifford. He named his new home "Lea Hurst" in memory of his birthplace and no doubt some of the older residents of Clifford may remember the kindly old minister who so often gathered the children of the neighborhood around him and read or told them fascinating tales of his experiences in Western Canada.

For nine years he lived the life of a farmer in Minto Township but was forced to give up his farm as his health could not stand the rigors of the winters, and he felt he was in need of constant medical supervision.

He returned to Elora and the charge of St. John's Church.

But what of his former fiancée and her career?

After practicing her profession in Germany and France, Forence Nightingale returned to England where she became Superintendent of Harley St. Hospital for gentlewomen.

It was here that the call for service in Crimean war, found her and in October 1854 she and her loyal band of nurses left to evolve order out of chaos in the military hospital at Scutari.

The rest of her life is world history and while all humanity honored her as one of its greatest heroes, a lonely old clergyman in an ivy-covered rectory in a little Canada village, thank-God in his heart that their great sacrifice had been so blessed. His last days were spent, surrounded by his faithful and loving parishioners and bathed in the glory of the wonderful deeds of the woman he had loved and been faithful too. How strange it seemed that the one who spent her life ministering to the sick and suffering should be denied the p of caring for her dying lover.

In September, 1867, Rev. John Smithurst passed on and his last resting place is in the pretty hillside cemetery on the banks of the Grand river, Elora.

Today in St. John's church you may see an exquisite communion set of beautiful heavy English silver. It was brought from Engand in the year 1852 by Rev. Smithurst when he returned from his last visit to England and was, old friends of the minister claim, given by Florence Nightingale.

On the paten of the communion set is a Latin inscription which is translated as follows:

"Acting as agent for someone Ebenezer Hall gives this set of communion silver to Rev. John Smithurst, a very dear friend in grateful recognition of his many kindnesses. A.D., 1852."

The parishioners of St. John's church cherish this communion silver as a memento of one of the world's greatest heroines and also of a brave and gallant gentleman, a hero of the pioneer church in the Canadian West.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Peptimists held their re-organization meeting on Monday, January 14th, when the following officers were elected for the winter term:

President—Betty Boster, (re-elected).

Rec. Sec.—Lillian Shaver.

Fin. Sec.—Olive Casselman.

Prog. Committee—Pauline Pomeroy, Eva & Mary Hartwell.

Attendance Com.—Ronald Hummel, Roy Marcellus, Willie Nash.

The Club held their fourteenth regular meeting last Friday forenoon, Jan. 18, when an interesting program on "The Care of the Sick" was given by the members. There will be further programs on the same topic during this term. The mite box donations amounted to 27c. Betty received the program merit badge.

Audrey Black, Reporter.

Pruning To Make Strong Fruit Trees

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The loss entailed each year by the breaking down of fruit trees is in a large measure avoidable if proper care is taken in the early years of the tree. A great deal of the damage is a result of poor crotches or a poorly shaped head, judged by the standards of strength. Unfortunately, when judged by the standards of sanitation, the open centre tree is perhaps a trifle better than the modified leader type, which is the type we are going to talk about.

The modified centre leader system consists in allowing the central leader to grow to a height of four or five feet, or even more if a high headed tree is desired. Along this central leader branches are selected to form the main network of the tree. Probably not more than six will be kept and these will be well spaced around the leader to get a well balanced head. As soon as the uppermost branch has been selected, the leader is cut off at this point. This gives a tree with a central axis for about five feet, with branches radiating from it, which is a much stronger tree than the old open centre or vase-shaped tree which is frequently seen.

A word about selecting branches for the framework. Some branches tend to grow upwards at a very sharp angle to the main stem. This sharp angle makes a weak crotch and such branches should not be selected. Try to get branches which are forming more of a right angle to the main stem. This can better be accomplished when the selection is made from branches two years old. Very young branches have not adopted their real angle of growth and it is difficult to make a proper selection.

The Dead Engine

For several miles the road the pedestrian was following ran near the railway track. There was a long upgrade, and as he walked along a freight train with two engines rounded a bend behind him and started up the slope. A small engine was in front; behind it was a powerful engine with eight heavy drivers. The train had gone only a short way when the small engine began to puff and tug; it seemed to be putting into the work every bit of power it had, yet even so the train moved slowly up the grade.

The man was astonished, for the train was not long; the big engine should have been able to pull it easily. Then he realized what was the matter. The big engine was dead; there was no water in its boiler. To be sure, the big drivers were pounding round and round, so that it appeared to be doing its share of the work; but as a matter of fact it was doing no work at all and was a mere dead weight on the small engine.

As the pedestrian strolled on he thought many times of the train with the dead engine. It reminded him of homes in which one partner leaves the cares and worries and responsibilities to the oher when both should share them. It reminded him of churches in which a few carry the burdens that ought to be distributed on the shoulders of many. It reminded him of the nation in which even in high places there are shirkers who do little to increase the prosperity and dignity of their country.

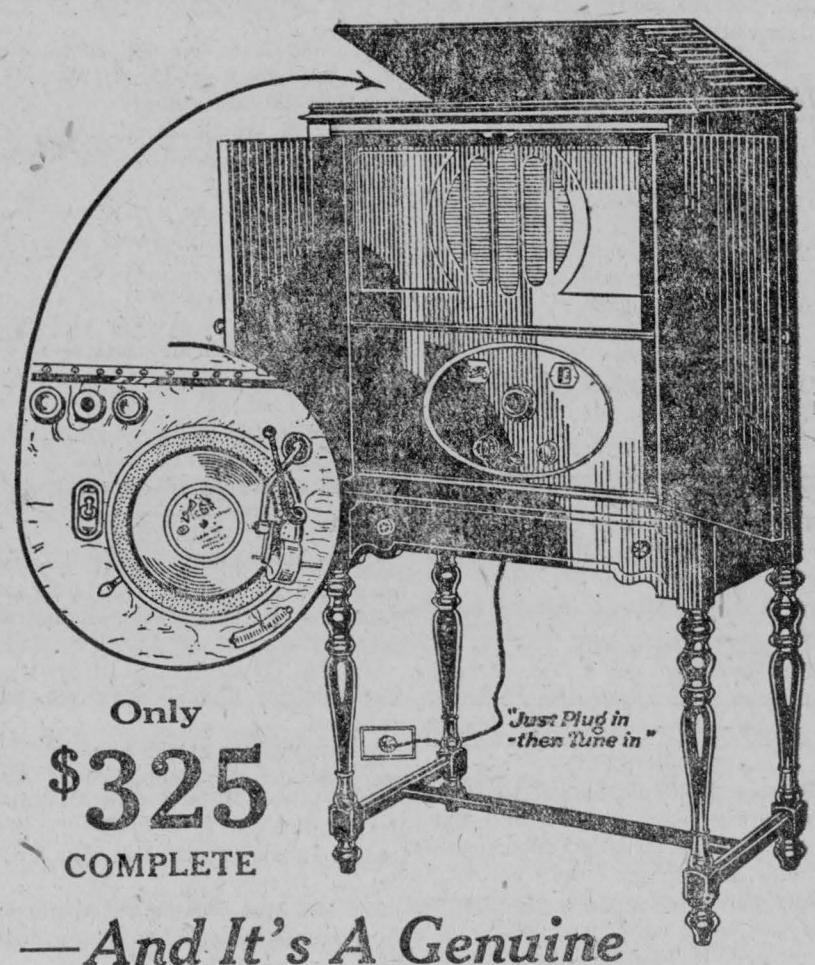
But most of all it reminded him of the kingdom of heaven, in which we ought to work for righteousness side by side with the Waster. How kind and willing He is! How ready to help! But how unworthy we fill the places at His side; How often we shirk our duty. But, bearing with our weaknesses, Christ, the True Friend, not only carries on the work of the kingdom but also as an added burden carries us, who alas! hinder more than we help, and brings us at last with Him to the journey's end.

It Usually Works.

"Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"

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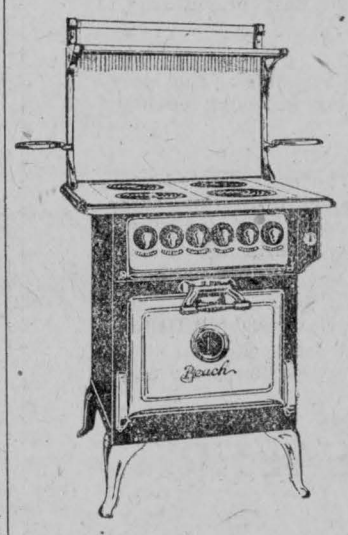
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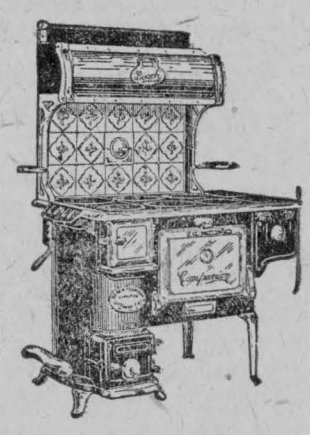
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RUSTY JONES' MOOSE

Not within the memory of the oldest settlers had there been a winter so severe. All the country about the Ottanoonsis and Quahdavic waters was buried under an unprecedented depth of snow. Never before, it was said, had such implacable cold fixed its grip upon the land. Storm piled upon the heels of bitter storm till landmarks were all but blotted out, and the little, lonely backwoods cabins were smothered to the eaves. The scattered settlers gave up, before midwinter passed, all efforts to keep their roads open, and all their necessary travelling was done on snowshoes, tramping their trails eight and nine feet above the hidden ground. The little trees were submerged from sight, forgotten. The taller spruce and fir towered in snowy domes and pinnacles, except where a rough wind had shaken their branches free of the intolerable burden, and left them standing sharply dark against the wide white desolation.

For the wild creatures of the forest it was a prolonged tragedy, except for those which were so fortunate as to be hibernating, sleeping away the bitter time in their deep holes beneath the snow where the fiercest storm could not touch them. Among the chief sufferers were the moose. These heavy animals, accustomed to select a sheltered spot in the woods for their winter home, and tramp out a maze of narrow pathways all about it, leading to thickets of young birch, poplar and striped maple whose twigs furnished them their food, early found it difficult to keep their paths open.

As the winter progressed they browsed away all the edible twigs and even the coarser branches of the thickets in their immediate neighborhood. These consumed, they could only reach further supplies, and these all to scanty, by long and painful flounderings through the smothering depths of the snow. Some of these imprisoned moose families succeeded in getting enough forage to keep them alive, if barely. Others, less fortunately situated, slowly starved to death.

And so the winter wore grimly on toward the late release of spring.

At Brine's Corners, outside Smith's store,—which was also the settlement post office,— young Rusty Jones, so named from the color of his bristling shock head, was roping parcels, and an oat-bag, a big stoneware molasses jug, and a kerosene oil tin, securely upon his toboggan. This done to his satisfaction, he pulled on his blue home-knit mittens, slipped his moccasined feet into the moosehide thongs of his snowshoes, waved farewell to the little group of loungers in the store, and set out on his four-mile buried road to home.

He was already just on sunset later than he had expected. He had waited to get the mail, in case there was a story running in the weekly paper (last week's number of which he was eager to get on with). Now, he thought of all the chores awaiting him at home, after supper, which would have to be cleared away up before he could get on with the delights of his reading.

Half a mile down the road an idea came to him. By striking away from the road, across the valley, on his left, he could save nearly a mile. In ordinary seasons this would have meant no saving, the intervening country being an almost impassable tangle of swamps and deadfalls and dense undergrowth. But now, he reflected, it would be as easy travelling as the road. Silly of him not to have thought of it before! Dragging the loaded toboggan easily behind him, he struck off at a long, loping stride through the forest. Boy though he was, he knew that his woodsman's sense of direction and his familiarity with the lay of the land would guide him straight to his destination.

Threading his way through the silent corridors of towering spruce and hemlocks, skirting the dense groups of tall, slim white birches, avoiding the snowy swells and mounds which meant, to his experienced eyes, traps for his snowshoes, Rusty Jones struck on across the valley till he was within less than a mile of his father's lonely little farm. Then, in the cold, blue-gray, ghostly twilight, he checked himself on the brink of a deep hollow in the snow, half overshadowed by a spreading hemlock and found himself peering down upon a huddled group of moose. He had never imagined there were any moose within a dozen miles of him. Yet here, in the tangled recesses of the valley, a little moose family had chosen to "yard up" for the winter.

In the gloom of the trodden and littered hollow he made out their forms —a gigantic brown bull, a dark smallish cow, and two yearling calves. They were all lying down; but one of the calves, stretched awkwardly on its side, was obviously dead and frozen stiff. The others were all staring up at him with pathetic, hopeless eyes, as if too despairing for fear. But presently the great bulll staggered to his feet and stood in threatening attitude, ready to defend his charges to the last, even against the most terrible of all enemies, Man. Rusty Jones perceived that he was piteously emaciated, the shaggy hide dropping in creases on his flanks. Rusty's kind gray eyes clouded with sympathy. "Gee," he muttered: "poor beggars, they're starving, that's what they are."

He dropped the rope of his toboggan and started off on a run up the slope, remembering a thicket of birch saplings which he had passed a few hundred yards back. Here, with the aid of the long sheath knife which he carried at his belt, he gathered an armful of the aromatic branches, the favorite forage of the moose.

When he threw his burden down into the hollow the great bull grunted eagerly, the cow and calf got to their feet as if new life already flowed in their veins, and all three fell hungrily to the feast. Rusty hastened to fetch them another armful.

"There," he panted, picking up his toboggan rope once more, "I guess that'll do yous fer tonight. I'll bring yous some good hay tomorrow mornin'."

When the boy got home, very late, with his story, he found his father and mother sympathetic enough in regard to the cause of his lateness but adamant as to his promise of the hay.

"We hain't got more'n enough hay to see our own critters through," said his mother decidedly. "But maybe your father'll let you take some straw. Plenty good enough for them kind."

Bob Jones, a huge, lean, backwoodsman, known throughout the settlements, for obvious reasons, as "Red Bob," laughed good-humoredly.

"Reckon ye'll have to chop birch an' poplar for 'em, Rusty," said he. "That's their natural fodder, anyways. But ye're goin' to hev your work cut out fer yeh if ye're goin' to fed all the starvin' critters in the woods this winter."

"That's alright," said Rusty cheerfully, helping himself liberally to molasses, on his pile of hot buckwheat cakes. "I'll take 'em a bundle o' straw in the mornin', and after that I'll chop wood for 'em. Don't worry. I'll see 'em through alright. If you two had seen how pitiful them poor beasts looked, you'd feel jest as I do about it. But of course you're right about the hay. We hain't got too much for ourselves."

Thereafter, for the next few weeks, regularly every other day would Rusty Jones betake himself to the hollow under the hemlock, axe in hand and dragging his toboggan, and leave for his sombre protégés a two-days' supply of the twigs and branches which they loved. He found that they preferred this rough fodder to the best oat straw, and even to the few wisps of choice timothy hay which he once brought them as an experiment. By his third visit the bull and the leggy yearling had become so tame that they would come up and snatch the fodder out of his hand with their long, prehensile muzzles. The dark cow, of a suspicious and jealous disposition, was slower to be won, but when won showed herself more greedy and familiar than the others, pushing them rudely aside to try and get more than her share of the tidbits which Rusty took to bringing them in his capacious pockets.

Being something of a naturalist, and a keen reader of all the nature stories he could get hold of, Rusty liked to experiment on the tastes of the moose. He found that they liked bread—the staler and harder the better—and corncake and even soggy cold buckwheat cakes, while the most tempting gingerbread was scornfully rejected. Sugar they would have none of, but salt they licked up enthusiastically, following him around for more. He tried them out with a handful of grain—oats—on a tin plate; but the bull, after an inquiring sniff, blew into the plate a great, gusty breath from his wide nostrils, and the oats flew in all directions. Oats were scarce and precious, so Rusty did not try that experiment again. But the oats were not wasted; for a pair of saucy, smartly-feathered "whiskey-jacks," or Canada jays—known to Rusty as "moosebirds,"—that frequented the moose-yard, lost no time in picking them up to the very last grain. Nothing was small enough to escape their bright, confiding, impudent eyes.

Meanwhile the body of the dead calf, rigid and pathetic, had lain ignored in the very centre of the hollow. At last Rusty took notice of it and decided that it was a blot on the kindly scene. He decided to get rid of it. Seizing it by the rigid hind legs he started to drag it across the yard, intending to hoist it up over the edge. But the cow, seeming suddenly to remembed that this dead thing had been her calf, ran at him with an angry grunt. Startled and indignant, Rusty struck her a sharp blow across the muzzle and shouted at her with that voice of authority which he used with the yoke of oxen on the farm. The stupid cow drew back, puzzled both by the blow and the shout. To add to her bewilderment, the sagacious old bull, which had become as devoted to Rusty as a faithful dog, lunged at her so fiercely with his massive unantlered head that she went sprawling halfway across the hollow. And there she stood, wagging her long ears in puzzled discomfiture, while Rusty laboriously hoisted the awkward weight and pushed it forth upon the level of the snow.

This accomplished, he dragged it a few yards away and left it behind a white-domed bush, where it would no longer offend his vision. Then he went down again into the hollow and stroked the big bull's muzzle, and scratched his ears, and talked to him, and finally gave him a generous portion of salt as a reward for his fidelity. The calf crowded up appealingly and was granted a small lump; and then the cow, forgetting her resentment, came nosing in to claim her share. But Rusty, still indignant at her, would only allow her to lick the last grain or two from his palm.

"That'll larn yeh," said he severely, "not to be gittin' so fresh."

On Rusty's next visit to the moose-yard, two days later, he was at first surprised to observe the numerous tracks of wild creatures on the surrounding snow. The neat footprints of foxes predominated, and the slender trails of the weasels. But there were also, standing out conspicuously, the broad, spreading pad-marks of a lynx. Rusty examined them all intently for a few moments, then stepped around behind the shrouded bush to look at the body of the dead calf. The news of a banquet had spread swiftly among the hungry wild folk, and the carcass was half gnawed away. He scratched his head thoughtfully and peered about him to see if he could catch sight of any of the banqueters. Some thirty or forty paces away the tops of buried sapling had been jarred clear of its swathing and stood out sharply against the whiteness. He eyed it piercingly, understandingly — and presently, through the thick green, made out the form of a red fox, crouching motionless.

In a few seconds the fox, perceiving that he was detected, stood up and stared Rusty in the eyes with a fine assumption of unconcern. He yawned, scratched his ear with his hind paw, flicked his splendid, tawny brush, and trotted away with elaborate deliberation, as much as to say, "That for you!" till he had gained cover. Rusty, who knew foxes, could picture the furry humbug throwing dignity to the winds and running for dear life as soon as he felt himself out of sight.

"Gee," he muttered, "that red beggar's got a fine pelt on him." He wondered how many dollars it would be worth. He called to mind also the tracks of the big lynx, and wondered what a lynx pelt would fetch. He thought what a scheme it would be to set traps around the dead calf. But this plan he threw overboard promptly with a grunt of distaste. He had always detested the idea of trapping. Then he thought of his gun, which he used chiefly against the marauding hawks when they came after his chickens.

"Easy enough to get a shot at that red varmint, he's so bold and sassy," he mused. Still dwelling on the price of that pelt, he pictured himself richer and the forest more healthful for the fox's death.

Then his thoughts turned to the owner of the pelt. He had rather liked the audacious insolence of the creature—such a fine piece of camouflage in the face of the enemy!

"After all," he murmured to himself, "I guess I won't bother. It don't seem quite fair, when they're all so starved, an' I've tricked 'em into comin' round here by putting out that carcass. I better let 'em all have a good time while it lasts. An' besides, if I fired a gun here now it would scare my moose out o' their senses."

Having come to this decision, he turned back to the moose-yard, thinking with a deprecating grin, "But what a fool father would call me if he knew! An' maybe he'd be right!"

At last, at long last, the grip of that inexorable winter loosened suddenly, and fell away. As the snow shrank, assailed above by warm rains and ardent winds, mysteriously undermined beneath, the tangled undergrowth began to emerge, slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, but each day quicker, black and sodden, from its hiding, and the valley became more difficult to traverse. The moose were soon able to forage for themselves, and Rusty's visits to the hollow became more and more infrequent. They were no longer needed, indeed; but he had become so attached to his charges, and to the sagacious old bull in particular, that he hated to let them slip quite out of his life. It had to be, however; and in this fashion, finally, it came about.

One morning, after an arduous struggle, he arrived, wet and exasperated at the hollow under the hemlock, to find that the cow and the yearling had gone. But there, all expectant, was the faithful bull, who knew that this was Rusty's usual hour of coming. Rusty had his pockets full of dry corncake and salt, and these the bull devoured appreciatively, stopping now and then to nuzzle the boy lovingly with his long, sensitive upper lip. At last, with a shamefaced grin, Rusty flung his arms about the great animal's neck, and murmured: "Goodbye, you old beggar. Take care o' yerself, an' keep out o' the way o' the hunters when next fall comes round. Gee, what a pair o' horns you must have on that big head o' yourn!"

He turned away rather hurriedly and started homeward on a longer but less obstructed route than that by which he had come.

He had not gone many paces, however, when he was startled to feel a long muzzle thrust over his shoulder, gently brushing his neck. Noiselessly as a cat the bull had followed him. Deeply touched, but somewhat embarassed to know what to do with him, Rusty fondled the devoted beast affectionately and continued his journey. The bull accompanied him right to the edge of the open, in full view of the farmyard. The farmer was lowering the bucket into the well, and the sharp clanking of the chain rang clear on the still spring air. The big black-and-white farm dog, barking loudly, came capering down the slope to greet Rusty. The bull halted, waving his long ears.

"Better quit now!" said Rusty "Good-bye, an' take keer o' yerself!"

Not allowing himself to look around, he trotetd forward to mee the noisy dog; and the gaunt dark form of the great moose faded back like a shadow, into the trees.

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WHAT TO DO

If you're feelin' tired and blue,
And you don't know what to do,
Do nothin'.
If you're appetite's not right,
And your waistband's gettin' tight,
Stop stuffin'.
If your plans are awry,
And you feel you want to cry,
Go fishin'.
If you can't see far ahead,
And you wish that you were dead,
Stop wishin'.
If you know you talk too much,
And your neighbor's feelin' touch,
Stop talkin'.
If your nerves are all askew,
There is one good thing to do,
Go walkin'.
If you're running into debt,
And can't pay for what you get,
Stop buyin'.
If you'd like to reach the top,
And are just about to stop,
Keep tryin'.

"My dear girl," exclaimed an elderly lady, "do you know that the man you are intending to marry drinks heavily and gambles?" "Yes. I am going to marry him to reform him." "Listen to me, my girl! Try one experiment before you do that." "What is the experiment?" "Take in a week's washing to do, and see how you like it!"

THE HOME-MAKER

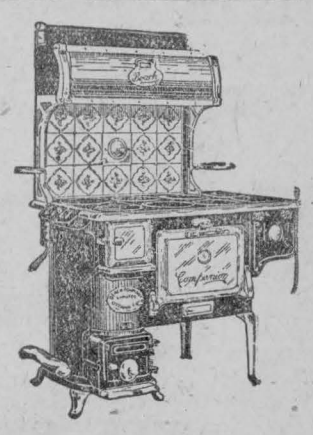
She never "earned" any money. She lives on an Ontario farm, but she lives on almost every other farm. She is somebody's mother—maybe your own. She has "earned" nothing. No, but in the thirty working years she has served 235,435 meals; she has made 3,190 garments, 35,590 loaves of bread, 5,390 cakes, 7,960 pies, 1,500 gallons of lard; she has grown 1,525 bushels of vegetables and 1,150 quarts of fruit, she has raised 7,660 chickens, churned 5,460 pounds of butter, put up 3,625 jars of preserves, washed 17,725 pieces of laundry and she has put in 35,640 hours washing and scrubbing. At accepted prices this work is worth $115,485.50. She has no bank account to show for it. She can't retire on her savings. She has to keep on. Not earnings, no. How do you define the ordinary Canadian womans' contribution to her family's wealth, to the nation's wealth.

Well Qualified.

An Irish youth applied for a situation as junior clerk in the office of a large firm. "Pat," said the manager at the end of the interview, "I am afraid that you are not strictly honest. I've heard some whisperings that you were a little untrustworthy when you were at school. I must have a perfectly honest lad here." 'Faith, an' Oi can show ye a certificate of honesty that will make ye change yer mind entoirely!" said Pat, as he pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket. The manager read it, and then asked: "Who wrote this?" "I did, sir," was the reply." "And is a certificate in your own writing a proof of your honesty?" inquired the manager. "Sure, it is, sir!" said the Irish youth. "Because, Oi know more about meself than anyone else, and if Oi wasn't honest Oi wouldn't have told ye Oi write it myself!"



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SPECIAL PREACHER AT ST. ANDREW'S

In the absence of the minister, Mr. C. Ritchie-Bell, through ill health, the services of the day were conducted by Mr. G. Lloyd Fulford, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal. Mr. Fulford's messages were listened to by large congregations and were very much appreciated.

Mr. Fulford preached for the appointment in the vacancy created by Mr. Ritchie-Bell's resignation. Mr Fulford has held some very fine charges such as Summerside, P.E.I, St. Andrew's East, Que., and Lansdowne, Ont.

AT 202 MILES AN HOUR RACING CAR TURNS OVER

Daytona Beach, Fla., March 13.—Lee Bible, 42-year-old Daytona Beach Garage mechanic rode to a spectacular death today in the 36-cylinder racing car with which he was attempting to break the world's speed record of 231 miles an hour.

Speeding at more than three miles a minute, the machine got beyond his control and crashed into the sand dunes, striking and killing also Charles Traub, a news reel cameraman.

The accident, one of the most tragic in the history of beach racing here, occurred just after Bible had crossed the measured mile course at a speed of 202 miles an hour and was witnessed by a crowd of approximately 20,000 spectators who lined the sand dunes for miles.

Unable to See Accident.

Roaring over the course at such a terrific speed, the car, owned by J. M. White, of Philadelphia, quickly disappeared in a haze that hung over the beach and those who sat in the grandstand a mile away were unable to see just how the accident happened.

Eye witnesses who were standing on the dunes at the end of the mile, declared Bible attempted to run too far out on the course near the surf. They said the driver, evidently believing the car would run into the ocean, lifted his foot too quickly from the accelerator. With the power shut off so suddenly at that speed, the car started to swerve from the course.

Slammed on Brakes.

Witnesses said Bible probably slammed on his brakes and attempted to swing the machine back into control but in doing so turned the steering wheel too far. The machine went out of control, spun around twice on the beach and turned over. It bounced high into the air, going into a barrel roll and smashed into the dunes with a terrific impact. Traub, who was standing on the beach taking pictures of the race, attempted to get out of the way but the car was traveling too fast.

Traub was struck squarely by the speeding car just before it crashed into the dune. His body was severed and mangled beyond recognition.

While the car was turning over and just before it struck the dunes, Bible's body was hurled from the machine onto the beach. Witnesses said he attempted to sit up, gasped and fell back on the sand, dead.

GRANTLEY

Measles are taking their rounds through here.

Mr. Lorne Taylor returned home on Monday after spending the past month at Finch.

Visitors at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McMillan's on Sunday were, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Frotas and family of Beckstead.

Miss Maud Gow and Mr. Mahlon Gow of Hoasic, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Carr.

Mr. Clifton Bogart and Miss Willa Bogart are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Carr before going to Morrisburg where they intend to reside.

Mr. John Locke had the misfortune to lose a horse last week.

Mrs. Frank Darling is spending some time with her sister at Winchester.

Mrs. Mason Robinson returned home on Sunday after spending some time with her father, Mr. Geo. Countryman, Bush Glen.

Mr. Jas. Myers spent one day last week with his sister, Mrs. Jas. Robinson, Morrisburg.

IN MEMORIAM

In fondest memory of a loving husband and father, William E. Boyd, who, though he passed away three years ago March 12th, still lives in the hearts of the loved ones left behind. Mrs. Marjory J. Boyd, Brinston, Perley S. Boyd, Chesterville.

NOTE ADDRESS LABEL ON THIS PAPER

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MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

The Junior Hockey Club was entertained Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Durant.

Indications point to an early Spring, numerous cars have donned their new license plates.

Don't miss the "Shamrock and Rose" in aid of St. Mary's church, Music Hall, Monday, March 18th. Reserve your seats early.

Mrs. Roy Dodson left Saturday for her home in Detroit, after spending four weeks here with friends and relatives.

Miss Helen Moad returned at the latter end of the week after being the guest of friends in Toronto for some time.

Mrs. Charlotte Beckstead and little son, Emerson, are spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Howard Baker, Crysler.

The Ladies Guild of Holy Trinity church will hold a St. Patrick's tea in the Library on Saturday afternoon, March 16th, from three till six. Home baking and candy will be sold.

Mr. C. Ritchie-Bell, minister of St. Andrew's, was the week end guest of his mother, Mrs. William Bell, Sherbrooke, Que.,, where he underwent a series of physio-therapy treatments by Dr. W. A. Stenning.

"The Shamrock and Rose", a play of Irish life during the rebellion of '98. A wonderful display of dramatic talent. In aid of St. Mary's church, Monday, March 18th. Keep in mind the date.

The death occurred very suddenly on Tuesday morning, Feb. 26th, in Edmonton, of Mrs. Byron VanCamp, in her 84th year. She had formerly lived in Mountain Township, her daughter, Miss Cora VanCamp, being well known in this district.

The St. Patrick's Concert in the Music Hall, Morrisburg, March 16th, Saturday, promises to excel all previous efforts. There are fifty people taking part both amateur and professional, who will present a varied program of songs, dances, sketches, etc., and the prices are only 25c, 35c, and 50c, including tax.

Mr. Dawson Beattie received word of the death of his sister-in-law, Mrs. John R. Dawson, of Philadelphia, which occurred on Friday, March 8th. Mrs. Dawson had been in poor health for some years. Mr. Dawson's mother-in-law, by his first wife, Mrs. Cornish, passed away on February 3rd, in Philadelphia at the advanced age of past 90 years.

Mr. D. L. Collison, formerly of Morewood, writing to the Record from Devlin in the Rainey River country of far western Ontario, says they have had a wonderful winter up there, with the trucks drawing pulp and wood missing but a few days on account of snow during the winter. The mercury sometimes dips to 45 below and has been 25 or 35 below zero nearly all winter.

BUCKSKIN AND ERMINE

Federation News, Brooklyn, N.Y.—A few weeks ago Dr. Durkee, of Historic Old Plymouth Church, reviewed, from the pulpit Amelia MacMillan Lambkin's delightful story, "Buckskin and Ermine". Since then I have both met the author and read the book. It is a fascinating story of Indians, Athletics, Life, Love, God, Gardens, Fragrant Forests and Far-flung fields of the Great Northwest. It is so winsomely told and so wholesomely different from much that is written in this day of monotonous brazen literary nakedness that one wishes it might find a place in every Church and Sunday School Library in our land. That you may help this wish to partly come true we are tempted to give you Mrs. Lambkin's address and telephone number. Yes, I think we will.

You may reach her at 139 Bainbridge Street, Telephone Haddingway 1920. Ask her about the book.

S. S. No. 10, WINCHESTER
Winter Term.

Sr. IV—Helen Beattie 70, Graham Smith 70, Francis Kearns 64.

Jr. IV—Monica Kelly 67, Lillian Johnston 65.

Sr. III—Kelly Chambers 65, Edward Kearns 62, Garnet Edgerton 59, Gladys Edgerton 62.

Sr. II—Ruth Smith 78, Bert Gillard 69, Albert Cross 69.

Sr. I—Marie Kelly, Edna Beattie, Edna Younge, Douglas Younge.

Jr. I—Erma Harper, Eileen Harper, Carl Garlough.

Pr.—Aileen Masterson, Alice Edgerton and Douglas Smith equal, Neil Masterson.—Lillian E. Tate, Teacher.

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