THE WINCHESTER PRESS

VOL XLI — WINCHESTER, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1927 — NO 23

THE BEST

Is none too good. This applies to the quality of

COAL

on which you have to depend for comfort during the winter. We handle the best

Scranton Coal

Shipped direct from the mines.
We invite inspection at the yard.
Leave your order.

FENNELL & WALLACE, Winchester, Ont.

ATWATER KENT
RADIOS

We are the controlling Dealer for Winchester. Several of the latest models in Atwater Kent have just arrived.

Call and inspect them anytime. Before you place your order, give us a chance to demonstrate any of our models in your home.

When needing supplies, tubes, A and B batteries, we have them and will be pleased to serve you when you need them.

Buy From Us and You Will Receive Service.

MELVIN'S GARAGE, Winchester, Ont.

SCHOOL PENING

We are all prepared for School Opening with a full line of the necessary Text Books for both Public and High Schools, Scribblers, Note Books, Pencils, Erasers, Compasses, Book Bags, Exam. Pads, etc.

EASTMAN FILMS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

"The Book Store." A. H. DUNCAN.

For Sale

Your choice of two No 50 Bell Ensilage Blowers, complete with travelling table, price $50.00

W. H. Casselman & Son
Chesterville

For Sale

Purebred White Wyandotte Cockerels Your choice from a flock of 250 at $2.00 each.

W. H. Casselman & Son
Chesterville

LAST CHANCE

BIG SALE AT CASSELMAN'S

ONLY 21 MORE DAYS

To dispose of stock consisting Millinery, Dresses, Ladies' Coats, Hosiey Lingerie, Sweaters, Suits, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, etc., all at prices that will astonish you. Here is our invitation to you to buy goods at less than cost.

P. S. All Outstanding Accounts must be Paid by Nov. 1st.

Mrs. C. Lee Casselman, Winchester

Our Column

The more tell'ems, the more sell'ems.

It doesn't require a detective to find fault.

Just take a glance at the label on your Press, we want you to be interested in the figures on it.

A person has not to do much searching if they want to find fault.

Better fasten your cellar windows if you want to keep your preserves.

Personal liberty is a fine thing so long as it does not interfere with your interests.

The world is either better or worse each day as a result of your work and influence.

Chicken thieves have again become active in this section. Keep your shot gun loaded.

Almost any man would take a pounding for a million dollars, but very few men are qualified even for that.

People like the man with courage enough to stand up and say what he thinks, providing he thinks their way.

The new papers announce that Lindberg is physically perfect. Well it might be added that Lindberg is also mentally well balanced.

Did you ever notice that no matter how much or how little beauty the Creator endowed you with, you are better looking when you smile.

If it is fashionable for the ladies to wear furs in summer, why should not men wear straw hats and linen dusters in the winter to be fashionable.

"When a farmer sells you a barrel of apples you find his reputation at the top of the barrel but when you go down a bit you discover his character."

If the Montreal Gazette don't get Hon. G. Howard Ferguson the leadership of the Consertative party it will not be because the Montreal Gazette has not put forth its best endeavors. As the Press has before remarked, "Politics is a great game."

Now that the Tunney-Dempsey fight has ceased to be of much interest, they have started a rebellion in Mexico to keep the people interested in personal scraps.

No one would ever think that Chester Timmins had been married 30 years. His free from care and trouble countenance is a wonderful compliment to Mrs. Timmins.

"And now we are approaching the thanksgiving season" remarks an exchange, just as though we should not at all times give thanks. No Canadian has any cause to be anything but thankful.

We are occasionally reminded that a big war is still going on in China. We have all been so taken up with the Tunney-Dempsey fight that China has dropped out of public attention for the time being.

The first plank in the platform of the Conservative party should read: "A square deal for every province." That is the only foundation upon which we can build national unit, says the Orange Sentinal.

Magistrate McCormick said on Wednesday that a man who drives a car recklessly, when under the influence of liquor, is worse than a highwayman, because the latter gives one a chance for his life, but the former gives you no chance.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Silo filling is the order of the day with our farmer friends.

Don't forget the chicken supper at Winchester Springs to morrow night.

This glorious Autumn weather makes one feel as though life was really worth living.

The Beach Mfg. Coy. have men at work preparing for the foundation of their new factory building.

Tell you what, there are getting to be not a few "Grandpa's and Grandma's" about Winchester lately.

Services in St. Matthias Church on Sunday next. Sunday School at 10 a. m. evening service at 7.30 o'clock.

Mr. Robt Beggs, Contractor, is rushing the work on the new rinks and will have the roofs on before the snow flies.

Mr. W. R. Potter is now prepared to take a limited number of pupils. Piano only.

Iroquois tax rate this year is 50 mills, a decrease of 5 mills over last year. On all taxes paid on or before Nov. 1st, a discount of 2 per cent will be allowed.

Mr. C. R. Ashton, of Toronto, has been engaged to fill the place on the High School Staff left vacant by resignation because of illness of Mr. Steadman. He began his duties on Monday.

A Kingston man was fined by a Gananoque magistrate for reckless driving of a automobile. He ran into a buggy standing on the side of the road, and injured two ladies who were its occupants.

Miss Mabel Waddell had the misfortune to sprain her ankle on Tuesday. She is being looked after by Dr. Muriel Fetterly, and hopes by rest to be able to take part in the High School Field Day Sports.

Dr. Cotman, M. P., of Pembroke Ont., who lost $25,000 through sharp dealing stock brokers, is telling the Court how it all happened. There are not a few in this section who might be able to give the doctor M. P. some pointers.

The many friends of Rev. Dr. S. J. and Mrs Hughes of Glendale California are very pleased to welcome them to Winchester again. Dr. Hughes was pastor of the former Methodist Church for a number of years. In Sept. last Dr. and Mrs Hughes celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They expect to return to California shortly.

APPLES! APPLES!

Our first shipment of apples have arrived, our second car to arrive about Oct. 15th, Tolman Sweet, Snows, Stark, and other good winter varieties. Leave your order with A. W. Beach and G. C. Reveler.

A reckless driver smashed into the car he was passing on the Kingston road between Kingston and Gananoque and narrowly escaped a collision with Hon. Robert Forke's car Mr. Forke returned to the scene of the accident and the culprit received a tongue lashing from the usually mild mannered minister that he will not forget for some time. Mr. Forke had motored to Kingston to visit his daughter Mary, who enrolled last week at Queen's University. His driver had not exceeded the speed limit at any time on the long trip.

Hotel Keeper Fined

Thos. Flynn, Chesterville appeared before Magistrate McCormick on Monday afternoon last on the charge of violating Ontario Liquor Control Act. He pleaded guily and was fined $100 and costs, the minimun penalty. If he is again convicted there is no other alternative than imprisonment. Mr. Graham and Mr. Elliott of Ottawa, officers under the Ontario Liquor Act; were the profecutors.

Thieves Busy

Not only are the chicken thieves again busy, but cellar thieves are also active, and during the past week the cellars of several of the farmers in Mountain have been visited and much of their preserved fruits carried away. Last Friday night the home of Mrs. Kenneth Guy was visited and entrance to the cellar was forced. The thieves carried away about 15 jars of preserves. The home of a Mr. Loftus at Mountain was also visited and all the preserves in the cellar taken. Several other places were visited and goods taken. The chicken thieves are also active and not only did Wm. Walker of Mountain township suffer, but also Henry Kenney Chas. Armstrong and Sam Armstrong and some others whose names the Press could not learn. The thieves are becoming very bold and daring, and they will probably come to the place they are aiming for if they keep on.

Miscellaneous Shower

A delightfully arranged miscellaneous shower was given on Monday evening by Mrs. J. W. Ault, Mrs. Wm Lannin and Misses Helen Timmins and Thelma Dixon in honor of Mrs. John Carkner. (nee Miss Ina Barrigar) at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Joseph Barrigar. The guests numbering about 50 assembled at eight o'clock and were greeted by Mrs. Carkner and her mother. A basket nicely decorated and filled with beautiful gifts was then presented to the young bride by Misses Helen Timmins and Thelma Dixon, who assisted her in opening the gifts and reading the expressions of good wishes accompaning each. Mrs. Carkner thanked her friends in a few well chosen words after which candy was passed and the guests registered their names in the beautiful Bride's Book, which had been prepared by Miss Ida Knowland. Upon leaving all wished Mrs. Carkner and her husband much happiness and prosperity in their new home.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

There was a heavy rain on Monday night. In fact a regular July rain.

The Dominion W. C. T. U, Convention is being held at Ottawa this week.

The Dundas Public School teachers meet in convention at South Mountain this week.

The Central Canada Ottawa Exhibition this year shows a surplus of over $3,000 over all expenses.

Mr. F. J. Barlow, of Chesterville, has accepted the principalship of the High School at Russell, Ont. and has moved there.

Two rinks of bowlers went to Prescott yesterday afternoon to play for a cup. They didn't get it, but, like everything else, "There's a reason."

Judge H. A. Lavell, Kingston, is to be the speaker at a laymens banquet in the interest of mission to be held in the United Church, Winchester on October 19th.

To morrow is High School Field Day at the Fair Grounds, and there will be a splendid programme of sports in the afternoon. No better place to spend an enjoyable afternoon.

The death of Mr. Robert D. Jennings, Mountain Township, took place at his residence on Monday, Oct. 3rd, and interment took place at Maple Ridge cemetry this afternoon. He was in his 65th year.

SOFT BALL GAME
On School Grounds
Canadian General Electric of Ottawa vs. Winchester.
Saturday, October 8th, 3 p. m.
Come and enjoy a good game.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ault, of Shanly, Ont. was the scene of a very pretty wedding, on Wednesday, September 21st, when their daughter, Beatrice Mabel, was united in marriage to Mr. Richard Everett Shaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shaver, of Iroquois, Ont. The young couple were unattended, the ceremony being performed by Rev. John L. Hodgson, of Shanly pastoral charge of the United Church, in the presence of immediate friends only

Officials of the Ontario Forestry Branch are determined to stop the practice of starting fires in timber districts and recently a man was fined $25 and sentenced to 45 days in jail at Thessalon for throwing or dropping burning matches in a fire district without extinguishing it in contravention of the Forest Fires Prevention Act. The fire resulting from his act covered an area of sixty acres at the corner of four townships in the district of Algoma.

Athletic Meet

The Championship Athletic Meet for Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry and the Cerald Meikle Memorial Cup Competition will be held on the Fair Grounds, Winchester, on Friday afternoon, Oct. 14th, and there is expected to be a strong opposition. Cornwall, Avonmore and Morrisburg have strong competitors and Chesterville and Iroquois have some very promising athletes.

Two Grave Dangers

To motorists the glaring headlight and the horse drawn vehicles are the most dangerous of the road at night. In day light you may by care escape the reckless driver. At night you are in danger even though you come to an almost stop against the glaring head light, while the horse drawn vehicle is liable to be hid by the lights of an approaching car. The sooner both evils are severely dealt with by the Government the better.

Winchester Seeks Fame

In the south east corner of the Toronto Daily Globe of Friday last appears a picture of the Castor bean growing at the rear of Mr. A. Sweet's home, and Mr. Sweet standing beside it. This remarkable bean is over 11 feet in height and grew up like "Jack's Beanstalk" of old. Of course the "bean" standing by it is fairly tall and vigorous, and is well worthy a place in the S. E. Corner, but as the Globe devotes that spacc only to the odd and remarkable things in nature, the castor bean had to find that place.

A Keen Contest

There was a keen contest of singles at the bowling green on Saturday night. It was for the $5.00 gold coin, and between the two veteran bowlers, Wm Johnston and Wes Patterson. It was a close one from start to finish, but Wes won out by four shots. This leaves the final tussel between Wes and John Gibson, to be played off on Friday night, (weather permitting) and will likely start about 7.30. We give this detail information because we expect it to be spectacular finish, and no doubt many will desire to witness it.

A First Conviction

The first conviction ever recorded in Winchester for driving an automobile while in an intoxicated condition was recorded by Magistrate John McCormick, on Wednesday morning when a local young man pleaded guilty to the charge. Mr. Thos Dalgleish with his wife were travelling north on the highway, and when near Cloverdale school, about three miles from Winchester, they saw a car coming straight toward them. They tried to get out of the way, but their car was struck just as they tried to turn aside. In the car was another local man and he also was in an intoxicated condition. In passing sentence Magistrate McCormick said that it was a very unpleasant duty, but a duty that had to be performed. The public had to be protected. In his mind the man driving a car when intoxicated was worse than a highwayman. The highwayman at least gave you a chance to save your life. The man driving a car when intoxicated gave you no chance whatever. He had no option in the matter. The sentence was to serve 14 days in jail and costs of court and damage to the other car, amounting to $15 damages, amounting in all to $28.47

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Greta Earle, came home from the Civic Hospital on Monday.

Mrs. G. W. Johnston visited relatives in Cornwall, Morrisburg and Williamsburg last week.

Mrs. E. Flora and Marguerite attended the Raymond—Johnston wedding in Ottawa, on Saturday, Oct. 1st.

Miss Jennie Beattie, of Chesterville was the week-end guest of her aunt Mrs. Arnold Docksteader, of Cloverdale.

Mr. Donald Workman and bride, of Rome, N. Y., are the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm Workman.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Algate and son Ray, of Massena, N. Y., spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser A. Fawcett.

Mrs Hubert Hamilton of Shawville, Que., is spending the week with her Grand parents Mr. and Mrs. John McQuaig.

Mr. Aaron Sweet, is in Hamilton this week attending the annual meeting of the supreme council no 330 Scottish Rite Masons.

Rev. Mr. Waddell and Mr. H. B. Fetterly attended the Presbyterial meeting of the United Church at Merrickville this week.

Mrs. Alvin Deeks, of Westboro, Ottawa, visited her parents at Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Summers, the latter end of the week.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hughes of Glendale, California, are spending a few days with the latter's sisters, Mrs. McIntosh and Miss Perry on St. Lawrence Street.

Dr. G. I. Christie, of Lafayette, Ind., who has been in Europe for the past three months, and has visited thirteen countries in the interest of the Corn Board of U. S Government, arrived in Canada the last week and spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Summers.

Mr. S. Coons, connected with the Sun Life Insurance Co., Hamilton, was a visitor to Winchester, on Saturday last, having motored down on Friday. Mr. Coons visited Morewood and other surrounding places when down. While in Winchester he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm Quart.

A Warning

At this season when the burning of dead leaves and accumulated rubbish is so common, too much precaution cannot be taken against valuable property being destroyed. In most cases these fires are started and controlled only by children, and very frequently little ones have been badly burned by their clothes catching on fire. No fire should be left in charge of children, and the burning of dead leaves seems to be one of their delights.

All For the Boys

A fine representation of the Tuxis Group met in the United Church parsonage, on Wednesday evening to organize the work for the Fall and Winter. There was considerable enthusiasm and it is hoped to carry through a program that will be of real interest and benefit to every Tuxis boy.

The following officers were duly elected for the term:—

Pretor—Gerald Helmer
Deputy Pretor—Harold Dukelow
Scriptor—Melvin Scott.
Associate Scriptor—Eldon Davidson.
Comptor—Charlie Cross
Mentor—Rev. John A. Waddell

A meeting of the County Boys' Work Board will be held in the United Church, on Wednesday, Oct. 12th, at 2 p. m. Mr. C. F. Plewman, of Toronto, Sec'y of Provincial Board will be present.

This will be followed by a public meeting at 8 o'clock, to which all boys and friends of boys are most cordially invited. Mr. Plewman will address the meeting.

Wedding Anniversary

On Tuesday evening a number of every close and intimate friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chester B. Timmins to extend congratulations and good wishes the occasion marking the 30th anniversary of their wedding. The young couple who were just enjoying a quiet hour, were completely taken by surprise when the party of friends arrived and took possession. Rev. J. A. Waddell, acted as Chairman. After speeches, recitation, songs and instrumental selections had gladdened the hour, the bride and groom of 30 years ago were called to the front, when in behalf of the assembled company Mrs. R. L. Suffle read the following address.

Dear Friends:—

One of the ancient philosophers has said, "It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends" Such is the place you hold in the life of this community.

Having heard that you had reached the thirtieth milestone in your wedded life, a few of your many friends could not let so important an occassion pass without extending to you both hearty congraulations and best wishes on this Anniversary Day. Life has its trials and disappointments for us all, but they greatly lose their sting when shared with a thoughtful and loving companion.

The highest happiness which we can attain in this life is the unchanging love and confidence with one to whom we are bound in God's sight by the closest and most holy ties.

That God may grant to you both many years in which to enjoy that union and companionship is the sincere and earnest wish of all. Kindly accept this token of our love and esteem as a slight momento of this happy occasion.

Mrs. Hart Melvin and Mrs. J. L. Dixon made a presentation of beautiful linen and silverware.

Mr. Timmins in his reply admitted they had been taken by surprise, and assured all present that they valued the splendid gifts, but what they valued most of all was the love and friendship behind it all.

Dainty refreshments were then served by the ladies, and the happy evening was brought to a close by prayer and the Mizpath benediction.

Before leaving all present registered their names in a beautiful book which had been made by Miss Ida Knowland for the occassion.

A host of frieods of Mr. and Mrs. Timmins join in sincere good wishes for continued health and happiness for many years.

OUR COFFEE

HAS MADE MANY FRIENDS

First of all they were Coffee Customers ouly. Then one day they decided to try some of our Tea. They like both, then they are our steady Tea and Coffee customers. Then they noticed that our Bacon looked pretty good. Tried it. Delighted and so it goes. Our eatables aren't good ONLY IN SPOTS. It's our aim to have our aim to have our stock faultless through and through And nothing pays bigger dividends than pure Groceries.

You may as well benefit.

L. FLORA, Winchester
Telephone 33 Prompt Delivery

Winchester Baptist Church

PASTOR—Rev. Ernest Butcher.

SUNDAY, OCT. 9, 1927

Sunday School at 10 a. m.

Service at 11 a. m.
"A Cefestial Traveler"

Service at 7.30 p. m.
"The Christian Invitation."

Strangers and Visitors always Welcome.

Apples For Sale

Good clean apples, several varieties, including McIntosh Reds.

Edwin Baker
Phone 618r15, Winchester

For Sale

Underwood Typewriter, good as new. Price $50 cash. Apply at

Press Office

For Sale

One 8-16 International Tractor, also 1 Brantford 12-24 Tractor. Both in A 1 shape.

Melvin,s Garage

Nurse Susie Dixon

Will take maternity cases in this home also general nursing. Apply at home of Mr. D. Levere, phone 118, Church St., Winchester.

Notice

I buy all kinds of old hens at highest market prices, also doing moving, etc, with my truck at reasonable rates. Apply to

Morris Ross
16tfc Phone 171

Strayed

There strayed out of my pasture sometime ago three cows. Any person knowing of their whereabouts please notify the undersigned. All expenses will be paid.

Mrs. Jas Gillissie
22 4p Vernon

NOTICE

For the first half of October The Guaranteed Pure Milk Co. of Montreal, will pay $1.80 per hundred for 3 5 milk deiivered at J. W. Ault's factory plus 4cts a point above that test and less 4cts a point under that test.

Card of Thanks

Miss Greta Earle wishes to express her sincere appreciation and thanks for the many beautiful flowers and messages of good cheer sent her during her stay in the Civic Hospital, Ottawa, and sin ce her return home.

NOTICE

The October Session of the Council of the Municipal Corporation of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry will meet at Council Chamber, County Buildings, Cornwall, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D. 1927, at 8.00 o'clock p. m. pursuant to adjournment, August Session.

Cornwall Ont., October 4th, 1927

A. K. MacMillan,
Counties' Clerk.

Notice

The undersigned has a dozen pair of light weight all wool socks on hand to sell now, and expect to be knitting again in a few weeks. Call and see them.

Miss M. Haines

To Rent

A good seven roomed house on Main St., West, ready to occupy the 16th of October. Please apply to

Andrew W. Summers
23-24c P. O. Box 171

For Sale

1 good second-hand Ford Delivery Truck for sale, Cheap. Apply to

Ernest Erratt,
23-24p Phone 12, Winchester

For Sale

A Quebec heater in fine condition. Call and inspect.

Mrs. Wm. Gardner.

Lost

A license plate off back of car, No 348-872. Finder please leave with Emerson Stewart, Melvin Settlement, or at Press Office.

Miss Clara Irving, Teacher of Piano, will now resume her teaching after retiring for the summer months. Anyone wishing her services, please phone 117

Superb in Flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T35

Every cup is a new delight. Ask for it.

Chiang Will Wed MMe. Sun's Sister

He Divorces Wife Now in U.S. and Will Marry Wellesley Graduate, Miss Meling Soong

Shanghai—The present whereabouts of General Chiang Kai-shek, who resigned recently as Commander-in-Chief of the Nanking Nationalist armies, is a question that is puzzling Shanghai these days far more than the political manoeuvres at Nanking as reports of his approaching marriage are confirmed.

Some say that the young General has already gone to Japan, others that he is till in his native village. But one thing is certain: he will wed Miss Meling Soong, a fact which has just leaked out here respite fervid denials on the part of his friends.

Miss Soong has several claims to fame. She is the sister of Mme, Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Nationalist movement, and of T. V. Soong, Finance Minister in the original Nationalist Government. She is a graduate of Wellesley College, and she is probably one of the most beautiful young Chinese women in Shanghai society.

Rumors of this marriage which have been thick for the past week or ten days, were confirmed recently by persons very close to the Soong family. But Chiang Kai-shek's whereabouts remains a mystery. That he is in Shanghai seems fairly certain, his tailor, an Englishman, admitting to me that Chiang had ordered several suits and had fittings a few days ago. Then he disappeared, ordering the suits delivered to the house in the French Concession in which T. V. Soong lives. Mr. Soong has gone to Japan to meet his wife, his mother and other members of the famous family at Nagasaki, and it is expected that Chiang Kai-shek will meet them there within the next few days. The date of the wedding is uncertain.

It is explained that Chiang divorced his first wife several months ago by the old Chinese custom of merely proclaiming that she was no longer his wife. Chiang has denied that the Mme. Chiang Kai-shek who is now in America is his wife at all, and it seems that he has sent away two other "wives," as well as his original wife, and is now ready to marry Miss Soong.

Their romance began at Canton two years ago. Miss Soong's famous sister, Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who is now in Moscow, is also an American college graduate, while their brother, T. V. Soong, was a member of the Harvard class of 1915. The later incidentally, bitterly opposes the marriage, but despite family objections Miss Soong is resolutely breaking the age-old precedent and choosing her own mate.

This affair explains Chiang's frequent visits to the Soong home in recent months, which sages averted concerned important political alignments, where as actually the young revolutionist was engaged in business of a far rifferent character.

A dispatch from Colombo, Ceylon, recently said that it was reported there that Chiang Kai-shek had sailed for America recently.

Free Speech not Desirable

It is commonly assumed that Free Speech is a generally desired and much desirable thing. It is nothing of the sort and never has been. It is sought by a vastly smaller group than they who firmly oppose it, and the great mass doesn't care a darn about it one way or another. Perhaps it is just as well; the country is better run without Free Speech. The workingman is more comfortable; there is less dissension. Mouths are filled, ears pleased, feet warmed and the enzymes work busily in the stomach, while adrenin can be saved for the pleasures of the day rather than squandered in anger from a soap box. Let anyone arise and tell me that it is better to be free to express one's opinions than it is to eat, love and play and I will arise and point him out as an invincible and colossal ass. Liberty or death, indeed! Life is short enough. Give those of us who have capacity for happiness, enjoyment, contentment these blessings, and Liberty may be consigned to the devil forevermore. Liberyt doesn't mean either happiness or enjoyment and this fact is obvious from the fact that most exponents of Liberty have either had hard deaths or hard living.—Plain Talk.

Airplane Crashes Pilot Escapes

Grampian, Pa.—The airplane City of Olympia No. 31, an entry in the air races at Spokane, Washington, crashed to earth in the Pennsylvania hills near here. Lieut. Valentine Gephart, of the Marine corp reserve, the pilot, jumped with a parachute when the motor went dead 2,000 feet in the air. He made a good landing and was uninjured.

"I once knew an artist who painted a cobweb so realistically that the maid spent several hours trying to get it down from the ceiling." "Sorry, dear, I just don't believe it." "Why not? Artists have been known to do such things." "Yes, but not maids."

Flower Leis

Garlands Used by Hawaiians To Convey Their Affection

Pictures of the air pilots who crossed the Pacific from San Francisco to Honolulu show them in Honolulu garlanded with fragrant Hawaiian flower leis; wreaths of tropical flowers hung around their necks, twined around their hats, even placed on their machines.

Sharp contrasts meet in Hawaii. Twentieth century flying machines stand out against the background of primitive native customs, of which the lie is perhaps the most picturesque.

"Aloha!" is the smiling greeting of the Hawaiian as he garlands the visitor with fragrant leis of frangipanni, plumeria and sweet-smelling maile vine. "Aloho oe" ("My love to you") is the last poignant refrain played by the Royal Hawaiian Band as the ship sails away. The last memories of Hawaii are the perfume-drenched flower leis with which the returning visitor is decked. Fragrant flower leis are hung around his neck and round his hat. They drape his arms. The lei holds within its perfumed blossoms the essence of Aloha—the love-gift of the Islands and all the lure of the South Seas.

Not only the visitor, but nearly every one in the islands as well wears leis made of flowers, of feathers, of the scarlet seeds of the will-will tree or the polished black kukui nuts. Hats are decked with leis of sweet white ginger blossoms or have flat hatbands of yellow, scarlet or gray iridescent feathers.

Along the streets in Honolulu, on the docks, in the market, rows of native flowerwomen sit on the ground, baskets before them heaped with fragrant leis. Their broadbrimmed native hats are garlanded with blossoms and there are flower-wreaths about their necks.

Wreaths of scarlet seeds and berries of polished black kukui nuts or glistening brown pandonus, of rare white shells from the outlying islands or the tree-shells found on high mountain trails adorn the dresses of the girls who take the rainbow trail up green Manoa Valley or stroll under the tall trees.



1569

JABOTS ARE MODISH THIS SEASON.

Smartly simple is this chic one-piece frock closing at the left side-front. View A has the shaped collar, cuffs on the long dart-fitted sleeves, and graceful jabots, of contrasting material. In View B the frock is fashioned of one material and the short sleeves are finished with shaped cuffs, while a trim belt fastens at the side with a buckle. No. 1569 is for Misses and Small Women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material, or 2⅜ yards 54-inch. View A requires ½ yard 39-inch additional contrasting material (cut crosswise) for the collar, cuffs and jabots. Price 20 cents the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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

Books of Witchery For Your Child

Every child loves to hear stories of magic and whitchery. Here is a list of the best books of this type, compiled by the book editor of "Child Life," The Children's Own Magazine:

Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife, by Margaret Baker; Boy who Knew What the Birds Said, by Padraic Colum; Donegal Wonder Book, by Seaumas MacManus; Down-A-Down-Derry, by Walter de la Mare; Elfin Pedlar and Tales Told by Pixy Pool, by Helen Douglas Adam; Moonshine and Clover, by Laurence Housman; Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls, by Elva S. Smith; North Cornwall Fairies and Legends, b Enys Tregarthen; Shen of the Sea by Arthur B. Chairman; Tale of the Good Cat Jupie, by Neely McCoy.

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle



By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

It was an ancient diary in a faded leather cover. The writing was fine and delicate and the ink yellow with age. Monsieur Jonquelle turned the pages slowly and with care, for the paper was fragile. We had dined early and come in later to his house on the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris.

He wished to show me this old diary that had come down to him, from a branch of his mother's family in Virginia—a branch that had gone out with a King's Grant when Virginia was a crown colony. The collateral ancestor Pendleton had been a Justice of the Peace in Virginia, and a spinster daughter had written down some of the strange cases with which her father had been concerned. Monsieur Jonquelle believed that these cases in their tragic details, and their inspirational deductive handling equaled any of modern times. The great library overlocking the Faubourg St. Germain was curtained off from Paris. Monsieur Jonquelle read by the fire; and I listened, returned as by some recession of time to the Virginia of a vanished decade. The narrative of the diary follows:

It was a big sunny room. The long windows looked out on a formal garden, great beech trees and the bow of the river. Within it was a sort of library. There were book-cases built into the wall, to the height of a man's head, and at intervals between them, rising from the floor to the cornice of the shelves, were rows of mahogany drawers with glass knobs. There was also a flat writing table.

It was the room of a traveler, a man of letters, a dreamer. On the table were an inkpot of carved jade, a paperknife of ivory with gold butterflies set in; three bronze storks, with their backs together, held an exquisite Jaanese crystal.

The room was in disorder—the drawers pulled out and the contents ransacked.

My father stood leaning against the casement of the window, looking out. The lawyer, Mr. Lewis, sat in a chair beside the table, his eyes on the violated room.

"Pendleton," he said, "I don't like this Englishman Gosford."

The words seemed to arouse my father out of the depths of some reflection, and he turned to the lawyer, Mr. Lewis.

"Gosford!" he echoed.

"He is behind this business, Pendleton," the lawyer, Mr. Lewis, went on. "Mark my word! He comes here when Marshall is dying; he forces his way to the man's bed; he puts the servants out; he locks the door. Now, what business had this Englishman with Marshall on his deathbed? What business of a secrecy so close that Marshall's son is barred out by a locked door?"

He paused and twisted the seal ring on his finger.

"When you and I came to visit the sick man, Gosford was always here, as though he kept a watch on us, and when we left, he went always to his room to write his letters, as he said.

"And more than this, Pendleton; Marshall is hardly in his grave before Gosford writes me to inquire by what legal process the dead man's papers may be examined for a will. And it is Gosford who sends a negro riding, as if the devil were on the crupper, to summon me in the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia, to appear and examine into the circumstances of this burglary.

"I mistrust the man. He used to hang about Marshall in his life, upon some enterprise of secrecy; and now he takes possession and leadership in his affairs and sets the man's son aside. In what right, Pendleton, does this adventurous Englishman feel himself secure?"

My father did not reply to Lewis's discourse. His comment was in another quarter.

"Here is young Marshall and Gaeki," he said.

The lawyer rose and came over to the window.

Two persons were advancing from the direction of the stables—a tall, delicate boy, and a strange old man. The old man walked with a quick, jeryk stride. It was the old country doctor Gaeki. And, unlike any other man of his profession, he would work as long and as carefully on the body of a horse as he would on the body of a man, snapping out his quaint oaths and in a stress of effort, as though he struggled with some invisible creature for its prey. The negroes used to say that the devil was afraid of Gaeki, and he might have been, if to disable a man or his horse were the devil's will. But I think, rather, the negroes imagined the devil to fear what they feared themselves.

"Now, what could bring Gaeki here?" said Lewis.

"It was the horse that Gosford overheated in his race to you," replied my father. "I saw him stop in the road where the negro boy was leading the horse about, and then call young Marshall."

"It was no fault of young Marshall, Pendleton," said the lawyer. "But, also, he is no match for Gosford. He is a dilettante. He paints little pictures after the fashion he learned in Paris, and he has no force or vigor in him. His father was a dreamer, a wanderer, one who loved the world and its frivolities, and the son takes that temperament, softened by his mother. He ought to have a guardian."

"He has one," replied my father.

"A guardian!" repeated Lewis. "What court has appointed a guardian for young Marshall?"

"A court," replied my father, "that does not sit under the authority of Virginia. The helpless, Lewis, in their youth and inexperience, are not wholly given over to the soiler."

The boy they talked about was very young—under twenty, one would say. He was blue-eyed and fair-haired, with thin, delicate features, which showed good blood long inbred to the loss of vigor. He had the fine, open, generous face of one who takes the world as in a fairy story. But now there was care and anxiety in it, and a furtive shadow, as though the lad's dream of life had got some rude awakening.

At this moment the door behind my father and Lewis was thrown violently open, and a man entered. He was a person with the manner of a barrister, precise and dapper; he had a long, pink face, pale eyes, and a close-cropped beard that brought



The room was in dirsorder—drawers pulled out and contents ransacked.

out the hard lines of his mouth. He bustled to the table, put down a sort of portfolio that held an inkpot, a writing-pad and pens, and drew up a chair like one about to take the minutes of a meeting. And all the while he apologized for his delay. He had important letters to get off in the post, and to make sure, had carried them to the tavern himself.

"And now, sirs, let us get about this business," he finished, like one who calls his assistants to a labor.

My father turned about and looked at the man.

"Is your name Gosford?" he said in his cold, level voice.

"It is, sir," replied the Englishman, "—Anthony Gosford!"

"Well, Mr. Anthony Gosford," replied my father, "kindly close that door that you have opened."

Lewis plucked out his snuffbox and trumpeted in his many-colored handkerchief to hide his laughter.

The Englishman, thrown off his patronizing manner, hesitated, closed the door as he was bidden—and could not regain his fine air.

"Now, Mr. Gosford," my father went on, "why was this room violated as we see it?"

"It was searched for Peyton Marshall's will, sir," replied the man.

"How did you know that Marshall had a will?" said my father.

"I saw him write it," returned the Englishman, "here in this very room, on the eighteenth day of October, 1854."

"That was two years ago," said my father. "Was he will here at Marshall's death?"

"It was. He told me on his deathbed."

"And it is gone now""

"It is," replied the Englishman.

"And now, Mr. Gosford," said my father, "how do you know this will is gone unless you also know precisely where it was?"

"I do know precisely where it was, sir," returned the man. "It was in a row of drawers on the right of the window where you stand—the second drawer from the top. Mr. Marshall put it there when he wrote it, and he told me on his deathbed that it remained there. You can see, sir, that the drawer has been rifled."

My father looked casually at the row of mahogany drawers rising along he end of the bookcase. The second one and the one above were open; the others below were closed.

"Mr. Gosford," he said, "you would have some interest in this will, to know about it so precisely."

"And so I have," replied the man, "it left me a sum of money."

"A large sum?"

"A very large sum, sir."

"Mr. Anthony Gosford," said my father, "for what purpose did Peyton Marshall bequeath you a large sum of money? You are no kin; nor was he in your debt."

The Englishman sat down and put his fingers together with a judicial air.

"Sir," he began, "I am not advised that the purpose of a bequest is relevant, when the bequest is direct and unencumbered by the testator with any indicatory words of trust or uses. This will bequeathes me a sum of money. I am not required by any provision of the law to show the reasons moving the testator. Doubtless, Mr. Peyton Marshall had reasons which he deemed excellent for this course, but they are, sir, entombed in the grave with him."

My father looked steadily at the man, but he did not seem to consider his explanation, nor to go any further on that line.

"Is there another who would know about this will?" he said.

"This effeminate son would know," replied Gosford, a sneer in the epithet, "but no other. Marshall wrote the testament in his own hand, without witnesses, as he had the legal right to do under the laws of Virginia. The lawyer," he added, "Mr. Lewis, will confirm me in the legality of that."

CHAPTER II.

"And now, sir," continued the Englishman, turning to my father, "we will inquire into the theft of this testament."

But my father did not appear to notice Mr. Gosford. He seemed perplexed and in some concern.

"Lewis," he said, "what is your definition of a crime?"

"It is a violation of the law," replied the lawyer.

"I do not accept your definition," said my father. "It is, rather, I think, a violation of justice—a violation of something behind the law that makes an act a crime. I think," he went on, "that God must take a broader view than Mr. Blackstone and Lord Coke. I have seen a murder in the law that was, in fact, only a kind of awful accident, and I have seen your catalogue of crimes gone about by feeble men with no intent except an adjustment of their rights. Their crimes, Lewis, were merely errors of their impractical judgment."

Then he seemed to remember that the Englishman was present.

"And now, Mr. Gosford," he said, "will you kindly ask young Marshall to come in here?"

The man would have refused, with some rejoinder, but my father was looking at him, and he could not find the courage to resist my father's will. He got up and went out, and presently returned followed by the lad and Gaeki. The old country doctor sat down by the door, his leather case of bottles by the chair, his cloak still fastened under his chin. Gosford went back to the table and sat down with his writing materials to keep notes. The boy stood.

My father looked a long time at the lad. His face was grave, but when he spoke, his voice was gentle.

"My boy," he said, "I have had a good deal of experience in the examination of the devil's work." He paused and indicated the violated room. "It is often excellently done. His disciples are extremely clever. One's ingenuity is often taxed to trace out the evil design in it, and to stamp it as a false piece set into the natural sequence of events."

He paused again, and his big shoulders blotted out the window.

"Every natural event," he continued, "is intimately connected with innumerable events that precede and ollow. It has so many serrated points points of contact with other events that the human mind is not able to fit a false event so that no trace of the joinder will appear. The most skilled workmen in the devils shop are only able to give their false piece a blurred joinder."

He stopped and turned to the row of mahogany drawers beside him.

"Now, my boy," he said, "can you tell me why the one who ransacked this room, in opening and tumbling the contents of all the drawers about, did not open the two at the bottom of the row where I stand?"

"Because there was nothing in them of value, sir," replied the lad.

"What is in them?" said my father.

"Only old letters, sir, written to my father when I was in Paris—nothing else."

"And who would know that?" said my father.

The boy went suddenly white.

"Precisely!" said my father. "You alone knew it, and when you undertook to give this library the appearance of a pillaged room, you unconsciously endowed your imaginary robber with the thing you know yourself. Why search for loot in drawers that contained only old letters? So your imaginary robber reasoned, knowing what you knew. But a real robber, having no such knowledge, would have ransacked them lest he miss the things of value that he searched for."

He paused, his eyes on the lad, his voice deep and gentle.

"Where is the will?" he said.

The white in the boy's face changed to scarlet. He looked a moment about him in a sort of terror; then he lifted his head and put back his shoulders. He crossed the room to a bookcase, took down a volume, opened it and brought out a sheet of folded foolscap. He stood up and faced my father and the men about the room.

"This man," he said, indicating Gosford, "has no right to take all my father had. He persuaded my father and was trusted by him. But I did not trust him. My father saw this plan in a light that I did not see it, but I did not oppose him. If he wished to use his fortune to help our country in the thing which he thought he foresaw, I was willing for him to do it.

"But," he cried, "somebody deceived me, and I will not believe that it was my father. He told me all about this thing. I had not the health to fight for our country, when the time came, he said, and as he had no other son, our fortune must go to that purpose in our stead. But my father was just. He said that a portion would be set aside for me, and the remainder turned over to Mr. Gosford. But this will gives all to Mr. Gosford and leaves me nothing!"

Then he came forward and put the paper in my father's hand. There was silence except for the sharp voice of Mr. Gosford.

"I think there will be a criminal proceeding here!"

My father handed the paper to Lewis, who unfolded it and read it aloud. It directed the estate of Peyton Marshall to be sold, the sum of fifty thousand dollars paid to Anthony Gosford and the remainder to the son.

"But there will be no remainder," cried young Marshall. "My father's estate is worth precisely that sum. He valued it very carefully, item by item, and that is exactly the amount it came to."

"Nevertheless," said Lewis, "the will reads that way. It is in legal form, written in Marshall's hand, and signed with his signature, and sealed. Will you examine it, gentlemen? There can be no question of the writing or the signature."

My father took the paper and read it slowly, and old Gaeki nosed it over my father's arm, his eyes searching the structure of each word, while Mr. Gosford sat back comfortably in his chair like one elevated to a victory.

"It is in Marshall's hand and signature," said my father, and old Gaeki nodded, wrinkling his face under his shaggy eyebrows. He went away still wagging his grizzled head, wrote a memorandum on an envelope from his pocket, and sat down in his chair.

My father turned now to young Marshall.

"My boy," he said, "why do you say that someone has deceived you?"

"Because, sir," replied the lad, "my father was to leave me twenty thousand dollars. That was his plan. Thirty thousand dollars should be set aside for Mr. Gosford, and the remainder turned over to me."

"That would be thirty thousand dollars to Mr. Gosford, instead of fifty," said my father.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy; "that is the way my father said he would write his will. But it was not written that way. It is fifty thousand dollars to Mr. Gosford, and the remainder to me. If it were thirty thousand dollars to Mr. Gosford, as my father said his will would be, that would have left me twenty thousand dollars from the estate; but giving Mr. Gosford fifty thousand dollars leaves me nothing."

"And so you adventured on a little larceny," sneered the Englishman..

The boy stood very straight and white.

"I do not understand this thing," he said, "but I do not believe that my father would deceive me. He never did deceive me in his life. I may have been a disappointment to him, but my father was a gentleman." His voice went up strong and clear. "And I refuse to believe that he would tell me one thing and do another!"



My father handed the paper to Lewis, who unfolded and read it aloud.

One could not fail to be impressed, or to believe that the boy spoke the truth.

"We are sorry," said Lewis, "but the will is valid and we cannot go behind it."

My father walked about the room, his face in reflection. Gosford sat at his ease, transcribing a note on his portfolio. Old Gaeki had gone back to his chair and to his little case of bottles; he got them up on his knees, as though he would be diverted by fingering the tools of his profession. Lewis was in plain distress, for he held the law and its disposition to be inviolable; the boy stood with a fine defiance, ennobled by the trust in his ather's honor. One could not take his stratagem for a criminal act; he was only a child, for all his twenty years of life. And yet Lewis saw the elements of crime, and he knew that Gosford was writing down the evidence.

(To be continued.)

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When Bunny Becomes Fur He's Most Anything But

Washington—Rabbit skins are being sold under a variety of name, from "Baltic lion" to "Baltic tiger," according to a report by the Biological Survey made public by the Department of Agriculture. With the prefiex of "Baltic," in fact, bunny masquerades as everything from a leopard, a black, brown, red and white fox, to a seal. All these transformations are made from rabbit furs variously dyed and treated.

Other manifestations of the rabbit, without any qualifying adjective of locality, present the little animal as "beaverette," "chinchillette," "cony," "electric beaver," "mole," and "seal," "erminette," "meskin," "moline," "minkony," "sealette," "sealine," "squirrelette," "squirreline," and "visonette." The rabbit also masquerades as "French chinchilla," and "Arctic seal," "Australian seal," and "Bay seal."

Conference of Irish Leaders is Planned

Cork, Irish Free State.—President Cosgrave, whose government came out victorious by a small margin in the recent general elections, and Eamon de Valera, Republican leader, who heads the Opposition, have been invited to attend a conference here to consider the economic position of the country and the question of conciliation and unity.

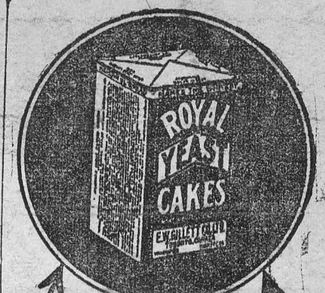
The invitation emanates from J. F. Daly, chairman of the Cork Harbor Board, who at a meeting appealed for unity by the political parties in the national interest.

Will Rogers Studies Effect of a Man Losing a Million

Beverly Hills, Cal.—Just been over visiting Charlie Chaplin at his studio, and watching him work. I wanted to see how a man acted that had just been separated from a million. That would be the supreme test of a comedian. He is funnier than ever. He showed me the new picture. . If the next wife settles for a cent less than two an da half million, she is a chump.

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.



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BRINGING UP THE BOY KING

(Michael, the boy King of Rumania, if often spanked and put to bed without supper. He still is called Mickey by the family. "Until he is grown up I think it is just as well if he doesn't know the significance of 'his Majesty,'" says the Princess mother, Helen —Dispatch.)

An Imagined Interview

"Yes," said the Princess, "I believe in the old adage 'spare the rod and spoil the king.' If a king is to amount to anything he must be properly disciplined in his youth."

* * * *

"Now, you take Mickey; he is not a bad boy king even now, as boy kings go, but there is room for improvement. He is very obstinate and wants his own way in everything. This would have been all right in an old time king, but for a king in these rays even to think of having his own way is absurd, if you know what I mean. It simply is not being done.

* * * *

"Just now we're centering on good table manners. Like all children, he wants to dip his crullers in his milk. It isn't at all kingly, you know, and he's got to be broken of it.

* * * *

"Of course he doesn't realize that he is a king. We haven't told him yet. It spoils a child, don't you think, to tell him too early in life that he is a king? And there' really nothing worse than a spoiled king. A spoiled duke or price is bad enough, but a spoiled king is awful.

* * * *

"We just call him Mickey. I suppose we'll have to stop that soon. King Mickey would sound terrible, of course. He has no idea he's king now. Of course some of his playmates will tell him about it one of these days, I suppose. Dear me, I dread the day Mickey will come to me and say, 'Mother, the boys say I'm a king. What do they mean by that, ma?' . ..

* * * *

"I suppose I shall have to tell him everything. I shall take him in my lap and say, 'Mickey, it's true. You ARE a king.'

* * * *

"Then, of course, he will ask me why I didn't tell him before, 'Mickey,' I shall say, 'I wanted to surprise you. We've known you were a king right along, of course, but—well, we thought it just as well to keep it from you for a while.'

* * * *

"Perhaps I should tell him now. I don't know. Children learn everything so prematurely these days. I gave him the crown one day last week just to see what he would do with it. What do you think he did? He tied it to the cat's tail. I wouldn't have the court hear it for anything.

* * * *

"Then I put the scepter where he could reach it. Know what he did with that? Put it in his mouth! Oh, it's quite clear he doesn't suspect a thing. Has no idea he's a king, no idea at all. Of course I'm awfully glad. It would be frightful to have a little child KNOW he was king, don't you think?

* * * *

"The little dear," concluded the fond mother, "I think he's going to turn out to be a perfect king. He aught to. He's swfully fond of sports, has an enormous appetite, sleeps a lot and doesn't seem any too intelligent!"

A customer wrote to a wireless firm saying: "I have used a pair of your phones and consider them excellent, but now that I have lost my wife can you supply me with a loud speaker"



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SEA CAREERS FOR GIRLS

WOMEN ARE NOW ANSWERING THE CALL OF THE OCEAN.

Act as "Hostesses" on Liners Chartered for Pleasure Cruises, Give Help and Advice to the Girl Emigrant, and Invade Engine-Room.

Eve, having conquered the earth, is now turning her attention to the sea. Though life on the ocean wave is a strenuous affair, on the wide ways of the Seven Seas women are gradually absorbing posts that were once allotted to men, says Answers.

Stewardesses have long been in existence, but there are, as yet, few feminine rivals to Miss Victoria Drummond, the god-daughter of Queen Victoria, who holds the Board of Trade's certificate as a fully qualified sea-going engineer, and has made several trips to Australia in the engine-room.

There are, however, quite a number of women who go to sea in various capacities. Many more would go if they could, but ships' appointments are not easily obtained, and the waiting list for them is generally long. All the great liners carry women, but even for stewardesses a very high standard is set.

The modern stewardess is a highly-trained woman, able to undertake the nursing of surgical or ordinary sickness cases in addition to her other duties. It is the practice of the White Star Line, for instance, to have a large proportion of stewardesses who are hospital trained and in possession of nursing certificates.

At one time women of about thirty-five were preferred as stewardesses, but now younger women are often employed. Of course, there are various grades, ranging from head stewardess downwards.

The work is more varied than it was in the old days. Life is different now. All kinds of people travel, and many more middle-class folk take sea-trips. Many children, too, are to be found on the average liner nowadays. Their people take them with them when they travel.

So on board most of the big transatlantic vessels there is a play-deck or a play-room for children, with toys, rocking-horse, minature furniture, teddy bears, and rocking sleighs. Sea pictures are painted on the walls, and a stewardess is told off to look after and amuse the little ones.

On ships carrying third-class passengers, matrons are also employed. An interesting innovation of recent years is the employment of conductresses, who are carried on Canadian and New Zealand steamers. Their task is to give a helping hand to women passengers. They meet all kinds, from the British girl of decent parentage, good looks, and resolution, who is making a bid for more comfort in the Dominions, to the foreign woman emigrant, and do work that is really wonderful.

Now look for a moment to another form of work which is done by one or two women on the high seas. They are ships' directresses of entertainments or ships' hostesses. There are necessarily very few posts of this kind, but the women who fill them get married very quickly, and so give a chance to someone else.

These ladies are not directly employed by the steamship lines. Big tourist companies often charter vessels for a pleasure cruise, and put on board their own directresses of entertainments.

Clever women hairdressers are to be found on all the big liners. Here, again, assistants are not directly employed by the steamship lines. The hairdressing salons are taken over by good firms, which staff them for each voyage.

The women assistants chosen for this work must be super-hairdressers, who thoroughly understand the scientific care of hair. The girl who can just do marcel-waving and clipping has no chance of getting a job on board a ship. She must know her trade backwards, as they say. The reason for this is that ships carry very wealthy women who understand thoroughly the art of living. Anything second best does not appeal to them, and they can detect inferior service at once.

Then, sea air plays havoc with the hair of some women, and it requires especially careful treatment on board ship.

On some ships women telephone operators are not allowed, but on the Majestic and Homeric, both White Star vessels, there are women telephone operators. On the Majestic and Olympic there are also women restaurant cashiers.

Shop and kiosk assistants on most boats are women. They sell all kinds of novelties, scarves, stockings, silks and threads, handbags—all the little odds and ends which women want when travelling.

Electric bath masseuses, Turkish bath masseuses, and swimming instructresses are found on all the big ships.

Stenographers are usually sent on board for the benefit of passengers during the busy season. They belong to the shore staff of the big lines. On one line a stenographer combines service for passengers with work in the purser's department.

On the majority of ships, however, the sea-going stenographers are not required to do any work except for the passengers.

One line is contemplating employing a woman as gardener's assistant. This sounds strange, but there are hundreds of plants on every passenger liner which require attention daily.

Rates of pay for women on board ship are practically those paid for similar employment ashore, but nearly always these wages are supplemented by the generosity of the passengers.

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No. 23—12.33 a.m. daily except Sunday, flag for passengers to and beyond Sharbot Lake—Stop for passengers from Montreal.
No. 35—9.52 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 29—7.33 p.m. daily except Sunday.
Eastbound—To Montreal
No. 24—5.27 a.m. daily except Sunday flag for passengers to Montreal, stop for passengers from Sharbot Lake and poihts beyond.
No. 30—8.40 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 36—5.27 p.m. daily except Sunday.
For particulars and Tickets apply to
T. W. BOYES, Agent.

OUTLIVE CIVILIZATIONS

HOW LONG MAY A PLANT OR ANIMAL LIVE?

Dragon Tree Lived Over 8,000 Years—Shortest Liver Organism Is Bacillus of Cholera—Elephants Live 200 Years and Parrots Over 80.

Barring death from accident or disease, how long may a plant or an animal live; and is size any criterion of longevity? These are questions that must have often suggested themselves to us, and in reply we are told that the Californian pines or the gum-trees of Australia are the largest and longest lived plants, and that the elephant is the largest and longest lived animal, writes Prof. J. Harvey-Gibson, in T. P.'s Weekly. But much smaller creatures are quoted as possible centenarians, and there is no lack of instances among ourselves where the years allotted to us by the Psalmist are exceeded by at least a score. Birds are, as a rule, short lived, and parrots are often credited with eighty to a hundred years.

So far as animals are concerned, it is obvious that we can estimate the duration of their lives only from such as have been born and bred in captivity, and even then the conditions of their existence must be markedly different from those obtaining in their native haunts. With plants growing wild matters are different, for they are fixtures, and so we can watch their growth from year to year and leave records behind us to be continued by those who succeed us. As regards the very simplest microscopic organisms it has been claimed for them that they are immortal.

Then it is said that once these microscopic organisms multiply by simple division, life with them is continuous; but knowing what we do of molecular and atomic structure, it is inconceivable that the segment is simply a rejuvenescent parent; individuality is lost although there be no actual death. Perhaps the shortest lived organism is the bacillus of cholera, for each microbe divides in twenty minutes, the parent germ disappears and is replaced by two new ones. At the other end of the scale in the plant world is the famous dragon tree of Teneriffe. When Humboldt saw it early in the nineteenth century it was forty-eight feet in circumference and its age was estimated at anything between 8,000 and 10,000 years, so that it must have been a fairly sturdy sapling long before the Pyramids were built! It was destroyed by a storm in 1851. There are three other giants in the plant world whose size and age are better authenticated—the "big trees" of California, the blue gums of Australia and the baobabs, of West Africa. The big tree is botanically known as Wellingtonia or Sequoia, after Seguovah, a famous chief of the Cherokees.

In its native home the baobabs grows to 350 or even 400 feet with a diameter of twenty-five to thirty feet, and may be 2,000 to 3,000 years old. By far the loftiest trees, however, are the blue gums of Australia, which are said to approach a height of nearly 500 feet. The baobab does not exceed a hundred feet in height, but its diameter often reaches thirty feet. Between these extremes of twenty minutes and 3,000 years the plant world shows us every possible degree of longevity, the annuals, biennials and perennials of the roadside, the oaks, beeches, chestnuts and elms, a hundred or more feet high, and ages reaching into hundreds of years, till we once more meet with veterans like the Jupiter Oak of Fontainebleau, which is believed to be 700 years old, the King Oak of Windsor, that is said to have sheltered William the Conquerer, and the Olives of Gethsemane, that are certainly over a 1,000 years old.

The animal world shows us no examples of Methuselahs such as these. Elephants have been kept in captivity for two hundred years and golden eagles for fifty, but animals of lower grade may possibly equal such spans, for a sea-anemone kept in an aquarium in Edinburgh was known to be sixty-six years old at the time of its death in 1887. How long the giant saurians of the Mesozoic epoch lived we have no means of discovering but that they were immensely larger than any animal now living may be concluded from their fossil remains. Atlantosaurus of America—the country of great things—was nearly a hundred feet long, and diplodocus was over eighty. It has been said that length of life is a constitutional quality and is, in all probability, very variable, but nature seems to have determined that great size and great age are not ideals for the race and that "a short life and a gay one" is the best after all.

A Cricket Romance.

The recent death of Lord Darnley in his 68th year recalls an interesting cricket romance. It was in 1883 that Lord Darnley, then the Hon. Ivo Bligh, captained the English team to Australia. One day a ball from Spofforth, "the demon bowler," hit Ivo Bligh on the hand, and cut it so badly that he had to walk off. A young girl in the enclosure proffered her handkerchief to bind up the wound. Her name was Miss Florence Morphy, whose home was at Beechwood, Victoria, and when the cricketer returned to England he brought her back with him as his bride. He also brought back an earthenware urn filled with "ashes," which was purchased and presented to him by some Melbourne women as a token of the victory of the English team. Ever since the urn has been kept by the Earl of Cobham as a souvenir.

Farming on Novel Lines.

Farming is done on novel lines in the island of Malta. The soil has to be imported from Sicily, but it is possible to grow three or four crops a year.

Ants With Parasols.

A colony of parasol ants have arrived at the London Zoo from Trinidad, West Indies.

After constructing their underground chambers and tunnels, they will proceed to cut off, with their sharp, scissor-like jaws, circular pieces of leaves, which, after being carried below to a special bed, are nibbled into small fragments and packed so that they will ferment and produce a crop of small mushrooms. Sprays of rose and privet, as well as the pith of orange-peel, have been provided for the purpose.

It is the ants' method of transporting the leaves which has earned for them their popular name, the circular pieces, whilst gripped by the jaws, being carried over the head as though as a shield from the sun.

Reaper Centenary.

This is the centenary year of the reaping machine, the early appearance of which, obviating the necessity of large numbers of scythemen, was bitterly resented by agricultural laborers. Dr. Patrick Bell, a minister of Carmylie, Arbroath, Scotland, invented it while he was a student at St. Andrew's University. Bell's machine, made in 1827, was first tried in the following year on a Perthshire farm belonging to his brother George. It was worked regularly until about 1868, when it was bought for the then museum of the Patent Office. Now it is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. A curious point about it is that the horses pushed instead of pulled it, the pole to which the animals were fastened being at the back. Dr. Bell, who died in 1869, received recognition of his services in a present of £1,000 from the Highland Society and a piece of plate subscribed for by Scottish farmers and others.

Non-Shooting Premiers.

It is long since Great Britain has had a Prime Minister for whom the August shooting on moor and hill meant much. Mr. Stanley Baldwin finds recreation in farming, and Mr. Bonar Law preferred chess to field sports. Mr. Lloyd George's sport is fishing. Lord Balfour did some stalking as a young man, but that is long ago. Lord Salisbury did not care for sport, nor does Lord Oxford. Disraeli had a fleeting passion for hunting as a young man. Gladstone loved long walks on the mountains better than any other Scottish amusement. Perhaps the last really keen shooting man among Prime Ministers was Lord Derby, and his tastes in that direction were fully shared by Huskisson.



First Aid Champions of C.P.R. Lines

The Shaughnessy grand challenge cup, emblematic of the First Aid Championship for all lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was carried off recently by the Toronto Freight Offices in competition with the Weston Shops of Winnipeg, holders of the western lines cup. The competition took place at the Place Viger Hotel in Montreal, recently, between the two teams who were declared winners of eastern and western lines competitions held prior to the final tests. The winning team secured a total of 419 points out of a possible 610, while the Winnipeg team were 16 points behind. The competitions were in accordance with the St. John Ambulance Association requirements.

In addition to the all lines championship, the Toronto Freight Offices team was winner this year of the Wallace-Nesbitt Cup won in competition with over 40 teams from all railroad organizations in Canada and the states of Maine and Michigan.

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Otaawa, Ontario
No school in Eastern Ontario offers a better training, or ensures a more successful future. It leads all others, and ranks among the employers as "The School of Higher Efficiency," a fact borne out by 580 pupils who have, since January, 1913, left Ottawa Schools to come to Henry's
It is not surprising then that business men, in advertising for stenographers, specially say, Graduates of Henry's Shorthand School preferred. Write for particulars about our course.
D. E. HENNRY, Director.
196 Sparks Street.

JAKE ROSS
All kinds of Poultry wantry wanted at all Seasons. Wool Wanted.
I buy all kinds of Hides.
Phone 81 - Winchester

U. C. L.
MOTOR COACH SERVICE
To OTTAWA
and MORRISBURG
Bus leaves Winchester Daily fo Ottawa at 9.05 a. m. & 7.05 p. m
Bus leaves Ottawa Daily for Winchester 8 a. m. & 5 p. m., except Saturday.
Saturday Special
Bus leaves Ottawa for Winchester and Morrisburg 12.30 p. m.
Note—All Standard Time.
Office 21 Elgin St., Ottawa

IN 1927
What Will Be Doing?
GOWLING BUSINESS COLLEGE
Ottawa, Ont.
Will prepare you for a good positiod that will insure advancement. Attend this Great School that leads all other Canadian schools in open competition on the Civil Service Examinations and make sure of being in a good position in 1928 Enter anytime. Write for free catalogue
H. W. BRAITHWAITE, Prin.
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Barristers, Solicitors, etc.
Offices—Molsons Bank Building, Chesterville, Ont.
W. B. LAWSON, K. C. K. D. LAWSON

If You Have A
Mutual Life of Canada Policy
You get the entire earnings yearly
"Every Year a Profit Year."
KARL HELMER, Agent.

You Can't Buy it Here, Unless-
Unless a product is recognized as a superior line we do not handle it.
We guarantee every bag of flour and feed we sell to give you entire satisfaction.
You can't buy it here unless it is good.
H. McMaster, Winchester.

Valuable Property & Business FOR SALE
Owing to ill health I am compelled to offer for sale my property and grocery business on Main Street, Winchester. The property consists of a Grocery Store with Comfortable Residence in rear and overhead. There is also sheds, stable and small yard space. The buildings are in a splendid state of repair.
The business has been long established and has enjoyed a splendid trade. The stock is not too large, and is good It is a splendid chance for anyone wishing to handle a good paying business.
Any further information as to price, terms, etc., may be obtained from the undersigned owner.
W. J. HOLMES,
MAIN STREET - - WINCHESTER

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
Now is the time to order your Suit or Overcoat for Fall. We have some very fine samples to choose from and the prices are reasonable.
We also carry a complete line of Men's Furnishings such as Shirts, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Socks, Hats, Caps, Sweaters, etc.
Come in and See Our Stock.
A. E. Goodfellow,
Winchester - - Ontario.


Making the Canadian Dollar Go Farther than Ever Before
IN the purchase of the common commodities of life, the Canadian dollar has decreased in value during the past decade.
But, in the purchase of an automobile, the dollar is now worth one hundred to two hundred per cent *more* than it was seven to ten years ago—is worth more, in fact, than ever before in history.
While constantly raising the quality standard of its products, General Motors of Canada has increased the purchasing power of the Canadian car-buyer's dollar. . . .
. . . by the economies of volume purchasing and production,
. . . by the close co-ordination of resources and facilities,
. . . by improved labor- and time-saving methods of manufacture,
. . . by sharing with Canada the savings effected by increased production.
In quality and in value, the Canadian dollar now goes farther than ever before in the purchase of a General Motors car.
CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE OAKLAND
McLAUGHLIN-BUICK LA SALLE CADILLAC GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK
It's Better Because It's Canadian
GENERAL MOTORS of CANADA Limited
Home Office and Factories: OSHAWA, ONTARIO
GM-228B

The Winchester Press.

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

Thursday, Oct. 6th 1927

THE WINNIPEG CONVENTION

Next week there will meet in Convention in the city of Winnipeg, several thousand representatives men and women of the Conservative party in Canada. The object of the Convention is to select a leader, to talk over and discuss ways and means of turning the wicked Liberals out of office, and regaining the power and the patronage that comes with political power. This may to many sound a somewhat sordid view of political ambitions and aspirations in Canadian life, but there is certain justification for it. And this view is fairly justified by the published articles in certain of the Conservative press and the public utterances of certain politicians who are ambitious to secure leadership, or near leadership in the Conservative party. No party in power is impervious to criticism, and there are always certain political 'black sheep' who give occasion for charges of wrong doing and corruption on the part of the Government. This is true, no matter what party is in power. But where and when during the past year have the general public had outlined to them a really constructive policy. The whole burden of the Conservative party is the maintenance of a 'National Protective Policy' as introduced by Sir John A. MacDonald. It is a policy, they claim to protect the manufacturing interest to the country, to develope our national resources, to open up new territory to be populated by assisted immigration. That was the policy that away back in the seventies swept the country, placed the Conservatives in power, and kept them in power for many years. It is a good sounding policy, but it has lost its charm in the ears of the discerning public, and if the Conservative party want to gain the ascendency they will have to introduce something new, something that will appeal to the people as really constructive, as national, a policy that will not only assist our manufacturers, but more particularly our farmers. Old time politicians may sneer at the Progressive movement among the farmers, as they sneer at the U. F. O, political movement in Ontario. Nevertheless there is a deep rooted cause for the dissatisfaction among farmers, and while their political adventures may not have had the success they desired, or enlisted the sympathy and support of the urban population, their cause and their complaints have enlisted the serious attention of many thinking men. The Liberal party have already recognized this fact, and thus the attempt to win over that group of active political leaders. Then again the several provinces are asserting themselves, and are striving for full control of their own resources. Particularly is this so with the western provinces. It is not announced whether or not these great questions will be discussed at the Winnipeg Convention, but that they have a place in the attention of the public mind is very evident. It matters little to the general public what party is in power so long as the country as a whole is prospering, her natural resources being developed along national lines, her farm lands been settled with the right kind of immigrants, and better understanding between the Provincial and Federal authorities.

WANTED—A LIBERAL LEADER

The name of Mr. E. C. Drury, late premier of Ontaaio and leader of the U. F. O. political party, is being mentioned as a probable leader of the Liberal party in Ontario. Mr. Drury is undoubtedly an able man and capable politician, but as a leader of the Liberal party in Ontario it is doubtful if he would prove a succsss. When he cut loose from the Liberal party to take the leadership of the U. F. O. and the premiership, he not only weakened the Liberal party, but proved himself an incapable leader. He has since allied himself with the Liberal party, and in the North Huron election last month came out in full opposition to the Progressive party and its candidate. Surely there are many men in Ontario better filled to lead the Liberal party than this political dodger.

BUILD AND LET BUILD

As far back as history begins, there have been persons who have stood in the way of progress. some for reasons mercenary, others because of a real lack of vision or natural narrow tendencies.

It is a matter of record that the builders of the ancient cities and public monuments, some of which still exist were met by hundreds of obstacles placed in their way by visionless men, who did not have the futre interests of their communities and the world at heart.

The truly great men of all time is the builder, the one who produces or helps to produce. The parasite, who does nothing for himself or fellow man, is a cheat and the one who interfers with progress is little better. "Build and let build" should be our motto and the future will comfortably arrange itself. There are many things to be considered in the building up of a community. Ten men can do more than one and when these 10 men are arranged in team formation, their work can not only count much more than 10 times but, in fact, 20 times as much.

BOO-HOO

And even the Ontario Minister of Agriculture has been warned to cut out the Winchester Press from the list of those newspapers to be favoured with Government advertising. That "Free Trip to Toronto Winter Fair" advt appeared in every weekly newspaper in Ontario with the exception of those newspapers that opposed the Ferguson policy of Government Control of Liquors. Evidently it is a grave offence to have temperance principles and stand up for them in the eyes of the Ferguson Government.

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario, has again declared that he is not a candidate for the leadership of the Conservative party in Dominion politics. What a relief.

The 35 miles an hour speed limit is not observed but by few motorists. All you have to do is to drive along the highways at the regulation speed and so many cars will pass you that you will conclude that you are going at a very slow rate. Neither is the law respecting 'glare' lights respected, as any motorist who travels at night too well knows. If the Minister of Highways would do less warning and less threatening, and get a little more action it would be for the safety of the general public.

"Bootlegging—just plain bootlegging. There is simple evidence. Certain hotels have been selling the beer of the Rheinhardt Brewery Company. Our men have found the evidences of it in the hotels, and more cartons have been found in some hotels than there were bottles, indicating that there has been some considerable quantity handled.', Such is the general summary of the statement of Mr. Hanna, head of the Liquor Control Board, in suspending the license of the Rheinhardt Brewery Company last week. After three months' operation of the new system we are beginning to find out who the real bootleggers are.

This is from the Perth Courier, and is another example of what Government Control of Liquor is bringing about in Ontario:—

One night recently a member of the Courier staff and a relative were motoring into Cobourg and witnessed an accident caused by an intoxicated motorist who drove his car from one side of the road to the other at a reckless speed until eventually his car collided with another car on the double C. N. R. tracks near Cobourg. Both cars were considerably damaged but luckily no one was injured and besides no trains approached at the time or probably the accident would have had fatal results. The car struck by the drunken driver's car had as passengers a man and his wife and two children.

There is one way by which a business man's credit is improved, and that is by a policy of consistent advertising. Bank men believe in advertising, for they know it pays. Their feeling, therefore, is that when a merchant who is a good advertiser applies for a loan, that a reasonable amount of goods, bought by him on credit is likely to be turned over quickly and promptly paid for, on account of his methods of keeping his goods constantly before the buying public. Discriminating buyers of every class know they can get fresh goods from the store that advertises. The merchant who advertises seldom has shopworn goods. And in that way advertising helps the merchant's credit not only with the banks but with his customers. And one is just as important as the other.

Last week the Winchester Press had an editorial on "Appreciation." The following is along the same line and is good:—

"Charles Schwab, head of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, says that one thing which he learned from Andrew Carnegie was to know men. He says, "It isn't criticism which will make a man work harder. It is stimulation, challenge. A whip will make a horse go faster, but it will make a man who is worth anything rebel." The tendency to say nothing when good work is done and to find fault when there is any mistake, is neither wise nor fair. If we are silent at all we had better be silent when things go wrong, and vocal when they go right. It will be found in most cases to be sound business policy to overlook the blunders, and to mention always the things which are worthy of commendation."

"The Church should be the incarnate conscience of the nation," declared the Rev. F. B. Meyer in Orillia, when telling of his successful efforts to stop a prize fight in London. It is somewhat astonishing that, in this country, the "incarnate conscience" should be so silent on the subject. There is nothing more ennobling about a prize fight than a dog fight. The fact that large sums of money are at stake does not make the influence of the prize ring any less brutalizing or degrading. Canada cannot prohibit men from pummelling one another in the name of 'sport' in the United States, nor, unfortunately can we prevent the air this side of the border from being polluted with the brutal recitals from the ringside by radio. But public opinion could, and should, be aroused to forbid the reproduction of such debasing spectacles in the movies.—Orillia Packet—Times.

TRADE IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN

"THE BIG STORE."

OFFERS MANY ADVANTAGES

LARGE STOCK — RELIABLE GOODS — BEST SERVICE — RIGHT PRICES

"STANFIELDS"
NOVA SILK
UNDERWEAR
Great Range of Colors
Vests $1.50
Bloomers $2.50
Princess Slips $3.50
Night Gowns 4.50
Pyjamas $4.00
We have cheaper lines but in nearly every case customers prefer to pay the difference and get "STANFIELD'S

Presentation Silver
Put up in neat silk lined leatherette case.
Butter Knife, Sugar Shell and Tongs $1.75
Half dozen Coffee Spoons $2.00
Half dozen Coffee Spoons and Sugar Shell $2.50

3 New Lines of Shoes
Men's Black Kid Bluchers with Cushion Sole and Steel Arch Support, per pair
$6.00
Misses Tan Calf Blucher Oxfords with Korry-Krome Waterproof Sole. Soles are guaranteed. Per pair.
$3.50
Growing Girls' Tan Calf four eyelet ties, with blonde tongue and overlay at side. Per pair
$5.50

MEN'S HOSE
We have purchased a complete set of samples from one of the large Manufacturers
SILK HOSE — CASHMERE HOSE — SILK & WOOL HOSE
Values up to $1.25
Your Choice 75c pair.

DRESS FLANNELS
Twenty Colors in 31 inch Pure Wool Dress Flannels. These goods give you style, service and satisfaction.
Only 90c per yard.

Ladies' Striped Sateen Bloomers
Lined with Soft Warm Flannelette. Good Elastic. Your choice of seven colors.
$1.35 per pair.

54 inch Wool Crepe
IN BLACK, NAVY AND ROSE
One of the very Popular Dress Materials.
$2.00 per yard.

Ten Colors in Thirty Six Inch
COSTUME VELVET
$1.75, $1.90 and $2.25 yd.

STONE BUTTER CROCKS
Complete with Covers.
2 gal. size at 90c to 6 gal. size at $2.25

Men's Gray Tweed
Rubber Rain Coats
$9.00 to $12.00
Brown and Gray Waterproof Melton Coats
$8.50

Fleece-Lined Underwear
In spite of the advance in Cottons we are still selling at the same old price.

Bedroom Mirrors
Good Smooth Glass with neat enamelled frames
8 x 10 inches 40c
10 x 12 inches 50c

Red Clay Flower Pots
Complete with Saucers
6 inch 12c 7 inch 18c
8 inch 20c
Hanging Pots, with wires 40c each.

Large Size Mixing Bowls
Yellow 80c
White Lined 90c
Small Sizes 60c to 65c

When you want
Good Collars
Say "ARROW"

Security Weather Strip
Made with Wool Cord Core and Rubberized Cotton Cover, for Windows and Doors. Keep the cold out and the heat in.
Price 5c foot with tacks.

Two Palmolive Specials
One 50c Bottle Palmolive Shampoo and Ladies' Gillette Safety Razor for 49c
BUY a 35c Tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream and we will give you a 25c Can of Shaving Talc FREE.

Complete Stock of
BUGGY LAMPS & WAGGON LANTERNS
Inspected and passed by the Ontario Government
$2.15 each

If you want to clear Flies out of the house use
"WHIZ" Double Strength FLY FUME
100% KILL, 8 oz. 40c, 16 oz. 65c



26 inch
BLACK DIAMOND
HAND SAWS
Guaranteed
$2.75 each

BOSTON KNIFE SHARPENERS
Handy for Butcher and Kitchen Knives 50c each

WHITE FLAME LAMP BURNERS
Guaranteed to give a steady flow of pure white light
50c Each

Willow Ensilage Baskets
1½ Bushel $1.25
2 Bushel $1.50

8 Tine Ensilage Forks
$3.00 each
5 Tine D Handle Barn Forks
Plain Ferrules $2.40
Strapped Ferrules $2.60

Ask to see our
Dustless Mops at
$1.39 each

Good Strong
Dog Chains
6 feet long 35c

Don't Forget Those
English Food
Choppers $1.25

KEEP TAB ON OUR GROCERY PRICES



Reduced To 60c Today

Dominion Crystal Granulated Sugar Today $7 bag.

Ottawa Valley Creamery
Butter 45c

Another shipment of those Large Bottles of
Queen Olives at 40c
Best Buy in Town.

Good Quality Shelled
WALNUTS 80c lb.
ALMONDS 70c lb.



—for homes that want the best in cooking

3 Lbs. For 85c

EGGO BAKING POWDER
8 oz. 17c 12 oz. 25c
16 oz. 30c

British Military Waterproof
Shoe Polish
The Largest Box in town
For 15 Cents

A. SWEET & CO.
GENERAL MERCHANTS
Winchester, Ontario
Hardware Phone 135 - - Office Phone 1

40 & 60 Watt
ELECTRIC LAMPS
25c each
or 5 for $1.00

Winchester Springs

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Casselman visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Casselman at Riverside on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. Henry, of Aultsville, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. John Shaver.,

Mrs. Wm Webb and Mr. W. Stinson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Weaver at Richville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Strader and daughter, of Winchester, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Durant and son, of the Boyne, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Casselman, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs, D. Duff, of Detroit, N. Y. are spending some time with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Munro and son spent Wednesday at Morrisburg guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Carscaden, son and daughter, of Africa, returned to their friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nesbitt accompanied by Dr. McKendry motored to Ottawa on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Moorehead and baby of Dixons and Mr. Robert Greer of Morrisburg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Morrow recently.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Robinson Sunday were, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dillabough and family, Mr. and Mrs. D Kinkade, of Russell.

Mrs. Howard Nesbitt returned home from a visit among friends in Madrid and Massena accompanied by Mrs. Platt.

Rev. S. Quinn, of Western Ontario, spent some time with Mrs. Annie and Mary McIntosh recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. McKeown at Dundela.

Miss Edith Webb and Miss Mary McIntosh spent Wednesday in Ottawa

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casselman attended the Fair at Spencerville, Wednesday.

Mrs. Luther Deeks, of Elma, spent a few days with Mrs J. Shaver.

Mr and Mrs. W. Stinson and son, of Ottawa, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Wm Webb.

South Mountain

Mrs. John Fader and children, of Winchester, visited Mrs. Lorne Boyd last week.

Messrs Roy and Clinton Berry and Miss Naomi Berry were into Ottawa, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos Ennis visited their daughters at Ventnor and Spencerville last week.

Mr. and Mrs H. C. Barkley and family spent Sunday at Oxford Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bellinger spent Sunday at Cardinal.

Little Doris Cameron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron, had the misfortune to fall out of a swing last Sunday, breaking her arm near the elbow. Her many friends hope she may soon be well.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Millar and A. Redmond and C. Kavanaugh spent Sunday at Brockville.

Mr. Jas Blackburn, of Winchester, is assisting W. J. Workman at carpenter work at present.

R. W. Boyd is having a new kitchen and garage built to his residence which makes quite an improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Berry Sundayed with friends at Shanlev.

Mr. R. Cameron has secured a position in the Creamery at Brinstons and has left town.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Sloan, of Heckston, were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. C. Patton.

Mrs. Ed Kenny, of Williamsburg, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. G. Gilroy.

Messrs Thos Shaver and Ambrose Hess accompanied by the Misses Lillian and Dorothy Boyd were up to Brockville on Sunday.

Miss Helen Thompson, of Vanallen's Corners, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. McCrea at present.

Mrs. H. Cooper is spending sometime with her daughter at Brockville.

We are pleased to report Mr. A. Patterson much improved after being laid up with blood poison.

Mr. J. K. Hackett is to be congratulated on the splendid success of his Jr. baseball and hockey teams. The boys were presented with two beautiful silver cups at the banquet held at Hallville on Thursday evening last they being winners of the games at both hockey and baseball. The cups are to be seen in Mr. Hackett's window, of which we are all proud.

Morewood

Mrs. A. B. Allison attended the W. M. S. held at Merrickville, Tuesday.

Mrs. John Craik and daughter are spending this week in Montreal with her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bogart and Mr. and Mrs. B. Loughridge spent Sunday at Cornwall Hospital with Mrs. Orren Dillabough.

Mr. J. W. Smith, of Fort Covington, spent the week end at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bilow and daughtes spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. K. Carruthers, of Cannamore.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt Bogart, of Finch, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bogart.

Mr. Hugh Fetterly, of Ottawa, spent the week end with his mother.

Mr. Joe Moore, Mrs. A. J. Martin and Mrs. W. Steinburg were recent visitors at Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Swerdfeger were Sunday guests of friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Coons, of Chrysler, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Russell, and Mr. Dean, of Montreal, spent last weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Geo Bogart.

The Public School Teachers of Morewood, North Winchester and the Ninth are attending the Association at South Mountain.

Cloverdale

Miss Ada Lamoureux has returned home after spending the past three weeks with her sister, Mrs. Chas Fobare, of Waddington.

Mr and Mrs. Elgin Brisbois and family spent Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Lamoureux.

Visitors at thhe home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos Stobo Sunday were, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Webster and family, Miss V. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Tuck and baby, Mr. and Mrs. John Baker and Mr. Albert Baker.

Miss Jean Carkner spent the week end with Miss Pearl Docksteader.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Fobare called on Mr. and Mrs. Eli Lamoureux Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs W. Larmour spent Sunday at the latter's home, Mr. and Mrs. Belanger, of the Boyne.

Mr. H. B. Fetterly, Inspector, visited the school here one day last week.

Melvin News

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Steinburgh and baby, of Morewood, were callers at the home of Mrs. U. L. Steinburgh on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Black, spent Saturday, in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Erratt and Mr. Ernest of Winchester spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Earl of Kemptville.

Mr. and Mrs J. M. Jackson and dauhter Margaret, of Kemptville spent Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Erratt.

Hallville

Mr. and Mrs. Russel Tinkess and family, and Mr. and Mrs. David Hoy, was in Iroquois the first of this week.

The Banquet that was held in the Community Hall, on Friday, was a decided success.

Mrs. Joseph Blaine Sr. passed away on Sunday evening about 6 o'clock after a continued illness.

Mr. Clarence Sears, had to quit work on account of having a sore hand.

Mr and Mrs. Winnes spent part of last week week with friends in Montreal

Mrs. Russel Tinkess and daughter Evelyn, was in Ottawa last week calling on friends in Wrightville.

Mr. Willie Tinkess of Ottawa, motored to Hallville on his new motor cycle.

Mr. Ralph Shaw, was in Ottawa, the last of the week.

B. Y. P. U.

On Monday evening Rev. E. Butcher addressed the B. Y. P. U. his subject being "The Efficient B. Y. P. U. Society." He stated that efficiency is not making excuses, but the B. Y. P. U. should be like a bee hive, every member working, and each member should fit in their part. Mr. Butcher illustrated his entire message by a watch, the efficient time piece. He also stated the words derived from the word "watch" and how these were helpful for B. Y. P. U. work. The letter W. stands for work and in the case of the watch which strikes 432,000 blows every day and 15,748,000 blows every year it is consistent work, thus should the B. Y. P. U be consistent in their work. The letter A. stood for ambition, T. for right time and truth, C. for conscience the voice of God likened to the mainspring of the watch, and H. for helpfulness.

The Boy And His Future

The Boys' Movement, as it was particularly stressed in Montreal only just recently, and it is to be hoped, maintained consistently if not quite as strenuously, during the text of the fifty one weeks of the year, can be commended because, recognizing that the best boy is improvable, it is directed to form and ripen him, to teach him to be generous, valiant and honest, and to guide and encourage him in his duty by his hopes, his pride of rivalry, and these lonings he has eternally "to do somethieg." Boys will be boys, and not little men, but at all stages of their youth they can be taught how much there is in manhood, and made to realize that in business life afterwards the principal that prevails in their sports to day should ever be: "Play the game hard clean and fair." A boy's will, says Longfellow, is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts Ambition and romance dwell together in the young heart, and out of the long thoughts of youth came the high endeavors, the struggles and the successes of after life. The child is father of the man and the boy of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow. To him must be left the task of national development which this generation, in the nature of things, must leave uncompleted, and as we train and school our boys so do we safeguard the future of the heritage upon which they will one day enter.

When Papa Was a Little Boy

When papa was a little boy,
You really couldn't find
In all the land of Canada
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And pa was always there,
He never made the baby cry
Or pulled his sister's hair.

He never slid down the banisters,
Or made the lightest noise;
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right,
And chopping wood and milking cows
Were papa's chief delight.

He always rose at six o'clock
And went to bed at eight,
And never lay abed till noon
And never set up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was ten years old
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.

He never grumbled when he had
To do the evening chores,
And ne'er in all his life forgot
To shut the stable doors.
He never, never thought of play
Until his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.

Things That Endure

Honor and truth and manhood—
These are the things that stand.
Though the sneer and jibe of the cynic tribe
Are loud through the width of the land.

The scoffer may lord it an hour on earth
And a lie may live for a day.
But truth and honor and manly worth
Are things that endure alway.

Courage and toil and service,
Old but forever new!
These are the rock that abides the shock
And holds through the storm flint-true.

Fad and folly, the whims of an hour,
May bicker and rant and shrill;
But the living granite of truth will tower
Long after their rage is still.

Labor and love and virtue,
Time does not dim their glow,
Though the smart may say in their languid way
"Oh, we've outgrown all that you know!"

But a lie whatever the guise it wears,
Is a lie, as it was of yore,
And a truth that has lasted a million years
Is good for a million more.

Ted Olson in the Literary Digest.

I've had enough to eat—and spare,
A soft, clean bed at night,
Had all the clothes I need to wear,
A home, and heat and light;
I've gathered neither lands, nor wealth
Of money in the banks.
But I've had fun, and friends, and health.
Thanks!

"THE STORE OF SATISFACTION."

A SATISFIED CUSTOMER

Making a Sale is not our first consideration. Making you satisfied comes first. We can do that only by quality, prices and service that are right. On this ground we solicit your patronage. Come in and see us.

While busy house cleaning you may see a need for some of the following goods such as Chesterfield Suites, Chesterfield and End Tables, Den Suites, Dining Room Suites, Kitchen Cabinets, Kitchen Chairs, Fall Leaf Tables, Congoleum Rugs, Beds in Wood, Brass and Iron, Springs and Mattresses. In fact anything you need, as we carry a full line of Household Furnishings. Come and examine goods whether you buy or not.

SPECIALS IN

Window Blinds and Rods.
Linoleums, 2 and 4 yard widths.
Oilcloth, ¾, 1, 1½ and 2 yard widths.
Passage Linoleum 60c yd. Stair Muslin 20c yd.
Sixteen Piece Toilet Set, Odd Plates, Platters, Water Sets, Glass Pitchers, Teapots, etc.,
Cut Glass, Silver and China all at Greatly Reduced Prices.

THE M. F. BEACH CO., LIMITED, - Phone No. 3, Winchester, Ont.



MANITOBA'S CHIEF JUSTICE
Mr. Justice Macdonald, of the Supreme Court of Manitoba, has been appointed Chief Justice of that province.

Vesuvius.

Vesuvius is reported to be showing signs of eruption once more, but the news is not likely to disconcert Neapolitans very much. It is a long time since the lava-flows from the famous crater poured in the direction of that city, and the danger which Naples suffered in the last big eruption was from the weight of ash on the flat roofs, which at one time threatened to crush the ramshackle buildings left behind from the bad old times of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Few volcanoes have changed their danger area in the course of civilized history more than Vesuvius. When Pompeii and Herculaneum were obliterated in 79 A.D., the path of the lava was toward the seaboard. The last eruption was also toward the coast, but then the crater reformed itself and any future stream of lava would move inland away from Naples and the gulf.

May Not Change Their Name.

Aliens living in Great Britain are still prohibited from changing their names for either personal or business purposes.

Oldest Yacht Club.

The Royal Cork Yacht Club is the oldest yacht club in the world.

7,000 Miles In a Flash.

A distance of 7,000 miles between London and Cape Town was traversed in one-twenty-fourth of a second, when the Anglo-South African beam wireless was inaugurated recently.

Between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 wireless sets are in operation throughout the world.

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Now is the time to order your Suit or Overcoat for Fall. We have some very fine samples to choose from and the prices are reasonable.

We also carry a complete line of Men's Furnishings such as Shirts, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Socks, Hats, Caps, Sweaters, etc.

Come in and See Our Stock.

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Winchester - - Ontario.

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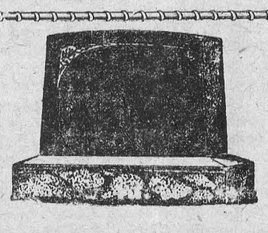

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I'll tell you why I'm going to buy a Westinghouse—

"We've had a terrible time time deciding which radio set to buy—every maker claims to have the best.

"Yesterday morning Jack said, "Well what about our electric range and appliances? They're made by Westinghouse and they are certainly alright—never give a moment's worry.

"So we saw a Westinghouse when we went up town last night and as soon as I heard it I knew Jack was right.

"The Westinghouse dealer gave us a perfectly wonderful demonstration—we ordered it there and then and its to be installed tomorrow."

We will gladly demonstrate the 1928 Westinghouse models and explain the many improvements that make them better.

A. SWEET & CO., Dealers, Winchester.

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D3

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7 Large Scribblers for 25c
Ruled or Plain, Regular 5c line

Reg. 25c pkg. Marvel for 19c
Cleans Silver, Nickel, Aluminum, Brass, Copper, Wind-Screens and Reflectors on Automobiles, White and Suede Shoes, Hats and removes Grease without hot water. To introduce this we are selling it at 19c per pkg., not more than 2 pkgs. to a customer. Directions on each pkg.



SPECIAL SOAP DEAL
1 pkg. Chipso, large size, 3 bars of P & G, 3 bars of Gold, 2 of Guest Ivory, 1 Medium Ivory, and one Galvanized Pail, all for 98c
98 Cents

Harness Specials
Yellow back Sweat Pads 63c or 2 for $1.19 any size
Good Leather Hamestraps 25c each.
$65 Set Double Harness, Bridles and all complete, except collars for $48.50
Plough Points for all makes of ploughs 65c to 85c.
Tractor Points $1.00 to $1.25
Try our points with Fim.

C. A. COONS, Winchester, Ont.

CEMENT and TILE.
As Spring approaches, you will be thinking of both your Cement and Tile Needs. I have just unloaded a car of Cement and am prepared to take care of your requirements. We make a Specialty of delivering both Cement and Tile. You will find our prices right. Give me a call before buying.
A. W. BEACH, PHONE 6, WINCHESTER
P. S.—A limited amount of Storing Space in my C. P. R. track Storehouse, to rent.

Government Control!
We Buy Eggs according to Government Regulations.

Doing His Best
Not long ago Elder Smith bought a horse and buggy and took his wife out one Sunday for a drive. They came to our neighboring town of Chesterville and saw a sign which read, "Speed Limit 15 Miles per Hour." "Here, Ma," said the Elder, excitedly, "You take the lines and drive and I'll use the whip. Maybe we can make it."

Supply of Eggs is decreasing but we are still "Doing Our Best." Prices for Saturday and Monday, Extras 45c per dozen

Nice quality old Potatoes and Egyptian Onions on hand.
New Potatoes No. 1 quality at special prices.
Cabbage, Lettuce, Raddish, Cucumbers, Carrots Peas and Wax Beans, finest quality, reasonable price

Dundas Poultry & Egg Association.

OLD KING COLE

By EMMA FRAZER CARSON

One pleasant morning in June old King Cole walked into the court-yard of his castle.

The castle was a large one, and full of a great deal of very gorgeous furniture; but the king always preferred to sit in the court-yard. In fact, the queen objected to his pipe and bowl in the parlor. She said it stained the carpet, and made the curtains smell of smoke.

As the king walked into the court-yard, he gave a sigh; and the three fiddlers—who were following him, single-file—sighed, too. They thought it was only polite.

The king turned, and looked sternly at the first fiddler, saidfi with dignity:

"Fetch the peach-basket, Sinah."

The first fiddler hastily ran and fetched the peach-basket from a corner, placing it on the ground, upside down.

First he looked particularly to see if there were any spiders about it. The king did not like to sit down on spiders.

"Dust it off!" cried the king, in tones of thunder.

This was the second fiddler's business. He was a very young man, and blushed easily. He blushed now, as he took out his pocket handkerchief and wiped the basket off carefully.

Then the king sat down and sighed again, and all the fiddlers sighed, one after the other, beginning with the first and ending with the third fiddler, who was a very little fellow, and always dreadfully frightened whenever the king looked at him.

"May it please your majesty—" began the first fiddler.

"It doesn't please me at all!" snapped the king.

'To inform us why you should be so unhappy?" went on the first fiddler.

For the first fiddler was proud of his position, and not easily snubbed.

"Well, I have been insulted," began the king. He was angry, and rather glad of a chance to let off a little steam. "As I was coming up the road, just now, I met Little Red Riding Hood—you have heard of her, perhaps?"

"Oh, yes, your majesty!" replied the first fiddler.

"And she asked me," continued the king, fiercely, "a most ridiculous question—really, when I think of it, a most absurd, unheard-of, impertinent question. She wanted to know how I managed to keep merry all the time. She said she would like to learn how, for she often had as much trouble from wolves and things. What do you think of that, now? Why should she think I was merry, I'd like to know?"

"Please, your majesty," said the little third fiddler, who had been listening with his mouth wide open, so as to hear better, "it's all in the book."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said the king, "and speak when you're spoken to!"

At this, the poor little fiddler wanted to sink through the stones; but not being able, he crawled behind the peach basket and sat down.

"I think I have been spoken of as a merry old soul," said the king, thoughtfully; "but to be asked to explain how to be merry is very distressing. It makes me very unhappy!"

A large tear rolled down his cheek as he spoke.

"Your majesty," said the first fiddler, glad to change the subject, "there is Humpty Dumpty!"

Humpty Dumpty was just entering the costle-gate. He walked quickly up to the king and began, without stopping for breath:

"I have called to ask your majesty—"

"Where are your manners?" cried the king. "Really, people are unpardonably rude this morning! It is extraordinary-very!"

Humpty Dumpty took og his hat, and making a low bow, commenced again.

"I have just stopped to ask your highness if you would be good enough to tell me how it is that you are also merry?"

Here the king started and frowned at the speaker, who did not observe it, however.

"You see," he went on, "it is such precious hard work for me to be even decently agreeable. Here I'm expected to sit on a wall all day, just to fall off occasionally for the amusement of somebody who comes up to find out that I can't be put back again. It's rather hard times for a fellow, you'd better believe; 'So,' thinks I to myself, 'now here's old King Cole, he's a jolly old soul, perhaps he'd be able to tell a fellow how to enjoy even tumbling off a wall for somebody else's entertainment,' thinks I."

"Sir," said the king, coldly, "you have been misinformed, I am not merry. Do I look merry? Does it look very festive here? Do you think my people are extremely jolly?"

"Well, no; I can't say that you are," replied Humpty Dumpty, with pleasing candor. "You are a pretty glum set, and that's a fact—look as if you'd been having a weep all around. But it's a pity, now," looking disappointed, as he turned slowly away; "I thought this was a chance to get a little comfort."

Little Miss Muffet seemed to be in a hurry. She looked over her shoulder all the while, as if she could still see the long, black legs of her ancient enemy following, and running up to the king, with the prettiest little bob and courtesy in the world, he began to talk so quickly that the king, much astonished at this new visitor, could only stare at her without speaking.

"I am sure I beg yur pardon, your majesty, for venturing to interrupt you; but if you only would help me a little!" said Little Miss Muffet. "I have always heard that you were a very merry and jolly old so—of course, I mean gentleman; and I would like so much to know how to feel merry.

"Every time I sit down to my supper, that dreadful, big, black spider will come and sit down beside me, and I am so afraid of spiders. It frightens me awfully. It makes me miserable, your majesty—I keep trembling all over. If your majesty would only tell me how to feel merry!

"Is it very hard work? Did you have to try a very long time, your majesty? Do you think, perhaps, if I felt merry, the spider wouldn't come so often? or perhaps he wouldn't stay so long?"

By this time the king was getting very angry; but, of course, being a gentleman, he could not show his temper before a young lady, so he answered her as kindly as he could:

"My dear little girl, you have made a mistake. Somebody has told you wrongly. I am hot jolly; on the contrary, I am very wretched and unhappy to-day. I could not tell you how to be happy, unless it is not to think about our trouble more than you can help. I do not believe the spider means to hurt you. Perhaps he only comes for company."

"I am sorry you are unhappy, sir," said Miss Muet, looking up at King Cole, with her bright little black eyes; "and you think the spider does not mean any harm?"

"I am sure of it," said the king, hastily; "but run home, my dear—run home. It is very—ahem!—I mean to say it is getting very hot here, I think."

Miss Muffet ran quickly away, being a little relieved in her mind; and, as soon as she had gone, the king pounced upon the unhappy second fiddler, and shook him till his teeth rattled in his head.

"Miserable wretch! Isn't it your business to keep the gate? How dare you let all these people in? Coming to ask what makes me merry, forsooth! Merry, indeed! It's enough to make a man hang himself! I never was merry. I don't know what it means; and, by my grandmather's broomstick, here's another of 'em!"

And before the poor fiddler could collect his scattered wits—much less get to the gate—a tall, thin man, in a shappy patched coat, glided in. His face had an anjous, worrier expression, and he looked tired and worn.

"May it please your majesty," began the Man-who-nothing-had, "having heard that you were a very merry king—"

"Oh, you did, did you!" said the king, grimly.

He stood still in the middle of the court, and fairly glared at this new intruder.

"And being very much troubled at times, I have ventured to come to you, I have to make long and weary journeys—"

"Find it, pretty hard work traveling fourteen miles in fifteen days, hey?" said the king.

"It is, indeed, your majesty. It is very depressing. To say nothing of the fights with the robbers, and the climbings up the chimneys, and the gettings down the other side. Now, if you could only tell me how to feel merry, your—"

"But I can't!" roared the king. "How, look here, I'll give you just five seconds to get outside of that gate, or you'll feel a good deal merrier than you ever expected to feel in your life! Get out."

The Man-who-nothing-had needed no second warning. He vanished as quickly as he came, and ever after went about wondering how people could have been so mistaken as to call that king a jolly old soul.

King Cole, in a rage, stormed up and down the court-yard. He was furious. Insulted! Outraged! The frightened fiddlers huddled in different corners; not far encugh out of the way, however, to avoid an occasional kick from his highness, which was by the way of relief to his wounded feelings.

"A pretty thing, that I am to have all the common low people in my kingdom coming here to find out how to be merry! Because they've got troubles. Troubles! Haven't I got troubles?

"Am I allowed to shake in my own parlor? Don't I sit on a peach-basket for want of decent accommodations in my own house? Hark ye! If another of these detestable creatures gets inside of thes doors, by the Great Jubbersnatch, I'll—"

Here the little third fiddler, who was nearest the gate and had been anxiously keeping one eye on it, said, timidly:

"I'm afraid—that is, your majesty, I think there's somebody outside now. If you please, there's a man knocking!"

The king stopped short and began trembling.

The second fiddler ran quickly to the gate, and resting his hands on his knees was just tall enough to put his eye to the keyhole. In this way he could see very well, outside the gates and down the road for quite a long distance.

"Its the Man-from-our-town," he said to the king, in a hoarse whisper, "and he says he wants to see you most particular, sir."

"I won't see him!" gasped the king. "Hes come to ask me how to feel merry. Tell him how how sad I am—do, there's a good fellow!"

"And here's some more!" cried the second fiddler, getting very much excited, and waving his arms about like banners. "Here's Tommy Tucker, and the Frog-that-would-a-wooing-go, and the Piper's-son,and—oh, hundreds! All a marching up the road, your majesty!"

The poor king groaned, and would have fallen down, but his faithful first fiddler stood behind, and propped him up, while the third fiddler fanned him till he got his breath again.

"Oh, tell them to go away, somebody—do, somebody, please tell them to go away! I shall die—I know I shall—if they come here!" he managed to say.

"I will go myself and send them away, your majesty," said the first fiddler, recovering his dignity when there was any ordering to be done.

"Oh, yes," moaned the king, feebly: "send them away, somebody—please do, somebody."

So the first lddler went to the gate, and waved his hand to the people that stood outside.

"What can I do for you, good people?" said he, in an imposing tone. "The king is very ill, and can see nobody."

There was quite a crowd of men and women, and boys and girls, standing in the road. In front stood the Three Wise men of Gotham, and many other persons that the fiddler knew; and standing far back he could see Humpty Dumpty, and the others who had already called on the king, waiting to see if they might not have better luck this time.

"We want to see King Cole—merry Old King Cole," said the Man-from-our-town. "We all of us have pretty hard times to scrape along. Look at me, for instance, with my eyes out half the time, and it's a king's business to make his subjects happy. Now, isn't it, comrades?"

"He's a jolly old soul, they say!" cried the Old-woman-who-lived-in-a-shoe.

"Let him tell us how to be jolly, too."

"No one could possibly tell you how to feel jolly," replied Tommy Tucker, in disgust.

At which the old woman shook her switch at him.

"Do let's see the king, there's a good fellow!" said the Little-boy-who-lived-by-himself.

Then the first fiddler perceived that this was a case for strategy, and he stooped to the occasion.

"The king is very ill," said he, gravely, "and he's amazing low in his mind. He's a-weeping now like—like fun!"

The people looked astonished—some of them rather indignant.

"That is very strange," said one of the Wise Men of Gotham; "we always heard that he was a very merry king. We all have our grievances, and we thought King Cole was the one to help us."

"You're trying to cheat us!" cried another voice. "Old King Cole is always merry. We want him to teach us how."

"Are you sure he's crying?" asked Tom, much dismayed. "Real tears?"

"Yes, indeed," said the fiddler, solemnly; "he seems dreadful depressed like. He's used sixty-four pocket handkerchiefs this very morning. The queen can't get 'em washed out fast enough. I don't know what we're going to do if something don't happen to cheer him up a bit. Perhaps some of you folks, now, could think of something pleasant-like to amuse him?"

"Amuse him, indeed!" exclaimed the Man-from-our-town, in great disgust. "We came here to be cheered up ourselves; and we might as well go back again, I'm a-thinking!"

"He must be a poor sort of a king, then!" cried Little Tommy Tucker. "What's he got to cry about, 'Id like to know? If he had to go without his supper, now!"

"Of course," said the fiddler, condescendingly, "if you insist on coming in, perhaps his majesty would see you—that is, if he could speak for his sobs and tears."

Here some of the outside ones in the crowd commenced to move slowly away and the people in front looked very uncomfortable.

"Oh, no! we couldn't think of disturbing his majesty if he's as bad as that," said one of the Wise Men, hastily. "Perhaps we'd better stop in again some other day."

"Just as you please, my good friends—just as you please!" replied the fiddler, blandly.

"Good-day!" "Good-day!" "Hope his majesty will soon be better" said the people, as one by one they turned slowly away.

"Sor sorry you won't come in. Call again, do," said the fiddler, affably, watching them as they all marched down the road, more quietly and orderly than they had marched up.

The fiddler stood stiff and straight against the castle-wall till the last one vanished round the turn of the road and then he entered the court-yard again, carefully locking the gates behind him.

"Have they all gone?" asked the king, eagerly.

"Every one, your majesty."

"What a dreadful, dreadful thing!" and the king shuddered again at the remembrance. "I am sure it would have killed me to explain how to be merry. I am so weak I can hardly speak now. Where's that little scoundred?"

"Here I am, your majesty," said a meek voice from the corner.

In truth, the third fiddler had not been having an easy time of it during the last fifteen minutes.

"Bring my pipe and bowl!" shouted the king: "and you'd better be quick about it, too!"

The little fiddler flew, and the king drew a long breath.

"Fetch the peach-basket, sirrah!" said he.

The second fiddler had it out before the king had finished speaking. He dusted it off, and looked carefully about for spiders without waiting to be told.

Then the king sat down, and when he had his pipe in his mouth, and his bowl on another peach-basket beside him, he felt decidedly better, and looked graciously at the three fiddlers, who all stood in a row and bowed, beginning with the first and ending with the third fiddler. They felt that the world was turning around properly once more.

"I think we might have a tune," remarked the king.

So the three fiddlers got out their three fiddles and struck up the old tune:

"Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With Old King Cole
And his fiddlers three!
Two diddle-dee, diddle-dee, diddle-dee!"

"Ah!" cried the king, as he raised his glass and drunk his own health, with three times three, "I am myself again! There is no recipe for being merry like forgetting all about it!"

The House of Mystery

When Jealousy Casts Its Ugly Shadow Across the Path of True Love, Only the Unexpected Can Avert a Tragedy. To Philippa and Ned, the Jealous Young People of This Thrilling Story, There Came Suddenly a Peril Which They Had to Face Together or Perish.

By Richard Atwood.

Philippa Exeter, the handsome, well-built girl riding in the second rank of the cycling club on its way to Riverdown, flushed crimson at a fresh witticism. It was lucky, she thought angrily, that it was too dark for her sudden color to be noticed

As quietly as she could she let herself drop back to the tail of the team.

It was too bad, she told herself bitterly, of Kitty Claire. Just because Philippa and Ned Keither had been good friends, Kitty had been suddenly moved to make them the subject of her jokes all day.

Amusing to Kitty, perhaps. When she had suggested to the rest that Ned Keither, rather shy and nervous as he was, and the reserved Philippa were in love, things had become trying for them at once.

The two had grown awkward straightaway, and half way through the day's run had openly quarrelled, much to the joy of the mischievous Kitty.

"Kitty Claire's a jealous little cat, and Ned is an awkward fool," Philippa told herself.

Just then she heard a sudden pop. A puncture? "I'll catch the rest of you up in a moment," she told the boy in front. A minute later, alone in the dusty road, with the red reflectors of the team growing dim, Philippa dismounted, and examined her tyre. In her present mood she didn't want help—from anyone.

Nevertheless, it was a nasty job. A quarter of an hour passed, and found her still patching a nasty tear, by the light of her lamp propped up on a bank.

She was making headway with the job when she was interrupted. A cyclist came spinning down the road, and dismounted by her.

"Hallo, Philippa! What's keeping you?"

She looked up.

"I don't see that it's any business of yours, Ned Keither," she told him coldly. "I'm not so anxious for your company as you seemed to think this afternoon, anyway."

"The rest sent me back for you," lied Ned, awkwardly. "Let's give a hand, anyway."

He mended the puncture in silence, except for an icy "Thanks" from the girl. They mounted and rode off after the team.

"Have to catch them up," ventured Ned, breaking the silence suddenly.

"Obviously," Philippa told him more freezingly than ever. In the distance a growl like thunder was heard, and rain began to fall. The two put on speed. The team were stopping at Riverdown that night.

"I say," said Philippa suddenly. Necessity forced her to speak. "Look at that signpost! We're off our road! We must have taken the wrong turning."

The pair halted. It was the fact, and things looked nasty. Charming as was the countryside the club had chosen for ts week-end spin, it was desolate. They had not passed a soul. They took what seemed the most hopeful route, but another half-hour found them still far from anywhere, and very wot.

"The first house we come to, we put up for the night!" suggested Ned.

Philippa was going to answer sarcastically, but mutual misfortune had blunted the edge of the quarrel.

"And the sooner we get to one the better. I say, it was decent of you to come back to me. But I wish I hadn't got you into this mess, too."

"A good thing I am here," Ned told her. "Look, there's a light."

They slowed down. Across the fields, a good way off in the dark, a dim yellow light flickered. Ned dismounted, and made for a gap in the hedge.

"Shelter at last," he suggested.

Philippa laughed ,and the wet pair pushed their machines up a muddy track towards the guiding light.

Farther off then had expected, a big house rose up against the night. The only light was from the back. They pushed on up the drive to the steps before the front door, and Ned knocked heavily.

There was no reply to his repeated knocks. As he turned puzzled to Philippa, who was at the foot of the steps holding their machines, she exclaimed:

"Look! the light's gone out!"

"P'raps they've just gone to bed," suggested Ned. "Well, round to the back we go. They can't refuse us."

They made their way to the outlying wing at the back from where the light had come.

They found the door. Ned knocked, and, getting no answer, tried the handle. After a moment's hesitation, they stepped into a stone kitchen.

Ned detached his lamp and put it on a table.

"Come on in," he said. "I'll go and find the people here, and tell them we want shelter."

Philippa brought in the machines, while Ned, taking a lamp, went off into the passage beyond.

"Something funny, Philippa," he told her. "I've been over the house, and it's empty. No people—I called out on every floor—practically no furniture. Been everywhere except the cellars; the door leading down is locked."

"But there was a light!" protested Philippa. And there have been people here lately. Look!"

They inspected the stone kitchen in which they were standing.

On a table were some dirty cups. In a cupboard were wood and paper, and in a pail before the empty hearth was a good supply of coal. A kettle stood in the grate.

"Might almost say we've wandered into a house of ghosts," suggested Ned, cheerfully.

Philippa shuddered. Intuition told her something was wrong about this mysterious house of vanishing lights and unseen inhabitants. She didn't say anything to Ned, however.

"Well," she remarked, "the best thing we can do is to make a fire. We shall be warm and dry then for the night. I don't believe in ghosts, anyway."

I few minuter later found Philippa, with Ned's assistance, persuading a rather reluctant fire to light up.

Half-way through the task Philippa spoke suddenly.

"I say, Ned, I've been an awful pig to-day, and I'm sorry. It was really Kitty Claire's fault, suggesting we were in love and trying to make us both look fools. . . . So that we tried to show we weren't, and quarrelled.

Philippa's rich, dark complexion grew crimson as she spoke. Perhaps, though, it was just the reflection from the burning wood.

"It wouldn't be such a bad idea if we were," suppested Ned, hopefully.

An amused light sparkled in Philippa's dark eyes as she carefully laid on another piece of coal.

"It would make Kitty mad, anyway," she laughed. The fire was now burning cheerfully.

"And now," suggested Ned, rising, "I've got an idea. I saw some rugs in one of the rooms upstairs. They'd be something to sleep on—better than stone, anyway. I'll go for them."

A little later he returned with a few rugs. There was hardly a luxurious supply of them, but Philippa, who always took her troubles cheerfully, laughed as Ned regarded his meagre findings ruefully.

"Better than nothing at all events. I think I'll take my shoes off, anyway!!" remarked Philippa.

"P'raps there are more," suggested Ned, optimistically. "I'll go for another prowl."

He picked up his lamp, and went off once more. A few minutes later, returning, he looked round the room in amazement.

Philappa was gone!

He flashed his lamp round the kitchen, and called her name. There was no answer.

Ned could hardly believe his eyes. What had happened to her? Her shoes were on the floor, still warm—but the girl had vanished as completely as if the floor had opened up beneath her.

He stood for a moment puzzled. An eerie sensation crept over him. This forsaken house of lights that disappeared like ghosts—what strange and terrible things might not happen here?

He pulled himself together, though, and set off, lamp in hand, to search the house. It was as empty as ever, and no Philippa answered his anxious calls. After wandering through the dark passages of the rambling old mansion, he found his way back to the kitchen.

Then, with a sudden idea, he moved to the door. Might she be outside? It was locked! Ned went pale for a moment. Whoever was responsible for Philippa's disappearance was determined that he too should not leave the house. They were both trapped—far from help.

At any rate, Ned decided, there was a human agency at work! Someone, unseen, was loose—perhaps dogging his footsteps!

He glanced round for a weapon. On the cupboard door was a soiled towel on a roller. Ned detached the roller and felt it critically. It would be of some use against the mysterious marauders!

Then Ned thought rapidly. There was only one place where they could have been hidden when the cyclists came in—in the cellars, below the barred door, and one, one of them was loose in the house, waiting to catch him unawares. For, while he was touring the house, someone had returned to lock the kitchen door.

Ned made his plans. He took off his shoes and stole noiselessly to a corner by the barred door. There, with uplifted roller, he waited for the raider to return.

His plans were well lad. Five minutes' suspense; then quiet footsteps were heard, and Ned in his corner caught sight of a man coming down the passage.

Just as the man put his key to the door, Ned brought his roller down. It did its work effectively; the man fell stunned. Ned dragged his prostrate enemy into the shadows, opened the door and went down a flight of stone steps. There was a patch of light at the foot of them

Then, roller uplifted, Ned emerged cautiously into a big cellar. The enemy was not there. But in a corner sprawled Philippa. She had been tied up with rope and gagged by her captors.

Ned ran across the cellar and untied the gag. While he undid the ropes, Philippa explained in a rapid whisper.

"There are three of them in the house. We've stumbled upon some secret, and they don't mean us to get out alive. I was taken by surprise from the back, gagged, and carried down here. Then, after giving me a few kicks, the beasts went off to get you too."

"Well, there's one out of action," said Ned cheerfully. The crisis found him buoyant, his nervousness gone. "We'll get the others now."

Philippa rose to her feet a little cramped, but ready for action. She tossed her black hair out of her eyes and glanced round for weapons.

The cellar, lit by an oil-lamp, was practically vacant. A heap of loam lay in a corner, and some strange tools. As she was glancing round, a sound of footsteps was heard above. The other two were coming down!

Ned and Philippa, tense with excitement, crouched in the shadows, waiting to make a sudden spring. Unluckily, Ned's roller was on the other side of the collar. But, as it was, the two intruders were taken suddenly by surprise.

Ned flung himself on one with a sudden jolt to the jaw that sent the man rolling, while Philippa collared the other and brought him to the ground.

Taken unawares, the two raiders nevertheless fought desperately. They were both beefy, beery individuals in very bad training; their opponents were both athletic young people. Ned was thin but wiry, and as his man staggered up he sent him reeling again with another uppercut to point. Philippa had scrambled on top of her fallen enemy, who was still makng frantic efforts to rise.

against the wall, the cyclist's keen eyes noticed the man's hand go to his pocket. Like a flash he was on him, his sinewy hand on the other's wrist.

Ned dragged out a revolver—and the fight was up. Ned didn't know how the revolver worked, but that didn't matter, for his enemy was unaware of it. His hands went up like clockwork.

He stepped back, and by Ned's direction moved alongside his partner While the cyclist covered them with the revolver, Philippa tied up their hands and feet with the cords they had used for her.

Ned and Philippa dragged down the other man, who was still unconscious, and ranged him against the wall with the rest.

Ned surveyed his three dejected and ruffianly prisoners.

"Well," he told them cheerily, "the game's up now, you know. I'm going to get the police to take charge of you all. I rather fancy, since you were so anxious to keep some secret, that they will be very interested.

"Now, one of you can tell me the best way to the nearest police-station. It had better be the right way, too, or you'll get hurt when I come back."

After a few minutes, one of them sullenly gave him the necessary directions. While Ned mounted guard over the captives with his revolver, Philippa cycled off to the station.

About forty minutes later, she returned with four policemen from Riverdown, telling them the tale on the way. They handcuffed the prisoners.

"Well, sir," a constable told Ned, "it's no wonder they were anxious about you finding the house. They're forgers—these are some of their things on the floor. They fixed on this empty house to use, and like fools gave themselves away by showing that light. If you two young people hadn't come across them like that, they might be free men still.

"I suppose you two will come along with us to the village. A bit more comfortable than here, for the rest of the night. By the way, there's an item of news, sir, that'll be of interest to you and your young lady. There's quite a biggish reward out for these men. Come in handy for getting married on."

He winked at Ned.

"I think you're about right," said Ned. But he said it as a question, and he looked at Philippa as he spoke.

"So do I," answered the girl, glancing downwards as she spoke.

OLD CUSTOMS BARRIER
"THE OCTROI" ATTACKED

Ancient French Tax Called Both Unnecessary and Archaic

Paris.—Perhaps the most archaic of the many economic barriers that hamper the free movement of trade in Europe is the French octroi. Renewed assaults have recently been made upon this system of taxation, a heritage of feudal times, and many towns have abolished it.

The octroi is a municipal customs tax, a privilege granted to the towns to levy taxes upon commodities passing inside their walls. It is applied to-day especially to foodstuffs, wines, game and gasoline. Farmers' carts and commercial trucks are stopped at the gates of the towns, just as at international frontiers, and their cargoes are examined and assessed.

When one approaches a French town in a motor car, one of the first things one sees is a little building marked "Octroi"—an advanced outpost of municipal authority. Often there is nobody there, the tax gatherer evidently being well acquainted with the hours peasants' wagons usually pass.

When on duty he wears a uniform, or at least an official-looking cap. He passes a quiet, semi-rural life at the edge of the town. He knows he is not going to be able to check up on each package of taxable goods that enters, so he applies a rule of reason of his own.

The medieval system of assessment has not been adjusted to modern times. Occasionally, but rarely, one meets an octroi agent in a railway station who asks: "Have you anything to declare?" but who seldom proceeds further than that.

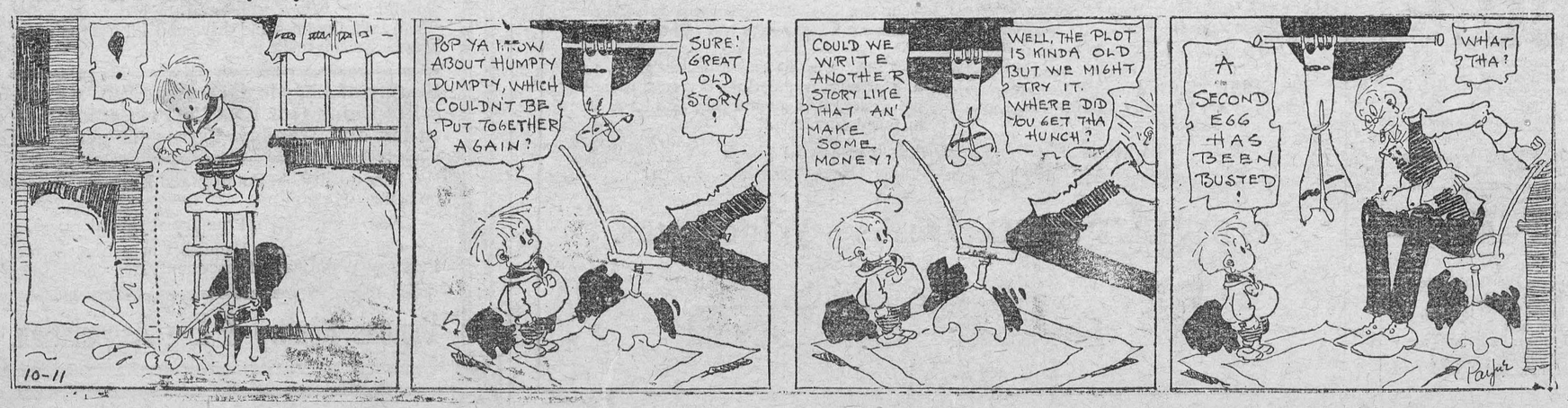
At every gate of Paris, however, the octroi is on the job. Not a motor car passes, entering or leaving the city, without being stopped. Going out, the chauffeur announces the approximate amount of gasoline he carries and receives a paper slip entitling him to re-enter with that amount. No check is made, the word of the chauffeur sufficing. But the formality of stopping to get the ticket thousands find annoying, especially on Sundays and holidays, when the traffic moving out of Paris resembles that which chokes the roads of New Jersey and Long Island on Summer week-ends.

Lyons, an enterprising industrial city, abolished its octroi in 1901. Between 1904 and 1914 other towns—240 in number—did likewise, and sixty-five have foregone this privilege since 1921. There remain about 1,100 French towns that maintain, nominally at least, the octroi agent at their gates.

A recent report showed that the average cost of collecting this revenue was 29 per cent. Paris did a little better, spending 12 per cent. of the receipts upon collection. Lyons had had the privilege of octroi since 1295 and Paris has applied it since 1377. Such taxes have been suppressed in all other important countries, Belgium having abolished them in 1860, Prussia in 1875.

Alsace and Lorraine are the only parts of France that have freed themselves from the system.

S'MATTER POP—By Payne.



Breaking It Gently.



Not Another Drop.

"I guess that stage hand has sworn off."

"How so?"

"I heard him say he intended never to touch a drop again."

Phyllis—"I'll give Reginald credit for getting me a nice engagement ring." Dora—"I understand that's what the jeweller did, too."

Homesteading at Fort Vermilion

The Atlantic Monthly Has Discovered a New Canadian Chronicler of Heart Interesting Story.

PIONEERING TO-DAY

The Atlantic Monthly brought Miss Roche to light, they are intermittently running a series letters from Mrs. Hilda Rose who is homesteading in the Peace River Country near Fort Vermilion. Their editorial comment is as follows:

On our office map a blue star on the white waste area of northwestern Canada marks the frontier home of Hilda Rose. From her Peace River claim have come letters enlisting our warm sympathy in a struggle which, through it seems almost unparalleled, doubtless has its counterpart in many an unchronicled life. Readers will remember Mrs. Rose's letters written from her American Stump Farm which we published in February, March, and April, 1927. This later correspondence comes to us through the kindness of Dr. Mary Hobart of Massachusetts.

In the earlier series Mrs. Rose and her seventy year old husband and nine year old son were camping in a tent in latitude 50 degrees. A few of the letters are as follows:—

..Fort Vermilion, Alberta,
July 10, 1926

Dear Doctor-Lady:—

I am now on the steamer going north and will land very soon, so this will be a short letter so I can get it ready and leave it here on the steamer to take back to civilization. We will land at L. Point, which is ten miles before we come to the trading post. There is only one white settler there and he is on the boat. He has fifteen children —is a very large, fine-looking, jovial man. His father was a missionary and the first white man here. He has taken a great fancy to Daddy, and as he is a very rich man his word is law on the river. The boat was crowded and we had no berths and night was coming on. He called the purser and told him to give us a good stateroom and look after Mr. Rose, as he looked tired and needed rest. Say, I never saw a man jump around so swiftly. The best stateroom was given to us and we had every attention as if we were rich. Daddy was eight days in the freight car and was in a dreadful state when he arrived. I took him to a hotel and gave a woman a dollar to carry me four pails of water from the creek and heat two cans of it and then I bathed the poor dear and put him to bed. He couldn't even eat for exhaustion. He was just a helpless baby.

I'm so glad Mr. L. has taken charge of us. Now everything will be all right and I've quit worrying. Boy is the only child on the boat and is very happy. Everybod wants him, and from the captain, who coaxes him up into his tower and lets him use his telescopes, to the engineer and deck hands, he surely has a good time.

Leaving Edmonton, the freight that Daddy was on lost twelve cars just behind him. They turned turtle and piled up on the track so that my train was delayed eleven hours. Finally we got going again and we had a wreck, but our car was left standing on the track. This was in a swamp and we were there six hours at night, and the mosplitoes descended on us and Boy almost lost his mind, though I wrapped his legs in my jacket and fanned him constantly. Finally they rustled up an old locomotive and a freight car and took us to Peace River Town. It was very crowded and the first-class passengers were horrified when they had to ride with us emigrants. Three in a seat and on the floor, just as tight as could be. No lights, and they sang songs as we rode along, for most of us were happy to be going again through the dark hills to safety.

I have no time to write more. The land looks green, lovely, and lonesome. I am a little homesick. Just a tearful feeling.

February 9, 1927

There are just 131 civilized in here. By "civilized" I mean speaking English and wearing clothes. Of these, thirty-one are white, and I can count the white women on my fingers. The Preacher is a mine of information and our newspaper. He likes us and is delighted to think we are really settling here. We sometimes talk about the "Bonny Lassie" left in England and the aged mother who won't sell her antique and cherished old furniture and silver because she's keeping it to move right into the "Vicarage" when he becomes "the Vicar" of the little village church. He loves the freedom here and says he can't go back to the narrow life of the English vicar. The Bonny Lassie is planning on coming here this summer. Won't that be fine? Pretty rough on this gentle English girl to live amongst Indians and trappers, but I know she and I will be the best of friends and she's a brick if she comes. It's a self-imposed exile for me and will be for her, too. Love for your mate makes you daring, but, it has its compensations.

February 11, 1927

These civilized people are scattered over a couple of thousand square miles. Many live in teepees and the rest in log cabins, except two or three who have board cabins. Mr. L.'s house was built by his father forty years ago of boards sawed with a handsaw. Some labor.

He gives a party once a year after Xmas. The Preacher was so afraid we wouldn't go that he came after us. It's hard to find the trail in the snow and it's a perfect maze to me, but we arrived at 7 p.m. and after a hot supper the L. children gave their school program of music, recitations, songs, and dances. They have a big schoolhouse in the back yard and the eldest daughter teaches them. After the program the dining room and big kitchen were cleared for dancing. Everybody was there except five and the Catholic Mission.

The white women were elderly—wives who had followed their husbands in here. Old-fashioned, unbobbed, and with long skirts. But it was like coming home, so warm was the welcome I received from this lonesome sisterhood. They held my hands so long; they didn't want to let them go. They were nearly all from the States. One had gone insane—not very bad; you could see her mind was shattered. You know it takes some mental calibre to come in here and live alone and not see a white woman more than once or twice a year. If you haven't much in your head the lonesomeness will get you. This woman is poor white trash from the cotton fields of Texas. She knows nothing but work. I questioned her about her life here in order to learn what I could of the loneliness that makes insanity among sheep herders and farm women.

I see by one of your letters that you have no conception of how far north I am. Calgary is a large city crowded with cars. Farther north is Edmonton, also a big city. Next comes Peace River, a small town at the end of the railroad. It has some autos and two wooden hotels. Each hotel has a bath-room in it, but you have to carry your water up from the creek and heat it on the kitchen range if you want to take a bath. Then I went on a steamer that holds thirty carloads of freight in the bottom. We went north all the way until we came o the Great Slave Lake Regicn. We got off just this side of it in the wilderness. There are no autos in here. There are nine white people at Fort Vermilion, the Governor, doctor, Mounted Police, Hudson Bay man, and so forth. Get a map and find the Great Slave Lake. A little south of it—that's here. Boy has already had two invitations from Indians to go trapping with them there when he gets a bit older.

The Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River Town districts are settled with farms till it looks like a checkerboard. Here is the primal wilderness. Unless I have the dog with me I never dare go out of sight of the house, as I get lost so easily. The white settler's wife and children have to climb a tree quite frequently when picking berries to see in what direction to go home. As there are no roads in the sea, so there are none here.

May 31, 1927

Boy and I went hunting yesterday together for the first time this year. He got four ducks, each time he shot getting his bird. The fifth time he shot he killed his duck, but she floated out of reach and the water was too deep for him to wade in after her. He can't swim yet very well, and I can't either. Of those he brought home, two were mig mallards, one was an Indian duck, and the other was a spoonbill. It's all the meat we have and it's very good. He is really getting to be a very good shot.

Meat is very scarce here some years and has been so for quite a few years now, the Indians say. It's too far north and the country is so large, and wolves keep it down, too. But ducks are good as long as they last. After a while there will be prairie chickens. There are small deer here, but they are very scarce. I have never seen one. In the muskegs there are moose, but except in winter they are impassable. Bands of large wolves feed on them. It's such a big, wild country—big lakes, rivers, and muskegs; no trails and no people. Less than two human beings to each thousand square miles, and that means Indians, too. I won't admit out loud that I'm lonesome, but it's a Robinson Crusoe existence. Like being alive yet buried. Books will save my reason, and letters. Trappers tell me no white woman from the outside can stand it longer than six years. I'll have to show them.

Sincerely yours,
Hilda Rose.

So runs this epic of our Frontier. Can not some of our readers mail a few books or some magazines to Mrs. Rose, Fort Vermilion, N.W.T., to help her in her task of making a home in the far west. Surely it is not much to do and would be everlastingly appreciated.

Be sure there is sufficient postage on anything you send. Do it now.

THIS GREAT TONIC RENEWS STRENGTH

Simply Because it Enriches and Builds Up the Blood.

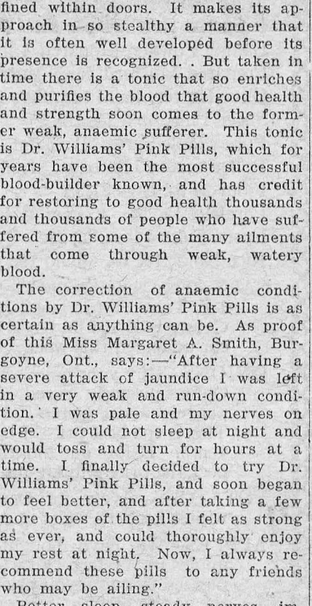
In no trouble is delay or neglect more dangerous than in anaemia, which means poverty of the blood. It is very common in young girls and in persons who are overworked or confined within doors. It makes its approach in so stealthy a manner that it is often well developed before its presence is recognized. But taken in time there is a tonic that so enriches and purifies the blood that good health and strength soon comes to the former weak, anaemic sufferer. This tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which for years have been the most successful blood-builder known, and has credit for restoring to good health thousands and thousands of people who have suffered from some of the many ailments that come through weak, watery blood.

The correction of anaemic conditions by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is as certain as anything can be. As proof of this Miss Margaret A. Smith, Burgoyne, Ont., says:—"After having a severe attack of jaundice I was left in a very weak and run-down condition. I was pale and my nerves on edge. I could not sleep at night and would toss and turn for hours at a time. I finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and soon began to feel better, and after taking a few more boxes of the pills I felt as strong as ever, and could thoroughly enjoy my rest at night. Now, I always recommend these pills to any friends who may be ailing."

Better sleep, steady nerves, improved appetite, increased vigor—all these can be yours by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Begin them to-day. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tendencies in Farming

Hamilton Spectator (Ind. Cons.)—It is interesting to observe that two-thirds of the total revenue of the English farmer is from his live stock, meat animals, dairy products, poultry, eggs and wool. With the Canadian farmer the value of this source of income is rising and now amounts to one-third of the total, which mean that for many eastern farmers it constitutes the main source of revenue. Canadian dairy products now amount to $250,000,000 a year, while live stock valued at over $100,000,000 is annually sold, with poultry, eggs and wool running to approximately $70,000,000 a year. Grain crops overtop in value all other sources for farmers in Canada, the prairie provinces particularly holding a strong position in this respect.



Over the Wall.

"Well, well, if it ain't Mike himself. How did you git out so soon? Were you pardoned?"

"Naw! Yuh see I had charge of the athletics in the Pen so I jes organized a pyramid team."

Tit For Tat.

A country couple went to a manse to get married. After the ceremony the bridegroom called the minister aside and whispered confidentially in his ear: "I'm awfu' sorry I canna pay ye as muckle as I would like to, sir, but if ye take me doon to your cellar I'll show ye hoo to fix up your gas-meter so that it winna register!"

We are so sure you will appreciate perfect tea in perfect condition that we make this offer. If you buy Red Rose Tea in the new aluminum package and you are not thoroughly satisfied, we have authorized your grocer to return your money on receipt of the container, no matter how much of the tea you have used. 4T

Employee (who has been detected shirking)—"But, sir, you don't think I'm a machine, do you? You don't expect me to go for ever?" Employer—"Oh, yes, I do. I expect you to go for ever on Saturday."

The novel of to-day may not be brilliant, but it's not the fault of its scandal power.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

ASTONISHING MISINFORMATION OFTEN GIVEN U.S. READERS

The American Press Often Carries Articles—Supposedly Authentic—But Misleading and Detrimental to Canada

SO BAD ITS FUNNY

The New York Sun carried the following article in a recent issue and the editor of this page derived a lot of amusement from its perusal. We hand it on. We also give a letter we sent on to the N.Y. Sun giving our views of the matter.

The Article

French Canadians Gain Power Allied Politically With Western Farmers—Hold 101 of 245 Seats in Commons

By Charles Lynch

Special Correspondence to The Sun
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Ottawa, Ont. — Canada is slowly but surely drifting away from imperial ties as evidenced by the growing popularity of "O Canada!" as the national anthem instead of "God Save the King." Certain imperialists have become alarmed and have besought the people to leave their hats on when "O Canada"s is being played.

The origin of "O Canada!" is French Canadian, and the French Canadian is to-day ruling the dominion. More than that, the French Canadian race may be the dominant one in Canada in another fifty years by virtue of their great natural increase.

At present the French Canadian people control 101 seats out of 245 in the Federal House of Commons. In Quebec, which is their province, they control 62 out of 65. In the great English province of Ontario the French are creeping in. To-day they control 18 seats out of 82.

Amazing Growth

The French Canadian laughs at race suicide. A recent census shows that the average French Canadian family numbers ten. The French Canadian colony in the dominion in 1758 numbered 60,000. To-day that band has increased to about 2,500,000 in Canada and 1,500,000 in the New England States.

Canada's population is hovering around 9,000,000. Despite the fact that they are in the minority, the French Canadians control the country which was taken from their ancestors centuries ago by the English. The reason is simple: The French Canadian and the farmer of western canada are allied potlitically, and despite all pleas stick to their union, with the result that they dominate. Incidentally, it may be pointed out that55 per cent. of the farmers of western Canada are foreign born.

The main feature of the French Canadian race is their ability to survive. A striking example is that of "The Miracle of the Acadian Race"—immortalized by Longfellow in "Evangeline." In 1752 the little French settlement of Acadia in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was disperesed by the English.

Still Retain Language

Years afterward their descendants returned and settled on the same farms from which their ancestors had been driven. To-day they control 40 per cent. of the total population and they have elected Peter J. Veiiot, one of their compatriots, as prime minister of New Brunswick.

The French Canadian has managed to retain his language and his school, where religious instruction is given. Religious instruction is not permitted by the law of the country, but there s no politician who would dare imperial his political life by attacking this with the excepton of leaders of the Orange order.

The French Canadian is not only a pioneed, but a great settler, with an undying love of the land. They pioneered in Manitoba long before the Canadian Pacific railway was built. They have blazed new trails, and by virtue of their atavistic disposition they have followed the path of the old "coureurs-des-bois."

Question of Loyalty Answered

The force of the French Canadian is mainly the ownership of the land. It is estimated that more than 90 per cent. of the French farmers own their own properties. In the cities the small French wage earners by weekly saving strive to be property owners.

As to the loyalty of the French Canadian to the British crown, when its sincerity is challenged a ready answer is made by quoting the now famous statement of J. C. Tache, great French patriot: "The last shot for the maintenance of the British allegiance in Canada will be fired by a French Canadian."

To Editor, New York Sun.

You have two boys on your paper who are competing as to who is the funniest funnyman—Charlie Lynch, and the boy who writes the "Sun Dial". Charlie's unconscious humour caused a bigger laugh in Canada than the "Sun Dial" ever got, when he wrote the article "French Canadians Gain Power," in your Sunday edition of the 17th.

We haven't two kinds of Canadians in Canada. The Canadians of to-day may have different origins, but they are Canadians First, and their origin is Ancient History. Figures can't lie, but Charlie is using his own figures, and you know Charlie better than we do. His view of the political situation is unique in conception, but faulty in fact. We have two and a fraction political parties in Canada, Tories, Grits, and the other fellows (usually called Progressives) but to introduce a French party is to laugh. The French-Canadians are strongly Grit, and the Tories are busy now looking for a Moses to lead them, who can attract a following in Quebec. But Charlie, more or less, lumps a few of the Grits in Ontario, and the Progressives of the West, together with the French-Canadians, to make his 101. We Canadians wouldn't line them up just that way, but let Charlie have his smile.

Perhaps Charlie doesn't know that Canada has two official languages—French and English, and has had since 1791. Bilingual Schools, (where French and English are both taught) are usual, and always have been in Canada, where the interests of education can be best so served. But the educational matters are handled by the provinces, not by the Federal Government, so you will understand that there can not be a Canadian law, governing whether or not religious teaching is carried on therein or not. Charlie can't know that the Premier of Orange Ontario, Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, (he an Orangeman) sent this year, over 100 Ontario school teachers to Quebec to learn French and acquire local color. Because of this British idea of government, without coersion, we can, French or British, heartily join in singing "God Save the King," and all take our hats off (and by the way, we don't know who composed "God Save the King").

Our Canadian statistics show the average French-Canadian family to be 5.34, not 10, as Charlies says, and the French element must look to natural increase in population, because France cannot spare immigrants, worse luck, while Britain sends us thousands yearly. The French in Canada comprise about 28 per cent. of net population, not 40 per cent., as Charlie says. The British, 55.4 per cent. The foreign element in the West is about 32 per cent., not 55 per cent., as stated by Charlie, and part of the 32 per cent. came from your country, the U.S. Charlie does not know that all Canadians will agree that one of our greatest statesmen and Imperialist was a French-Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and his period of government (fifteen years) did nothing to weaken the ties with the mother land, but rather strengthened them. You won't find British-Canadians disagreeing with the nice things he said about our French-Canadians brothers and their characteristics of thrift and ability to survive and settle our new country. We wish we had more of them.

Did you hear our Canadian anthem, "O Canada" broadcast so often at the time of our National Birthday celebration a while ago? We think that's a mighty fine song. Makes the shivers run up and down your back when you hear it well sung. We all like singing it. But there is a different spirit behind "God Save the King." A real lasting reverence, and Mr. Tache will find a lot of British Canadians helping fire that "last shot' Charlies mentions.

Sharlie will find that Mr. Veniot is our Post-Master General, not Premier of New Brunswick. The latter position being filled by the Honorable John Baxter, K.C. (this means King's Council, not Knight of Columbus). Just another one of Charlie's little jokes.

If we thought Charlie meant what he implies in his article, we would feel that his surname suggested a good way of dealing with him. But we know he was "only foolin." He should say so too, for a lot of us are Scotch, and object to jokes—or anything else—at our expense.

Yours truly.



Would Do It Anyhow.

"Will you keep an eye on me if I go in?"

"I sure will!"

Is the Public Always Wrong?

London Morning Post (Cons.): The chief count in the indictment of the critic against the public is that it is irresponsive to the highest art. Is that true? Allowance must be made for limitations. It would be unfair, for instance, to reproach the public for not appreciating a Greek tragedy performed in the original Greek and according to the conventions of the Greek theatre. It is the unfamiliarity of the form that is more often than not responsible for what seems to be public insensibility; or it is the failure of the good to attain the truly great. Be it remembered it is only genius that knows how to speak in accents that touch the universal heart.

Lights Out!

"Heavens, how hard it is to leave you!" he sighed "Oh, light of my days, light of my thought, light of my very existence, light—"

"Lucy," interrupted a bored voice, from the stair-head, "put that confounded light out at once and come to bed."

Auto-Suggestion

"Safety First" was the subject of the lesson. After the teacher had spoken of the imagination needed by the motor driver, he asked: "Now, can you suggest something else he requires beside foresight"

"Please, sir, four-wheel brakes," came the reply from one bright youth.

Father—"Don't you want to grow up a good man?"

Willie—"I don't mind being a good man after I'm grown up, but I want some fun while I am growing up."

Life is a game of giving and taking and loving and losing.

Minard's Liniment for Lumbago.

ISSUE No. 40—'27

Now packed in *Aluminum*, the same as years ago.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

114

RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good.



The Hard-Boiled Egg.

"He thinks he's tough—calls himself a hard-boiled egg."

"And, as you might expect, he's yellow i nthe middle."

FOR MOTHERS OF YOUNG CHILDREN

Mothers are quick to praise anything which brings health and comfort to their little ones—any medicine that will make the baby well and keep him well will always receive hearty recommendation from the mother. That is why Baby's Own Tablets are so popular. Thousands of mothers, throughout the country, not only use them for their own little ones but are always delighted to be able to recommend them to other mothers. Thousands of mothers have proved Baby's Own Tablets to be without an equal in relieving their little ones of any of the many minor ailments which arise out of a derangement of the stomach and bowels. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal laxative—easy to take but thorough in action. They banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; expel worms and make the teething period easy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Six and Half-a-Dozen.

The bride was asked what she thought of married life. "Oh, there's not much difference," she replied. "I used to wait up half the night for Tom to go, and now I wait up half the night for him to come home."

A New Complaint.

Poor Smith was taken ill and hurried to hospital by his wife.

"Has he got pyjamas" said the matron.

"Ppjamas?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, puzzled. "I dunno what it is, but he's a dreadful pain in his stummick."

For all pains—Minard's Liniment.

Waitress (to customer troubled about his salad)—"Is the salad gritty, sir?" Customer—"Gritty? It's a gravel path with a few weeds in it."

In the Woods

Hunters find Minard's an excellent remedy for sprains, cuts and wounds. Pack a bottle in your kit.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The lazy man is of no more use than a dead one, and he takes up a whole lot more room.

Minard's Liniment for Toothache.

Classified Advertisements

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED LADY OR GENTLEMAN IN EVERY CITY, TOWN AND VILLAGE IN CANADA as agent for THE BIBLE PRAYER. Position of importance. No experience necessary. Pleasant and profitable occupation. Apply by letter. BIBLE PRAYER ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, 618 ONTARIO STREET, TORONTO.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ULTRAPHONIC GRAMOPHONE, 38 selections $165.00 for $55.00. Guaranteed. Poisson, 340 Mount-Royal East, Montreal.

FEEDER CATTLE—WE CAN furnish the choicest selection of stocker and feeder steers of all weights, stock heifers of all weights, stock cows, also heavy calves for baby beef production. Write for quotations. McMILLAN & RUTHERFORD, Union Stockyards, Winnipeg, Man.

BOYS & GIRLS $2.00 Given NO WORK JUST FUN

Simply sell 50 Sets of Our Famous Christmas Seals for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. We trust you till Xmas. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 604WL, Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

PATENTS

List of "Wanted Inventions" and Full Information Sent Free on Request.
THE RAMSAY CO., Dept. W, 273 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.



Try the New Cuticura Shaving Stick
Freely Lathering Medicinal and Emollient

AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Mrs. Dayman Gives Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the Credit



Colborne, Ontario.—"When I was first married I was very thin and weak. The doctor said I was weak and would never be able to have a child, but I did, and from the time my baby came I suffered all the time and doctored and took medicine. Life became a burden, and doctors said an operation could help me, but my husband was opposed to that. I had seen Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine advertised, so I told my husband that I thought I would try it, that I might get some relief. I had not taken one bottle when I could feel it helping me. I took five bottles and had better health. Now I have three girls and a boy and have done my work up to confinement. I am now at the Change of Life and owe my good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I take a bottle when I think I need it."—Mrs. SUSAN DAYMAN, R. R. No. 5, Colborne, Ontario.

Sold by druggists everywhere. C



Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

WARNING!
Beware of Counterfeits

There is only one genuine "ASPIRIN" tablet. If a tablet is offered as "ASPIRIN" and is not stamped with the "Bayer Cross"—refuse it with contempt—it is not "ASPIRIN" at all! Don't take chances!

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). 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".



The Saving Flour!



Its superior strength makes Purity go farther than ordinary flours. It is perfect for all your baking—cakes, pies, buns and bread—so the one flour sack only, is necessary. Try Purity Flour to-day—it is certain to please you.

PURITY FLOUR

Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. 262

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.





HEADS ROYAL COMMISSION

Mr. Justice MacLean, president of the Exchequer Court of Canada, who has been appointed chairman of the Royal Commission to enquire and report upon all matters relating to the fishing industry in the Maritime Provinces.

Birtns

At Winchester Springs, Oct. 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernmett Shane, a son.

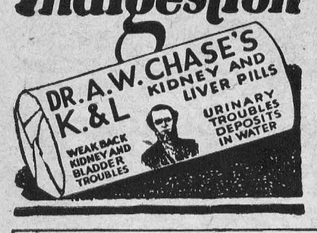
At Winchester, on Tuesday, Oct. 4th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnston, a daughter.

At Winchester, on Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Armstrong, a daughter.

At Williamsburg, on Oct. 2nd, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barkley, a son.

At Cass Bridge, on Oct. 2nd, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs Jas Bowman, a son.

for Indigestion



For Sale

4 Shoats between 50 and 75 lbs, 1 Royal cook stove with six covers, warming closet reservoir, tile back, burn wood or coal, 1 Heater No. 6. For further particulars, apply to

Jack Bruce
22-5p Alexander St.
Winchester

For Sale or Rent

Comfortable Dwelling on Main Street, west of Exhibition Grounds, Barn, Hen House, ½ acre lot. Apple and plum trees and small fruit. For terms apply at the premises or

J. I. Johnston
22-5c Chesterville

For Sale

Ten young Tamworth Shoats.

A. J. Kahala
22-24c Inkerman

G. A. DIXON
Liability, Automobile
Life Insurance
Phone 109, Winchester

The Business Beatitudes

Blessed are the sincere in spirit for their is the kingdom of progress.

Blessed are the patient, for they conquer themselves.

Blessed are they that love their work for their work shall requite them.

Blessed are the faithful in little things, for they shall inherit the great.

Blessed are the considerate, for they shall obtain consideration

Blessed are the clean in business, for posterity shall honor and emulate them.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for the spirit of success shall serve them.

Blessed are they that labor in friendliness, for every day shall bring them happiness.

Work faithfully eight hours a day and
Don't worry.
Then, in time, you may
Become the boss, and
Work twelve hours a day
And have all the worry!

Eganville Leader; We have the Liquor Control Act, and have conditions improved? We will not go outside our own immediate district, and there can be no disputing the fact that conditions here are worse under the Liquor Control Act than under the O. T. A. Where's the blame? Let the Conservative members for North and South Renfrew answer and let the provincial police the paid enforcers of the Ferguson legislation, answer.



D. L. SMITH

The Canadian Wheat Pool has decided to open an office in London, England, and Mr. Smith has been appointed sales agent. For the past few years he has been sales manager for the Pool in Canada with headquarters in Winnipeg. The Wheat Pool has now representatives in fifty-three ports throughout the world.

Notice to Creditors

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles Smith.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Chapter 121 Revised Statutes of Ontatio and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of Charles Smith, late of the Township of Winchester, in the county of Dundas, Farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 20th day of April A. D. 1927, are required to deliver to the Under-signed Solicitor for the Executor of the said estate on or before the 24th day of October A. D, 1927, their names and addresses and a statement of the particulars of their claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them, duly certified and that after the said date the executors will distribute the assets of the said deceased, among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice.

Dated this 22nd day of September A. D. 1927.

H. D. McCormick
48 Sparks Street. Ottawa
Solicitor for Ernest Swerdfeger, Executor

Cheerfully Independent!

Some day you will be considered "too old for the job." When that day comes, how will it find you—trusting to relatives or cheerfully independent?

A little saved from salary and invested in a Great-West Life Endowment policy will make old age the brightest portion of your life.

Great-West Life Assurance Company

W. J. LEONARD, Agent, Winchester, Ont.



Change Your Attic

into a comfortable den, radio room, playroom or extra sleeping quarters by erecting ceilings and partitions of Gyproc. Gyproc will make your attic fire-resistant, warm in winter and cool in summer.

Write for free booklet—"My Home." It will tell you how Gyproc, Rocboard Gypsum Insulating Sheathing and Insulex will reduce your fuel bill from 20 to 40%. 153

THE ONTARIO GYPSUM CO., LIMITED, PARIS, CANADA

GYPROC
Fireproof Wallboard
For Sale By
The M. F. Beach Co., Ltd. - Winchester, Ont.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Again We Ask

Again we ask subscribers to cosult the label on their Press and govern themselves accordingly. Of course we do not want the money ourself, but our creditors do.

Coldest August in 36 years

The New York weather bureau reports that last month was the coldest August in fifty-six years. The average temperance was 68 degrees. In 1903 the temperature for August averaged 69 degrees. Most of the days last month averaged five degrees below the normal temperature of 73 degrees. July was normal and some of the months earlier in the year, notably February and March, were very warm in comparison to the ordinary weather, Hence the chances for 1927 being a record cold year are not so good.

Had Pleasant Evening

Four rinks of lawn bowlers went to Ottawa Friday night, to enjoy a friendly game on the Ottawa Bowling Green. But it was an unlucky Friday for Winchester for they were in no sense a match for the Ottawa bowlers. It may have been that a smooth, keen green was too much of a surprise for them. Anyway the home teams were all "off color" and while they enjoyed the game they have since had a hard time in explaining how it happened. The rink from Chesterville started on their way, but Billy was in too much of a hurry and couldn't wait to go around a cow, so he tried to push it off the road but the cow was stubborn and the Chesterville Rink was compelled to turn back home.

News From California

The Press had an interesting letter from Mr. Ed. Errett, California, in which he tells of a Winchester and Chesterville re-union at his home at 939 Mary St. Bell, California. There were present Messrs O. D. Casselman, V. Robinson, F. Saunders, Mrs. Ella K. McDonald, who at one time had a home in Winchester, John Anderson and wife and son, Mrs. Stanley Timmins of Calgary, and a few people from other parts. Ed. writes "we sure had a swell time." Mr. Errett expresses his sorrow at the loss to Winchester by the Beach fire, and also makes reference to the unexpected death of Miss Susie Annable.

Public School Sports

Winchester Public School Field Day was held at the Fair Grounds on Friday afternoon last. and a large number of interested parents and friends were present. Fifty events were run off, and the prizes this year were red, white and blue ribbons each ribbon counting five, three and one points respectively. The boy winning the highest number of points in the boys' events was Master Elwood Thomas and he receives a fountain pen donated by Mr. T. O. Keyes. Miss Eva Gibson won the highest number of points in the girls' event and will receive a prize donated by Mr. Alex Duncan. Although the foenoon was cloudy and gloomy the afternoon cleared up splendidly so that all were able to enjoy the sports, and we hope more will our next Field Day, when we expect to have more prizes.

Using Benzine

Benzine for cleaning clothes, gloves, hats, etc, has become so common that few realize the danger and risk in using it. The awful disaster in Toronto a few days ago should be a warning. A lady was washing some curtains with benzine, and was working in the basement of a large nine room house. There was an explosion that wrecked the house, caused the death of father, mother and two children, injured several more, and endangered the neigbouring homes, all through the careless use of a liquid that is in common, everyday use in every community. The only safe place to use benzine or gasoline for cleaning garments is in the open air, and then make sure that you are not near a fire or spark of any kind. Even the friction of rubbing will sometimes cause an explosion.

A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it some times lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none so poor but that he can be made rich by it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters goodwill in business and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.—Boston News Bureau.

Sandy was sitching up the pocket of his pyjams before sending them to the laundry.

"What's the idea?" asked his roommate.

"Mon, I've hid a pair o' socks in the pocket to save a bit on my laundry bill," replied Sandy.

Teacher: "Surely you know what the word 'mirror' means, Tommy. After you've washed what do you look at to see if your face is clean?" Tommy: "The towel, sir!"

There passed away suddenly at his home on Monday evening, Sept. 19th, 1927, one dearly beloved by family and friends in the person of Louis McIntosh, at the age of 71 years. Deceased, although his death had been gradually declining, had been around as usual, having spent the afternoon in Williamsburg. He was stricken immediately on his arrival home and passed away within an hour. Mr. McIntosh was born in Matilda Township but had spent the last fifty years of his life in Williamsburg.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
TIME TABLE

Westbound—To Smiths Falls and West
No. 23—12.33 a.m. daily except Sunday, flag for passengers to and beyond Sharbot Lake—Stop for passengers from Montreal.
No. 35—9.52 a.m. daily except Sunday.
No. 29—7.33 p.m. daily except Sunday.

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

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

The United Church

(Contributed)

Rev. J. A. Waddell's timely sermon on "Drifting" was very much enjoyed. He chose Hebrews 2: 1 as his text saying that drifting is sometimes expressed as back sliding, also as aposasy. This condition is sometime unconscious and scarcely perceptable although it is one of the beseting sins of the time. There is a real and grave danger that we may drift away from our early conviction about religious things. The present day desecration of the Sabbath was forcibly referred to If we dispense with holy day it became a holiday and the House of God is neglected. The pastor pleaded for a spirit of worship and rest on the Sabbath and said to avoid drifting fix our eyes on Christ, asking for His guidance and help.

A brief address was given to the children about the face of a statue of Christ being marred over in the war zone. We too may mar the face of Jesus when we show spirit of jealousy, temper etc We should seek to retain the beauty of His face by doing the things that please Him A joyful anthem of praise in which the various parts were excellently rendered was given by the choir at the morning service.

In Heavenly Love Abiding was rendered in a particularly pleasing manner in the evening. Taking Mark 3: 14 as his evening text the pastor told of Christ's busy life which made it necessary to appoint the twelve. Previous to their calling He was testing out their fitness for His work. He saw in each life great possibilites of service and promise of leadership. Why did Jesus choose these men? He needed sympathy and wanted partners who share in this work of His. It was no light of sasy task but it was a joy to say they had finished their course. Jesus needs witnesses and workers to win the world. What part have we in this?

His Honor, Judge Lavell of Kingston, will speak at a missionary banquet here on October 19th.

Banquet in N. M. C. S. Hallville

A very successful banquet under the auspices of the Mountain Baseball League, was held in the North Mountain Consolidated School on Friday evening Sept. 30. The commodious Community Hall was beautifully decorated with colored streamers, autumn leaves and cut flowers in profusion. The table fairly groaned with dainties provided by the Ladies' Aid of St. Andrews United Church, Hallville.

Fully one hundred and fifty guests, representing the teams from South Mountain, Hulbert, Vancamp, Inkerman and Hallville, sat down to partake of the sumptuous repast.

This banquet was made the occassion to prsent to the South Mountain Hockey and Baseball Teams, the beautiful Silver Cups which were on exhibition on the platform during the evening The cup for the Hockey Champions was donated by A. C. Casselman M. P. of Prescott, and after a few explanotory remarks and congraulations to the winning team, by Rev. J. W. Clark of Montreal, the cup was presented by Mr. Robt. Beggs, on behalf of the South Mountain team, was received by Mr. Chris. Wynn who in a few well chosen words expressed the appreciation of the boys.

The South Mountain boys also hold the Championship for baseball, and the cup, donated by the League, was fittingly presented by Mr. J. Patterson president of the league and accepted on behalf of the team by Mr. Hackett, who thanked the donors and called on the boys present to give three rousing cheers.

The toast-master, Mr. J. Patterson, performed his duties most creditably. After toasting the King and singing "God Save the King" Mr. Harry Masters proposed the toast to Canada "O Canada" was sung and Rev D. MacLeod replied. The toast to "Our Schools" was proposed by Mr. Douglas Beggs and responded to by Mr. Archibald, principal of N. M. C. S. The toast to the Laidies by Rev. P. Pollitt of South Mountain. Short addresses were given by Rev. D. MacLeod of Hallville, Rev. M. C. MacKennon of Perth and Rev. J. W. Clarke of Montreal.

During the entire evening music was furnished by the Mountain Orchestra, interspersed by Community Songs in which all joined most heartily. Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hyndman contributed a pleasing vocal duet accompanied by Miss Stewart. On behalf of the Baseball League Mr. Patterson conveyed to the Board of Trustees of the N. M. C. S. the appreciation of all present for placing the School at their disposal for this successful banquet. Three rousing cheers were again given for the School and the evening closed by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

British Publishers Surprised

During August 95 publishers from Great Britain and the Colonies visited Canada. They were naturally interested in Canadian publications. While in Montreal many of them paid a visit to that big weekly, The Family Herald and Weekly Star, and received the surprise of their Canadian visit when they learned that Canada had a weekly publication with a million of readers each week. Many of them knew The Herald in the Old Country, and were extremely interested to learn how such wonderful paper, 72 pages each week, could be issued at one dollar a year. Yet it is done, and Canadians get the benefit. Newspaper, Family Magazine and Agricultural Journal, each the best of its kind and all in one for such a small sum was certainly a surprise to the visitors.

Cloverdale Report for September

Names in order of merit, and x denotes perfect attendance.

Sr. IV—James Durant, Nellie Durant, x Pearl Docksteader, Dan Durant.

Jr. IV—x Dalton Docksteader.

Sr. III—Allan Cinnamon, Harold Stobo.

Jr. III—x Margaret Lamoureux, Jean Stobo, Roy Cummings.

II—Doris Coughler, Clifford Lamoureux, Felix Lamoureux, Aloy Larmour.

Sr. I—x Hubert Docksteader.

Sr. Pr.—x Dorothy Docksteader, x Wilfred Lamoureux.

Jr. Pr.—x Helen Dillabough, Kenneth Larmour, x Nelda Declare, Madeline Stobo, Alice Lamoureux, x Myrtle Declare.

B Class—Earl Fawcett.

Piles
For Half a Century the Standard, Successful Treatment
Dr CHASE'S OINTMENT

KEYES' STORE

GROCERIES

Kemptville Pasturized Creamery Butter 47c
Honey in comb, 1 lb. sections 25c
Clover Honey, 5 lb. pail 75c
Potatoes, 90 lb. bag $1 75
Redpath Sugar $7.25 cwt.
Certo, per bottle 40c
Pure Lard, in 1 lb. bricks 25c
Shortening, in 1 lb. bricks 20c
Peanut Butter, 1 lb. pail 30c
Salad Dressings, "Dainty Lunch" 25c
Palmolive or Lux Soap, 3 for 25c
Ivory or Castile Soap 6 for 25c
P & G Soap 5 for 25c
SALMON—White 17c, Pink 25c, Choice Coho Red 40c, Clover Leaf 48c
Kippered Snacks 3 for 25c
Pilchards 3 for 50c Campbell Soups 15c
Fresh Mackerel 25c tin
Kippered Herrings 25c tin
Baking Powder, Monarch 1 lb. tins 25c
Prepared Mustard, large tumblers 20c
Olive Butter, small tumblers 25c
Sliced Pineapple 25c tin
Pure Maple Syrup $1.85 gal.
Rolled Oats 20 lb. bags. $1.25
Flour 24 lb. bags $1.35
Parawax 15c lb. Cocoanut 40c lb.
Epson Salts 4 lbs. for 25c
Rice No. 1, 10c lb. Jello 10c pkg.
SALT—Free running package 15c, Iodised 18c, Table Salt in bags 10c, 20c & 30c Coarse Salt 100 lb. bags $1.10, a fresh car unloaded this week.
ONIONS—Buy your onions at once. Red Onions properly cured, No. 1 quality, per bus. $1.50, ½ bus. 75c, ¼ bus. 40c This is the best price I have known for years. Before one months time I expect the price will be up one half.
POTATOES—A car for October delivery, winter keepers. Get our prices.
APPLES—We have bought our winter apples in Western Ontario and will be pleased to quote you prices as soon as the apples arrive.

Special Call List.

In order to give our telephone customers the best service we are making a Special Call List. We will call you up each morning and give you the specials, etc., for the day. Leave your name if you wish to take advantage of this service.

Meat Market

Phone 85

Sirloin Roasts, Chuck Roasts, Rib Roasts.

Porterhouse Steak, Sirloin Steak, Shoulder Steak and Round Steak.

We cut nothing but Western Beef.

Smoked Rolls, Pickled Rolls

A tempting supply of Cooked Meats

Special attention given to orders for threshing gangs.

Phone your orders, it's the proper way.

Our delivery is at your service.

DRY GOODS

Men's Work Shirts

Men's Blue Chambra Work Shirts Peerless Brand, made large, extra stay across the shoulders, large collar, two pockets, three rows of stitching on all the seams, the openings at the cuffs are stayed so as they cannot bar, this is the best shirt on the market for $1.35

White Cotton

A good serviceable weight for almost any purpose, launders nicely, 34 inches wide, 18c per yard.

Roller Toweling

An all linen toweling which will landry nicely and give satisfaction, grey and white stripes, 16 in. wide 25c

Grey Blankets

One lot of heavy blankets 11-4, with fancy boarders and lovely soft finish. These blankets weigh nearly twice as much as the ordinary flannelette blanket, if you want a blanket for hard rough usage this will please. The price is low $3 00 pair



SPECIAL SOAP DEAL

1 pkg. Chipso, large size, 3 bars of P & G
3 bars of Gold, 2 of Guest Ivory, 1 medium Ivory & 1 Galvanized Pail, reg. $1.30

ALL FOR 98c

Mitts for Stooking Grain

Mule Skin, one finger and cuff 65c pr.

Mule Skin, one finger, good roomy cuff, good leather 75c

Horse Hide with one finger, good cuffs, a mitt that won't get hard, reasonably priced at 90c pr.

Work Gloves with cuff $1.00, without cuffs at all prices.

Peerless Overalls

For comfort and long wear, choose this brand.

Blue Denim, brace and bib overall, made roomy, have six pockets, two seamed legs which make the overall fit. These overalls were bought before the raise and we will pass the extra profit along to you. Price $2.00 pair.

Black overalls, same make as the blue denim at $2.00 pair.

Black Overshirts, made of heavy twilled black moleskin, has double cuffs, 2 pockets and watch pocket, the buttons are put on with rings so as to be easily removed for washing. This is an extra good overshirt. Price $2.75

Flannelette Blankets

Bought before the cotton market advanced, so we are in a position to give you good value. White with Pink and Blue Borders, Grey with White Borders, 12-4 with lovely soft finish. While this lot lasts $2.50 pair.

Grey Cotton

A medium weight suitable for all general uses. 36 in. wide, a smooth thread free from specks, will wash and laundry well. This cotton is priced 5c a yard below today's market. We will not raise our price while the lot lasts. Price 18c yard.

White Flannelette

With lovely soft finish, splendid for Children's Night Gowns, Pyjamas, Underwear, etc. 28 inches wide 20c

T. O. KEYES,

Phones 16 and 85, Winchester, Ont.