The Chesterville Record.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 50 — CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 18, 1928. — SINGLE COPIES 5c.

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SERVICE, to Us IMPLIES MUCH

Among the things that characterize our service are personal attention to every detail of the funeral arrangement, and little acts of thoughtfulness that serve to lessen the trying strain of the hours before and during the funeral. Quiet efficiency and smoothness are the result. That, we believe, is the kind of service that wins approval.

Calls to hospitals given prompt service.

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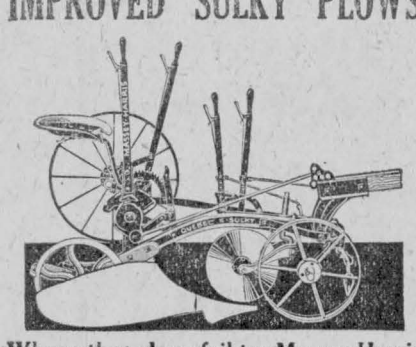
No School in Canada offers a better training, or ensures a more successful future. Henry's leads all others, and ranks among employers as "THE SCHOOL OF HIGHER EFFICIENCY"—a fact borne out by more than 600 pupils who have, since January, 1913, left other Ottawa schools to come to it.

Therefore, it is not surprising that business men, in advertising for stenographers, should specially say, "Graduates of Henry's School preferred."

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196 Sparks St.

MASSEY-HARRIS IMPROVED SULKY PLOWS



When other plows fail try Massey-Harris

1 Horse, 1200 lbs., 4 yrs. old.
1 Spreader.
2 Walking Plows.
1 Sulky Plow,
1 two furrow Plow,
1 Tractor Plow, 10-inch bottom,
1 Root Pulper.

Agent for Grenville Patrons Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
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Massey-Harris Machinery.
Louden Barn Equipment
CHESTERVILLE PHONE 72-J

Robbery Under Arms Attempted At Daily Cafe

A near tragedy was enacted in Chesterville Tuesday night about 11 o'clock when marauders attempting to enter Henry Fong's Chinese restaurant from the rear in the Kearns Block, fired a shot from a shot gun from close range which narrowly missed Fong and bored a large hole in the wood work of the kitchen. The shot was heard by several on the street and on learning what had taken place the block bounded by Main, King and Queen streets was immediately surrounded and an attempt made to round up the guilty party.

Frank Merkley, Jack Elliott and Charlie Morrell, standing on Main street opposite Flynns hotel, heard the shot and thinking some one had been shot started south when they saw two men emerge from between the buildings and run across the bridge. These are believed to be the ones wanted.

At the time of the attempted hold-up Fong was standing near the sink in his kitchen peeling potatoes when he heard a noise as if some one was coming in at the back door. He opened the inside door and passed out the screen door, holding it open while he warned the party to get away. He was told to stop his noise and the shot was fired, likely from about a .20 guage sawed-off shot gun, judging from the unburned wad which was picked up later. The shot was low passing through the open door way and entering the wood work of the sink about nine inches from the floor. going through the other side about six inches above the floor. When the holes were lined up it showed that whoever fired the shot must have stood inside the open shed about six feet from where Fong stood with the doors open. An electric light bulb had been removed from its socket in the shed to prevent Fong from getting a view of the intruder as he would switch the light on before opening the door.

Moore---McNeill

A very quiet marriagee was solemnized at the United Church manse, Kenmore, on the tenth day of October, when Jennie Isabelle, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McNeill of Metcalfe, was united in marriage to Matthew Porteous Moore, eldest son of Mr. Harry and the late Mrs. Moore of Vernon, by the Rev. J. H. Woodside.

The bride looked charming in new blue crepe faced satin with sand trimming, with blonde shoes and stockings to match.

After the ceremony the happy couple left for a trip through the States, going first to Madrid, N.Y., where a dainty supper was served by the bride's aunt, Mrs. A. B. Liscumb.

The bride travelled in black silk trimmed with old rose with rose biege coat, hat, stockings, shoes and purse to match.

On their return a reception was held at the home of the bride's father, where about 70 guests were present and signed the Bride's Book. Games and dancing were enjoyed by all until the small hours of the morning.

The bride and groom received many beautiful and useful gifts showing the high esteem in which they were held.

Mrs. A. B. Liscumb, Miss Florence Liscumb, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shoen and children accompanied them home.

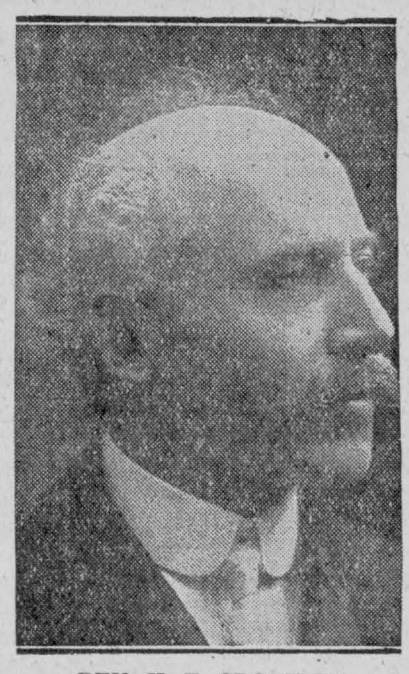
CHICKEN SUPPER WELL ATTENDED

The annual chicken supper in aid of the Presbyterian church attracted quite a good crowd Tuesday night when ample justice was done to well laden tables in the Town Hall. When all had been satisfied with the good things provided by the ladies of the church an adjournment was made to the church where a fine entertainment was provided, with Miss Smith of Hallville, elocutionist, delighting her audience in several fine numbers. An address was given by Rev. A. J. Fowlie of Kemptville, a solo by Mr. G. W. Brooks, duet by Miss Weegar and Mrs. Cross, two selections by a double mixed quartette and two by the Oddfellows' quartette all of which were well received.

FUNERAL UNDER MASONIC DIRECTION

Friday night last about 11 o'clock a highly esteemed resident of Williamsburg passed away after a lingering illness in the person of Mr. Charles F. Whitteker, survived by his widow, four sons and three daughters. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon in the Lutheran church at Williamsburg under the direction of the Masonic order when more than a hundred members of the fraternity paid their last respects to a departed brother. . Rev. Cronmiller preached a very comforting sermon to the bereaved ones after which burial was made in the Boucks Hill cemetery.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES



REV. H. T. CROSSLEY
At present conducting Evangelistic services in Chesterville United church.

BOUCKS HILL

Mrs. Pheobe Boals of Cornwall, is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Nathaniel Merkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Shaughnessy and son Fred of Massena, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Charles Marcellus.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Johnson of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. O P. Becker and Helen took tea at Mr Geo. Hill's on Friday evening.

Mr. Linden Barclay of Massena, spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. Preston Barclay.

Mr. Jack LaSalle of Ottawa, spent Sunday at Mr. Albert Utman's.

The sympathy of the community is extended to Mrs. Clifford Casselman in the death of her father, Mr. Chas. Whitteker, Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Festus Marcellus and son Lyle of Chestervillle, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Geo. Hill.

We are pleased to report Mrs. J. A. Barclay is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Steven Merkley and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington of Madrid, spent Thursday and Friday at Mr. T. C. Merkley's.

Hockey Club Elects Officers

If the enthusiasm at the annual meeting for the election of officers of the Chesterville Hockey Club held Monday evening is any indication of what is to follow during the coming season hockey is going to be at the peak in Chesterville this winter. The crowd present was not very large but the keenest interest was manifest i all details. With prospects bright for about the best team ever tak ice for Chesterville, there should be some rare old games before the sun gets on the other side of the fence after winter's snows.

The officers of last year were unanimously re-elected to the different offices with the addition of a vice-president, as follows:

President—Mr. O. L. King.
Vice-Pres.—Mr. Preston Elliott.
Sec. Treas.—Dr. E. B. Baker.
Manager—Mr. J. H Fulton.
Asst. Manager—Mr. W. A. McElroy.
Coach—Mr. W. O Dixon.
Representatives to League Meeting—Preston Elliott and W. A. McElroy.

Plans were laid for the presentation of a bang up minstrel show for a date before the middle of December and a big hockey tournament for the blow off of the hockey season just as soon as ice conditions will permit.

Sunday's Auto Mishaps

Two very serious automobile accidents happened in this district last Sunday afternoon when the traffic on all roads was particularly heavy.

On Highway No. 2, a short distance west of Woodlands, a traffic officer on a motor cycle proceeding west behind a car attempted to pass and was so blinded by the sun that he could not see well and pitched into a car coming from the west. His cycle was damaged considerably and the officer seriously cut and bruised about the legs. He was taken to a Cornwall hospital.

About half past four on Highway No. 31, about three miles south of Williamsburg, Clinton Beckstead, young son of Allan Beckstead, was the innocent cause of a serious head-on collision when two cars were badly smashed and four people more or less injured.

Grant Casselman, with his wife and child in a Pontiac, were going south, as young Beckstead appeared on a bicycle directly in his path as a Star sedan was coming from the opposite direction driven by Mr. A. C. Smith of 130 First Ave., Ottawa, along with whom were his wife and two children. Casselman swung to the left to save the boy and the two cars met. Both front ends were smashed as well as the steering gear of Casselman's car and the wind shields of both cars. The two Smith children were cut about the face when thrown against the seat in front of them and Mrs. Smith was cut by flying glass. Mrs. Casselman and her little boy suffered from shock and broken glass while Mr. Casselman received a heavy blow when the steering column was broken. All are reported to be progressing satisfactorily.

A motorist going south on Highway 31 turned onto No. 2 while going at a good rate, disregarding the stop sign, crashed into a Packard passing through Morrisburg during the afternoon.

Ye Olde Time Singing School Well Presented

The Auditorium of the United church was filled on Friday night last when "Ye Olde Time Singing School" was presented by a cast of thirty in costumes in vogue in the 19th century. Dame Plunkett, the teacher of the class was assisted by Squire Bellingham.

Mrs. P. G. Hewitt took the part of the Dame and won the hearts of the audience by her pleasing manner and Mr. O. L. King was a typical squire of "ye olden days." Mr. A. E. Bolster as Hadac Cornstock and Mr. P. S. Boyd as Jeremiah Green were delightfully funny while the by-play between Miss Anna Smith, as Betsy Martin, and Keith Graham, as Moses Simpkins, kept the audience convulsed with laughter.

Mr. Eric Casselman made a splendid "colored boy," assisting the singers with his violin and also playing a violin solo. The solo by Mrs. Geo. Merkley, as Prudence Pettijohn, and the duet by Mrs. Irwin Cross (Sylvia Nightingale) and Miss Gertrude Weegar as Nancy Jane Morris, were delightfully rendered.

Mr. Geo. Riddle received hearty applause for his solo, "I Love a Lassie."

Mr. A. E. Bolster and Mr. O. L. King were in their usual good form and their solos were much enjoyed. A mixed quartette and a male quartette were heartily applauded.

A number which is worthy of special mention was the duet by Doborah Hornbrook (Olive Casselman), and Josiah White (Rodney Hummel, who sang very sweetly, "Where Are You Going My Pretty Maid."

The choruses were sung with the charming melody and spirit, that made the songs of other days most attractive.

Miss Lillian Tate, as Cynthia Bigelow, presided at the piano and acted as accompanist throughout the evening.

A highly successful bazaar was held in aid of the Elma United church last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Barkley, when between $45 and $50 was realized.

YOUR GLASSES and YOUR EYES

From morning until evening the eyes are changing, seeing at distance and at near. This changing of fixation is not done without effort. The act of accomodation, as it is called, works so automatically and accurately and adjusts itself so readily to our needs that our attention is not conscious of it unless through over effort or exertion some discomfort is felt.

Glasses assist by relieving the strain and the natural periods of readjustment continue comfortably.

GEO. J. HUNT
DRUGGIST and R. OPTOMETRIST

CHESTERVILLE UNITED CHURCH

Rev. R. E. Newman, Pastor.
Sunday, October 21st, 1928.
Sunday School at 10.00 a.m.
Public Worship at 11.00 a.m.
Public Worship 7.30 p.m.
Evangelistic Services.

Girls' Work Secretary Gives Inspiring Address

Despite the inclement weather there was a large audience of women gathered in the Presbyterian church on Saturday afternoon to hear Miss Edith Sinclair, Dominion Girls' Work Secretary for the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The opening exercises were conducted by Miss Elliott, President of the WM.S., assisted by Mrs. James Riddle, President of the Brockville Presbyterial. Miss Gertrude Weegar officiated at the organ.

In addressing the gathering Miss Sinclair spoke on the scope of her work, and the place of the girl in the life of the Presbyterian Church today. Her theme was "Why be good and learn to do better?" She gave a threefold reason to this question saying that the Church, our Country and Christ wished it to be. She was listened to with wrapt attention. Miss Sinclair made an appeal for the Christian life, "For," she said, "Christianity is caught not talked."

The closing exercises were conducted by Mr. C. Ritchie-Bell, minister of the Church.

Refreshments were served at the close of the session.

Rex THEATRE Town Hall CHESTERVILLE

THURSDAY, OCT. 18

DOROTHY MACKAILL
JACK MULHALL
"Ladies' Night"
2-Reel Comedy
One Show—8.15.
ADULTS 35c CHILDREN 15c

SATURDAY, OCT. 20

Richard Barthelmess in 'The Patent Leather Kid'
Comedy
PARAMOUNT NEWS
Two Shows—7.15 and 9.15
ADULTS 50c. CHILDREN 25c.

John P. McCadden, Berwick

Widespread sorrow was occasioned by the death of John P. McCadden, which occurred at his residence at Berwick on October 13th, after many months' illness. The deceased was a man of a kindly, charitable disposition and his passing will be mourned by a host of sorrowing friends

He was a devout member of St. Mary's church, Crysler, where Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Leahy. Interment was made in St. Mary's cemetery.

He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, one daughter, Rose, and two sons, Hubert and Bernard, also his aged mother, Mrs. Ellen McCadden, one brother, James of Schumacher, Ont.

The pall bearers were Messrs. John Rutley, Dan Walsh, Ed. Hunt, Allan Kearns, Frank Galvin, and J. P. Ruddy.

Spiritual offerings were received from Mrs. John McCadden and family, Mrs. Ellen McCadden, John Beehler and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barkley, Mr. and Mrs. James Norton, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McCadden, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Donoghue, Mrs. Michael and Fred Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Servage, Wm. M. Grady, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Norton and family, W. J. Lynch and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Masterson, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ruddy, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. J. Lynch, Cassie Devanney, Mrs. Ed. Curran and family, Mike Coyne, Mrs. D. Allison, Elizabeth and J. P. Ruddy, Michael D. Grady, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Galvin, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Cain, E. B. Lynch and family, Kathleen Ruddy, Mr and Mrs. Chas. Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Donoghue, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. .Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Grady, Mr. and Mrs Nicholas Beehler, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Walsh, Mrs. John Murphy and family, Margaret A. Grady and brothers, Mrs. Wm. Lynch and Mike, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beehler, Margaret Grady and brothers, Mrs. Victor Beehler, Martin Ruddy, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kearns, Mr. and Mrs. John Manley, Jerry Kearns, Katherine Coyne, Ogdensburg; Chas. and Melia Beehler, Felix Beehler, Wm. Beehler and family, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Kirby, Katie and Annie Coyne, Montreal; Mrs. D. Malloy and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Plumb, Mrs. Maria Martin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Courville, Mrs. Mary A. Norton, Sr., Helen Beehler, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Kearns, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent McCadden, Mr. and Mrs. John Devanney, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Tom McCadden, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hunt, Martin Coyne, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Devanney, one High Mass by the McCadden Bros. and Mrs. Hickson of Ottawa.

DUNBAR

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 6th, the people of Dunbar and surrounding country were shocked and saddened by the fatal accident which occurred on the farm of Ernest Shane, which resulted in the death of Elburn Emerson Barkley, aged 14 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris J. Barkley.

The young man left his home in the morning in the best of spirits to lend a helping hand in the silo filling and, was anxious to assist where he could, as was shown by the act which resulted in his death. He left his loaded wagon to help Mr. Heveran, then all too quickly tried to clear the clogged pipes for Mr. Dillabough. Not being an experienced hand, he came in contact with the knives, the machine burst, and suddenly and sadly the young life had passed away before kind hands or doctor's care could be given.

The funeral service was held at the Lutheran church where services were conducted by the Rev. Cronmiller. A very impressive address was given from the text chosen from Deut.., 34th chapter, part of the 7th verse. The choir rendered appropriate music. Many floral tributes were received expressive of the deep sympathy for the bereaved. Interment was made in the Williamsburg cemtery.

Elburn was of a childlike, playful nature. always willing to do a favor and will be greatly missed in the community from which he has been called.

Besides his mother and father, he leaves four brothers, Cecil, Percy, Ernie and Ralph, also a sister, Dena.

Much sympathy has been expressed and is extended to the bereaved ones in their sad loss.

USES OF CHILDREN

Porcupine Advance—Children are often used to create sympathy with the officials of the law by erring women, and this plan works at least as as it should. On one occasion a woman appeared in a Timmins court with a small child in her arms. The child cried and sobbed almost continuously and there was something particularly touching about the way the mother appeared to try and quiet the baby. "Oh, my poor baby," the mother would fairly sob when the child cried. But it was no wonder the youngster wept. After the case was over, it was found that the baby's arms and legs were black and blue where the mother had been pinching her to make her cry.

SEVENTH AVENUE

Mrs. George Summers Passes Away.

Deep gloom was cast over this place when Mrs. George Summers passed away at her home on Thursday, Sept., 27th. The deceased, whose maiden name was Mary Holland. was born in Osnabrouck, January 9th, 1869. In 1889 she married George Summers and since that time has resided in Williamsburg and Osnabruck. She had been in failing health for over a year and was improving slowly until a short time before her death, when a change came, her death coming as a shock to all.

During the time of her illness she bore her sufferings uncomplainingly with Christian patience. All medical skill and worldly means failed to relieve her sufferings. She was given the most loving care but fond hopes and ardent wishes were of no avail. She was a loving wife and dear mother, and will be sorely missed in her home as well as by a wide circle of friends to whom she endeared herself by her cheerful disposition, and who deeply sympathize with the sorrowing family.

She leaves to mourn her loss a sorrowing husband, two sons, Foster and Irwin at home; three daughters, Mrs. John E. Bowman of Wales, Mrs. Willis Ulman of Crysler, and Mrs. Frank Rombough of this place, also five grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Henry Beckstead and Mrs. Ora Gallinger; three brothers, Thomas of Massena, Richard of Lisbon, N.Y.; and Archie of Grantley.

The funeral took place Sat., Sept., 29th, from the family residence to North Valley United church, where Rev. Mr Whitmore, of Newington, conducted the service, giving a very impressive sermon from the 14th chapter of St. John, 2nd verse, which was chosen at her request. The hymns were also chosen by the deceased: "Nearer, My God to Thee," "I am Thine O Lord," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," after which the remains were placed in the family plot in Pleasant Valley cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs. John Otto, Isaac Otto, John Alguire, James Flynn, Warner and George Campbell.

Friends from a distance were, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Gallinger, Massena, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Holland and Mrs. Almer Garry of Lisbon, N.Y.; Mr and Mrs. Samuel Summers, Mrs. George Bownell, Miss Lera Rombough, Cornwall; r. and Mrs. W. B. .Casselman. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Casselman and Mrs. Andrew Burt of East Williamsburg; Mr and Mrs. Adam Gainer, Winchester; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Summers, Aultsville.

Several floral tribuets were placed on the casket: Broken Circle, husband, Foster and Irwin; Wreath Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rombough, Mr. and Mrs. John E Bowman. Mr and Mrs. Willis Ulman; Sprays, Mr .and Mrs. Samuel Sunmmers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beckstead, Mrs. Ira Gallinger, Mr. Frank Roberts, Miss Lera Rombough, Rev. and Mrs. Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Holland; Cut Flowers, Mrs. Thos. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Gainer, Miss Ruth Beckstead.

Folded hands upon a breast,
Where no feverish pulses flutter,
speak of an unbroken rest
That no earthly tongue may utter.
Peace and rest at length have come,
Peace and rest so deep and vast;
Weary wanderer safe at home
Home at last.

Dangerous Gas Forms In New-Filled Silos

Silage when first run into the silo for some days gives off considerable quantities of carbon dioxide or carbonic acid gas. This colorless and odorless gas is heavier than air and forms a layer above the silage if there is no opening through which it can flow out. It kills by suffocating the person going into the silo, shutting off the supply of air and thus depriving the lungs and blood of the oxygen so essential to life. A lighted lantern let down into a silo containing fresh silage will go out if this heavy gas is present. Running the silage cutter will disturb this layer of gas and mix it with air.

Letting down a blanket or similar object with a small rope and swinging it vigorously will fan and mix the gas with air and render it harmless. These precautions should always be taken at silo filling time. There is much more danger with pit silos than the above ground type, for there are no doors to open at the level of the silage to let the gas out. After the normal silage fermentation has taken place there is seldom any danger, although as a precautionary measure it is always best to test the air in a silo that has not been used for some time before going down into it.

THE LIMIT IN THEFT

The men had gathered together for their midday meal. Presently one of them remembered he had left his pipe in his coat, and went to fetch it. While he was away, another man took the absentee's can of weh-milked tea, and put in its place his own can of black, milkless fluid. Soon the victim of the joke returned and went on with his meal. He raised the tea-can to his lips, then held it away again, and stared. "Well," he exclaimed, "I've heard o' clever thievin' in my time, but to steal the milk out of a man's tea is surely the limit!"

Field Day At Finch

The Finch High School held their annual field day on Thursday, Oct. 4, on the school grounds. A large number of those interested in the athletic prowess of the students were present as spectators.

Boys' Events.

Jr. 100 yds. Dash—1, John Hoople, 2, Edwin Pollock; 3, Albert Nichols.

Sr. 100 yds. Dash—1, Will Foley; 2, Jack MacIntyre; 3, Willie Sanderson.

Jr. Relay Race, Form II, winners—Jack McIntyre, Edwin Pollock, Lucien Legault.

Sr. Relay Race, Form IV, winners—Donald Casselman, Douglas Warner, Jas. Campbell, Allan McDougall.

Jr. Shot Put—1, Ross Nephew; 2, Cameron MacIntosh; 3, Edwin Pollock.

Sr. Shot Put—1, Will Foley; 2 Willie Sanderson; 3, Allan McDougall.

Jr. High Jump—1, Ross Nephew; 2, Cameron McIntosh; 3, Ewin Pollock.

Sr. High Jump—1, Willie Sanderson; 2, Will Foley; 3, Allan McDougall.

Jr. 440 yds. Dash—1, Albert Nichols; 2, Elwin Pollock; 3, Carmeron MacIntosh.

Sr. 440 yds. Dash—1, Will Foley; 2, Willie Sanderson.

Jr. Running Broad Jump—1, John Hoople; 2, John McQueen; 3, Cameron MacIntosh.

Sr Running Broad Jump—1, Will Foley; 2, Willie Sanderson; 3, John Hoople.

Jr. Pole Vault—1, John Hoople; 2, Cameron MacIntosh; 3, Jask Armstrong.

Sr. Pole Vault—1, Will Foley; 2, Jack MacIntyre; 3, John Hoople.

Tug of War, Form II vs. Form III winners, Form III.

Bran Sack Race, Form —1, Milton Pollock; 2, Ernest Waldroff; 3, Gerald Casselman.

Girls' Events.

Basketball Throw—1, Irene Millington; 2, Jean Ouderkirk; 3, Esther Cameron.

Tug-of-war, Lower School vs. Middle School, winners, Middle School.

Sponge Ball Contest—1, Jennie MacIntosh and Winnifred Blair; 2, Katharine MacLeod and Eileen Campbell; 3, Eileen Smith and Verna Nephew.

Sr. High Jump—1, Edna Nephew; 2, Beatrice Raymond; 3, Katharine MacLeod.

Jr. High Jump—1, Eileen MacLean; 2, Irene Millington; 3, Eileen McElheran.

Sr. Running Broad Jump—1, Edna Nephew; 2, Beatrice Raymond3, Jennie MacIntosh.

Jr. Running Broad Jump—1, Irene Millington; 2, Eileen MacLean; 3, Helen Rombough.

Sr. 100 yds. Dash — 1, Edna Nephew; 2, Norma MacLeod; 3, Beatrice Raymond.

Jr. 100 yds. Dash—1, Eileen Smith; 2, Irene Millington; 3, Jean Ouderkirk.

Potato Race—1, Beatrice Raymond; 2, Edna Nephew; 3, Winnifred Blair.

Nail-driving Contest — 1, Gladys Beehler; 2, Edna Nephew; 3, Bernice Curran.

A soft ball game was played between two girls' teams from the school, the captains of the teams being Norma McLeod and Edna Nephew. The score was 5-0 in favor of Edna Nephew's team.

The Sr. General Proficiency prize for the Girls was won by Edna Nephew.

Th Jr. Gnral Proficiency prize for girls, won by Irene Millington.

The Sr. eGneral Proficiency prize for boys won by Will Foley.

The Jr. General Proficiency prize for boys won by John Hoople.

The prizes were donated by the County supporters.

Well-Schooled.

From a letter written by a young girl student: "I am sure having a busy time. I am going to Sunday school, dancing school, writing school, and school."

Must Have Been.

Magistrate: "Whatever could you have been thinking of to steal all those sheep?"

Accused: "I dunno, your worship. I must ha' been wool-gathering."

A Damp Doom.

"According to a naturalist," says a London paper, "there is a fish that washes its young." But how in the world are the little ones dried?

Prosecuting Attorney—Your Honor, the sheriff's bull pup has gone and chewed up the court Bible.

Judge—Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup then. We can't adjourn for a week to hunt up a new Bible.

HOASIC

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Colquhoun and family spent Sunday at Avonmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Durham Wells, Madge and Graham, Mrs. Helen Lane and Mrs. Jesse I. Casselman, spent Sunday at Massena, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. Lane at the "Rivrside Inn."

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Marcellus spent Sunday at Mr. Melvin Casselman's, Riverside.

Mrs. Frank Wells is spending some time at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Loucks, at Rochester, N. Y. We were very sorry to learn of Mrs. Louck's illness having undergone an operation at the hospital on Monday last, but latest word is that she is doing as well as can be expected.

Dr. P. Q. Mulloy of Morrisburg, and brother, Mr. David Mulloy of Inkerman, took dinner at the home of Mr. Durham Wells on Saturday.

We are very sorry to learn that Mr. Silas Swerdfeger, one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens, is at time of writing quite poorly at his home here. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Miss Eileen O'Shaughnessy of the State Hospital, Ogdensburg, spent last week end at her home here, Mr. Cephrenus O'Shaughnessy's.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown and sons William and Donald, were in Morrisburg one day last week.

Miss Margaret Alguire is visiting her aunt at Chesterville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wells were in Ottawa on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Frank Wells and daughters were in Cornwall on Saturday.

Mr. Fred Wells spent Monday at Cornwall.

A large number of friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shaughnessy on Friday night in honor of their daughter, Gladys, whose marriage takes place on Wednesday 17th. The following address was read by Miss Winnie McLean: Dear Gladys, the news has come over the wire that you are about to take a journey on the sea of matrimony. Many of us have spent happy days together in Hoasic and hav known and loved you since children. Your new home will not be far away and we trust you will find time to continue our old friendships. We felt we could not let this opportunity pass without acknowledging it. We wish you a long and happy voyage, may you have health and wealth and unfailing faith in eacn other and may your youthful ambitions all be realized, this is the wish of your many friends who are present this evening. Signed on behalf of your friends and neighbors: Miss Maud Gow, Miss Maud O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Roy Herriman.

Mrs. George Wells and son Ernest of Aultsville, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Carr and little Doris of Grantley, were callers at Mr. D. Wells' one day last week.

Mr. Bowman, optician, of Watertown, passed through here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hess and Mr. Wm. Hess spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. David Seeley, of Rowena.

CALGARY'S CAMP HAS RECORD YEAR

Calgary's "Sunshine Automobile Camp" has enjoyed a record season, according to the report forwarded to the touring department of the Motor League. Up to the end of September the eleven cabins had been occupied every night.

The largest number of cars in the camp any one night was 1,121, on the Wednesday night of the stampede. There were 350 cars there on the record night outside of the Stampede period.

Many of the cars in the camp during the latter part of the season were the cars of U.S. farmers who intended to settle permanently in Alberta.

FOOD FAKERS SENTENCED TO DOSE OF OWN MEDICINE

In a speech delivered in the radio studio of the University of Wisconsin, in which he discussed the production of foodstuffs and distribution of the same, Dr. H. A. Schuette, of the Department of Chemistry, quoted the following extracts from German law in 1481, with regard to adulteration of foodstuffs:

"Any man or woman who sells watered milk shall have a funnel thrust into his or her neck and be compelled to drink so much of the watered milk as in the judgment of the surgeon can be borne without danger to life.

"Or, any man or woman who sells butter mixed with bets, stones, or other objects with the object of increasing weight, shall be arrested and put in pillory. Then the butter shall be placed upon his or her head and there remain until it shall have been melted by the heat of the sun. The dogs shall be allowed to lick them and the people may scold them with any words it pleases them, provided that neither God, king, nor any person be thereby libelled. If the weather is cold, a fire shall be built in front of the guilty one."

Fish, Flesh, or Pie.

Mrs. Newlywed (indignantly): "I've told you to keep out of the kitchen, Dick. Now see wha. you've done—knocked down my cookery book and lost my page, and I haven't the faintest idea what I was cooking!"

FIRE INSURANCE

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WINDSTORM AND TORNADO

MOTOR VEHICLES—LOW RATES ON NEW IMPROVED PLAN

PHONE 67—R—26

James Clement, Agent, Chesterville



Great German Airship Reaches United States

Completing a journey of some 6,500 miles which kept its occupants in the air for more than 111 hours the silver German dirigible Graf Zeppelin dropped down on to American soil at Lakehurst, N.J., Monday evening.

For three days crowds had been waiting at the air station to witness the arrival of the greatest airship afloat, but all but 5,000 or so had given up the vigil when the ship arrived.

Those few thousand, however, were so eager to see the airship that they broke through police lines and fought for the opportunity to touch the dirigible or at least get close enough to shout greetings to passengers and crew.

The Graf Zeppelin appeared first as a faint smudge low above the northern horizon. Slowly, as daylight began to fail, it took definite form although its metalled coat remained dim grey in the dusk. The Graf Zeppelin seemed to swell as it approached until it blotted out half the sky.

It showed no lights in the deepening gloaming and its idling engines were inaudible until it was practically above the field. It had the appearance of some celestial body of remarkable and mysterious majesty.

As day turned into night the mammoth ship glided low over the trees that fringe the air station and dipped toward the flying field and the waiting crowd. A turn of the ship brought a lighted cabin window into view, strikingly bright against the gray sky across which the airship slipped like an animate shadow.

As the ship dipped earthward the crowd below raised a wild shout of greeting and observers saw someone aboard wave from the yellow window. Many said they could see it was a woman, and if they were right it was Lady Drummond Hay, a British journalist and the only woman on board.

From the top of a tower near the fields edge a light winked the information to Dr. Hugo Eckner, the pilot, that the ground wind was from the west and of negligible force, and the great ship suddenly gave its engines full throttle to dive down to a position near the mooring mast.

The roar of the five 550 horsepower engines seemed to make the air vibrate and the sliding ship in a moment became a gray arrow shooting through the darkness.

Contrary to expectation the ship was not moored at the mast, ropes being dropped to a landing crew of 500 sailors who drew the ship gently to the ground. As customs agents boarded the ship, as they do any docking Atlantic liner, the crowds enthusiasm boiled over and police lines melted before rush. There were scuffles and rough and tumble encounters in plenty before order was restored.

After German and United States officials had at last forged their way through the throng to voice congratulations through the ship's windows as the ground crew held the ship steady, the Graf Zeppelin was walked slowly toward the hangar. Its progress was ordered stopped just outside and there it rested, its nose almost touching that of the Los Angeles, which was crowded against the south wall of the hangar with two navy blimps tucked under its stern to make room for the aerial Leviathan.

Dr. Eckner and Lieut. Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, commander of the Los Angeles and a guest on the Atlantic trip of the Graf Zeppelin, climbed from the control cabin and hurried to the offices of Captain E. S. Jackson, post commandant. After a short time they returned and climbed back into the Graf Zeppelin's cabin.

Passengers Taken Off.

A solid line of marines was thrown about the ship to keep all from getting too close and no one was allowed to go in or out of the dirigible as a consultation was held whether to berth the ship in he hangar or take her back to the mooring mast until daylight.

Because of a 12-mile wind across the hangar it was decided at last to berth the ship for the night. The passengers were taken out and escorted under guard to the hangar and the dirigible was taken to the stub mast close to the high mooring tower where it was attached to swing gently through the dark hours.

A few reporters managed to get on the ship with the 12 customs men but they were all discovered and ordered out. Brief words were had with a few of the passengers but they consisted almost entirely of generalities, assertions that everyone had had a "fine time," and denials that anyone had suffered from air sickness.

To Avoid Disaster.

Great care was taken to avoid any possibility of disaster through explosion of the highly inflammable hydrogen lifting gas stored in the 3,700,000 cubic foot bag of the Graf Zeppelin. As soon as the dirigible was brought near the hangar smoking was forbidden anywhere in the building, even in the secluded press room on the mezzanine floor where some 200 men and women were grinding out ther accounts and impressions of the airship. When the ship was taken out to the stub-mast the smoking rule was lifted in the rooms off the main hangar, though still remaining in force there and out on the flying field.

When the dirigible dropped out of the skies observers on the ground could plainly see the damaged fin which caused much anxiety ashore two days ago when Commander Rosendahl requested asking that ships stand by in case the damage should prove serious. The fabric was torn from the underside of the fin so that the framework could be seen. Before the ship landed new fabric had been prepared in the hangar for recovering the fin.

For more than two hours the passengers were held in a hot and crowded room temporarily converted into a United States customs office, while perspiring customs men struggled to get their declarations and clear their baggage.

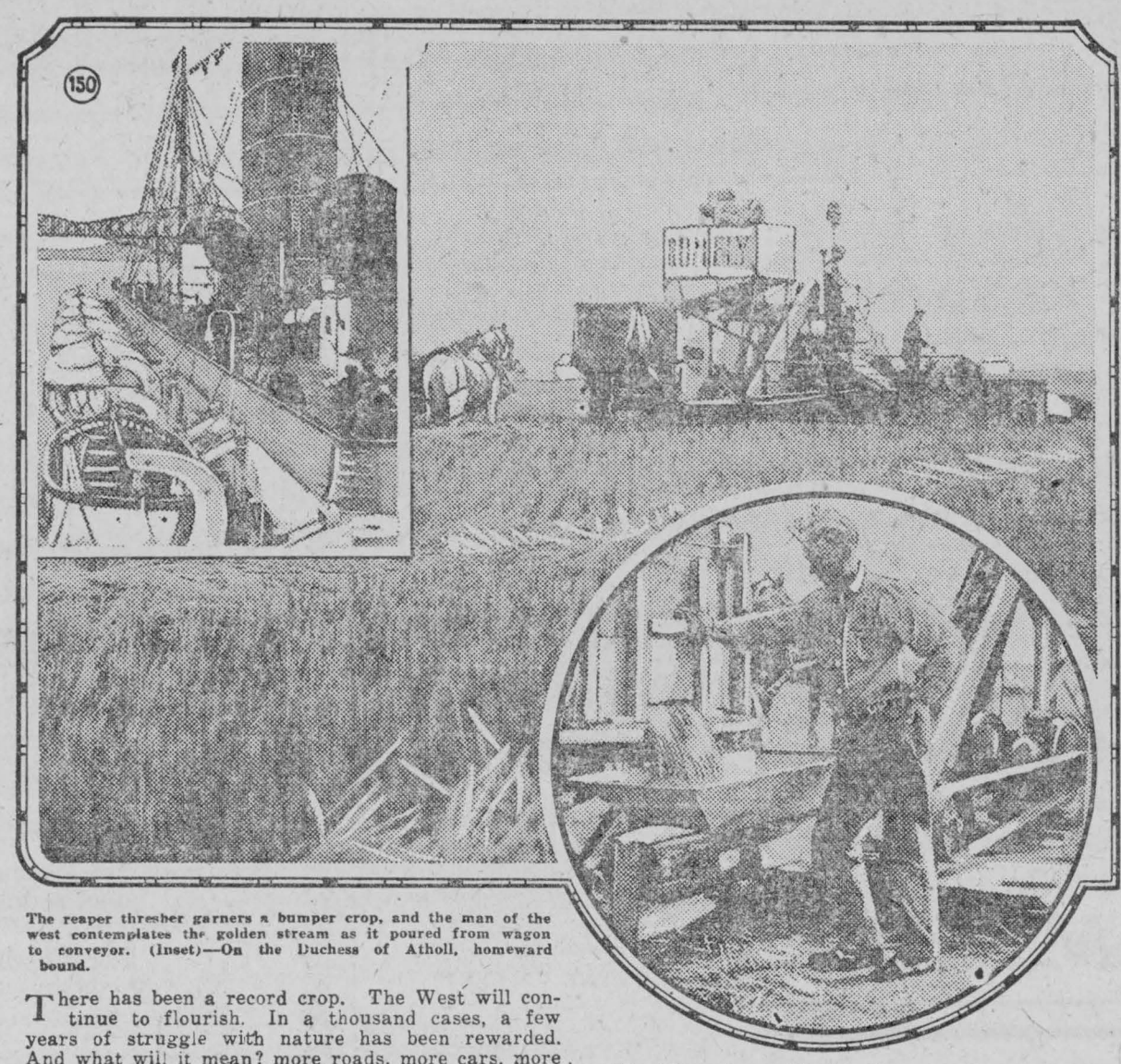
Some of the passengers left for New York by automobile after the customs inspection. Some stopped in Lakewood for the night.

Dr. Eckner in his talk to the reporters told of the mid-ocean repairs to the port fin of the airship when a storm ripped off the fabric. He revealed that his own son was among the men who climbed to a perilious position atop the big bag and repaired the damaged fin so that the ship could proceed through at reduced speed.

Silent Eight Days.

Commander Rosendahl spoke next and expressed the opinion that although the trip was a success, the air ships ultimately used for commercial trans-Atlantic trips would be much larger. He mentioned the fact that he, like the other passengers, had been required to sign an agreement not to tell of what happened on the flight for eight days after the ship landed. That the passengers must sign such an agreement, he said, was in a contract between the Zeppelin Company and an American news agency which purchased the news rights of the flight.

THE YEAR OF HOMEGOING.



The reaper thresher garners a bumper crop, and the man of the west contemplates the golden stream as it poured from wagon to conveyor. (Inset)—On the Duchess of Atholl, homeward bound.

There has been a record crop. The West will continue to flourish. In a thousand cases, a few years of struggle with nature has been rewarded. And what will it mean? more roads, more cars, more machinery, more streets and stores and homes and radios. A brisker trade, more industrial activity in the east, more shipping and more car loadings per mile. More wheels turning all over the country.

But the man whose labours by the favour of Providence has been mainly responsible for all this. His threshing done, he has time now to think of other things than wheat and rain and frost and sun and harvesters, and the rail and steamship companies are anticipating his thought. In a few weeks now, there will be a feverish packing of bags, a collecting of the children, a donning of new hats and shoes and a rush for the trains.

This, say the transportation officials will be the year of the home-going. The English, the Jersey Islanders, the Scotch and the Irish and the Continentals too. The Canadian Pacific officials foresee so great a trek, that they have already planned many special trains out of the West, and many steamship sailings which will facilitate the movement and ensure Christmas and New Year's with the old folk and an inexpensive journey in comfort and luxury.

The Minnedosa will give the more fortunate ones a sailing from Montreal on November 28 for Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool. On the seventh of December the Metagama and Montclare will sail from Saint John, one for Cherbourg, Southampton and Antwerp and the other for the Liverpool run. The Melita, sailing on the fourteenth, will stop en route at St. Helier with a large number of home-going Channel Islanders and the Duchess of Atholl sailing on the fifteenth will take the last of those going home for Christmas via Glasgow or Liverpool. The sailing of the Montroyal on the twenty-first is for those to whom New Year's means more.

Just to illlustrate to what great extent a good western crop effects industry; one printing establishment was kept busier than usual for some time printing an extra order of Canadian Pacific travellers cheques and money orders. These will, an official said, be sent or carried by homegoers to practically every quarter of the civilized world. Whatever the world crop conditions may be, the Canadian crop will be appreciated almost wherever men eat bread.

The Proper Method Of Planting Bulbs

Now that the time to plant Spring flowering bulbs is here, the quicker they are planted and roots are formed the better will be the success with them. Beds and borders should now be carefully forked over to receive the bulbs, and if necessary rotted stable manure be worked in. In the case of daffodils, however, little manure should be used, as often in contact with it they will rot. As bulbs will not endure in cold, wet soils, only those which are well drained should be utilized. The best soil is a fairly light and porous one for practically all kinds.

The best bulbs are those which are solid and heavy of an average to large size. Extremely large ones may be soft and comparatively light in weight, and it is not always well to secure these. Bulbs of an average size usually give uniform and splendid results.

The manner in which your garden is laid out will determine the style of planting to be adopted. Where beds pertain the bulbs will be planted formally in lines, but where borders filled with masses of shrubs or of perennials are concerned the bulbs should likewise be planted in masses. In wild garden or woodland also masses of bulbs may be planted. The aim here should be to make the plantings as naturalistic as possible.

Depth to Plant.

No matter what the size of the bulb to be planted, the following depths and distances apart at which to plant will be found satisfactory:

Crocus and snowdrops, two inches deep, two inches apart.

Scilla, three inches deep, three inches apart.

Jonquils, three inches deep, five inches apart.

Hyacinths, three inches deep, six inches apart.

Narcissi (daffodis), four deep, six apart.

Tulips, four deep, five apart.

Lillies, five or six deep, twelve apart.

The depth given is that of the soil above the bulbs; thus if a hyacinth is two inches in vertical diameter and the crown is covered with three inches of soil, the base of the bulb would be five inches deep. Abnormally large bulbs of any kind may be set a little deeper than the average; that is, the base should be a little deeper, but the covering of the soil above the crowns should be that forementioned. Darwin and Breeder tulips may safely be planted deeper, especially where intended to be permanent. Covered with five to seven inches of soil they will endure and grow vigorously.

Hunting Is An Autumn Attraction In Canada

Within every one of us there is something which thrills to the thought of a holiday spent in the great open spaces with the scent of pine and the freedow from the artificialities of modern life. It is possibly inherited from our pioneer ancestors, but nevertheless, the urge to get back to nature for even a short time is exceedingly great. The gratification of such desires is possible at every season of the year in Canada. Winter, summer, spring, and autumn all provide opportunities for the enjoyment of recreative sport which in the light of present-day knowledge is so necessary to the well-being of the modern man and woman.

At this time of the year when the 'feel' of frost is in the air and the trees are taking on their autumnal tints, the out-of-doors seem to have an even stronger appeal. To the sportsman and hunter the lure is compelling and sons of Nimrod in thousands go trekking through the forest and lakeland areas of the Dominion in search of the lordly moose and the nimble deer. The hunting season in Canada is ushered in early in September and for several months the rigid protection provided the feathered and furred denizens of our vast hinterland is somewhat lessened.

In the wilderness areas of Canada which lie just beyond the settled portions of the provinces, the remnants of the wild life of the continent have taken refuge. Wise game laws and the co-operation of sportsmen and hunters are helping to conserve our wild life resources. National parks and forest reserves by providing sanctuary for the wild life, are also aiding in this work, and the future of hunting in Canada for many years to come seems assured.

Generally through the Dominion, moose, deer, and bear may be hunted at varying periods between the first of September and the middl of December, while open seasons for caribou occur in Ontario, the Prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and British Columbia. Ducks, geese, rails, brant, woodcock, and Wilson's snipe may be shot within certain periods, there being a slight variation in different parts of the Dominion. In general wild life matters are a responsibility of the provinces and the regulation of the taking of game animals is controlled by provincial law. Changes occur in the game laws from time to time as conditions require them and prospective hunters, in order that they may be furnished with the latest regulations, should communicate with the chief game official of the province in which they intend to hunt before starting out for their trip. The shooting of migratory game birds is regulated by the Migratory Birds Convention Act, which is based on the treaty entered into for the protection of water fowl and other valuable species of birds migrating north and south across Canada and the United States. Copies of the regulations under this Act may be obtained from the Commissioner of National Parks, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or from any of the provincial chief game officers.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The fifth regular meeting of the Chesterville Peptimists was held in Room "A" on Oct. 12. The Secretary passed the membership buttons, after which the minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

The programme was on "Fire Prevention," in accordance with our observation of Fire Prevention Week. The Director gave us a talk on this subject, using the booklets, "Do You Know?" which were sent out by the Department.

The mite-box donations were 41c.

The meeting closed at 4 o'clock by singing the National Anthem.

Lillian Shaver, Reporter.

"What time does the next train pull in here and how long does it stay?" "From two to two to two-two." "Goodness, are you the whistle?"

Getting Even.

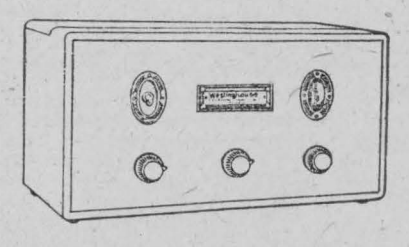
Judge—"Haven't I seen you before somewhere?"

Defendant—"Surely; I taught your daughter singing lessons."

Judge—"Fifty years."

Here it is!

The Radio Youll be Proud to Own



Compact Model $82.50

Westinghouse

Six-tube Compact Model

YOU will be conscious of pride of ownership when you own a Westinghouse Radio Receiver. Sensitive—powerful—perfect tone quality. No need to fear comparison with any other set in the world.

You will have true-to-life tone reproduction—ease of bringing in distant stations—economy of operation with full 6-tube power—year 'round reception—selectivity—volume—and the knowledge that you have an instrument which embodies the latest improvements in Radio.



Westinghouse Cone Speaker $39.50

Come in and let us give you a demonstration to-day.

AUTHORIZED WESTINGHOUSE DEALERS

For Batteryless, Battery and the full line of Radiola Models, $82.50 to $395.00. BC 5

LASALLE BROS.
Queen St. Chesterville

WHEN YOU BUY A WESTINGHOUSE YOU OWN THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED RADIO

Ladies' Fall Coats

Our stock of Fall and Winter Coats is now open for your inspection.

Dress Materials

In Dress materials we ar showing a wide range

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
FALL AND WINTER HATS, SHOES AND HOSIERY

Men's Suitings

In Men's Suitings our stock is the largest we have shown in piece goods and made-to-measure samples, by the best makers in Canada.

Spring and Fall Overcoats. Raincoats
Sweaters Underwear Hosiery

Men's Work Shoes

We are still offering the Williams Shoe with Panco Bottom which makes an ideal Fall shoe. Crll and inspect them.

Telephone 62

H. J. McMAHON

To Owners of Dominion of Canada 5% Refunding Loan Bonds

Maturing Oct. 15th, 1928

Dominion of Canada 5% Refunding Loan Bonds maturing October 15th will be redeemed at any Branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia.

Bonds may be presented on or before October 15th, and payment will be made as instructed by the owner, either in currency, by cheque or by credit to the owner's account.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

PLAN FOR THE FUTURE

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

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

Special plans for children under ten years of age.

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

Information gladly given on the various plans.

Phones—Office 34J : Residence 34W

E. B. LYNCH, Agent, CHESTERVILLE

Grantley Store

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR EGGS, CASH OR TRADE

Fresh Groceries Always on Hand

GOOD BREAD.....35c PER PAN

THRESHING SEPARATORS

Two Moody threshing Separators with blowers and baggers.
One Sawyer-Massey Separator with carriers.

Beatty Goods
Washers, Wringers and all Stable Equipment

Agent for McCormick-Deering Machinery

1 Good Steel Truck now on hand good as new.
2 Good Second Hand Mowers and 1 Horse Rake on hand. Also New Ones
If you are thinking of Spreaders, look at a McCormick and see the good points and convince yourself which is the best buy for your money.
If you need anything in thls line telephone with reverse charges.

Charles McMillan - Telephone 57 R 23

Berwick Wo's. Institute

The Berwick Branch of the Women's Institute held their annual "Grandmother's Day" on Thursday, Oct. 11th, at the home of Mrs. Chas.Grey. There were twenty grandmothers present, six of those being great-grandmothers and one great-great-grandmother.

After the business part of the meeting the address of welcome was given by Mrs. Chas. Thompson and was replied to by Mrs. S. Hutt, a great-grandmother.

Prizes were then given to the oldest youngest and the grandmother with most children. The oldest grandmother, Mrs. R. McMonagle, was presented with a box of chocolates, the youngest was Mrs. Geo. Walker, and the grandmother with most children was Mrs. Jim Ouderkirk.

A quartette was then sung by the Riverside grandmothers, Mrs. W. McIntosh, Mrs. K. Foster, Mrs. R. Bogart and Mrs. W. Whittaker. A reading was given by Miss Sadie Galvin, entitled "Grandmother's Day," which was very appropriate for the occasion. A solo was sung by Mrs. A. Henry. A reading was then given by Mrs. W. Dillabough. Mrs S. Hutt sang a solo in her usual pleasing way and the meeting closed by singing the National Anthem.

The grandmothers had a real, old fashioned visit, while the ladies served a very elaborate lunch to all present. The next meting to be held at the home of Mrs. W. McIntosh.

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PAYNE VALLEY

Mrs. Will Meldrum and daughters, Georgina and Miss Goldie Meldrum were calling at Mr. Albert Mattice's one day last week.

Miss Goldie Meldrum of Berwick, spent last week with her cousin here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eligh and Miss Clara Garlough were out to Aultsville on Thursday.

Mrs. Sugden of Montreal, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Donald McIntyre and Mrs. Charlie Hollister.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eligh and Miss Clara Garlough spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Saddlemire, Glen Becker. Mr. and Mrs. Cepherenus O'Shaughnessy and son Grant accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Meldrum and daughter Darlene spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Dingwall, Humes Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Maloley and family of Chesterville, were calling in our Valley on Sunday.

Miss Muriel Mattice spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Georgina Meldrum.

Married—Miss Ileen McIntosh of Payne Valley, to Mr. Frank Hough of Avonmore, on Saturday, Oct. 13th.

o

YOUNG BRITISH AVIATOR ATTEMPTS OCEAN FLIGHT

At, 8.30 last night Commander H. C. MacDonald in his Gypsy Moth plane had been gone more than seven hours from Harbor Grace, Nfld., and it became apparent that the young British flier was making an attempt to cross the Atlantic.

When MacDonald took off from the airport in his midget plane, some of his friends said that he planned a five-hour flight only, despite the fact that the plane carried enough fuel for 20 hours flying.

McDonald's mechanic last night had flares ready in the event the Moth was forced to return. It was raining heavy and the flying field was in poor condition for a landing.

The plane rose easily from the field, circled a few moments and then turned eastward.

MacDonald had been in Newfoundland since September 26 testing his ship and awaiting favorable conditions for a flight to Britain, but the weather had been bad. Yesterday, however, the meteorological reports showed no serious storm areas over the ocean and indicated that a plane would be favored by following winds that might reach a velocity of 20 miles an hour, a distinct aid to so tiny a traveller as the Gypsy Moth.

Aviators thrilled to the news tha MacDonald had hopped from Newfoundland on a trans-Aatlantic flight in a tiny Moth airplane. Because of the size of his machine, and his own limited flying experience, the attempt was hailed as probably the most intrepid air exploit ever undertaken.

o

ADVERTISE TO-DAY—
SELL MORE TO-MORROW

FULTON BROS.

The Store of Quality
But not of High Price

McINTOSH APPLES

We have some real nice ones in bushel baskets at $2.50 and $2.75 per basket.

China Dinnerware Glassware

A large shipment of new goods just being unpacked

Redpath's Sugar

A Carload just in. Fine and medium

Per 100 $6.35

ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS

A real good Bulb, 40 or 60 Watt Each 25c

MAZDA FROSTED 60 Watt, each 35c

SPECIAL

Westinghouse Mazda Lamps 25 watts, each 25c

FUSE PLUGS—10, 20 & 30 Amperes

Radio Batteries

Get your Radio equipped with EVEREADY B BATTERIES. We are well stocked with them in all sizes and prices are lower this year. Also A & C Batteries in stock.

Regular COLUMBIA No. 6 Each 50c

MAPLE LEAF No. 6 For Radio or Engine, Each..... 40c

Regular RADIO A— For Radio only, No. 7111, Each..... 60c

All our Batteries Fresh and test full.

Flower Pots

Buy them now, while our stock is complete with all sizes in Flower and Fern Pots, Prices each—

FLOWER POTS Each..... 07c, 10c, 15c, 25c

FERN POTS Each..... 18c, 23c, 40, 45c

Coleman Gasoline Lamps

Complete with 2 Mantles, Pump, Etc., Each..... $10.00

Also we sell the Mantles, Generators, Pumps, Shades and Repairs.

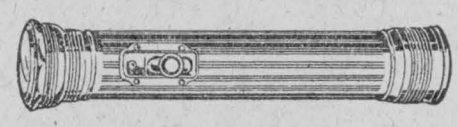
Ready Roofing

1, 2 & 3 Ply Roofing. Also the Gravel Coated in Green Color, extra quality. Per roll..... $3.50

Putty and Glass

We have a complete stock of all sizes in Glass and an extra good quality of Pure Linseed Putty for putting in your glass with.

Eveready Flashlights and Batteries



BATTERIES, Small or Large 15c

BULBS, Each 15c

Buy your Batteries here and they will always be fresh.

Empty Barrels

We have a lot of Good BARRELS for Apples, First Come, First Served, Each 20c

FREE ! FREE !

One WEBSTER DICTIONARY with Leather Cover—380 pages —with each purchase of a $2.00 14k Gold Nib Fountain Pen, For..... $1.50

GROCERIES

Canned Salmon

CHUM Large Tin 15c

PINK Large Tin 20c

FANCY RED Large Tin 29c

CLOVERLEAF Small Tin 25c

PEARL WHITE SOAP 10 Bars 39c

CORN FLAKES, JERSEY, 3 for 25c

CAMPBELL'S SOUPS Any flavor, 2 tins.... 25c

FANCY BISCUITS, Jams or Plain, 2 lbs. 25c

Pork and Beans

CLARK'S, Large 22c

CLARK'S Squat, 2 for 25c

LIBBY'S Large..... 19c

BEN'S BEANS 2's, Each 10c

COMFORT SOAP 10 Bars for 49c

CORN, PEAS & TOMATOES, 2 tins 25c

McLAREN'S JELLY POWDERS, 4 pkgs.... 25c

DAD'S OATMEAL COOKIES, Per lb. 30c

FULTON BROS.

CHESTERVILLE, ONT.

FOR SALE

Sow and 8 pigs four weeks old, and 12 pigs six weeks old. Apply Fred Reveler, Cannamore. 52

FOR SALE

Four young springers that will freshen in December, at $90.00 each. We also have 100 Pure Bred Barred Rocks and S. C. White Leghorn Pullets hatched in May, at $1.00 each, and 11 shoats, 3 months old, at $5.00 each. Apply to Ball Bros., Spruce Grove., Phone 70 r 13, Chesterville. 50

COUNTIES COUNCIL

The October Session of the Council of the Municipal Corporation of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas & Glengarry will meet at Council Chambers in the Court House, Cornwall, on Monday the Twenty-second day of October, A.D., 1928, at Eight o'clock, P.M., pursuant to adjournment June Session.—A. K. MacMillan, Counties' Clerk.
Cornwall, Ont., Oct. 5th, 1928. 50

WANTED

We are buyers of Live Poultry, Chickens, Old Fowls, Ducks, etc., Newlaid Eggs, Dairy Butter, Lambs and Dressed Hogs. Write for prices. Gunn, Langlois & Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que. 4

FARM FOR RENT

Fifty Acres, more or less, with good buildings and orchard. For further particulars apply to Vincent Coyne, Chesterville. 50

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association of Dundas County will be held at Morrisburg, on Wednesday, October 24th, for the election of officers and other general business at 2.30 in the afternoon and an informal banquet will be held in the evening, principal speakers, Hon. Forbes Godfrey, M.D., Minister of Health for Ontario, and Mr A. C. Casselman, M.P.
Geo. H. Challies, President. Ralph J. Thompson, Secretary 50

AUCTION SALE

of

FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS & FEED

The undersigned, who is giving up farming, will sell by Public Auction, without reserve, on the premises, W. Half Lot 24, Con. 6, Winchester Twp.,

3 Miles N. E. of Chesterville

on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1928
Beginning at 1 o'Clock, p.m., Sharp:

General Purpose Mare with foal by her side, Driving Horse, Work Team, 15 High Grade Holstein Milch Cows, 8 Heifers rising two years, 4 Spring Calves, Brood Sow with 14 pigs 1 mo. old, About 50 Hens, M-H Binder, Deering Mower, Deering 13-disc Drill, Deering Drum Hay Loader, Springtooth Cultivator, Harrow, Disc Cultivator, Steel Truck Wagon, Milk Wagon, Rubber Tire Buggy, Set 3-beam Sleighs, Cutter, Milk Sleigh, Buggy Pole, Moody Grain Separator, Chatham Fanning Mill, 2 Sets Double Harness, Set Single Harness, Set Milk Harness, Horse Fork, Car, Rope and Pulleys, Set Slings, 1-ton Truck Scales, Wheelbarrow, Cooler, 8 8-gal. Milk Cans, 2 30-gal. Milk Cans, Milk Tank,, Pails and Strainer, Cream Separator, Daisy Churn, Hay Rack, 2 Walking Plows, 2-furrow Plow, Chevrolet Car, About 30 tons Hay, Quantity Mixed Grain, Grind Stone, Iron Pump Head, Bell No. 50 Ensilage Cutter with 10 ft. Carrier, Log Chains, Wrapping Chains, Crowbar ,Pick, Shovels, Crosscut Saw, 1-horse Corn Cultivator, 2 Buffalo Robes.

TERMS : All sums of $10.00 and under, Cash; over that amount 9 mos. credit on approved joint notes, or 5 per cent. off for Cash.

ARTHUR KNIGHT, Prop.
Ross Morrow, Auct. 8

LASALLE'S GARAGE

Correct Lubrication Means Low Cost Gas Bills

VEEDOL

Will save your engine and get more miles out of your gas if changed every 600 miles.

To leave any oil in longer is to accumulate more particles continually causing more wear to your engine.

It is as reasonable to expect your hands to remain cleam the more grime you get on them.

Pennsylvania High-Test Gas No Extra Cost

Phone 52

Lasalle Bros' Garage

CHESTERVILLE

HUNDREDS OF SENSATIONAL BARGAINS

Casselman & Barwick's

OCTOBER - BANNER - SALE

and a true smash it is. It rings loud and clear for miles around. Thousands of Dollars Worth of Merchandise composed of Dry Goods, Millinery, Men's Clothing, Furnishings, Floor Coverings etc. Our stock is on the Bargain Block and values galore await here that will mean thousands of dollars saving to the buying public. Its a trade building event that has stirred this entire section in action. Great crowds scrambled for standing room opening day at our counters. We promise you that this Banner Sale will be the Supreme Value Giving Event of the season.

Come to--CHESTERVILLE'S GREATEST SALE--Now on

FINCH

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McKillican and family, Massena, N.Y., spent the week end here.

Mrs. H. A. MacMillan is spending a few days with friends in Ottawa.

The W.M.S. of Chalmers United church will meet at the home of Mrs. Simeon Casselman on Friday afternoon, Oct. 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Merkley, Massena, spent the week end with friends here.

Mr. Hiram McMonagle spent the week end at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Coons, Crysler, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Nesbitt.

Lida Werely was in Montreal one day last week.

Rev. Mr. Carr, Lunenburg, will occupy the pulpit in Chalmers United church, Finch, on Sunday evening, Oct. 21st.

We are glad to hear that Miss Blanche Bush is out around again after being on the sick list.

ORCHARDSIDE

Mrs. Ernest Beckstead spent a few days during the past week visiting her sister, Mrs. C. Marcellus of Waddington.

Rev. A. W. Stewart made pastoral calls through here on Friday.

Mr. Geo. Cunningham spent a few days in Toronto visiting his brother; James, who is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. K. Casselman and family spent Sunday visiting at the home of Mr. Roy Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Loucks and family spent a day recently visiting Mr. J. Zeron at Mariatown.

Miss Norma O'Shaughnessy spent Friday visiting Miss Doris Elliott.

FOR SALE

One American Wringer with double tub stand; one Connor Washing Machine; one Columbia Grafanola, all in good condition. Mrs. T. Labre. 51

ESTRAY

Came on Lot 9, Con. 11, Finch Tp., on or about August 20th, one spring calf, mostly white. Owner, on proving property and paying expenses may reclaim same. Walter Carruthers, Crysler. 50

NOTICE

Accounts owing to Dr. W A. Brown may be settled at the office of Lawson & Lawson, where Dr. Brown's books have been left. 50

FOR SALE

Quebec Heater in good condition, 2 holes. Geo. Reaburn. 51

AUCTION SALE

of

COWS & Some FARM MACHINERY

The undersigned, on account of giving up dairying, will offer for sale by Public Auct, without reserve on Lot 19, Con. 5, Finch Township,

2½ Miles South East of Berwick

on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1928.
Beginning at One o'Clock, p.m., Sharp,

1 Registered Pure Bred Cow, 1 Pure Bred unregistered Holstein Cow, 9 High Grade Holstein and Ayrshire Milch Cows, Set of Light 1-horse Sleighs, 1 No. 10 DeLaval Cream Separator, Barrel Churn.

TERMS : All sums of $10.00 and under, Cash; over that amount 10 months credit on approved joint notes or 4 per cent. off for cash.

JERRY KEARNS, Prop.
Jno. H. Currie, Auct. 9

GOLDFIELD

Mrs. Jas. Young returned home after spending a few weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. Angus Brownell in Green Haven, N.Y.

Miss Dorothy Casselman is spending a few days in Montreal.

Mrs. Ruggles Wood of Montreal is spending a few days at her home nere, Mrs. C. Gillies'.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McArthur visited friends in Avonmore recently.

Misses Grace Nephew and Margaret Casselman, and Mr. Hosea Droppo attended the Teachers' Convention held in Cornwall recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Gauthier and daughter of Alexandria, were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McMahon.

Miss Ettie Gillies of Ramsayville, and Mr. Alexander Gillies of Westboro, spent the week end at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs E. R. McMillan and family were recent guests at the former's home here.

Mr. Charlie Burd returned home after spending a few months in Western Canada.

Mrs. C. Gibbons and Mr. Alex. Foley and Gerald and Betty Foley, visited Mrs. Alex. Foley on Sunday in Smiths Falls, who is a patient in the hospital there.

Mr. Jas. McMahon, Sr., had the misfortune to break a bone in his ankle last week.

Mrs. E. O'Neil of Ottawa, spent one day last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. McLean.

ASHBURN

A large number from here attended the funeral of the late Clayton Hutt at Berwick on Wednesday afternoon last. The community extends its sympathy to the parents and sisters in their sad bereavement.

Messrs. Gordon and Maceon and Miss Nellie Ouderkirk, and Mrs. C. Ouderkirk spent Thursday in Ottawa.

We are sorry to report that Mr. Henry Nugent is on the sick list. All hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. P. M. Ouderkirk returned home on Thursday after spending some time in Ottawa.

Mrs. Wm. Dillabough, Berwick, spent Sunday with Mrs. Abner Ouderkirk.

Misses Keitha and Mildred Ouderkirk spent Sunday with their mother in Ottawa.

Miss Edna Nephew, Goldfield, spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Henry Nugent.

Mr. Percy Ouderkirk returned home after spending a couple of weeks in Detroit.

Mr. Armand Yele, Pontian, N.S., spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Abner Ouderkirk and family.

Mrs. Abner Ouderkirk and two daughters, Muriel and Ima, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Wm. Dillabough, Berwick.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. John McCadden and family take this opportunity of thanking their friends and neighbors for their many kind acts during the illness and death of the husband and father.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Hutt wish to express their sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors for their sympathy and beautiful flowers during the illness and death of their son, Cayton.

GRANTLEY

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Beckstead of Aultsville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Beckstead.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kittle and daughter Doris and Miss Marian Gordon, spent Sunday with friends at Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Wells and son Lloyd and Mrs. Martha Watson of Aultsville, Mrs. Leon Senecal, Chippawa Bay, N.Y., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Carr.

Mr. Ernest McMillan and children and Miss Dora Hanson were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bert McMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Carr, Mr. Claude Carr and Mr. and Mrs. Elburn Carr and children, Dorothy and Jean, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Bogart, Chesterville.

Visitors at Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merkley's were, Mr. and Mrs. John Merkley, Messrs. Allen and Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Johnston and family of John E. Munroe of Nation Valley; Mr. Chesterville, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Russell and family of Massena, N.Y.

Rev. Stewart of Finch, was making pastoral calls through here Friday and Saturday.

Sorry to hear Mrs. Arthur Beckstead is under the doctor's care. We hope for a speedy recovery.

BECKSTEAD

Visitors over the week end at Mr. Mahlon Beckstead's were, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Burton, Miss Eva and Mr. Roy Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Burton of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil McConnell and children, Wanda and Veda, of Massena, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Tupper of Williamsburg, spent Sunday at Mr. Lloyd Froats'.

Visitors at Mr. John MacLean's on Sunday were, Mr. Keith MacLean, Mrs. C. Dunbar of Massena; Miss Verna MacLean and Mr. R. Durant of Ogdensburg, N.Y.

LIVE STOCK JUDGING COMPETITION

To Be Held At

KEMPTVILLE

THURSDAY, OCT. 25TH

At 9 a.m.

10 FREE TRIPS TO TORONTO

Any farmer's son under the age of twenty-three years residing in Dundas or West Stormont Counties is eligible to compete, providing he has never been enrolled as a regular student at a recognized Agricultural College. Winners of former Royal Competitions and members of Inter-County Judging teams are not eligible.

Competitors will be required to judge five classes of livestock and five classes of field crops. Fifty per cent. for placing and fifty per cent. for reasons shall be the basis upon which the winners will be declared.

The ten highest men will receive a trip to The Royal Show, at Toronto, with all expenses paid.

For further particulars write or 'phone to:

A. E. SPRINGSTEAD
Agricultural Representative
MORRISBURG, ONT.

We are agents for

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CORRUGATED IRON

MacFarlane-Douglas LOCK-ALL-ROUND SHINGLES

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Let us quote you on old and new work.

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Arthur Peake, Chesterville

The Chesterville Record

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Transient or legal advertisements inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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No advertisement published for less than 50 cents.

Small advt. card per year, such as Societies, Business, etc., $6.00.

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In Memoriam notices with verse of four lines .50c; extra verses, each four lines .25c, cash with order.

Classified ads.—Wanted, For Sale, Etc., fifty words and under, .50c first insertion or three insertions for one dollar.

G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1928.

Use Home Products

Lessons of the war have taught us that the more nearly self-sustaining a nation becomes the more advantageousy it will be situated should war unhappily come again.

The same principle applies in peace times as well, and the more we are able to substitute home products for those usually imported the better off we shall be from an economic standpoint.

With this principle in mind, the Southwide Cotton Council is urging new and wider uses of cotton, as well as better methods of marketing that staple. It is estimated that the use of imported jute, might easily absorb from one-half million to a million bales of cotton annually.

The idea of giving preference to home products is applicable to local communities as well as to nations. Home producers of both raw and manufactured products should be given every possible encouragement and patronage. Aside from keeping money at home, such a policy would often make possible large savings in transportation charges, give more employment to local labor and enhance local prosperity generally.

Compulsory Insurance

After 20 months of experience with its compulsory automobile insurance law, Massachusetts has found the experiment rather unsatisfactory according to Thomas P. Henry, president of the American Automobile Association.

He declares that accidents have increased in number, that many fraudulent claims are made through the activities of unscruplous lawyers, and that insurance rates are likely to be doubled if present conditions continue. Besides, he says, the whole matter has become involved in politics to an extent greatly to the detriment of the public.

Motor club leaders are giving serious study to the problem, with a view to reducing the number of accidents, but the compulsory insurance plan so far appears to give little promise of beneficial results. It is believed that only by more drastic restrictions and punishments for incompetent and rackless drivers can the appalling toll in dead and injured be checked.

Heavy Gasoline Taxes

An interesting compilation of figures showing the amounts of gasoline taxes paid per capita by motorists of various states has recently been made by the American Motorists' Association.

Motorists of Florida were hit hardest, averaging $28 each for the year 1927. Next came South Carolina with $25, Alabama, Georgia, and New Mexico with $24, and so on down to the lowest, which were Minnesota and North Dakota with a per capita of $8. The average gasoline tax for the United States was 2.76 cents a gallon.

California derived the greatest amount of revenue from the tax, a total of $22,467,083, followed by Ohio with $19,910,481, and Pennsylvania with $17,296,333. New York and Massachusetts levy no gasoline tax, while the Illinois law passed last year was declared unconstitutional. All states except these three levy the tax, ranging from one to five cents a gallon.

While the amounts paid by motorists are great, the tax is usually devoted to the building and maintenance of good roads, so that the saving in wear and tear of vehicles and the greater comfort in traveling probably are in the long run worth what they cost. Anyway, regardless of the tax, motorists of the United States will burn up nearly ten billion gallons of gasoline this year.

Plowing Matches As A Popular Pastime

Plowing matches which attract 35,000 spectators in one day and a probable attendance of 75,000 to 100,000 during the tournament are something to be proud of. This record was established last week by the Ontario Plowmen's Association on the Carmichial farm near London. The spectators came from all parts of the Province and included urban as well as rural residents. Those who knew the game discussed the feering, the strike, the angle, the pointing and packing and the finish, and those who did not could at least see for themselves when a furrow was straight and true. The competitors were of all ages and it is remarkable that the winner of the jointer plows in sod, open to those of 55 years of age and over, was a man of 81.

Plowing in some form is the oldest of occupations and it is doubtful whether the older men looked with much favor on some of the modern "contraptions" which were used. These inventions may be more economical and may be necessary on very large farms, but the old-timers preferred to walk behind their plow instead of riding on it. They had a good reason for the preference. Both gardeners and farmers know that mother earth is kind to them. They feel healthier and stronger when their feet are in the earth and their noses not far from it. No riding for them even if sometimes they have to plow a lonely furrow. Another relic of the past was a yoke of oxen which gave a demonstration of how it used to be done. They are employed in the swamps of a tobacco plantation near Wallaceburg where horses cannot venture. Their wide-spreading hoofs give them an advanage in soft earth just as they did in the pioneer days of farming and lumbering. Still another reminder of the past was a group of Indians brought by the Department of Indian Affairs from reserves in all parts of the Province and one of them, Joe Young, aged 56, was declared the champion sod plowman of Middlesex County. It is gratifying to find that the Indians are taking so well to agriculture and are profiting by the encouragement of the Government.

In view of the wonderful attention given to these plowing matches, who can say that country life has lost its charm? It is not as clamant as the lures of the city, but it is still throbbing with interest. Agriculture is and will continue to be the basic industry of Canada, and Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," struck the right note when he "gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

Dumb Husband Made To Pay For His Silence

The North London police magistrate has ruled that a husband who has been silent to his wife for two years, although he has continued to live in the same house with her, is to be deemed guilty of desertion. The magistrate has granted the wife a separation order, and ordered the husband to pay her $8.75 weekly. The wife is the owner of the house and most of the furniture.

Mrs. Fanny Silver, of Rendlesham Road, Clapton, had asked for a separation order from her husband, Barnett Silver, a costume manufacturer. She said that her husband had never called her by her Christian name, never taken her or the baby out, never shown any signs of affection, and even refused his mother-in-law's invitation to quarrel with her (his wife) and thus "say something and not walk around the house like a dummy." He had absolutely withdrawn himself from her company, and had all his meals in the house until last week without saying a word.

The husband generally admitted the facts and told the magistrate that it was all because of his mother-in-law, who "claimed she was boss of the house."

The police magistrate said it was not necessary in a case of desertion to show that the parties were separated in the sense that they were not living under the same roof. The husband had refused to accede to his wife's request that they should resume ordinary married life.

As to the husband's statement that he proposed to continue the same conduct unless his wife refused to have anything more to do with her mother, Magistrate Dummet said: "I think his contention that she should give up all social relationship with her mother is a perfectly ridiculous and monstrous demand on his part.

Mr. Peaslee On Faculty

"I would call Mahaly Severance a facultied woman," said Caleb Peaslee positively to the gathering of the village store. "She's—move over, Hyne, can't ye?" Deacon Hyne obediently made room on the long bench, and Caleb sank to the seat with a sigh of content.

"Mahaly halted me," he went on to explain, "just as I was gettin' well past her gate on my way down here. She come out and hollered to me to find her a hired man till she could get the rest of her potatoes planted. I made out that she wanted somebody that was wuth his salt and that'd do the milking, and she'd pay him a dollar and a quarter a day.

"When she'd got that much said that pesky colt give a jump, and I had to let him go to keep him in the harness at all; so I didn't learn what she'd done with that slack-twisted Beebe feller she'd had there workin'. Where's he gone off to, Hyne, do you know?"

Mr. Hyne twisted his face into a wry smile. .

"I should say I do know," he admitted with satisfaction. "You ain't fur from the truth, Caleb," he said,, when you call her facultied. She knows to a cent when she gets her money's wuth, and that's what she told Beebe day before yesterday, when she let him go.

"Seems that Beebe ain't been straining himself any tryin' to turn out a big day's work for her," he said. "I suppose he figured he could scant a little, she bein' a woman; and she either wouldn't know the difference, or else she'd be timid about speakin' of it, if she did see it.

"Mahaly'd been watching him all the time, though he didn't mistrust it. Day before yesterday she went out to barn to hunt him up, and she found him settin' on a nail keg lettin' on he was cuttin' pertaters for seed. But according to what Mahaly told me, he'd been there two hours and hadn't cut enough so but what she brought 'em into the house in her apron after he'd gone.

" 'I want you,' she says, 'to lead that red cow in the second stall and take her down to Brad Gorham's for beef. She ain't givin' more'n a pint and a half of milk a day, and I don't cal'late to keep a cow that don't pay her way.'

"So Beebe went in and led out the cow and made ready to start down the road with her.

" 'You wait a minute,, says Mahaly, 'I ain't done with you yet. I've been keeping my eye on you, and I've made up my mind you ain't worth any more to me that that cow is. Man or cow,' she says, 'they can't work for me if they don't earn their keep. There's your pay,' she says, 'and there's a quarter to pay for leadin' the cow down, and when you've left her you can hunt another job,' she says. And," concluded Mr. Hyne, "that's all I know about it."

Mr. Peaslee smote his knee and chuckled..

"Ain't that Mahaly facultied?" he demanded. "Don't she know what a thing's wuth, too! Lemme tell you how she can figger—in a small sort of way. Last fall when I had that feller from Dedham workin' for me, and 'fore he'd learnt the ways of the house, my wife and I went to Bangor one day, and she left the man's dinner on the kitchen table and the key to the back door was hung under the dipper at the well.

"He forgot where the key was and couldn't get into the house come dinner time, and he was settin' out on the choppin' block, lookin' kind of dismal, when Mahaly saw him, and called him over to her house and give him a good hot dinner.

"That night when we got home, about five o'clock, Mahaly threw her shawl on and ran over to tell us about it, and we asked her to set up and have supper with us.

"She made out a good meal, such as there was; only comin' home from Bangor and gettin' it ready in a hurry, we didn't have as good a spread as we do sometimes. So, after we'd got through, Mahaly sort of cleared her throat. I knew from her actions she'd got something on her mind. Finally she says:

" ''Bout that meal I give your man today,' she says, 'I don't suppose I could collect anything for it, and I ain't tryin' to—but right's right, and while this is a good enough meal for evenin',' says she, 'still, I had meat and potaters and two kinds of pie on my table this noon, and he et hearty.

" 'But,' says she, 'if you're willin' to give me about a dozen of them doughnuts, I should think 'twould about even things up—near's I can tell without getting pencil and paper and settin' down the items,' says she, 'and I don't want to do that.'

"Yes, sir!" affirmed Mr. Peaslee. "Facultied — and good at figgers. That's Mahaly Severance wherever you ketch her!"

Hauhty Heuston.

Senator oBrah, discussing an unsatisfactory answer that had been made to a charge of corrution, smiled and said:

"It reminds me of an English butler. His employer said to him:

" 'Heuston, I bet you've been at my Scotch.'

" 'Hexcuse me, sir,' said Heuston in his haughty way. 'Hexcuse me, but I don't bet..' "

PUT CANADIAN BOYS ON FARMS, SAYS FORKE

Hon. Robert Forke, Federal Minister of Immigration, who arrived in Regina Saturday on a two-day visit, is in favor of some scheme whereby Canadian boys can get a chance on farms in their own country.

"Some scheme should be worked out to give the Canadian boys the same chance as we are now giving British boys," Mr. Forke said in an interview shortly after his arrival there. This is one of the subjects which he expected would be discussed with the Provincial Government.

The complaint which has been raised at different times to the effect that the Canadian Government was giving preference to foreign immigrants over British was denied by the Federal Minister.

OLD AGE PENSIONS ANNOUNCED FOR NEXT SESSION

Announcement that provision for old-age pensions would be placed on the Statutes at the next session of the Ontario Legislature, was made by Premier G. Howard Ferguson in the course of an address in Toronto last week.

The Premier's speech appeared to be almost incidental in a speech of sturdy Imperialistic tenor. "Next year," he stated, "there will be placed on the statutes beneficial legislation that is going to cost the Government a great deal of money. This decision has been entered into, not recklessly, but after a careful survey to get the very best conditions for our aged and needy people. This Province must keep abreast of the most advanced conditions in the world."

The Premier's reference to old-age pensions occurred in a part of his speech regarding the different sources from which revenue was sought for general services of the Government. such as public health, education and agriculture. These sources were natural resources, great corporations, inheritance tax and liquor sales.

Woman Says Her Sex May Outdistance Men

Now comes Miss Emilie J. Hutchinson, associated professor of economics at Harvard, to predict that her sex will, in time, outdistance the male. She is another of the long list of eminent professional people hailing from the Maritimes, and her associates proclaim her one of the ablest teachers of women of the day.

She is a native of Yarmouth, N.S., and author of the standard work, "Women's Wages in the United States," and she is convinced that once woman takes the same view of life as man, makes the same sacrifices to acquire knowedge and makes preparation for a real life work, she will advance far and fast, and make man resemble a fixed planet.

"Look far ahead," she bids young women. "Select a specific vocation for which you are fitted in every way, and then begin. Woman must look farther ahead than she has. The idea of a temporary vocation until marriage, and a hazy notion of resuming it if need arises, is not enough. There are hundreds of new, useful, gainful and satisfying vocations open to women who can do constructive work, and have the patience ability and determination to go through.

"Women are finding, as many men have, that the enduring rewards go to those who are prepared· bluff carries only so far and inadequate preparations invariably come to grief, eventually. Women seeking economic independence without reservations, must plan for a longer career than ever before, if they would win."

All in the Family. .

Tourist: "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame."

Cop: "You certainly were."

Tourist: "Why?"

Cop: "Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I go with his sister."

Pedlar People's Roofing

Eave Troughs
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And All Other Kinds of Sheet Metal Work

TELEPHONE 75

H. S. McMURRAY

Sheet Metal and Plumbing. Chesterville

The Model "Four-Twenty"

ROGERS [Batteryless] RADIO



$165— *Your "money's most" in electric Radio*

OF course, you want an *electric* radio (one that operates direct from a light socket, without any extra attachments or batteries)—practically all the sets sold to-day, where current is available, are of this type. And, of course, you want the best set you can buy for the money you have to spend—that's only natural. Then, consider the Rogers "Four-Twenty"—a new 1929 Model that is out-selling every other electric radio two to one. To be able to get a *complete electric* radio at $165 is a sensation in itself, but when this is also the *best known*, the *original* "Batteryless" set; the one that has *five* years of performance *behind* it, the *only* one with Tubes that are guaranteed . . . it is almost a miracle in value.

Features include: a single illuminated tuning dial, Rogers A/C Tubes throughout (including A/C Power Tube), Automatic Voltage Control, Rogers Output Filter and Phonograph "Plug-in" Jack, genuine Walnut Cabinet with matched butt veneer instrument panel. And the price complete (except Loud Speaker) is only $165.00!

If you want a *modern batteryless receiver* the Rogers "Four-Twenty" is your "money's most" in the whole field of electric radio.

Ask for a Demonstration and about our Easy Terms

Come in and see this set and compare it critically with any other electric radio sold at prices from $50 to $100 higher. Then you will really appreciate why this is the most sought-after radio on the market to-day, with the factory almost 1,000 sets behind orders actually on hand.

CRAWFORD A. BARKLEY
Finch, Ontario

THE MARK OF THE COYOTE

Behind the adobe lay the mountain ranges. They were not the forested mountains of the East, but the mountains of Arizona, brown, chaotic, unadorned, lifted tortured peaks to the brooding violet of the sky. Before the adobe, sloping clean away for a hundred miles, lay the desert, silent yellow, shimmering to the far blue of the horizon.

Priscilla Newman paused in the doorway of the adobe and looked out across the desert. Many times a day she did this, as if something of the desert's serenity, something of its tender beauty gave her strength for days.

When Priscilla came to the Sacred Desert she was pink and white and fragile. One connected her as inevitably with Paris gowns as one did the handsome baby Thad with velvet suits. Yet she and her baby settled on the little claim that was to be their home for so many years with only old Pedro, the half-breed, for counsellor and man of all work. The sun bleached her hair. Hard work had blunted her fingers. She was dressed in faded brown khaki. Yet the indefinable charm of gentle breeding was as strong as ever.

Every morning Priscilla went down into the mine to set old Pedro to work. the half-breed had gone into town this morning for supplies; so Priscilla was planning to take Thad down with her for a general overhauling of the work. She had delayed her going for a few minutes. The Indians still were trailing up to the crest of the peak behind the adobe. All the day before, she and Thad had watched them. Scattered red dots in the infinite sand spaces drew nearer, and squaws in scarlet trudged up the dry arroyo beside the adobe to the peak trail. Black dots grew larger, and bucks in gauze shirts, trousers belted with scarlet silk handkerchiefs, swung t i r e l e s s l y through the heavy cactus growth.

The most alarming thing about the pilgrimage to Priscilla was that it was accomplished in utter silence. For many years the Hualapais had been Priscilla's only neighbors. She and Thad had liked the quiet, kindly folk. Many of them were Priscilla's tried friends. The Indians always treated Thad with strange respect. On his right arm above the wrist was a little birthmark that old Pedro had showed to the Indians whenThad first came to the desert. From that time the Indians had treated Thad's slightest word with respect. It was a long time before Priscilla noted that the little birthmark was a perfect reproduction of the Hualapais sign for the coyote. The coyote was the fount of all knowledge for the Hualapais. Yet, now, to all Thad's questions, they turned averted faces.

There must have been two hundred Indians, up on the peak, silhouetted in scarlet and black against the vivid heavens. Silent, immobile, they sat waiting, waiting. Thad, who had been feeding his horse and the chickens, came round the adobe and stood beside his mother. Feature for feature, he was unlike his mother, and yet, he was vividly like her in an intangible nobility of bearing. He was very tall for his years,—all desert children develop finely,—with a good head, heavy black hair, and eyes the color of the Arizona sky. His mother, old Pedro, the Indians, had been his only companions all his short life.

"What do you suppose they're doing, Thad?" asked Priscilla. "If it wasn't that they were bringing the squaws, I'd say we ought to get word to town of an uprising."

Thad shook his black head. "It isn't an uprising. They're waiting for something. They won't tell me what."

His mother picked up her miner's candle. "Well, this doesn't solve any problem. Come, Thad, I want you to go into the shaft with me and hold the candle while I do some sampling."

Priscilla said this with a keener look at the boy than her words warranted. Thad backed away from her, and a little, unchildlike line appeared on either side of his mouth.

"Let me wait till tomorrow, mother. I—I want to watch for Injun Joe."

The lines around Thad's mouth were duplicated around Priscilla's. She walked over and put one work-blunted little hand on her boy's shoulder. He was nearly as tall as she, and Priscilla was not short. "Thad, you've got to fight it," she said. "If you knew how your cowardice worries me! Afraid of that shaft with me right beside you! You are afraid of everything!"

The boy shuffled his feet. "I'll get over it when I'm a man," he mumbled.

"But you won't unless you fight it now!" cried his mother. "And you will be a moral coward, too. I know, Thad, because—" Priscilla paused and looked far off over the serene desert distance; then she summoned all her resolution. "Thad, you get it from me."

The boy turned astonished blue eyes on his mother. She went on speaking as man to man, not as mother to son. "Thad, all my life I've been a coward, afraid of places, of people, of things. Why, my very coming to the desert was a runaway! This claim was all that was left after the crash, and I was afraid! Afraid to face down your father's business failure, after his death, among those who knew me. I've hidden it from you, but everyday is a battle for me to overcome my fears. Now I know that, if as a child I had had someone to put a warm back to mine and make me fight with my brain, I'd not be the failure I am. Thad, you are to go down the mine, before I do, this morning!"

Under his tan, the boy went white. What reply he would have made, however, his mother never knew, for at that moment Injun Joe appeared in the dooryard. He was a tall, middle-aged Hualapai. He and Thad were devoted friends, but this morning the Indian's usual smile was wanting.

"Yo no go on the peak, today," he said. "If any white go on tne peak, he get himself killed."

"But, Joe, what's the matter?" cried Thad, running up to his friend.

The look the Indian gave the boy said that Thad knew more than he pretended. "Huh!" he said. "You keep whites off the peak!" Then, before Thad could profess his ignorance, the Indian turned and swung up tne arroyo.

Priscilla felt that this was no time for Thad's moral training. She was growing nervous over Joe's warning. "You and I had better sit here and watch developments, Thad. I wish Pedro were here."

The two seated themselves on the steps where they could watch both the peak and the desert. For over two hours they sat thus while one by one the silent Indians passed them on the arroyo not a stone's throw away. The Indians came on foot. So when far down the trail the two watchers saw a horseback rider they both exclaimed, "Pedro!"

But is was not Pedro. As the rider drew up to the corral and dismounted both Priscilla and Thad knew that their visitor was an Eastern prospector. Only a tenderfoot would have worn knee-high-laced boots in the burning heat of the Sacred Desert. The man was stout and middle-aged. He came up to the adobe, panting, and whipped off his hat at the sight of Priscilla.

"I was told I might get supper here," he said. "My name is John Watson. I am a mining engineer sent out by an Eastern firm to examine its claims on the peak up back of you. If you can take care of my horse, I'll go up there and come back for supper."

"I shall be glad to have you as my guest," answered Priscilla. "But you mustn't think of going up on the peak." She told him of her apprehension about the Indians.

Mr. Watson smiled at her pityingly. "Oh, I'm not nervous about Indians!" he said.

"Nor am I, ordinarily," answered Priscilla. "But when the Indians themselves warn one I think it's as well to give heed!"

The stranger's lower lip protruded obstinately. "I've just got one day in which to do this work. I certainly am not going to let a few Indians bother me. I'm armed. There are no dangerous Indians nowadays."

He started toward the arroyo trail. Priscilla stood silent. The stranger did not know how sore a nerve he had brushed.

So all the remainder of the golden desert day, Priscilla and Thad sat on the adobe steps watching for Pedro, for Mr. Watson, they know not what! Somehow, the breathless waiting of those silent figures on the mountain top had communicated itself to them, and they sat very close together and said little. Priscilla found comfort in the touch of Thad's sturdy young arm, though she knew that his fears were greater than her own. She was little more than a girl and had fought so many fights of the spirit alone! It was good to know that Thad knew, at last, that she too was afraid.

The shadow of the peak lengthened and lengthened before them, a purple wedge stretching far into the crimsoning sands. Cottontail and jack rabbit roused from their afternoon siestas and darted among the greasewood bushes. For some timid reason, which she did not express, Priscilla decided not to prepare supper until Mr. Watson appeared. She and Thad ate crackers and sardines sitting on the step. Still their guest did not return. Still there was no sound from those silent figures on the peak, black now against the afterglow.

As darkness fell and the stars pricked out, the sense of waiting grew all but unbearable.

Thad began to cry softly.

"Come, Thad! Saddle your horse! We will take turns riding into town!"

"Wait! Here comes some one!" sniffled Thad, between sobs.

Injun Joe glided into the shaft of light from the living room lamp. "Why you let that white man come up there?" he whispered fiercely. "Now, he'll die! The Injuns got him staked out before he made a sound. When Ma-veeta comes, they'll kill that white man!"

"O Joe!" screamed Priscilla. "Why they can't! If you kill a white man, the big sheriff at Washington will punish you!"

"Huh!" said Injun Joe. "After tonight the whites come on their knees to beg the Injuns to be good to them!"

Priscilla pulled from Thad's clinging hand and ran to seize Injun Joe's arm. "Quick, Joe, quick! Go tell the Injuns that, if they touch the white man, they will be killed themselves! Thad and I are going into town for the sheriff now!"

"White man be dead then," said Joe, laconically.

Priscilla turned to Thad and wrung her hands. "Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!" she panted.

"That's what Joe come to tell you," said the Hualapai. "Only white squaws always have to do a heap of talking, first. Hualapais, they wait for their god, Ma-veeta, to come. He sent word he come tonight up on the peak. When he get there he show Injuns how to be great again and drive whites out. Ma-veeta, he sent word that, if any white spoke on peak today, he wouldn't come."

Thad had ceased his sobs and stood listening. The Indian eyed him with that fleeting look of homage that Priscilla often had remarked.

"Thad," the Indian went on, "he bear coyote mark. He have heart like Injun, mind like white. He get messages from the gods. You sabez? He get many lately."

"What does he mean, Thad?" asked Priscilla, impatiently.

Thad returned her puzzled look for a moment, then he brightened. "Oh, you know how they like stories? And how I tell them all that you tell me? I've been telling them the Greek hero stories, lately. That one about—"

Injun Joe struck in. "Don't talk so much. If Hualapais know Injun Joe was here, they'd kill him. By and by, Thad, you go up on the peak and try to get that white man."

"But," cried Priscilla, "won't they kill Thad?"

Injun Joe looked troubled. "Maybe, but I guess not. Anyhow, that's the only way to save the white." He turned abruptly and disappeared into the night.

Priscilla and Thad stared at each other for a moment. Then Thad controlled his trembling lips to a whisper, "You aren't going to make me go, mother! Oh, you aren't!"

Priscilla gulped down a girlish sob. No! No! Thad, no! We'll start for town immediately and get help back to Mr. Watson. They won't dare to kill him!"

One of the many fine things about Thad was that he invariably spoke the truth. "Yes, they will, mother," he said hoarsely. "Injun Joe would never have told us about it if he hadn't been good and scared."

Whether it was some note in his mother's broken voice, whether it was the thought of the lonely white man with hopeless face to the stars, something appealed to the latent nobility in Thad. He pulled himself from his mother's arms. He swallowed a sob, wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his blue blouse and spoke clearly.

"I'm going up there, mother!"

Priscilla seized his hands. "Oh, no, Thaddy! You must not! You will be killed! I have stood everything else, but that I would not stand!"

The child made no reply. He only looked at his mother's agonized face through tear-blinded eyes. Priscilla looked over his head to the stars.

"Not this!" she said. "Not this, too! Surely I did not need this myson!"

Some understanding beyond his years came to Thad. He put his arm about his mother's neck and pulled her girlish head against his shoulder. Then, after a moment, "I'll return with Mr. Watson as quick as quickness, mother," he said. "You have supper ready."

As if she had been physically impelled, Priscilla jumped to her feet. "I am going with you, Thad. Hurread!"

"Wait!" said Thad, and he ran into the adobe and returned with a coyote pelt, which he rolled under his arm.

Priscilla could think of no suggestions to make to the child. She could only trust blindly to chance. She led the way up the dark arroyo. By trail it was a ten minutes' climb to the peak. But Priscilla dared not take the trail for fear of meeting an Indian. She struck up the rocky mountain side, thick grown with cactus and cat's-claw, Thad close behind her.

Up and up, now pausing to gather strength to hoist themselves over a giant boulder or to work their way through a cactus labyrinth, now scrambling up some clear space, madly, as if they could hear the man Watson crying to them for help.

Only once did Thad falter. Halfway up the peak a cactus gouged his cheek. He whimpered and fell back. "I'm going home, mother! I just dassent go up here! They'll kill me. I know they'll kill me!"

Priscilla dropped back beside him, and surely the desert stars must have looked down with love and understanding on mother and son kneeling there. "Oh, little son," whispered Priscilla. "It has to be, don't you see? We are both such cowards, you and I, that this chance was given us to see if we are a bit worth while!"

Only once did Priscilla falter, and that was near the crest, when they caught the glow of a fire. She stood for a moment holding Thad back as if it were quite beyond human strength to go farther. But Thad caught he hand and pulled her forward. It was a huge fire, of mesquite and greasewood. About it, in a giant circle, silent, motionless, sat the throng of Hualapais. Priscilla and Thad drew near. Priscilla slid behind a rock heap where she could see without being seen. Thad threaded his way among the Indians to the centre of the circle.

Except for scowls and a faint rustle of protest, the Indians gave no sign, though every eye was fastened hostilely on the white child. Thad on his part did not speak, nor did he appear to see the gagged figure of Mr. Watson, who lay on the ground with arms and legs bound to mesquite stakes. Thad had not lived among Indians without growing to understand them, and they had told him much more than was their custom to tell the run of whites. He stood erect, head thrown back, the firelight playing on his blue blouse and shining eyes. The silence, broken only by the fire and, Priscilla thought, by the agonized beating of her own heart, remained unbroken for fully five minutes. Then a lank Indian, a stranger, rose.

"Tie that white boy and let him die!" he said in Hualapai. Thad moistened his lips, but did not speak. He understood the Hualapais language as well as his own.

A breathless interval, then old Chief Charley rose. He was an old, old Indian, but he still had the majesty of bearing. "He has the coyote's mark. Let him speak his message!"

"No! No! No!" came stormily from the circle. "No white may speak!"

Over and above Priscilla's agony of fear came a thrill of pride, Thad stood so straight, so unfalteringly, with his blue eyes never leaving the chief's face. It was an unforgettable picture: the fire glow and the velvet, star-set sky; the great circle of scarlet and black and blue; the hundred of fathomless eyes fastened on the white child with his noble head and blanched, determined face. The boy's silence had a remarkable effect on the Indians. After a moment, their cries of protest ceased and they waited. Again the lank Indian rose defiantly. But before he could speak, Thad raised his right arm. His blouse sleeve slipped back and in the firelight showed the little red birthmark. A murmur as of the wind went through the circle. Even the strange Indian's glare changed to Injun Joe's look of homage.

"Speak, Thad!" said the old chief.

But the boy shook his head and then inclined it, as if listening. A coyote called from a neighboring peak. Instantly, Thad walked over to the incumbent John Watson and laid the coyote pelt across the man's chest. Then he deliberately stooped and cut the thongs that bound Watson's hands and feet. A gasp went through the circle. Thad stood erect and again raised his arm. A deep call sounded from the distant coyote pack. The Indians were spellbound. Thad helped Mr. Watson to his feet and taking him by the hand led the all but helpless man out of the circle. The Indians made way, their eyes wide with awe.

In a moment Thad had led Mr. Watson to Priscilla's rock shelter where Priscilla pulled the gag from the exhausted man's mouth, bidding him in a breathless whisper to be silent. The three crouched motionless for some moments, but no sound came from the waiting circle. The silence seemed only more tense, and in a few moments they had left that pitiful waiting folk to their fruitless dream.

Never had the sitting room light looked so warm, so safe. "We will rest, then go into town until the Indians have dispersed," said Priscilla, leading the way into the sitting room. John Watson sank exhausted into a chair. "I—I can't thank you!" he said. "I don't understand how or why, but you and the boy saved my life!"

"Not I!" exclaimed Priscilla proudly. "It was Thaddy, my brave little son!"

They turned to the child. Thad stood with his head in the crook of his elbow, sobbing violently. "No, I'm not brave!" he protested. "I—I am so scared this minute that I'm most dead!"

John Watson leaned over and pulled the boy into the circle of his warm arm. "I like your kind of fear, Thad," he said. "It's the kind that makes a man sort of keep his faith in the bigness of humans!"

Priscilla looked out of the door to the stars. Never before had they seemed so near, so tender, so benign. And suddenly she knew that this night had brought compensation for all the bitter years.

The Alarmists

Luckily for humanity, it still maintains a saving sense of humor. Were this not so, the wailings of the pessimists would drive us crazy. For surely there is no lack of prophets of doom to harry us with their doleful warnings that the world is going to pot.

Each long-faced brother solemnly assures us that unless his particular panacea for saving the race shall be speedily adopted there is no hope. Modernism, flapperism, automobiles, hootch, movies, dancing, bridge and cigarettes, singly or in combination, constitute the oustanding menace, according to the view point of the particular alarmist who happens to have the floor.

Then, after listening to these apostles of doom, with a more or less pronounced feeling of boredom, unregenerate humanity turns to the funny page and smiles at the varying fortunes of Jiggs and Andy Gump.

This does not mean that the average person is indifferent to the evil in the world. It means that sensible people recognize the inherent weakness and folly of humanity, and refuse to become unduly excited about it. They realize the futility of trying to carry the world's burden on their shoulders, though they seek to be helpful in practical ways. They courageously face the things that are, while sanely striving for the things that ought to be..

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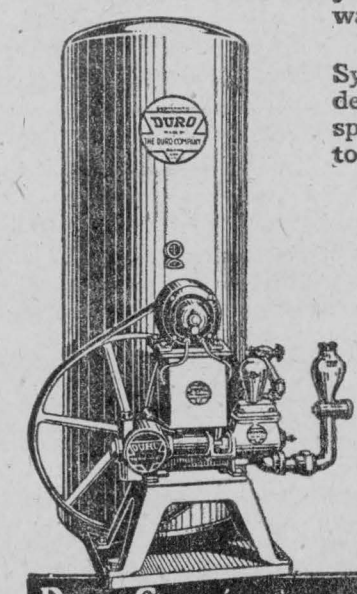
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MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Miss Mildred Langstaff of Kemptville, spent the week end the guest of Misses Maude and Helen Lacey

Mr. T. R. Murphy of Rossendale, Man., is at present the guest of his brother, Mr. Henry Murphy, of town.

The Women's Institute will hold a Hallowe'en party on the evening of October 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Nash of Ottawa, were guests on Sunday of the latter's brother, Mr. A. J. Forward, and Mrs. Forward.

Mr. J. S. Farrell, the popular Chrysler representative in this district, is at present confined to his home by a rather serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Casselman left this morning for South Passadena, Calif., after spending the summer at their former home in Chesterville.

Messrs. Vincent Petley and Douglas Bastrip, members of the Westminster Choir appearing in Ottawa this week, spent the week end with the former's cousin, Mrs. George Merkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Morrison of Oshawa, spent last week with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Colquhoun, returning home on Friday accompanied by Mrs. Orval and Miss Arlie Colquhoun of town.

The news was received on Tuesday by Mr. George Cunningham of the death of his brother, Mr. Jas. Cunningham, that morning. The funeral is being held in Toronto today. The deceased was formerly a well-known resident of Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Brownell, Miss Hilda Barkley, who is attending an Ottawa Business College; and Mrs. James Hodgson of Ottawa, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. .N. Barkley at Elma. The latter is a sister of Mrs. Hodgson.

The October meeting of the Wo's. Institute will be held in the Library on Wednesday afternoon, October 24. Mrs. Chas. Graham will speak on "Immigration," and Mrs. W. O. Dixon will have charge of "Current Events." Members are urged to be present.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES



MR. LEONARD

Singer with Rev. H. T. Crossley, who is conducting evangelistic services in Chesterville United church.

PRESBYTERIAN SERVICES

The services of public worship will be conducted by the minister Mr. C. Ritchie-Bell. The subject of the morning sermon will be "What do men need most?" At 7.30 p.m., the sermon theme will be "Rock of Ages." This is the first sermon in a series of four on "Great Hymns of the Church."

The Minister's Bible Class and the Church School meets at 10.00 a.m.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Chris. J. Barkley of Dunbar, wish to thank their neighbors and friends for many acts of kindness and much sympathy on the recent sad death of their son Elburn.

Young Berwick Boy Passes Away

A shadow of gloom was cast over Berwick and vicinity on Monday, Oct. 8th, when word was received of the untimely death in Cornwall General hospital of Clayton Hutt, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hutt, at the age of eleven years.

Until eleven days prior to his passing away, he was in perfect health, then he suffered much with patience, physicians were in vain, till God above, in his great love, relieved him from all pain.

The deceased was a general favorite, his sunny countenance, pleasing disposition, his gentleness and kindness won the admiration and love of young and old. In the Sunday school school he was a faithful member, and in the Young People's Society he was always ready to act well his part. He was well beloved in school, both by his classmates and teachers for these aesthetic qualities.

The largely attended funeral took place on Wednesday at 1.30 p.m., in the United church, Berwick, conducted by his pastor, Rev. A. W. Stewart, who took as his text, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Interment was made in Maple Ridge cemetery.

The pall bearers were Johnny MacQueen, Bernie Dutt, Milton Pollock, Elvin Pollock, George Merkley, Albert Nicholas, while eight classmates carried the flowers.

He leaves to mourn his loss, his devoted parents and three younger sisters, Frieda, Phyllis and Lila.

Floral offerings: pillow, Father and Mother; basket, United Church S. S.; wreaths, Berwick Public school; Mr. and Mrs Kenneth Hutt; Chesterville Fish and Game Club; Mr. and Mrs. Ross Thompson, Osgoode Station, Mr. and Mrs. George Alguire, Berwick; Mr. and Mrs. Clement Whittaker, Berwick; Miss Eliza Thompson, Ottawa; Sprays, Berwick Young People's Society; Berwick Ladies' Aid Society; Berwick L.O.B.A No. 274; Mr. and Mrs. James M. Hutt, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Blair, Cornwall; Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Blair, Cornwall; Master Jack and Miss Muriel McQuaig, Berwick; Miss Winnie Blair and Miss Lois Thompson, Finch; Messrs. Delbert and Lorne Hutt, Berwick,Dr. S. H. Hutt, Chesterville, Wilfred Hutt, Ottawa; Misses Muriel Stewart, Finch, Jennie McRae and Myrtle Munro, Berwick.

God calls our loved ones,
But we lose them not wholly,
What He has given
They live on earth in thought and deed
As in His heaven.

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No. 29 (Local) ..... 7.15 p.m.
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