The Leader

XXIII, No. 45 MORRISBURG, ONT. FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1923

THE UNITED FARMERS CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY LIMITED

POTATOES

This is the time of the year to put in your Potatoes for Winter

We have just received a car of

Fine New Brunswick White Potatoes

THE UNITED FARMERS CO-OPERATIVE CO. LIMITED
MORRISBURG, ONT.



A Green Christmas

is no excuse for Santa Claus not bringing the kiddies their usual Christmas Gift of Toys and other good things, to gladden their little hearts.

Our stock of TOYS, GAMES, BOOKS, DOLLS, GLASSWARE, CHINA, HOCKEY BOOTS, SKATES, STICKS, Etc was never larger or more complete with lower prices than today.

The Popular Ma Ma Talking Doll, special for $1.59

A great variety of new Toys, specially priced from 15 cents up.

All kinds of suitable useful Christmas Gifts at SPECIAL LOW PRICES for the Christmas Trade. Come and see.

DINNER AND TEA SETS

You will be proud to give one of these sets. They come in various designs in colored border effect in the best Semi-porcelain. All open stock and any piece can be replaced.

THESE SETS ARE PRICED VERY LOW

R. H. BRADFIELD & CO.

THE HARDWARE STORE—OPPOSITE ST. LAWRENCE HALL

MORRISBURG — ONTARIO

METER SYSTEM EXPLAINED

(Contributed.)

At a well attended meeting held in the Town Hall last Wednesday night, considerable information was given as to what would happen if the town were put on the meter system.

Dr. Gorrell acted as chairman and after a short introductory address by Dr. Davy, the question as to what control the Hydro Electric Commission would have on those using meters was gone into.

Mr. Hilliard, K.C., showed conclusively that from information he had from Hydro authorities, our relationship to Hydro would in no way be altered. Hydro has as much control now, before a meter goes in, as it would have afterwards. The only necessary inspection would be that the meter was properly installed.

Mr. John Meikle corroborated this view.

The principal speaker was Mr. Stephenson, who was Mayor of Prescott when that town owning its own municipal electric plant changed from the flat rate to the meter system.

The people of Prescott found, as is true in Morrisburg, that their plant got overloaded and the light became poor. They installed another machine which also became overloaded. Finally, rather than buy further machinery they decided on the unpopular course of installing meters.

After three months' trial they found their lights better, and further that one machine was all that was necessary to carry the load.

The people who at first were afraid of the meters, later decided that on no consideration would they go back to the flat rate.

MORRISBURG CURLING CLUB

The annual meeting of the Morrisburg Curling Club will be held at the office of the Department of Agriculture on Wednesday, December 26th at 8.30 p.m.

All those interested in Curling are urgently requested to be present, as important matters are to be discussed, as well as the election of officers.

THE "ARROW POINT" SOCIAL CLUB

At a meeting of the employees of the Canada Tack & Nail Co., Limited, held on Tuesday evening, it was decided to start an Employees Social Club and to hold Public Euchres and Dances in connection therewith.

It was decided to call the Club, The "Arrow Point" Social Club, in keeping with the Company's well-known trade mark.

The following officers were elected:

Hon. Pres.—Mr. S. D. Robinson.
Hon. Vice-Pres.—Messrs W. G. Smart and F. H. Broder.
President—Mr. W. P. Biggs.
Vice-Pres.—Miss Florence Lapierre.
Sec.-Treas.—Mr. Chas. Hummell.

It is expected that their first entertainment will be announced in the next issue of this paper and the members are confident of the support of the citizens.

NOMINATION MEETING

TOWNSHIP OF WILLIAMSBURG

NOTICE—A meeting of the electors of the Township of Williamsburg will be held in Froats Hall, Village of Williamsburg, on December 31st, 1923, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and one o'clock p.m. for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of Reeve, Deputy Reeve and three Councillors for the year 1924.

M. S. BECKSTEAD,
Clerk.

KNOX CHURCH

Sunday, December, 23rd—

11 A.M.—Special Music by the choir; Christmas Sermon by the Pastor.

7 p.m.—Special music by the choir. Christmas Sermon by the Pastor. All are cordially invited.

ST. PAULS LUTHERAN CHURCH

Sunday School at 11 a.m.
Vesper Service at 7 p.m.
Rev. E. Maeder of Dunbar will conduct the service.

CROBAR—WHITTAKER

At the Anglican Rectory, Ogdensburg, N.Y., by the Rev. Dr. White on the evening of December 5th, 1923 the marriage was solemnized of Miss Genevieve M. Whittaker, only daughter of Mr. J. Arthur Whittaker of Morrisburg, Ont., to Mr. John Crobar of Ogdensburg, N.Y.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Roy Strader who departed this life December 27, 1922.

No one knows how much we miss him,
No one knows what bitter pain we have suffered since we lost him,
Home has never been the same.
Days of sadness still come o'er us;
Tears of sadness often flow;
When we think of the loved one;
That we lost one year ago.

Inserted by Wife and Daughter.

FOUR GIRLS KILLED

Four young girls were instantly killed and two boys injured in a level-crossing accident near Manotick, early last Saturday afternoon when the C.P.R. Ottawa—Toronto express crashed into the automobile in which they were driving.

Hazel Tomkins 13, and her sister, Grace, 10, were killed, and their brother, Melvin, 19, slightly injured while their cousins, Bessie Tomkins, 16 and her sister, Doris 12, were killed, and their brother Henry, 14, internally injured. Henry Tomkins is expected to recover.

The party of six, with Melvin driving and Henry sitting in front with him, were proceeding to a Christmas carol rehearsal at Manotick Church. With his view obscured by the side curtains Melvin Tomkins did not see the train until he was already on the tracks. He stepped on the gas but failed to clear before the train crashed into them, hitting the rear wheel and instantly killing the four girls and carrying the debris of the car for 30 feet. The two boys were thrown clear in the crash.

MRS. SILAS D. HESS

One of Williamsburg's oldest residents in the person of Mrs. Silas D. Hess passed peacefully away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Shennette, on Friday, December 14, 1923, at the age of 81 years and 9 months. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. George Shennette and Mrs. Charles Phifer, both of Williamsburg; ten grandchildren and five great grand children besides other relatives. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. T. Isler in the Lutheran Church on Sunday at 1.30 p.m., interment being made in the Williamsburg cemetery.

LEO PATRICK

The death of Mr. Leo Patrick, dearly beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Patrick of Williamsburg, occurred after a lingering illness at his home in Williamsburg, on Monday December 17th, 1923.

Deceased was possessed of a particularly bright and cheerful disposition and had a host of friends who learned with sincere regret of his demise.

He leaves to mourn in the home circle his parents, five brothers, Donald and Laguori, Archie, Vincent and Darcy and one sister, Catherine. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Father Meagher at St. Marys Church, Morrisburg, on Wednesday of this week.

The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved family.

ST. LAWRENCE POWER PLAN ADVANCES

Ottawa, Dec. 16—It is intimated that as a result of the conference held in Toronto last week between representatives of the Dominion and Ontario governments the way is paved for a settlement of the St. Lawrence power development project at Morrisburg, for which the Hydro-Electric Commission is pressing.

Carrying out the work, it is explained, may or may not involve the deepening of the St. Lawrence which is being agitated strenuously. There is no doubt, however, that the disposition at Ottawa in consenting to the power development is quite irrespective of the ocean navigation scheme to the head of the lakes. The Government is not yet ready to adopt it in principle or detail.

As a result of the understanding said to have been reached the matter will be taken up with Washington by reason of American interests sharing in the development.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George J. B. Cameron
Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Section 56, of the Trustee Act, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of George J. B. Cameron, late of the village of Morrisburg, in the County of Dundas, baker, deceased, are required on or before the first day of January A.D. 1924, to send postpaid or otherwise deliver to the undersigned, solicitor for the Executors of said estate, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, and in default thereof and immediately after the said first day of January, the said Executors of said estate will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate to the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they then shall have had notice, and the said Executors shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

Dated this 12th day of December A.D., 1923.

IRWIN HILLIARD, K.C.
Solicitor for Executors.
Morrisburg, Ont.

All debts owing to the Estate of George Cameron must be paid without delay to the said IRWIN HILLIARD.



Easier to Operate The New McLaughlin-Buick

Every motorist will appreciate the advantages of the new, completely automatic oiling system of the 1924 McLaughlin-Buick "Master Six" engine. Every part is lubricated at all times without any attention other than keeping the crank case supplied. Push rods, rocker arms, crank shaft, timing gears, are all perfectly oiled and require a minimum of care from the driver.

From radiator to tail light the new "Master Sixes" are new cars.

More powerful engine—new and longer chassis—new body—four-wheel brakes. Yet underlying all these improvments are the proved McLaughlin-Buick engineering principles—principles famous throughout the Dominion and responsible for McLaughlin-Buick's enviable position as "Canada's Standard Car."

B2816

W. H. Fetterly, Morrisburg, Ont.

Xmas Gifts

HE WILL BE PLEASED WITH SOMETHING TO WEAR

BUY MEN'S GIFTS AT A MAN'S STORE

THE CASH STORE

W. SHENNETT
"My Valet"
MORRISBURG - BOX 5
CLEANER and PRESSER

DOMINION GOVERNMENT BONDS FOR SALE

20 Years, 5 per cent. Sale price 98 1-4c.

No charge for purchasing.

ARTHUR FLYNN - - - Morrisburg, Ont.

INCORPORATED 1855
Capital and Reserve $9,000,000
Over 125 Branches

THE MOLSONS BANK

COURTESY TO ALL

In all departments every effort is made to eliminate unnecessary formalities and to assure speedy and courteous service to customers.

Savings Departments at every Branch.

D-3-922

Morrisburg Branch ..... H. E. PAULL, Manager
Williamsburg Branch ..... W. B. COLLES, Manager
Aultsville Branch ..... G. M. WHITNEY, Manager.

A "Different" Christmas

BY LYDIA LION ROBERTS.

"Well, my dear family," said Rosalie cheerfully, "Christmas is—" she paused.

"Coming!" groaned a chorus of voices around her.

"Therefore," continued Rosalie with a reproving glance at her family, "this Christmas which is coming must be different!"

It was a Sunday evening in December. The Benton family had been to church and was now gathered in the big living-room, talking and listening to Rosalie as she played dreamy, restful chords on the piano. The married sister, Alice, and her husband, Jack, had come over from their home on the next street, and Nan, the college girl, was spending the week-end at home. The fourteen-year-old son, Clarke, had just filled his hands and pockets with refreshments, and sprawled on the bearskin rug, was finishing an adventure yarn.

Father Benton leaned his shaggy gray head back in his old Morris chair, his blue eyes twinkling as he listened to his lively family. "Say on," he urged, surveying his youngest daughter with quiet pride as he watched her earnest brown eyes, and vivid, eager face.

Rosalie nodded gayly to him, sure of his understanding, and continued: "Just think; we groan because Christmas is coming, and shout relief when it is gone. Isn't that rather awful when you think of the meaning of Christmas?"

"Any remedy?" asked Jack, who was the kind of a brother-in-law that fitted snugly into the family circle.

"Yes," promptly replied Rosalie. "Christmas should be a satisfying of those little dear desires and fancies we all have tucked away in our hearts and are so ashamed to show. If we did that, it would make lots of fun and not be a burden either."

"I believe I know what Rosalie means," suddenly laughed Alice. "I like things in half-dozens. I would get a half-dozen at a time of almost everything I buy if I could afford it. It is silly, I realize, but it is true. I had rather have six medium quality handkerchiefs than one very nice one. That isn't a bit correct, but I have always felt that way."

"There," triumphantly cried her sister, "that is just what I mean."

"I'll give you six toothpicks," offered Jack.

"Here we are," laughed Rosalie, her cheeks flushed with the fun and banter and her dark hair rumpled above her shining eyes, "an average Canadian family, the bulwark of the nation, so the statesmen say—"

"Speech! Speech!" cried Father Benton waving a sandwich at her.

"And yet we are ashamed to show our desires and dreams that go to make up our most precious possession, our own individuality. Why shouldn't Alice have six hankies if she wants them? Let's all confess and then have some fun for Christmas, instead of wondering and worrying what on earth to give, thereby wrinkling our dispositions."

"Very good," approved Mother Benton who was rocking contentedly in front of the fireplace.

"All right, I dare you," briskly said Jack. "I don't like neckties for a Christmas present, but I would like the money to go on a real necktie spree all by myself. Also," and he sighed plaintively, "I adore chocolates—but who ever heard of such a silly man?"

His pathetic expression made them laugh and then Nan said thoughtfully: "If we had plenty of money we might buy such things for ourselves, but every one of us is saving for something bigger and better and so we have to count our pennies. I think it is a nice idea, Rose."

"Christmas certainly should be a time to help people realize their little dreams," smiled Alice.

"Very well," replied Rosalie, "we will have a Benton Box Benefit for Christmas."

"Sounds good, what is it?" smiled her father.

"Let's take each one's special likes and longings and make up a whole box of them, as fancy or jokey or pretty as possible. We will decide among ourselves on some one subject for each one when that one is absent, and then we will all know what to buy."

"I need a regular tool-box," announced Clarke raising his tousled head from the rug. "That kid one of mine is no good. Club together and get me some tools and a box and some wood, that's what I have to say!"

"Use your head, sonny," suggested Jack softly, and ducked the paper Clarke flung at him.

"Rosalie is the musical one, and Nan is the college one, and Alice is the half-dozen one," murmured mother, "and Clarke—"

"Stop, mother, you'll be giving all sorts of secrets away," warned Rosalie quickly. "What about yourself though?"

"Well," hesitated Mother Benton smoothing her white apron, "as long as we are talking about foolish things, and it isn't expensive—I really don't need it, but—well, there if you must know, I am very fond of Japanese things, only I never could indulge my whims. Your ideas are attractive, but you must remember that anything expensive is forbidden."

"That's fine," teased father, as he rose to say good-night, "I'll have two dozen books, an automobile, and some big leather chairs, please. Nothing expensive, you understand, just a trifle."

"Yes, we'll order them all right away and put them in your box," assured Rosalie in the same gay spirit. "You deserve every one of them. What do you really want, daddy? You're dreadfully hard to give presents to; you never seem to need anything."

"Yes I do," protested father, "I really do, girls. I need some shoestrings badly. Give me a box of shoestrings and save me biting my tongue every time mine break," and he went upstairs chuckling at their disgusted looks.

"Such a dad," smiled Rosalie, as the young folks settled for a last few minutes' chat. "He never gets a thing for himself, and he doesn't want us to spend anything on him. He never gets much for Christmas but a few handkerchiefs and some neckties. He will not tell us any of his dreams, and says his family is the best thing he could have."

"Yes," added Nan, waving her hand and mocking her father's jolly tone, "spend your money for your pretty trinkets, girls, don't waste it on an old codger like me.' "

"He's the best dad there ever was," said Alice. "He always tells Jack and me: 'Now you young nest builders save your money to make the nest cozy, and put away my gift money for the nestlings.' "

"It's about time we got even with him," frowned Rosalie as she thoughtfully gazed into the firelight.

At last, after days of whispered consultations, of hiding mysterious packages, of smothered giggles and happy plans, it was Christmas morning. The Benton family had filled a box for an unfortunate family, had made toys for some sick children, taken part in the church concert and had a Christmas tree for some little tots who lived near them. Therefore, they woke with that glad, thrilly feeling so indispensable to Christmas Day.

"Box Benefit after breakfast," Rosalie called as she hurried to the kitchen to help her mother.

A little later she drew back the curtains and let the family file into the living-room where the sunlight danced on the red and gold decorations and the tree sparkled and twinkled like a loving and joyous spirit all over. Across one corner was a big placard which read, "The Bright Benton's Boxed Christmas," and underneath was a pile of boxes big and small.

"Mother first," decided Rosalie, so Jack brought a large box to her wrapped in matting with labels of Japan over it. Mother actually blushed with delight as she found the kimono from father, the picture of the sacred mountain, the tray with iris decoration, Japanese silk for a waist, and a book of quaint stories about Japan.

"You bad children," she said softly with tears shining brightly in her happy eyes, "you shouldn't have done it, but it is very sweet."

Already Nan was exclaiming over her shirt-waist box which Jack and Clarke had made for her college room and had lined with the delft blue she liked best. A Dutch flower scene, odd Delft dishes for fudge parties and a table-cover, with quaint Dutch maidens strolling around the edge, showed that some of her fancies had been discovered and gratified.

A deep groan made them all turn hastily and look at Jack. He was curled up on the floor against a chair, hugging his brown collar-box in one arm and waving an envelope with his other hand. "I am overcome," he moaned in mock faintiness. "Think of a measly little envelope hiding such thrills. A bill that is big enough for a mighty necktie hunt and an order on a store for a scarf-pin."

"What have you got behind you?" suddenly asked Clarke.

"Go away, little one," loftily replied Jack, shoving something out of sight, but the family gave him no peace until he sheepishly produced several boxes of fudge and chocolates. "Let's have Christmas every month," he beamingly suggested.

"O boy!" shouted Clarke a moment later. "Some tool-box this family has donated me, and plenty of good wood ready to work on. Hurry up with the other presents, I want to go down cellar."

Alice leaned against the piano and began to laugh so heartily that the others turned to look at her as she opened the long package that Father Benton handed her. Out came a set of six hollow building-blocks such as children use, and each held a package. There were six postagestamps, six iron-holders, six handkerchiefs, six bars of chocolate, and six bright half-dollars. The paper around the money read, "To be spent in answering advertisements," for Rosalie had discovered that Alice loved to get some of the things so attractively displayed in magazine pages, but would not indulge herself. In the biggest box she found an envelope from Jack which held money and said, "For my self-denying wifie to buy six pairs of gloves at one time." As she looked up, Jack smiled at her and whispered, "Let's go on our sprees together."

"Mine is a music-box," laughed Rosalie happily and held up a silk opera-bag, new pieces of music, and tickets for several concerts in the coming year. "What treats I have in store for my music-loving ears. My lessons are costing so much I didn't suppose I could go to such wonderful concerts."

"I'm next, pass up forward please," called father, who had insisted on being the last.

"We got you just a little joke, daddy," Rosalie said, coming over to him with her hands behind her. "You never seem to want us to spend any money on you."

"I should say not," agreed father, taking the tiny box from her hand, "I like a good joke about as well as anything, and you girls need pretty things and must not spend any of your money on an old fellow like me. Well, well, that's pretty good," and chuckling and twinkling he pulled out of the small box an auto, several dozen books and two leather chairs—all little pictures cut from magazines.

"I got everything I asked for," he grinned broadly.

"Did you look under the tissue-paper?" asked Rosalie, "maybe the shoe-strings are under there."

"Is there another joke on me?" and father wonderingly took out a thin flat parcel from the bottom of the box. The family crowded around as he opened the paper. "What's this!"—and he stared in amazement at a cheque for a generaus amount and a slip which read, "For the Big, Bouncing Better Chair Father has dreamed of having, with enough left over for Bully Books."

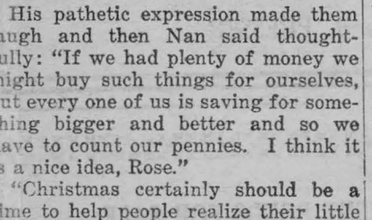
For once Father Benton was speechless. He coughed, then he choked, then he blew a resounding blast into his handkerchief. Finally he cleared his throat and turned to mother. "You told," he said reproachfully.

"I did," mother placidly answered. "They kept coming to me and asking what you wanted, and I told them your Morris chair was all worn out and lumpy, and you had wanted a big leather chair ever since they were little tots. Rosalie said that when a man had wanted something for twenty years it was time he got it."

"Especially a man like our dad," murmured Rosalie.

"What's the matter with dad?" shouted Clarke who was grinning on the edge of the circle.

"He's all right!" shouted the family in unison and they gently and firmly led Father Benton to a chair and choked his protests with loving hands and bear hugs until he promised to go down town the next day on a shopping trip of his own.



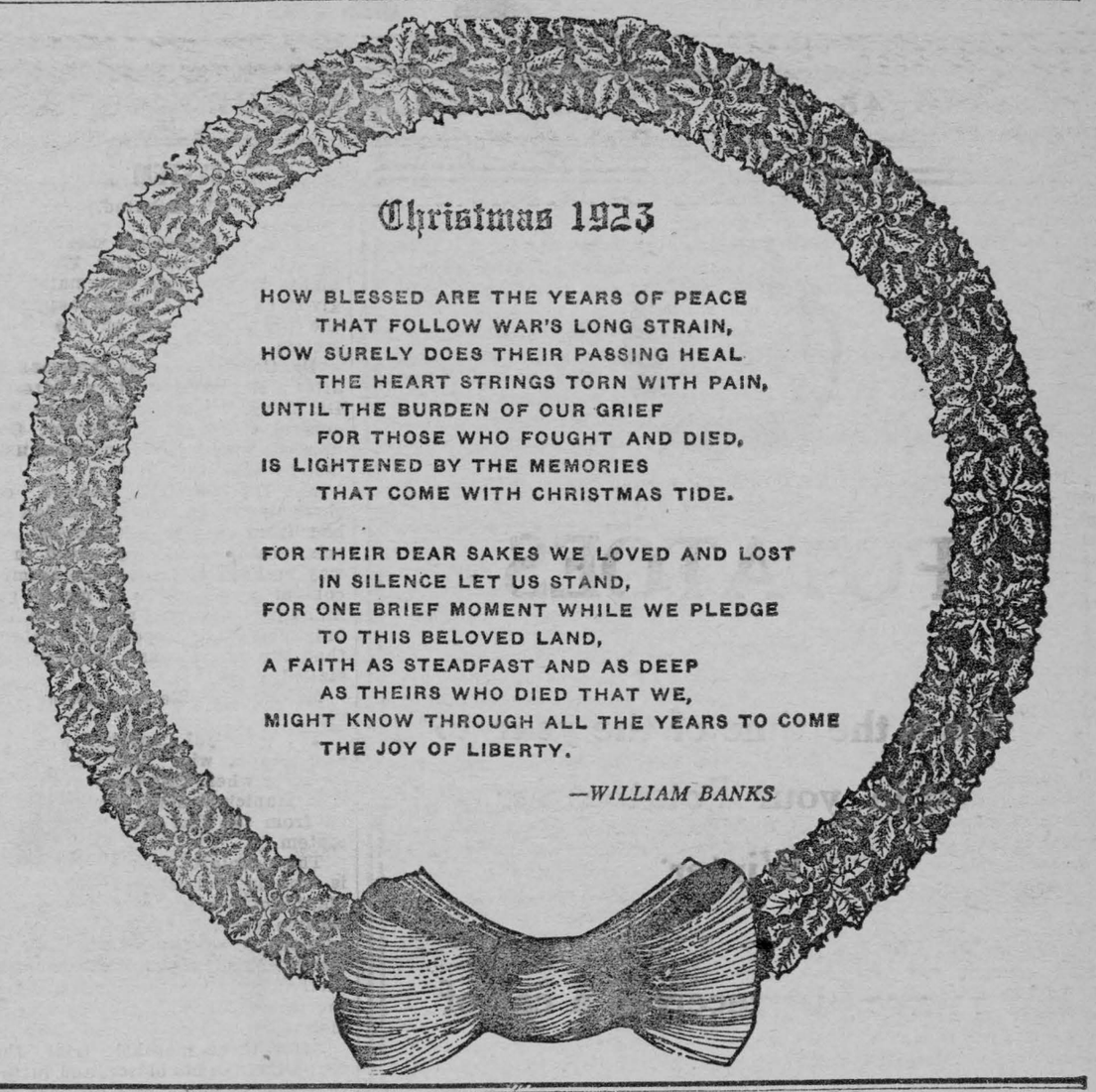
A Christmas Phone Message.

Hello! Hello! What's the matter?
This old phone makes such a clatter!
Hurry Central, please be quick,
I want to speak to good Saint Nick.
Is this old Santa at the phone?
Now listen—are you all alone?
I want to whisper in your ear
So low that no one else can hear.
Did you ever get my letter?
(Phoning tho' is so much better).
Dear Santa there's the sweetest gift
I want sent down the twenty-fifth.
Among your presents have you got
A teeny, weeny little tot
With golden hair and eyes of blue,
Who laughs and crows and says "coo-coo"?
I'm so lonesome, dear old Santy,
Living with my old maid aunty
Who only has a cat to purr,
I want a baby girl for her.
You better send the smallest size
So I can hold her if she cries.
What colors have you now in eyes?
They ought to match the bluest skies.
Is money ever scarce with you?
If not, then Santa please send two.
I'm almost sure that Aunt Van Aby
Will not let me hold her baby.
Come closer to the telephone—
Bring-one-for-me—my-very-own!
Now Santa Claus what makes you laugh?
How old am I? Six and a half.
I'm plenty big enough all right
To hold a little baby tight.
You'll not forget to send me two—
The smallest kind, all pink and new?
Then I will love you till I die,
Dear Santa Claus—by-by, by-by.

—Jeannette Cadwallader.

It is the spirit of Christmas—which is the spirit of love—that has given us all our benevolent and progressive institutions; our schools, our libraries, our hospitals, our free homes, our charitable plans and endowments of every kind.

May the joys of your childhood Christmas Days live again for you at this Season, and the Spirit of Christmas remain ever young in your heart.



Christmas Music Fills the Night.

A Christmas carol, to the tune "St. Kevin," by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Christmas music fills the night,
Christmas stars are gleaming,
Souls in darkness hail the light
From a manger streaming.
Though the inn is full, the beast
Greets the world's sweet leaven;
Bethlehem, thou art not least,
Thine the Bread from Heaven.

Dark and silent was the land
Where the shepherds guarded,
Till there shone the Angel-band,
And their hearts rewarded.
Chant so lovely sang they then,
We too hear with gladness—
"Peace on earth, good will toward men,"
Jesus ends your sadness.

If the shepherds leave the sheep,
Who will watch and tend them?
Faithful guardians must not sleep,
Else the wolf will rend them!
Yet the angel bids them go,
Seek the sign so lowly;
He will keep their flocks, they know,
Shepherd bright and holy.

When they found the Child of God,
All that heard it wondered;
But these things, made known abroad,
Mary kept and pondered.
Babe of Christmas, grant us part
In their adoration,
And the grace that filled her heart—
Raptured contemplation.

Why shouldst Thou have blessed us so,
Sought the love of mortals,
Coming down to earth below,
Far from Heaven's portals?
Dost Thou know, O Saviour dear,
How this world will scorn Thee?
Men will hate Thee, though they fear,
Thy poor Mother mourn Thee!

Can it be Thou still wilt stay,
Shrinking not from danger?
Can we too see Thee this day,
In the holy Manger?
O for all Thy tender love,
Happy is our singing,
Hymns to poin the Hosts above,
Bells of Christmas ringing.

—Eliot White.

The Horse Factory.

Betty, taken to the country for Christmas, had been having a run round the village.

She saw many things that were strange to her, but a passing glimpse of the blacksmith's shop filled her with wonder.

When she got back to the cottage she burst into the parlor in a state of great excitement.

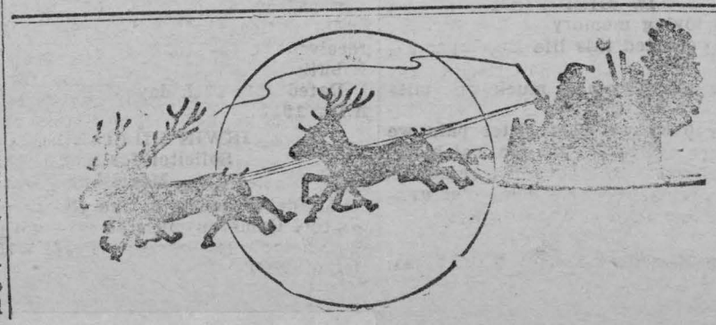
"Daddy," she said, "I've just seen a man who makes horses!"

"Nonsense," said daddy; "you've made a mistake."

"No, I haven't," she persisted. "I saw him. He had one nearly finished. He was just nailing on its back feet."

Pictures of robins, holly, and so on came into use on Christmas cards in 1862.

People born on Christmas Day are, according to an old superstition, lucky all their lives.



An Ideal Christmas

By Katherine Beebe

Just a year ago I was invited into a neighbor's house "to see the children's Christmas" and went under the mistaken impression that it would be a pleasurable experience. It wasn't. To see what should have been the crowning occasion of the year to this children turned into a confused complexity of excitement was a positive grief.

The room was small, the too large tree was decorated in a most haphazard and inartistic way; yards of cloth on which Santa Claus pictures had been printed for the Christmas trade were stretched along the walls; various paper bells, wreaths and festoons were hung on available pieces of furniture, and a profusion of gifts littered the floor, chairs and tables. I took stock of these as I gazed, supposedly spell-bound with interest and delight. I saw at once that quantity, not quality, had been the dominant idea and that a group of grown people had been enjoying themselves with little consideration of the children's real needs or desires.

There were breakable dolls in impracticable pinks and blues; there were numberless toys having neither play value nor educational content. Handkerchiefs, hair ribbons, dish towels, socks and neckties had all been given a part in the scheme of decorations. It was chaos come again and the children seemed fairly bewildered with excitement.

In contrast to this reckless festival it is a joy to recall the Christmas which stands out in my experience of many as the one most nearly approaching the ideal.

On the twenty-fourth a small tree had been beautifully trimmed in white and silver by mother and children together. Father was the one who was to receive the traditional shock of surprise in this case. The living room was made lovely and fragrant with boughs of Norway spruce and as five o'clock drew near all was in order and the tree lighted for a Christmas greeting to passer-by. Then the whole family went to a "Candlelight Service" in a nearby church, stopping on the way home to see a wonderful creche set up with loving thought and care by a friend and neighbor. After dinner there were Christmas stories, Christmas songs and Christmas music on the victrola, and then came bedtime with its excitements and anticipations and the hanging of the stockings.

In the early morning Father slipped quietly downstairs while the rest of us waited for the music which was the signal that all was ready. Then, not with a rush, but with deliberate intention not to lose a single thrill, we descended the staircase together. On the landing it burst upon us, and Oh, the beauty of it all! There was our tree, sparkling and beautiful in the firelight which filled the room! There were the stockings, bulging! There in the chosen places were the gifts! And what were these? For each child one special and long-desired treasure, an electric train, a sled, a tricycle, books, three games full of promise of future fun, and for the use of the children together a box of the biggest blocks that could be found. In each stocking was a lovely cornucopia full of goodies, candies, nuts and raisins, while under these were several little toys chosen as jokes or for the foolishness without which there can be no real Christmas in this family. The children's gifts to Father and Mother and theirs to each other were given at the breakfast table, a time-honored custom.

The aftermath of this Christmas was a matter of great interest to the fortunate guest. By four o'clock in the afternoon the neighborhood children began to drop in until there were at least a dozen of them, one of whom confided to me that "at Christmas time the B—— children always got presents you could do things with." Indeed for weeks afterwards the house of my friend was a rendezvous for that compelling reason. Surely this was an ideal Christmas.

Inspiration.

There is nothing too high to aspire to,
O woman, a-thrill with your dreams,
There is nothing too great to require you
To further creation, it seems.

The man may go faithless and fearful,
With doubts what the future may hold;
But woman is right to be cheerful,
Adventurous, hopeful and bold.

At Christmas turn over the pages
To the story so tenderly true—
The dear little Son of the Ages
Was born of a woman like you.

—Clare Shipman.

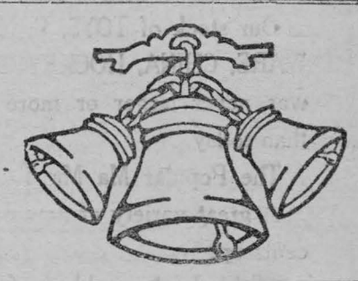
A Christmas Tree for the Birds.

Why not give the birds a Christmas tree this year? You will enjoy it as much as they. Here are a few suggestions that may be followed:

First, select the tree. An evergreen in your own garden will be the best. Then you should know what birds are spending Christmas in your neighborhood and what gifts will please them.

You know the chick-a-dee, the little gray bird who wears a white waistcoat and a black cap? He is the one who says "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee" all winter long. Chick-a-dee likes suet, and so it will be a fine thing to put a large piece on the tree for him. Doubtless other birds will share his gift.

A good-sized bone that has not been salted will attract the nuthatches and woodpeckers. Perhaps the downy woodpecker will come for his Christmas dinner. How glad you will be to see this sociable little bird!



Some of our winter bird neighbors are seed eaters: tree sparrows, snow buntings, and the like. You know what strong little bills they have. These bills were made to crack seeds. The sparrow and snow buntings will be pleased with a nice little basket of seeds, so this will be the best present that you can put on the tree for them.

Interest in His Work.

It was Christmas Day, and six-year-old Bert received a Christmas box from farmer Bull. This was for driving a cow half a mile to pasture twice a day.

He was just as happy as a boy could be, for he could spend the money just as he pleased.

That night he came home cracking a whip, and his mother exclaimed:

"Bert, did you spend your Christmas box on that whip?"

"Yes, I bought it off one of the farm hands," Bert replied proudly. "You can't expect a fellow to work if he don't have the tools to work with."

FREQUENT HEADACHES

A Sure Sign the Blood is Watery and Impure.

People with thin blood are more subject to headaches than full-blooded persons and the form of anaemia that afflicts growing girls is almost always accompanied by headaches, together with disturbances of the digestive organs.

Whenever you have constant or recurring headaches and pallor of the face, they show that the blood is thin and your efforts should be directed toward building up your blood. A fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this, and the rich, red blood made by these pills banishes the headache.

More disturbances to the health are caused by their blood than most people have any idea of. When your blood is impoverished, the nerves suffer from lack of nourishment, and you may be troubled with insomnia, neuritis, neuralgia or sciatica. Muscles subject to strain are undernourished and you may have muscular rheumatism or lumbago. If your blood is thin and you begin to show symptoms of any of these disorders, try building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the blood is restored to its normal condition the trouble will disappear. There are many people who owe their present state of good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and most of them do not hesitate to say so.

If you are suffering from any condition due to poor, watery blood, or weak nerves, begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now, and note how your strength and health will improve. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Daddies.

I would rather be the daddy
Of a romping, laughing crew,
Of a bright-eyed chubby laddie,
And a little girl or two,
Than the monarch of a nation,
In a high and lofty seat,
Taking empty adoration
From the subjects at his feet.

I would rather own their kisses
As at night to me they run,
Than to be the king who misses
All the simpler forms of fun,
When his dreary day is ending,
He is dismally alone,
But when my sun is descending,
There are joys for me to own.

He may ride to horns and drumming,
I must walk a quiet street,
But when once they see me coming,
Then on joyous flying feet
They come racing to me madly,
And I catch them with a swing,
And I say it proudly, gladly,
That I'm happier than a king.

You may talk of lofty places,
You may boast of pomp and power,
Men may turn their eager faces
To the glory of an hour,
But give me the humble station,
With its joys that long survive,
For the daddies of a nation
Are the happiest men alive.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Canadian Exhibits Ready at Empire Fair by April 1.

The Department of Trade and Commerce has received a cable stating the Canadian building at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembly Park, will be completed February 1st, and the exhibits in place April 1st. The Canadian building is much further advanced than any of the others. Much difficulty has been met through lack of facilities for transporting supplies and materials to the grounds. Labor costs have been greater than anticipated, but it was felt it would be more economical to go ahead and secure early completion than to be at the mercy of employees toward the opening of the exhibition, when all buildings would be necessarily completed at any costs. Both Australia and New Zealand admit that Canada has stolen a march on them and secured greater results.

"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory." A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Surnames and Their Origin

ROWAN

Variations — Rohan, Roan, Reughan, Ruane.
Racial Origin—Irish, also English.
Source—Given name, also geographical.

By far the majorities of families bearing names in this group are of Irish origin, but not all; for one variation the name also developed in medieval England from an independent source.

The larger of the two Irish sources of the name is the given name of "Roghan," which, liberally translated, means "the chosen one." The "O'Roghains, to use the nearest equivalent to the old Irish spelling, trace back in nearly every case to a chieftain of this name who was a descendant in the line of O'Dea.

The other source is from the given name, or sobriquet "Ruadh," meaning "red." Ruadh is met with most frequently in the Irish nomenclature, but always in the form of a descriptive addition to the family name, distinguishing one branch of a family from another by its coloring, which explains why we so often meet such terms in Irish, and even Scottish history as "The Red O'Connor," "The Black Douglas" and the like. But only under very exceptional circumstances have such qualifying terms developed into real family names in the Gaelic tongue. The usual course would be for such a word first to become a given name, and from this develop into a family name. So with "Ruadh," the family name developed from which is properly Ruane. But the similarity of sound between Rowan and Ruane has often led to their interchange in English spelling.

The English family name is properly Roan, which was the common medieval spelling of the name of the city Rouen, in France. Settlers in England from foreign cities quite commonly came to be known by the names of the cities or countries whence they came. Picardy, Antwerp, Cologne and Lyons have given many English family names.

WALLACE

Variations—Wallis, Wales, Welsh.
Racial Origin—Middle English.
Source—Descriptive of nationality.

In tracing back the family name of Wallace you run across a number of instances in which peculiar changes have taken place. For the most part, however, the name's development has been regular.

It originated as a surname. But there are evidences that at an early period, before the formation of family names had become general and complete throughout England, it also came to be used as a given name, with cases here and there where its use of a family name developd anew from the given name of Wallace.

In the beginning it was a surname, purely descriptive of nationality, and you run across it in the old records in such forms as Owen le Walys, meaning "Owen the Welsh." It was very common, too, for even in those days the close knitting of the bonds between England and Wales had begun, and there were many men of Welsh blood scattered throughout the former country. It was just the sort of distinctive description that a man's neighbors would pick out by which to differentiate him, and it was also natural that the same appellation should be applied to his sons. Thus it became a family name of sorts quite early, and even developed a use as a given name, though as a rule the use of family names for baptism did not become a custom until long after the formation of family names was complete.

Thus in some instances those bearing the name of Wallace are descendants of some one who bore the given name of Wallace. But for the most part they are descendants of ancestors originally Welsh.

Select Your Hens for Breeding Now.

By Sam W. Knife.

Too many poultry breeders leave the selection of their breeding hens till January or February, instead of selecting them in the Fall, when they go into their winter quarters. Of course it is not suggested that they should be mated up then, but by picking out the most desirable birds for next year's breeders they can be separated, allowed free range, if it's available, until real severe weather sets in. Eggs from these birds during the winter months should be a secondary consideration only. The main point is to have them healthy and in good vitality when eggs are required for hatching. Therefore mash and other egg producing feeds should be limited, supplemented by a body and muscle building ration. Care must be taken not to over feed, or by spring the hens will be too fat to lay.

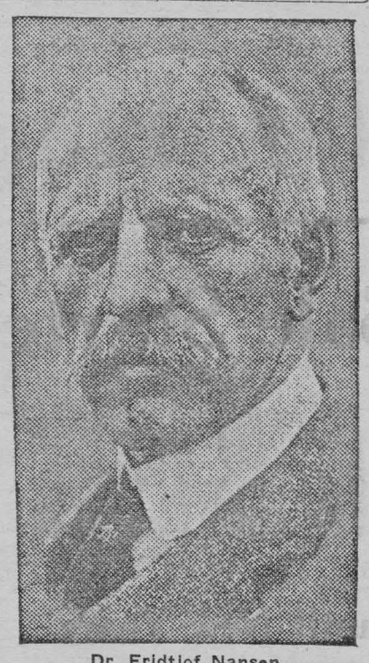
If you have any hens which have layed right up to October or November, hang right onto them; also if you have trap-nested keep your 150-egg birds and over. If you have a surplus of hatching eggs from such stock they are readily disposed of, and even if they only lay a couple of settings of eggs you know you may have chicks well worth while from their eggs.

While your breeders should have good care and attention, abundant exercise is absolutely necessary, without which you cannot expect the muscles and functional organs to have the energy needed for subsequent utilization or the power to resist adverse influences.

Do not contemplate using pullets and hens which you have "forced" for eggs, under artificial lights, as the results in fertility are usually disappointing. Keep an eye on your cockrels, pick out the quick maturing, large framed and good typed birds to head your pens. If two or more males are to be used in one pen, get them accustomed to each other before breeding season; this will insure peace and contentment in your breeding quarters.

Breed only from good males, for remember, the male bird is 50% of your breeding pen.

"The future of the Nation cannot be entrusted to the children unless their education includes their spiritual development."—President Harding.



Dr. Fridtjof Nansen

Famous Arctic explorer, who is visiting Canada as the League of Nation's Commissioner for Refugees. He is appealing for help for the refugees in different parts of Europe.

The Everlasting Lamp.

In one of the cemeteries near Paris a small lamp was kept burning under an urn over a grave, and an inscription on the gravestone ran thus, when translated into English: "Here lies Pierre Victor Fournier, inventor of the Everlasting Lamp, which consumes only one centime's worth of oil in one hour. He was a good father, son and husband. His inconsolable widow continues his business in the Rue aux Trois. Goods sent to all parts of the city. Do not mistake the opposite shop for this."



She—"I hope you are kind to dumb animals."

He—"Gosh, yes! I had two of 'em out to dinner last night."

Leading Up To It.

A Scotsman very much addicted to smoking was persuaded by the minister of the kirk to give it up.

The minister was surprised when he met Sandy a short time afterward by Sandy asking him for a pipe of tobacco.

"But, Sandy, you promised to give it up."

"Eh, mon, I am breaking myself in gradually; I have not bought any since."

Egypt's largest pyramid—that of Cheops of the Gizeh group—contains 89,000,000 cubic feet of masonry, and the total weight of the stone has been estimated at over 6,000,000 tons.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

The Year.

The crocus, while the days are dark,
Unfolds its saffron sheen;
At April's touch, the crudest bark
Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
While slowly swells the pod
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The Winter falls; the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The snow-drift heaps against the hut,
And night is pierc'd with stars.

—Coventry Patmore.

Liquid Light.

"Wonders never cease" is an old saying, and certainly as true to-day as ever it was. The simple electric-light switch by means of which a room can be flooded with brilliant light, or even a whole town illuminated in a moment, was a tremendous step in advance, but we are now promised a light which never goes out. There is nothing to pay, except the original cost of buying, say, half a pint of liquid air.

You pour your liquid light into a bulb, and the resultant light is said to be superior to electric or any other known light, except Nature's own brand of daylight. This light, being, in fact, radio-active, will remain good for seven years or more, when the bulb may require re-filling.

It is claimed also that this liquid will eventually make coal and oil power a thing of the past. If that is the case, the real abolition of smoke seems to be in sight, for although electric power is smokeless, there will be smoke as long as fuel is necessary for its generation.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE

Mrs. Alfred Tranchemontagne, St. Michel des Saints, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent medicine. They saved my baby's life and I can highly recommend them to all mothers." Mrs. Tranchemontagne's experience is that of thousands of other mothers who have tested the worth of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a sure and safe medicine for little ones and never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach, thus relieving all the minor ills from which children suffer. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Short-Lived Joy.

Little Thomas' mother was an invalid, and so his aunt looked after his religious instruction, and let no occasion pass to enforce some precept.

One day, Thomas suddenly said: "Oh, dear, I wish I had wings."

This angelic aspiration was regarded with great joy by the two sisters, and they eagerly asked why he wished for wings.

"Oh," said Tommy, "I'd fly up into the air, and take Aunt Susan with me"—Aunt Susan was delighted—"and when I couldn't go any higher—I'd let her drop!"

Collapse of Aunt Susan.

The Alberta provincial mines branch reports that the coal production of the province for 1922 exceeded that for 1921 by 50,434 tons, the figures for these years being 5,959,651 and 5,909,217 tons respectively.

The fault lies not in failure, but in aiming too low.

Got a COLD?

Take a small pan of boiling water and put half a teaspoon of MENTHOLATUM in the hot water, then breathe the steam. It's the best and also the quickest way to get relief.

For sale at all Drug Stores.
Write for Free Sample.
THE MENTHOLATUM CO.
Bridgeburg, Ont. - - Box 63

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Genuine

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

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

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



Fill your pipe with—

Ogden's CUT PLUG

"It Satisfies"

15¢ per packet

80¢ a ½ lb tin



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

Can Fly With That.

Maud—"So your new beau possesses an airship. Doesn't it make you nervous?"

Ethel—"Not the kind he has. It's an heirship to about a million dollars."

MONEY ORDERS.

Remit by Dominion Express Money Order. If lost or stolen you get your money back.

Keep the automobile battery fully stored and the plates covered with distilled water. Also clean off any accumulation of greenish or whitish material collecting on the terminals or metal parts of the battery.

There should be no difference between your word and your bond.

Try MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Wholesome Cleansing Refreshing

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed

Mailed Free to any Address by the Author.

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

STOMACH MISERY, GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief. Correct your stomach and digestion now for a few cents. Druggists sell millions of packages of Pape's Diapepsin.

Thin People

Thin, nervous, underweight people take on healthy flesh and grow sturdy and ambitious when Bitro-Phosphate as guaranteed by druggists is taken a few weeks. Price $1 per pkge. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

CHILBLAINS

Rub the feet well with Minard's. A few applications and the soreness is gone.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Mother! Give Sick Child "California Fig Syrup"

Harmless Laxative for a Bilious, Constipated Baby or Child.



Constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic Babies and Children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels acting without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits! Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.

Don't complain. Don't explain. The first won't be understood, the second won't be believed.

You can always say more in five minutes than in twenty.—Rev. E. J. Selwyn.

KNITTING MACHINE.

KNITTING MACHINE TOOL, Self starter. Saves transferring stitches. Price $3. Agents wanted. They are easy to sell after demonstration. Circular on request. Booklet (40 cents) telling how to speed up knitting and toe-closing, how long it takes to knit a pair, how much can be earned, hints on selling sox, etc. Jarman, Woodland Park, Hespeler, Ont.

APPLES FOR SALE—GREENings, Kings, Baldwins. Special prices to farmers' clubs in car lots. Beaver Valley Fruit Growers, Camperdown, Ontario.

SEVERAL CARS DRY MILL slab wood, stove length. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario.

Bad Breath Overcome

"Bad breath is a sign of decayed teeth, foul stomach or unclean bowels." If your teeth are good, look to your digestive organs at once. Get Seigel's Curative Syrup at druggists. 15 to 30 drops after meals, clean up your food passage and stop the bad breath odor. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles. Do not buy substitutes. Get the genuine.

GIRLS! HAIR GROWS THICK AND BEAUTIFUL

35-Cent "Danderine" Does Wonders for Lifeless, Neglected Hair.



A gleamy mass of luxuriant hair full of gloss, lustre and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderdine."

Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic — not sticky or greasy! Any drugstore.

CUTICURA HEALS RASH ON BACK

Spread To Neck and Arms. Itched and Burned. Lasted 3 Months.

"My trouble began with a rash breaking out on my back. My clothing aggravated it, and it kept spreading to my neck and arms. It itched and burned so that I spent many a sleepless night. The trouble lasted about three months. I tried different remedies without success. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample which helped me. I bought more and in three weeks was healed." (Signed) H. M. Kramer, 566 Hertel Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1922.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume are ideal for daily toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Limited, 244 St. Paul St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Come to the Lectures, Demonstrations and Practices at the

Ontario Agricultural College

1924 — SHORT COURSES — 1924

Stock and Seed Judging — Two weeks)—January 8th - 19th.
Poultry Raising — (Four Weeks — January 8th - February 2nd.
Horticulture Courses:
Fruit and Vegetable Growing—January 21st - February 2nd.
Floriculture and Landscape Gardening—Feb. 4th - Feb. 16th.
Dairy Courses:
Course for Factory Cheese and Buttermakers — January 2nd — March 14th.
Cow-Testing—Jan. 7th - Jan. 19th.
Farm Dairy—Jan. 21st - Feb. 2nd.
Factory Milk and Cream Testing, including Factory Management and accounts—Feb. 4 - Feb. 16.
Market Milk, including Mechanical Refrigeration—Feb. 18 - March 1.
Condensed and Powdered Milk—March 3rd - March 15th.
Ice-Cream, including Mechanical Refrigeration—March 17 - Mar. 28
Creamery and Cheesemaking Course, including Mechanical Refrigeration—Mar. 24 - Mar. 28.
Bee Keeping (Two Weeks)—January 8th - January 19th.
Drainage and Drainage Surveying (Two Weeks)—Jan. 8 - Jan. 19.
Farm Power, including Tractors, Gasoline Engines, etc. (Two Weeks)—Jan. 22 - Feb. 2.

These courses are planned to meet the requirements of farmers, farmers' sons, dairymen, poultrymen, bee-keepers and horticulturists who may be able to leave home for but a short period during the winter months.

All courses are free, with the exception of the dairy courses, for which a small registration fee is charged.

A change from the home surroundings, meeting other people interested in the things in which you are interested, exchange of experience and the acquirement of knowledge, will do you good. Plan to attend some course that appeals to you. Reduced rate on railways. Write for booklet describing the courses and ask for railway certificate.

J. B. REYNOLDS, M.A, President — L. STEVENSON, Director of Extension — A. M. PORTER, B.S.A., Registrar

GREAT LIQUIDATION

SALE

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for the very liberal patronage during the year and particularly During Our Big Sale

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Our Great Sale Started

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1923

And will continue until New Years

Real Bargains in Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Pants, Sweaters, Underwear, Raincoats, Stockings,Etc. Ladies' and Misses' Coats, Dresses, Suits, Sweaters, Underwear, Hosiery, Blouses, Etc. Here are a few special prices.

Men's Suits, Reg. $20.00 for $12.95
Men's Best Tweed Suits, Reg. $22.50 for $15.95
Men's Best Worsted Woollen Suits, Reg $26.00 for.. $17.95
Men's and Young Men's Suits, Blue Serges, striped, Taylor made, all wool guaranteed Reg. $32.00 for $21.95
Men's Heavy Overcoats ..... Reg. $20.00 for $12.50
Men's All Wool Heavy Overcoats and good Melton Ulsters Reg. $26.50 for $18.95
Boys' Suits. Reg. $4.50 for $2.95
Boys Tweed and Mixture Suits all sizes Reg. $9.00 for $4 95
Men's Heavy Winter Pants Reg. $4.00 for $2.69
Boys' Sweaters and Pullovers Reg. $1.50 for 89c

Men's Heavy Khaki all wool Breeches and Pants Reg. $5.00 for $3.49
Boys' Overcoats all sizes Reg. $12.50 for $7.95
Men's Heavy Pullovers Reg. $2.50 for $1.79
Boys' all wool suits with two pair pants sizes 26 to 30 Reg. $12.50 for $6.95
Men's V neck all wool pullovers Reg. $4.75 for $3.69
Men's Heavy Jamboo all wool sweaters and pullovers Reg. $6.50 for $4.49
Men's Heavy stockings Reg 35c for 19c
Men's woollen heavy stockings Reg. 50c for 43c
Ladies' all wool coat sweaters Reg. $5.00 for $3.49

Ladies all wool hose Reg. 95c for 49c
Ladies' silk and woollen hose Reg. $1.50 for 98c
Ladies' heather all wool hose Reg $1.25 for 68c
Ladies' best velour coats Reg. $20.00 for $12.50
Ladies' Heavy Cloth and Velour Coats fur collars Reg. $24.00 for $14.95
Girls' heavy cloth coats all sizes Reg $12.50 for $7.95
Ladies' serge and silk dresses; suits; Blouses all latest de signs which we will clear at very low prices. Different lines of yard goods will be sold at less than cost.
Wool Mufflers Reg $1.00 for 68c
Silk scarves Reg $2.50 for $1.89

Never before has such a sale been run in Morrisburg, and never again. Values that you have dreamed about, but never seen. Come early, and get your choice.

DON'T FORGET

SALE WILL CONTINUE
FOR NINE DAYS MORE

AT THE OLD RELIABLE'S
Lock Street, Morrisburg

SAM AGULNIK

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

WILLIAMSBURG

A Merry, Merry Christmas to our readers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Casselman were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willis McIntosh last Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. McKenzie of Morrisburg and Rev. and Mrs. Smith were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Norval.

Mr and Mrs. J. C. Fetterly and June of Morrisburg, Mr. Geo. Durant of Iroquois, Mr. John Stata, Mr. and Mrs. E. McIntosh and Mrs. J. A. McIntosh were recent visitors at the Temperance House

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Lorn McPherson, Williamsburg, Thursday, December 13th, 1923, a son.

Mrs. Jim Riddell of Morrisburg spent last week end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Casselman, Sr.

Mr. Archie Shannette of Queens College, Kingston, is spending the Christmas holidays at his parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Whittaker and Miss Dora Whittaker were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Whittaker last Sunday.

Mrs. Alex. Algire and Mr. and Mrs Roy Barkley and daughter of Inkerman spent last week end with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wingard, Prescott.

Much sympathy is extended to Messrs Thomas Deeks and Clarence Deeks in the death of their brother, Mr. Joe Deeks which occurred in Winnipeg last week.

At the Christmas Tree entertainment in the Presbyterian Church, Williamsburg, on Christmas Eve, the Pastor Rev. E. Smith will show the Birth and Boyhood of Jesus Christ in Motion Pictures as portrayed in the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, Bavaria, and other interesting pictures, besides an interesting program by the children. Remember the date, December 24th and come and enjoy the evening with us.

Mrs. Strader McIntosh and baby Betty spent a few days this week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Merkley, Iroquois.

Mr. and Mrs F. Beckstead of Morewood attended the funeral of the late Mrs Silas D. Hess last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Steinburg of Morewood and Mrs. Jarvis of North Bay were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Stiver this week.

A Sacred Christmas Service will be held in the Lutheran Church, Williamsburg, Tuesday evening, Dec. 25th. The remedy for humanity's many ills is found in the message: "Unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given." May this message prompt us to wend our way to church where in word and music we will hear about the Manger Child. No admission will be charged. A free-will offering will be taken. Come, and bring your children and friends. A hearty welcome is extended to all. Service begins at 7.30. Christmas sermons will be preached in the Lutheran Church Sunday morning and evening, December 23. You are welcome."

WINCHESTER SPRINGS

Mr. W. Kain spent Sunday at his home here and will return to Ogdensburg where he has secured a position

Mr. and Mrs. K. Carlyle from Dunbar were guests Sunday at Mr. Mrs. W. Robinson.

The Methodist W.M.S. was entertained at the home of Mrs. Jennie Davidson, Winchester, Tuesday afternoon the 4th. There was a good attendance.

Visitors at the home of Mr. Orren Casselman Sunday the 9th were Mr. and Mrs. M. Laudreville and daughter David and Messrs Chester Douglas and Venace Laudreville.

Mr. and Mrs. James McLaughlin spent a few days at Morewood among friends.

Mrs. Elburn McIntosh spent a few days at her home at Williamsburg.

Messrs. Heber and Elburn McIntosh spent Tuesday in Ottaa. w

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dillabough and Mrs. D. Kinkade and Master Russell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Robinson's, Sunday.

Mr. Wilburn Robinson spent a couple of days at Morewood among friends.

Messrs. Orren Casselman, A. J. Casselman, J. McLaughlin, B. Findley, R. A. Ball, L. McIntosh, R. McIntosh, were in Cornwall last week

The Presbyterian W.M.S. held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. E. Casselman, Cassbridge, Thursday 7th. There was a large attendance.

Mrs. A. Summers from Winchester visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. recently.

We are sorry to learn Mr. T. D. Nesbitt is on the sick list

Mr. and Mrs. O. Casselman motored to Cornwall Tuesday 4th and spent the day among friends

On Sunday, November ... ors at Mr. and Mrs. ... man's were Mr. and Mrs J. Kirkie, Miss Lillian Hilda and Morris Kirkie from Cornalw.

Mr. and Mrs. W. McIntosh and Mr. and Mrs. E. McIntosh attended the funeral of the late Mrs Silas Hess held on Sunday at Williamsburg.

MOREWOOD

Mrs. George Wilson and sister, Mrs. Russell Martin and Mrs. Abner Dillabough spent Friday in Ottawa.

Mr. Milford Glasgow spent Monday with Mr. John Fawcett at Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. William Countryman and son Gordon spent Monday evening with Mr. David Reveler of Canamore.

Miss Mildred Dillabough and aunt, Mrs. Russell Martin spent Saturday with Mrs. Thomas McConnell.

Miss Gladys Swerdfeger spent the week end with Miss Margaret Carlyle.

We are sorry to report Messrs Arthur Casselman are on the sick list.

Misses Margaret and Alice Coulthart spent Saturday in Ottawa.

Mrs. Calvin Gordon spent Sunday with Mrs W. J. McConnell.

CHURCH ROAD

Mrs. L. Barkley and Mrs. Lee Casselman of Riverside passed through here on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. C. Casselman of Massena spent last week with friends here.

Mr. Wm. Dafoe spent Monday with friends at East Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dillabough of Glen Becker were recent guests of Mrs. Murray Styles.

A large number from here attended the Bazaar at Riverside on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Tupper are moving on their farm this week.

WILLIAMSBURG COUNCIL

The Council met at Williamsburg on December 15, 1923. Members all present.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

The report of the Engineer on Jeffry Drain improvement was read and adopted and the Clerk was instructed to have the necessary by-law prepared.

A bylaw was passed for paying accounts for current year The Reeve, Clerk and Treasurer were appointed a committee to prepare the financial statement for 1923. A by-law was passed appointing the following Deputy Returning Officers, Poll Clerks and polling places:

Poll No. 1—Wm. Pruner's house, Jesse I. Casselman, D.R.O.; Wilbert Casselman, Poll Clerk.

Poll No. 2—Robert Cunningham's Hall; H. A. Gallinger, D.R.O.; Shaler, Poll Clerk

Poll 3—Chris Barkley's house; Chris Barkley, D.R.O ; Harvey Durant, Poll Clerk.

Poll 4—J. D. Beckstead, room; Levi Whittaker, D.R.O.; Peter Barkley Poll Clerk.

Poll 5—Isaac Hall's house; Mason Barkley, D.R.O.; Harry Bowman, Poll Clerk.

Poll 6—J. B. Barkley's Hall, Elgin Herriman, D.R.O.; J. A. Barkley, Poll Clerk.

Poll 7—C. McMillan's house; Walter Carr, D.R.O.; Fred Beckstead, Poll Clerk.

Poll 8—Orange Hall; Thos. Henderson, D.R.O.; A. Bailey, Poll Clerk.

Poll 9—H. Swerdfeger's house; Alva Sullivan, D.R.O.; H. G. Froats, Poll Clerk.

Poll 10—P. D. Schell's house; N. Tupper, D.R.O., L. Millward, Poll Clerk.

Nomination in Froat's Hall, Williamsburg, on December 31st, 1923, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and one o'clock p.m.

The following accounts were passed:

Thos. Gordon, bal. on contract Gordon Award No. 2	$80.00
J. A. Webb, 39 rods wire fence	7.80
Fred McIntosh, 42½ rods wire fence	3.50
Melvin McIntosh, fence viewers fees	2.00
R. J. Dillen, registering deed F. P. E. ½ lot 2, Con 5	2.05
C. N. R. upkeep crossing gates Morrisburg, Sept.	26.07
Municipal World, for supplies	20.11
Dr. Lyons, quarantine and disinfecting in Diptheria	15.00
Henry Wells, services, as truant officer	3.00
Lawson & Lawson, legal services	42.30
Frank Wells, ground rent for stone pile	4.00
W. B. Buchan, for gravel	70.00
Mert Saddlemire, fence viewers' fees	5.00
James Hanson, dragging W. T. L.	9.00
Chas. McMillan, refund for ditch McMillan drain	23.60
E. McMillan, refund for land, ditch and crossing O. McMillan Drain	32.05
Dr. Locke, inspecting 19 schools and disinfecting re chicken pox and services, M.H.O.	129.00
Neil Epaugh work on road	50
Neil McIntosh, work on road	3.00
Than Merkley, work on road	1.00
A. W. McIntosh, hauling and furnishing 24 yds. gravel	21.60
Calvin Bouck, hauling gravel	34.00
N. S. Marselis, 91 rods 10 ft. wire fence	18.30
H. W. Garlough, hauling 178 yds gravel	106.80
John Merkley, 23 rods wire fence	4.60
Chas. Cassel, hauling gravel	112.00
Robt. Cooper, ground rent for stone pile	4.00
Lagora Millward, cutting brush	21.00
J. M. Garlough, fixing bridge and dragging	5.40
Thos. Millward, cutting brush	27.25
Chas. Baker, cutting brush	4.00
Isaiah Loucks, work on road	2.50
Reuben Schell, work Whittaker gravel pit	46.00
Claude Weegar, cutting brush	7.20
G. A. Casselman, work on road	3.25
A. B. Coughler, work tile sluice	2.50
E. R. Marcellus, hauling gravel	41.40
Chas. Stata, cutting brush	7.00
Roy Swerdfeger, 19½ rods wire fence, 2nd Con. lot 31	3.90
G. L. Barclay, postage and stationary	29.94
Molsons Bank, interest on money borrowed.	317.04
Alex. Hess, burial expenses, Geo. Harper	50.00
Ezra McMillan, payment on salary as Road Supt.	62.50
Harold Weagant, ground rent for stone pile	8.00
Oscar Beckstead, postage, telephone and other services	5.40
Edgar McIntosh, cutting brush	3.45
Ezra McMillan, freight and supplies for bridges	10.75
G. L. Barclay, salary as Treasurer	110.00
Frank Darling, hauling gravel	15.00
Chas. Beckstead, 40 rods wire fence	8.00
C. F. Marcellus, hauling gravel	52.25
Adam Froats, hall rent for Council meetings	24.00
Councillors, Deputy Reeve and Reeve's salaries	200.00
Elgin Dillabough, error in assessment	88
James Simpson, various county levies	$22,204.21
M. S. Beckstead, bal. salary, Clerk	125.00
M. S. Beckstead, postage, express, stationary and tel.	19.00
M. S. Beckstead, writing minutes and P. V. work	$35.00
M. S. Beckstead, services, D. & W. C. Act	15.00
Reeve, Clerk and Treas., issuing debentures re Southworth and O McMillan Drain	12.00
Reeve and Clerk, settling boundary accounts, Matilda and Winchester	12.00

The Council adjourned.

M. S. BECKSTEAD,
Clerk.

We Wish You

-- a --

Merry Christmas

W. S. L. MERRILL & SONS

AT YOUR SERVICE — MORRISBURG, ONTARIO

PHONES: Office 39; Residence 21J

"I Had Bilious Attacks and Stomach Weakness"



Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Yonker, Sask., writes:

"I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that not even a drink of water would stay on it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new woman."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

One pill a dose, 25 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Larger Mills—More Quaker Flour



The growing popularity of Quaker Flour has necessitated additions to the Peterborough mill, that increase its output by more than 40%. The Quaker Mill is now prepared to meet all demands—to make more Quaker Flour from Canada's wheat crop.

QUAKER QUALITY tells everywhere. Not only in Canada, but in foreign countries too, women have learned that Quaker Flour is the best for every sort of baking. They know it is the one flour that will *always* give them satisfactory results.

Every sack of Quaker Flour is sold under this guarantee—that if it does not satisfy you, the dealer will refund your money without question.

Quaker Flour

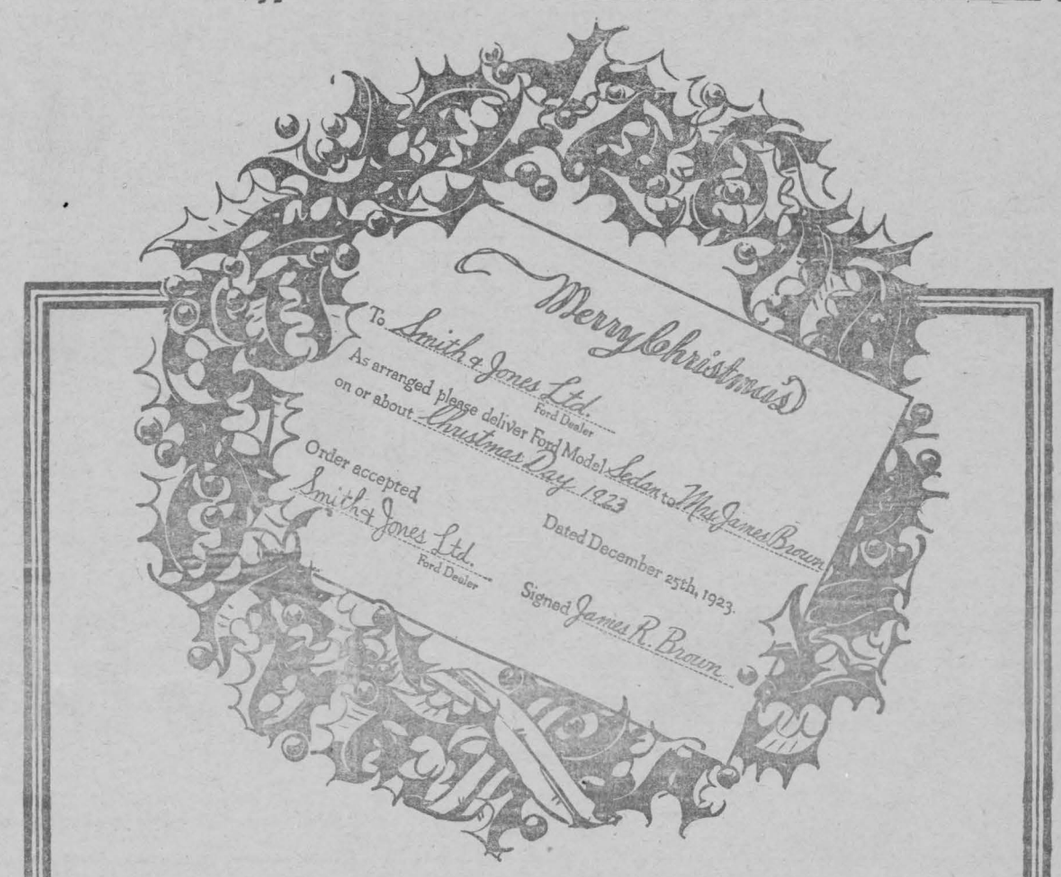
Always the Same-Always the Best

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon — 226

DISTRIBUTORS

Morrisburg--W. S. Merrill. Aultsville, Jarvis & Shaver

Iroquois--Beach Milling Company.



Ford and Christmas

Your wife—your children—your mother—your sister—some of them need a car—a Ford Car.

Some day soon you intend to get one for them.

It would come as a matter of course next spring or summer. But—imagine the shining eyes if a signed delivery order for that Ford model you intend to buy were placed beside someone's plate at the breakfast table Christmas morning.

The special Christmas Delivery Form is reproduced above.

Delivery may be specified now—or later—at your convenience.

The new Ford models have appeared at a particularly fortunate time—to give you a wide range for selection in open and closed models—the highest quality Fords ever produced—at the lowest of low Ford prices.

Payment may be arranged on the deferred payment plan.

Ford Weekly Purchase Plan
Inquire about an enrollment on the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan as a Christmas gift.

Ford

CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

POULTRY WANTED

I am in the market to pay the highest prices for aged hens, also in the market to buy empty bags and all kinds of junk If any for sale drop me a line or phone No. 63W.

H. AGULNIK,
Morrisburg, P. O. Box17

IRWIN HILLIARD, K. C.

Barrister,, Solicitor, Notary, etc. Solicitor for the Molsons Bank Molsons Bank Building, Morrisburg Large amount of private money to loan on easy terms.

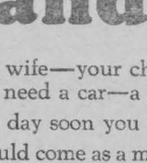
R. F. LYLE

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. Solicitor for The Bank of Nova Scotia and for the Municipality of Morrisburg. Barry Block, Main Street Morrisburg .. .. Ontario Money to loan at lowest rates of interest.

AUCTIONEER

For the Province of Ontario
Terms Reasonable
Phone at my expense to Morrisburg, Phone 76J
THOS. IRVING, Morrisburg

Cook's Regulating Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

R. LINK
MORRISBURG, ONT.,
Licensed Auctioneer
For County of Dundas

ARTHUR FLYNN
BARRISTER, ETC.
MORRISBURG ONTARIO

Tindale's Garage

We believe that "Good Service is doing work well and doing it quickly at a fair price.

SPECIALIZING

In Ford Work, we are at the same time executing repairs promptly, efficently and to the entire satisfaction of our customers on all classes of machinery.

TINDAL'S GARAGE
H B. TINDAL, Prop.

Your Guarantee

is the name

"SALADA"

H413

It insures tea that is fresh, fragrant and pure — Try it.

Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

(Copyright, Thomas Allen.)

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

"I'm sure you do. We all want to do that. The surest way to get it out of our minds is to solve the mystery and find out who is guilty. That's why I want you to tell me a few things to clear up my mind."

"But I don't know anything about it—nothing at all. Why should you come to me?"

"When did you last see my uncle alive?"

"What a dreadful question! It was—let me think—in the afternoon—the day before—"

"And you parted from him on the best of terms?"

"Of course."

He leaned toward her ever so little, his eyes level with hers and steadily fastened upon her. "That's the last time you saw him—until you went to his rooms at the Paradox the night he was killed?"

She had lifted her hand to pat into place an escaping tendril of hair. The hand remained lifted. The dark eyes froze with horror. They stared at him, as though held by some dreadful fascination. From her cheeks the color ebbed. Kirby thought she was going to faint.

But she did not. A low moan of despair escaped from the ashen lips. The lifted arm fell heavily to her lap.

Then Kirby discovered that the two in the red room had become three. Jack Cunningham was standing in the doorway.

His glance flashed to Lane accusingly. "What's up? What are you doing here?" he demanded abruptly.

The Wyoming man rose. "I've been asking Miss Harriman a question."

"A question. What business have you to ask her questions?" demanded Jack hotly.

His cousin tried a shot in the dark. "I was asking her," he said, his voice low and even, "about that visit you and she paid to Uncle James's rooms the night he was killed."

Kirby knew instantly he had scored a hit. The insolence, the jaunty confidence, were stricken from him as by a buffet in the face. For a moment body and mind alike were lax and stunned. Then courage flowed back into his veins. He came forward, blustering.

"What do you mean? What visit? It's a damned lie."

"Is it? Then why is the question such a knockout to you and Miss Harriman? She almost fainted, and it certainly crumpled you up till you got second breath."

Jack flushed angrily. "Of course it shocked her for you to make such a charge against her. It would frighten any woman. By God, it's an outrage. You come here and try to browbeat Miss Harriman when she's alone. You ask her impudent questions, as good as tell her she—she—"

Kirby's eyes were like a glittering rapier probing for the weakness of his opponent's defence. "I say that she and you were in the rooms of Uncle James at 9.50 the evening he was killed. I say that you concealed the fact at the inquest. Why?" He shot his question at the other man with the velocity of a bullet.

Cunningham's lip twitched, his eye wavered. How much did his cousin know? How much was he merely guessing?

"Who told you we were there? How do you know it? I don't propose to answer every wild accusation nor to let Miss Harriman be insulted by you. Who are you, anyhow? A man accused of killing my uncle, the man who found his valet dead and is suspected of that crime, too, a fellow who would be lying behind the bars now if my brother hadn't put up the money to save the family from disgrace. If we tell all we know, the police will grab you again double-quick. Yet you have the nerve to come here and make insinuations against the lady who is mourning my uncle's death. I've a good mind to phone for the police right now."

"Do," suggested Kirby, smiling. "Then we'll both tell what we know and perhaps things will clear up a bit."

It was a bluff pure and simple. He couldn't tell what he knew any more than his cousin could. The part played by Rose and Esther McLean in the story barred him from the luxury of truth-telling. Moreover, he had no real evidence to back his suspicions. But Jack did not know how strong the restraining influence was.

"I didn't say I was going to 'phone. I said I'd a jolly good mind to," Cunningham replied sulkily.

"I'd advise you not to start anything you can't finish, Jack. I'll give you one more piece of advice, too. Come clean with what you know. I'm goin' to find out, anyhow. Make up your mind to that. I'm goin' through with this job till it's done."

"You'll pull off your Sherlock-Holmes stuff in jail, then, for I'm going to ask James to get off your bond," Jack retorted vindictively.

"As you please about that," Lane said quietly.

"He'll choose between you or me. I'll be damned if I'll stand for his keeping a man out of jail to try and fasten on me a murder I didn't do."

"I haven't said you did it. What I says is that you and Miss Harriman know somethin' and are concealin' it. What is it? I'm not a fool. I don't think you killed Uncle any more than I did. But you an' Miss Harriman have a secret. Why don't you go to James an' make a clean breast of it? He'll tell you what to do."

"The devil he will! I tell you we haven't any secret. We weren't in Uncle's rooms that night."

"Can you prove an alibi for the whole evening—both of you?" the range rider asked curtly.

"None of your business. We're not in the prisoner's dock. It's you that is likely to be there," Jack tossed out petulantly.

Phyllis Harriman had flung herself down to sob with her head in the pillows. But Kirby noticed that one small pink ear was in the open to take in the swift sentences passing between the men.

"I'm intendin' to make it my business," Lane said, his voice ominously quiet.

"You're laying up trouble for yourself," Jack warned blackly. "If you want me for an enemy you're going at this the right way."

"I'm not lookin' for enemies. What I want is the truth. You're concealin' it. We'll see if you can make it stick."

"We're not concealing a thing."

"Last call for you to show down your cards, Jack. Are you with me or against me?" asked Kirby.

"Against you, you meddling fool!" Cunningham burst out in a gust of fury. "Don't you meddle with my affairs, unless you want trouble right off the bat. I'm not going to have a Paul Pry nosing around and hinting slanders about me and Miss Harriman. What do you think I am? I'll protect my good name and this lady's if I have to do it with a gun. Don't forget that, Mr. Lane."

Kirby's steady gaze appraised him coolly. "You're excited an' talkin' foolishness. I'm not attackin" anybody's good name. I'm lookin' for the man who killed Uncle James. I'm expectin' to find him. If anybody stands in the way, I'm liable to run against him."

The man from Twin Buttes bowed toward the black hair and pink ear of his hostess. He turned on his heel and walked from the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COUSINS DISAGREE.

It was essential to Kirby's plans that he should be at liberty. If he should be locked up in prison even for a few days the threads that he had begun to untangle from the snarl known as the Cunningham mystery would again be ensnared. He was not sure what action James would take at his brother's demand that he withdraw from the bond. But Lane had no desire to embarrass him by forcing the issue. He set about securing a new bond.

He was, ten minutes later, in the law offices of Irwin, Foster & Warren, attorneys who represented the cattle interests in Wyoming with which Kirby was identified. Foster, a stout, middle-aged man with only a few locks of gray hair left, heard what the rough rider had to say.

"I'll wire to Caldwell and to Norman as you suggest, Mr. Lane," he said. "If they give me instructions to stand back of you, I'll arrange a new bond as soon as possible."

"Will it take long? I can't afford to be tied up behind the bars right now."

"Not if I can get it accepted. I'll let you know at once."

Kirby rose. He had finished his business.

"Just a moment, Mr. Lane." Foster leaned back in his swivel-chair and looked out of the window. His eyes did not focus on any detail of the office building opposite. They had the far-away look which denotes a preoccupied mind. "Ever been to Golden?" he asked at last abruptly, swinging back in his seat and looking at his client.

"No. Why?"

"Golden is the Gretna Green of Denver, you know. When young people elope they go to Golden. When a couple gets married and doesn't want ie known they choose Golden. Very convenient spot."

"I'm not figuring on gettin' married right now," the cattleman said, smiling.

"Still you might find a visit to the place interesting and useful. I was there on business a couple of weeks ago."

(To be continued.)

RAW FURS WANTED

Highest Prices Paid for

Skunk, Coon, Mink, Fox, Deer-Skins, Hides, Calfskins, &c.

Ship to

Canadian Hide & Leather Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

He Made the Crew.

"I've made the crew!" cried Frank Mason as he burst in upon his family.

"That will mean harder training now," said Frank's pastor, who was calling upon the family.

"Yes," was the eager reply, "it will be the real thing now. I must be ready to step into the boat at six o'clock every morning, and every day that the water is fit we must row hard for an hour, and if we can't go out there are rowing machines for us to practice on There's other training too and then early to bed!"

"And your diet?"

"Oh, yes, it's all carefully regulated," said Frank.

"Frank," exclaimed the pastor, with his face shining, "you make me jealous! What splendid enthusiasm rowing has aroused in you! What a world we should have if we could only inspire our young people with similar enthusiasm for Christ's service! Paul seems to have been aroused in a similar way when he saw the athletes of old. He admired their enthusiasm, their energy and their sacrifices to win in the Olympic games and gain the laurel wreaths that faded so quickly; and he bade his disciples contend as sincerely and intelligently for crowns that would not fade. I hope you will succeed in holding your seat in the crew, Frank, and that you fellows will sweep the lake! But when you are done and have more time wouldn't you like to help me kindle a similar enthusiasm in young people for the things that are bigger, better and enduring?"

Frank looked at his pastor thoughtfully. "I think I should," he said at last.

Nothing so strengthens the mind and enlarges the manhood and widens the thought as the constant effort to measure up to a high ideal, to struggle after that which is beyond us and above us. It stretches the mind, as it were, to a larger measure, and touches the life to finer issues.—O. S. M.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

NURSES

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

Woman of To-Day

POLISHES THAT ARE LASTING.

Many people these days are purchasing unfinished furniture and giving instructions how they wish it to be stained and finished. Many others do this at home themselves, just this way, they get a lasting polish.

Suppose, for example, you purchase a table. You give instructions to have the table stained to an approved tint and that the legs are to be waxed, but that the top is to be entirely free of French polish, and is to be finished with linseed oil. When your table arrives there will be but a slight polish on its top. But in due time, with your own efforts, will come a delightful sheen that is proof against the hottest plate and against the minor accidents of the table. To do this, get a smooth brick, wrap it around with two or three folds of old flannel, and keep it handy as the table top polisher. Then, twice a week, or every day, if you have time, give the top a good rub, with a few drops of linseed oil on the flannel, and very soon you will see good results. Linseed oil gives a fine polish, but the process needs many applications and hard rubbing. The final surface, however, is one which practically nothing can damage, and it is the patinated surface of genuine untouched antiques.

Now, if you have a piece of furniture, oak or mahogany or walnut, but its highly-polished surface is badly marked, a spirit solvent will fix it. This is brushed on and left for about five minutes, after which it may be scraped off with an old table knife. The surface should then be wiped over with a clean rag dipped in the spirit. When dry, rub well with fine glass-paper. This, of course, will have lightened the tone, but it can be darkened as desired, with spirit stain (free from varnish), or if the table be of oak, can be stained with vandyke brown crystals dissolved in water, or bismarck brown dissolved in hot vinegar. The spirit solvent must not be used where there are gas lights or any kind of open lights about. After this process has thoroughly dried, give it a good rubbing with a rag soaked in linseed oil. Then wipe with another rag for about ten minutes and the polish will be lasting.

Everyone is familiar with the marks of whitish rings and dull blotches caused by hot plates and dishes. If the spot is noticed at once a simple method is to rub the whole surface with linseed oil on a rag, with a sprinkling of the pumice powder. This process slightly grinds down the polish to an even dullness. The oil, or wax, should be cleared off with turpentine, and then the piece of furniture polished. This may not completely remove the white rings, but it considerably lessens them.

To alter the tone of a piece of furniture yourself, is easy, too. Remove varnish in the way described above, and see that piece is "clean." Then comes the staining. First practice on a piece of board. The vandyke crystals (which you may purchase at drug shops), will be satisfactory. These must be dissolved in a solution.

Some people first brush the furniture with liquid ammonia mixed with a water stain, such as vandyke crystals. This does very well, but raises the grain of the wood somewhat. It is then necessary to paper down with No. 0 glasspaper, after which a rag, dipped in the stain and squeezed out, may be wiped over the surface. Whichever method is used, they all lead to the same point, so that when the surface is dry it is quite ready for waxing and oiling, preferably the latter, for the top of a dining table.

These excellent polishers, which can be made at home, are worth remembering. They are entirely satisfactory and less expensive than those you buy.

1. Lime water, raw linseed oil and turpentine in equal quantities, well shaken and incorporated together.

2. Sweet oil, methylated spirit and vinegar in equal proportions.

3. Linseed oil, turpentine and vinegar in equal proportions, with the addition of a little butter of antimony.

The use of these should be followed by a good rubover with a clean wad moistened (not soaked) with methylated spirit.

A PRACTICAL UNDERGARMENT.



4532. Cambric, nainsook, sateen, crepe and silk are suitable for this style. The Pattern provides for round neck outline or camisole top. Lace and insertion or embroidery will be suitable for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

HANDY KITCHEN STOOL.

Obtain a stool with a bracket attachment, such as is used at the counters in many shops. Set this up with screws near the safe or kitchen cabinet. When preparing vegetables or washing dishes, it will save much wearying standing. With the work finished, just a slight push and it can be swung around out of the way. If you do not know where you can obtain a bracket stool of this kind, buy a bracket at the hardware store and use the seat of an old revolving piano stool.

FLOWERS IN OUR WINDOWS.

How a few flowers can brighten up the home in winter! All of us want them, and many are hungry for them who have so many cares they think they cannot afford to have them. The help and inspiration they give is more than enough to balance the cost and care necessary to grow them.

Flower lovers never feel that it is anything but a recreation to care for their plants, and they can spend an hour with them and go back to their routine work rested and refreshed beyond measure. No matter who the person, or where the home, or under what conditions they must be grown there are some flowers that will fit in.

The poorest cottage can be made to bloom out in beauty in the darkest winter days if the right plants are chosen, and many a woman who takes in washing for a living has her windows filled with brilliant geraniums and petunias or other simple, easily grown flowers.

EACH DAY'S WORK.

My little seven-year-old daughter has a set of those pictures showing cute little maids doing their work for each day. Once when Betty was wondering what to do, I suggested that every day she do some of the work that was intended for that particular day, just as the little girls in the pictures were doing.

She agreed readily and was eager to begin. So on Monday she washed out a few small pieces I gave her and ironed them on Tuesday. Wednesday she went to see a friend. For her Thursday's sewing I cut out a square of lawn and showed her how to hem it nicely for a handkerchief, her first real lesson in needlecraft. Friday she helped me about my cleaning, really helped, and on Saturday, cooking day, I let her prepare a simple dish. On Sunday she went to Sunday school. Then she was anxious to begin the week all over again.

Now this plan of occupation not only kept her happy and interested but really instructed her in all the branches of household art. Realizing its possibilities, I am planning to make this form of play into a real development.—Alice A. Keen.



Just the Place

1st Fish—"Where can we get a drink?"

2nd Fish—"At the sand bar!"

SHAW SCHOOLS

Train young Canadians for successful citizenship. Home Study Courses are strongly featured. Write for list and full particulars about any course in which you are interested.

Address: A. A. SABINE, REGISTRAR.

46 Bloor West. - - Toronto

$30,000,000

Estimated production for 1924 of the Gold Mines of Ontario.

Investment & Speculative Opportunities described in our booklet

"Gold Mines of Ontario"

1923 EDITION and Circular B, describing TOUGH-OAKES-BURNSIDE.

STOBIE FORLONG & CO. Members Toronto Stock Exchange Toronto, Canada 10-12 KING ST. EAST

Private wires connect all our offices with Buffalo, Montreal and New York

WRIGLEY'S

After Every Meal

Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment.

Aids digestion.
Allays thirst.
Soothes the throat.

For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get



Three-quarters of the cases of appendicitis arise from gluttonous habits and could be cured by castor-oil and a week's fasting.—Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

I attribute my extraordinarily good health at sixty-five not only to being a teetotaller, but also to being a non-smoker.—Bishop of London.

We take our blessings too much for granted.—Sir H. Rider Haggard.

PUPIL NURSES WANTED at the

BUFFALO CITY HOSPITAL

462 Grider St.
Buffalo, N.Y.

863 beds for the reception of every known disease.
8 DISPENSARIES IN CONNECTION.
Affiliated with the University of Buffalo Medical Department.
3 year registered course, fitting pupils for Bedside, Public Health and Administrative Nursing. 670 hours devoted to classes, recitations, demonstrations and laboratory work in Dietetics, Home Economics, Bacteriology, Chemistry, Physiology and General Nursing subjects.
Opportunities for selected graduates to fill paid executive positions or pursue special study courses.
THE EXPERIENCE WE OFFER EQUALS A 3 YEAR COLLEGE COURSE.
Entrance requirements: 1 year New York State High School or its equivalent.
Salary, $15.00 a month. Food, lodging, uniforms, laundry and books furnished free.
Straight eight hour duty. No split watches. One whole day off every seven days.
A WELL-CONDUCTED NURSING COURSE IS A FINE PREPARATION FOR WIFEHOOD AND A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF RIGHT LIVING.

New Class Now Forming.

A Thousand Cooking Uses.

For soups, sauces, gravies, savoury dishes, meat jellies, beef tea, and restoring the flavor to left over dishes.

OXO CUBES

In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100.

EDDY'S MATCHES

Remember to ask for *Eddy's* when you order matches

ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

JUNOR CHINA GLASS

ESTABLISHED 1884

Exclusive designs.
William Junor
332 Yonge St. - Toronto

Johnnie Hotpoint Says

People want Practical Gifts so let's make this an Electrical Christmas



HOTPOINT Servants, the standard by which all other electrical appliances are judged, enable you to select a suitable gift for everyone on your list.

Irons, percolators, curling irons, chafing dishes, immersion heaters, glow logs and air heaters, all can be obtained from your nearest dealer.

H12C



Christmas Flowers.

(A Star Legend.)

Now from the planet Venus,
Called the star of cheer—
An immortal gazed on Christmas Eve,
Upon the earthland drear.

She sighed to see the barren trees,
King Winter robbed of clothes;
And the bushes so unsightly,
That lately held the rose.

And flitting to the Ruler
Of the star-inspiring mirth;
She begged to deck with Christmas flowers
The desolated earth.

And the King said, "Christmas morning
You may journey to and fro
And scatter cheer confetti,
Christmas flowers of snow."

And all the bush and trees forlorn
King winter killed with blight,
She loaded down with blossoms
From the brightest star of night.

—Anna Graves Henry.

A Little Song of Santa Claus.

This is told of Santa Claus:
When he was just a boy
His home was Happy Hollyland
The mountain top of Joy;
And frosty, snowy, sparkly
Was the flurried little peak
Where Santa Claus when he was young
First learned to walk and speak.

His mother, Lady Mistletoe,
The fairies loved her well;
His father was the chieftain
Of the Tribe of Jinglebell;
They were the kindest people!
And once a year, they say,
They gave a winter party
For the fairies out their way.

They chose a tiny spruce tree,
And trimmed it all themselves
With fluff and glint and star dust
Lent by the forest elves.
They hung bright presents on it,
Wee bits of gems and gold
And tiny scraps of rabbit fur
For fairies who were cold.

Then little fellow Santa Claus
Would climb upon a stump
And call, "The party's ready,"
And flop down with a jump;
And all the wood would flutter
With a little eager tune—
The fairies coming running
By the light of wintry moon.

But after it was over
And all the sprites had flown,
And as he went to bed at night
All cosy and alone,
Little Santa Claus would whisper,
Looking down to valleys blue,
"O children, wait till I grow up,
I'll do great things for you!"

—Miriam Clark Potter, in Youth's Companion.

To the Young Folk

Christmas is not a *real* Christmas unless we make some one happy on that day of days.

Is there a lonely old man or woman in your community? Fix up a basket of goodies (mother will help you) and take it to him or her, bright and early on Christmas morning. There must be some one in your neighborhood whom you can make happy by a little gift, given with a lot of love. Do not forget the birds and Shep, Dobbin and Bossy. Have a Christmas feed for the birds; see that Shep has an extra bone, Dobbin a big hot mash and some rosy apples, and Bossy some appetizing roots.

See that everyone at home is remembered by a gift. Decorate the house with Christmas greens and remember that it is always "more blessed to give than to receive."

The Birds' Christmas Tree.

This may be an evergreen or any kind of a tree that has evergreen branches tied on it. Warm suet and stick it full of seeds and nuts. Hang this suet from the branches. String peanuts and festoon them around the tree. Have little boxes on the tree, and in these boxes place nut meats, seeds, meat, celery, cabbage, lettuce and apples. Tie pieces of bread and crullers to the trunk of the tree. Wherever you have this tree see that the cats can not get to it. Many a bird's Christmas tree has been unoccupied because of strolling cats. Cats and birds never mix—in an agreeable way. There is no better way to get acquainted with the winter birds than by feeding them.

How Molly Cottontail Saw Santa Claus

BY THE NYCES.

It was the funniest thing! Though little Molly Cottontail didn't think so; indeed, she was pretty nigh scared out of a year's growth. But there, we'd better commence at the very beginning.

It was the night before Christmas and of course you know what that means; mysterious whisperings and hiding of knobby bundles—and everything. And Molly Cottontail and all her folks, and Aunty and Uncle Hopover and all the little Hopovers—dressed in their best—were going to the Christmas entertainment, to be held in the tiny red schoolhouse at the extreme end of Bunny Hollow.

It was the snappiest kind of a cold night and the snow was just right for sleighing. So Uncle Hopover bundled them into his sleigh—and a good big one it was. The old-fashioned kind—with bells that tinkled beautifully. It held all the Hopover folks and all the Cottontail folks; also dear old Granny Wobblenose.

Uncle Hopover hired Flattail Beaver to pull the sleigh, but he had an awful time doing it, for Flattail was very lazy. And he would make no promise until Aunty Hopover and Ma Cottontail told him he should have a fine supper and plenty of it when the entertainment was over.

That touched Flattail's heart, for next to taking his ease he loved nothing better than a good meal; so he lost no time in getting the Hopovers and the Cottontails to the schoolhouse. It was such a cunning little place, all alight, and just buzzing with the voices of bunny folks. And there was a tree, festooned with strings of red and white pop-corn and hung with gingerbread men and candy canes.

After they had all greeted one another with "Merry Christmas," and "Same to you," and said how beautiful everything looked and what a smart man teacher was to plan it all, they sat on the tiny benches until the schoolmaster (his name was Eben Corntassel) stepped to the platform and announced that Molly Cottontail and Johnny Hopover would give a dialogue.

Johnny was very shy and scarce talked above a whisper, while Molly thought more of her new dress than she did of her dialogue. The dress was bright red and Granny Wobblenose had made it her very own self.

One after another the bunnies recited their pieces to the pride of the grown-ups; then Daddy Tarfoot was called on to dance a hoe-down; next came games. Let's see—they played "Blind Man's Buff" and "Puss in the Corner," almost running down the ladies who were placing the most delicious supper on the table. But no one minded; the grown folks said they couldn't scold the children on Christmas Eve.

Flattail Beaver said he really enjoyed the supper more than anything else. And after everything had been cleared away Eben Corntassel disappeared—and Santa Claus appeared on the platform, and distributed presents, and stockings made of white tarleton, filled with candy. Flattail Beaver received two stockings—one for his wife and one for himself. "I'm mighty glad I came," he said.

"Well," exclaimed Ma Cottontail, "I'll be glad to leave. Not that I didn't enjoy it; the entertainment was lovely and a great credit to the teacher; but I've lots of things to do before Santa comes to our house. Luckily the bunnies hung their stockings before we left home," she laughed.

So she hunted up Uncle Hopover and Pa Cottontail to tell them it was time to make tracks for home. They were sitting close to the fire talking to Daddy Tarfoot and Daddy Longears, about who raised the biggest crops.

"Goodness me!" Uncle Hopover said, "I didn't know it was that late—if we want to get home ahead of Santa we'd better hurry."

Then the Hopover bunnies and the Cottontail bunnies were bundled into the sleigh; Flattail called, "Are you ready?" and away he pelted.

Molly was in the back part and she soon fell asleep and dreamed she was playing blind man's buff. All at once the sleigh lurched round a fence corner, and Molly gave a leap right into a huge jimson weed, and there she hung, by her warm woozy coat, to a great prickly bur.

Poor little Molly! She wriggled and she twisted and she squeaked. But no one heard her and she couldn't lose herself. And Ma and Pa and Aunty Hopover and the sleigh—all disappeared and left her quite alone.

She wasn't left alone many minutes though, for to her great joy another sleigh came flying swiftly along, much more swiftly than Flattail pulled them all to the schoolhouse. It was drawn by eight reindeer and driven by—whom do you think? Why, no other than Santa himself. And he lurched round the very same fence corner!

Dancer and Prancer were in the lead and in their haste they pretty nearly stumbled. So Santa had them rest for a moment. "Squeak, *squeak*, SQUEAK!" came from the jimson weed. Meaning: "Oh, Santa, please help me!"

"That sounds like some one in trouble!" exclaimed Santa Claus; and he pulled up close to the fence.

"If it isn't Molly Cottontail! and fastened to a big bur—why you poor little thing; little more'n you'd be frozen to death."

Molly was so thankful—and she wasn't one bit afraid of Santa. No, indeed; she told him exactly how it happened. And Santa said: "Never mind—I'll have you home in a jiffy; but first I must stop at Sammy Slow's house—it's right on my way."

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, "we know Slow and we love him dearly."

"Do you?" exclaimed Santa with a twinkle. "Then you know a dear little boy"—and the words were scarce out of his mouth when they were on the roof of Sammy's house and in a moment down, down the chimney they slid—Molly in the pocket of Santa's big warm coat.

Of course Sammy Slow was in bed—but Tabitha Tabbycat was not and she was well acquainted with Molly Cottontail, and brought her a cup of nice warm milk, to take off the chill.

When they reached the home of the Cottontails, they found everything in confusion. Granny Wobblenose was sure Molly had fallen asleep in the schoolhouse and been left behind. Ma Cottontail was almost indignant at dear Granny, and she said: "Indeed Molly was not left at the school-house—I counted all my bunnies before I left the building."

Anyway Granny tucked all the bunnies into their little beds, and Pa and Ma had donned their warm wraps and rubber boots, and were just about to start in search of Molly when Santa Claus pulled up at the door. They could hardly believe their eyes when he took her out of his pocket and set her down beside them.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ma. "Here's Santa, and Molly not in bed." And she rushed her inside and Pa ran to the woodpile for a few sticks to warm things up a bit. And when they returned to thank Santa, they found him gone—quite out of sight; but he had tucked candies and all kinds of cunning little presents inside their door. Then they heard his voice—way off in the distance: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



The Man of the Hour

The Christ Child.

The snow was falling fast,
And the lights were dim and low,
When a small child wandered up and down
And had nowhere to go.

He saw a house illumined
And children merry and gay,
But when He knocked and waited
He was told to go away.

To-night was Christmas Eve,
And most every one was gay.
People were hurrying to and fro
With gifts for Christmas Day.

So He wandered on,
A small and lonely child.
Then He looked in a window and saw
A mother and children, sweet and mild.

He knocked at the door and waited
Until He heard the mother say:
"Children, some one is knocking;
Go see who it is, I pray."

The children came to the door
To let the poor child in.
He was very cold and chilly,
For his clothing was torn and thin.

This mother was reading her Bible
To her children bright and fair,
When she went to look for the boy,
Behold, He was not there.

The mother said: "My dears,
That boy so sweet and mild
Is not a little wanderer,
But the little Christ Child."

So if you are good and kind,
Live a good and noble life,
You will receive a grand reward
From our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

So when you pass from this world of ours,
If you have been good and true,
You will find in the Golden City
The gate standing open for you.

—Annie Wilson Podger.

IN RABBITBORO



LOCAL AND GENERAL

Stove repairs ordered for any range.

MORASH FOUNDRY

Mrs F J. Hawken was visiting relatives in Ogdensburg last week.

* * *

Mrs. D. Presho of Toronto is spending the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jarvis

* * *

Mr Wm Eager was in Montreal on Tuesday

* * *

Mr. David Killins arrived home the first of the week from Porcupine Ont., to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Killins.

* * *

Miss Lulu Casselman spent a few days in Ottawa this week.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur Clay of Toronto is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dillen.

* * *

The St. Lawrence Deep Waterways Association of Western Canada, with headquarters at Swift Current, Sask., was formed at that city on Friday last under the Presidency of W. W. Cooper.

* * *

Those who are patronizing Fagan's Bakery will be pleased to learn that a daily delivery service went into effect on Wednesday of this week.

* * *

The annual Christmas Service will be held in St. Johns Lutheran Church, Riverside, Sunday evening, December 23rd.

* * *

Mrs. G. Myers left on Wednesday for Shawinigan Falls, Que., where she will spend a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. B. Garrett.

* * *

Please give your subscription for the Montreal Daily Star or Family Herald and Weekly Star to John Thompson—your candidate — help him in this big contest.

* * *

The Methodist Sunday School will hold their annual Christmas entertainment in the basement of the church Christmas night.

* * *

Mrs. Maude Lawless spent the past week with her little son and relatives at Brinston.

* * *

The tortures of neuralgia hold no terrors for the wise individual who holds them at bay with Williams' Camphorated Mustard Cream. Quick relief is afforded by one or two applications. 35 cents at all druggists.

* * *

The Rev. Sister St. Patrick, Mother Superior of the Hotel Dieu, Cornwall, met with a very serious accident on Monday morning last. She was assisting two other Sisters to change the cutters on the mangel in the laundry when her hand slipped and was caught in the rollers. Hearing her screams the engineer threw off the driving belt, but before the machine was stopped her hand and lower part of the arm were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary, being performed half an hour after the accident. The Mother Superior suffered intensely but has recovered from the shock and is now doing as well as could be expected. Her many friends were greatly distressed when they heard of the unfortunate accident—Cornwall Standard.

* * *

When Wm. Lannin of Winchester announces an entertainment, it is hardly necessary to ad that nothing will be left undone that could add to the pleasure and comfort of those who attend. The opening of his new hall at Winchester on Wednesday, December 26th will be made the occasion of a very special entertainment which will include an address by Mr. A. W. Sweet, M.P.P., Band Concert and a dance with music by the Midnight Orchestra, Cornwall. Mr. Lannin extends a cordial invitation to the people of Morrisburg to attend the opening of his new hall.

* * *

Died—At her home in Galt, Ont., on Friday, November 30th, 1923, Mrs. W. B. Cook. The remains were conveyed to Morrisburg on Sunday December 2nd, and interment was made in Fairview Cemetery. She is survived by one son and three daughters, Geo. H. Cook of Toronto; Laura of Galt, Mrs. E. Rennick of Yorkton, Sask., and Mrs. (Dr.) Chabwin of Moose Jaw, Sask., and three brothers, Messrs. W. A. VanAllen, Franklin VanAllen and Jas. E. VanAllen of Morrisburg.

Miss Blanche Wells left today for Waterloo, Que., to spend the Christmas holidays.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Broder spent a few days in Perth with Mr. and Mrs Wm. Broder.

* * *

Mrs. C. Strathearn of Toronto is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Anderson.

* * *

Mrs. D. T. Henderson and daughter, Roberta left today to spend the Christmas holidays in Montreal

* * *

The business of Mr. Frank J. Wood has been sold to Mr. John Hartley, who will continue to keep Ice Cream all winter the same as formerly. Also an assortment of cigarettes, cigars and chocolates in boxes. Hoping to have your patronage.—John Hartley. bp

* * *

Mr and Mrs. Douglas Smith of Montreal spent Sunday at Mr. Gilbert Smith's.

* * *

Mr. W. S. Reed, M.P., was visiting Mr F. D. Stata's this week

* * *

Miss Marion Hilliard of Toronto University arrived home on Wednesday to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Hilliard.

* * *

Legal circles in Toronto are greatly concerned over a recent amendment to the Income Tax Act whereby Federal income taxes become a lien on both real and personal property to have priority over any mortgage or conveyance. If the act is enforced by the Dominion Finance Department, almost innumerable practical difficulties will confront anyone who has anything to do with either selling or buying land, or with any lien, mortgage or assignment.

* * *

The Farmers Sun, organ of the U.F.O., has had a loss of $15,161 for the past fifteen months, according to the statement issued Tuesday to the shareholders of the Farmers' Publishing Co. by H. E. Walters, secretary-treasurer.

* * *

According to weather statistics on record this fall is the mildest and most open fall experienced since 1895.

* * *

Anthony Thormin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Thormin, Brockville, student at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Pa., received a "first mention" award in the last nation-wide architectural competition conducted by the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, New York. The problem, in which students from the leading architectural schools of the country participated, was for the design of a public library.

* * *

Out of 230 Ontario School children who were awarded prizes as the winners of the Ontario Safety League's cash prizes for drawings on accidents and fires and their prevention, Mr. Jack McMartin, student of the local Public School, captured 3rd prize—cash value $5.00.

* * *

The Cornwall canal was officially closed for the season December 12. This is about the average date for the past 15 years, the earliest being December 5, 1910, and the latest on December 18, 1918. Last year the closing date was the 13th.

* * *

Arrangements have been completed for Prescott's first community Christmas tree. The official opening will take place on Friday evening, December 21, with W. P. McCarthy, President of the Board of Trade, as Chairman. His Worship Mayor Dubrule will deliver an address, and illuminations will be turned on by Mrs. E. A. Cook, President of the Womens Institute. On December 24 a massed children's choir will sing; December 26, block dancing, band music; December 27, Boy Scouts' drills, etc, and radio concert; Dec. 31, massed choirs, community singing and addresses by local ministers. The tree is erected on the Market Square and much interest and enthusiasm is being manifested.

EAST WILLIAMSBURG

Quite a number from here attended the Commencement at Morrisburg on Friday evening.

Miss Amy Salmon is spending this week with her sister at Pigeon Island.

Mr. Isaiah Shaver of Pigeon Island spent Monday at Mr. James Salmon's.

Mr. Samuel Wells and son Sanford were in Cornwall on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Wells and granddaughter Emma were visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ernest Canaugh.

Mr. James Humes and son of Uncle Sams Domain were visiting in our Burg on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Saddlemire and Masters Stewart and Foster and Miss Ruth and Mrs. Charlie Watson spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Walter Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wells and Mrs. Martha Watson and son Walter and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wells and sons John and Stanley attended the funeral of the late Mrs. George Eligh Avonmore, on Saturday.

The Mustard Plaster is a desperate remedy. It is efficient, but it blisters and burns the skin. Get better results without any such disadvantages by using Williams' Camphorated Mustard Cream. 35 cents at all druggists. Especially good for children.

Fagan's Bakery

Lock Street

Special for Xmas
Jellied Doughnuts

Xmas Greetings

FURS WANTED

We are Buying all kinds of FURS. Bring them, or send them to Our Store and Get the Best Price Going

J. S. TEVAN & CO.

MORRISBURG, ONT. OPPOSITE THE MONUMENT.

LANNIN'S
New Fireproof Hall
Winchester
Will be opened Wed. Dec. 26

THE OPENING CEREMONIES WILL BE PERFORMED BY MR. A. SWEET, M.P.P., COMMENCING AT 7.30 P.M. UNTIL 8 P.M. A BAND CONCERT WILL FOLLOW, FROM 8 P.M. TO 10 P.M., AFTER WHICH THERE WILL BE DANCING FROM 10 P.M. TO 2 A.M., WITH MUSIC BY THE MIDNIGHT ORCHESTRA OF CORNWALL.

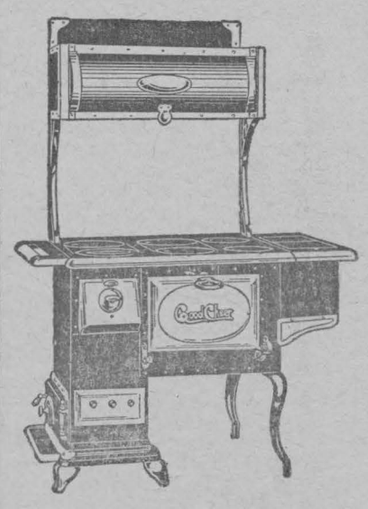
The Morrisburg Lumber Mills

LUMBER, ROUGH AND DRESSED, LATH
SHINGLES & GENERAL FACTORY WORK
BEAVERBOARD

OUR SAW MILL IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND WE ARE READY TO HANDLE YOUR SAWING FROM THIS DATE ON. WE WILL SAW ANY TIME

F. FENTIMAN, MANAGER — W. D. KILLINS, SEC.-TREAS.

PHONE 87J---LOCK BOX 71



Good Cheer

and

Christmas Greeting to All

Call and inspect our new water heater. No wiring; No Electricity; No Stove or no Furnace. We will install this heater on approval.

Holmes & Swayne

LOCK STREET, MORRISBURG

PROMPT ATTENTION TO OUT-OF-TOWN CALLS

Compliments of the Season

Frank Stewart, MERCHANT TAILOR

MORRISBURG, ONT.

FOUND

A fur neckpiece. Owner may have same by applying at Leader Office and paying for this Ad.

FOR SALE

For quick sale, the Sutherland home $1800. I have also five brick dwellings. Money to lend on farm security. Farms for sale or exchange Fir eand Life Insurance.

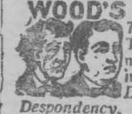
tf J. A. RIDDELL.

WOOD FOR SALE

Fifty cords of Maple and Elm. Would deliver in two cord lots, anywhere in Morrisburg. Telephone Iroquois 623-62 or write

H. E. D. MERKLEY,
Morrisburg, R M D No 1

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE



The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

The man who neglects his eyes, neglects happiness, health and earning capacity.

PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT

J. MILES WHITTEKER

Optometrist
MORRISBURG
'Phone 18

Clearing Out

Some lines of Men's, Boys' and Children's Fine Shoes and Work Shoes
Some Snaps for quick buyers.

Don't throw away those old rubbers, boots or shoes, we can repair them. Come in and see sample work.

Let us see those old shoes. If they are worth repairing we will tell you.

We sell all kinds of Shoe and Harness repairs---Leather, Taps, soles, rubber heals, etc.

SHOES REPAIRING----HARNESS REPAIRING

Rubber Vulcanizing, Skate Sharpening, by the latest up to date machinery.

A. G. TAYLOR

The unselfish spirit of Christmas and the holidays is akin to the spirit of LIFE INSURANCE.

The joy of Yule Tide giving can well be likened to the glow that comes from him who having not only provided for the immediate happiness of his family has also made their future secure with Life Insurance.

But what we really wanted to say was this, that we wish you A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.. big with the things that you want the most.

Yours in the spirit of the season

T. E. CLELAND
Life Insurance Counslor

CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL

CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL

COAL

ON HAND

STOVE and NUT

ESTATE W. H. McGANNON

CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL