

DISBELIEVED THE POLICE.

Jurymen Would Not Take Police-
men's Word.

Peterboro' Citizens Give Damaging
Testimony.

Charge of Perjury Against Hotel
Man Failed.

Peterboro', Dec. 19.—A perjury charge against George N. Graham, proprietor of the Oriental Hotel of this city, aroused much interest. Graham was convicted a short time ago on a charge of selling liquor to Ernest Lawrence and others on the night of Sunday, November 21st, and fined \$200 by Police Magistrate Dumble. His solicitors, Messrs. O'Connell and Gordon, have since filed notice of appeal against the Magistrate's decision. At the trial Graham swore he sold no liquor at the time alleged to Victor Fowler, Peterboro'; John T. Maunders, manager of the Central Hotel, Lindsay, or Ernest Lawrence, Peterboro'. Fowler and Maunders testified at the Police Court, but Lawrence did not, and, with Graham, were arrested on a charge of perjury, as their evidence was in direct contradiction to that of the police officers, on whose testimony the conviction was made.

The trial of Graham on the perjury charge was opened at the December Sessions before Judge Huyck on Friday afternoon, and concluded yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock when the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, despite the conviction of the Police Magistrate and the testimony of the policemen, in addition to that of Ernest Lawrence, the silent man in the Police Court case, who gave Crown evidence at the perjury trial. The latter swore that Graham served him with a drink on the Sunday night in question, but the star witness for the prosecution, under cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel, Mr. D. O'Connell, made statements which were in direct contradiction to what he had told in general conversation before the trial, and his evidence was therefore not seriously considered.

The climax of the trial was reached when a large number of prominent citizens, among them W. H. Denham, local manager of the Quaker Oats Company; Rev. Dr. Langfield, rector of St. Luke's Anglican Church, and J. H. Burnham, editor of the Peterboro' Review, gave character evidence against the policemen. All the witnesses on the question of veracity gave damaging testimony. Most of them said they would not believe the constables on oath, and others said they would certainly hesitate to do so.

Mr. Burnham candidly and unqualifiedly pronounced Meharry as untruthful, and Ernest Bartlett said Meharry on Friday night had threatened to make it hot for the witness if the latter testified against him. The unwarranted eagerness of the police officers for a conviction was a point enlarged upon by the defence in presenting the case to the jury.

Judge Huyck was pained to hear such testimony given against the veracity of the policemen, and especially dwell on the evidence of the constables threatening of Bartlett as most improper. Juries were formally sworn in to hear the companion charges against Fowler and Maunders, but the Crown Attorney on account of the failure of the Graham case, announced that he had no evidence to offer, and both were honorably acquitted.

It is the general impression that P. C. Newhall and Meharry will be arraigned before the Police Commissioners, as a result of the evidence given against them. The former, in the matter of crime detection is the most efficient officer that has ever served on the Peterboro' force. He was four years on the London force in England before coming to Canada, and an equal time on the Liverpool force.

THE TEACHER.

Inspector Smith Addresses the
P. S. A. Brotherhood.

A large attendance was present at the meeting of the P. S. A. Brotherhood yesterday afternoon to hear Mr. J. H. Smith, School Inspector, give an interesting and practical address on "The Master Teacher."

In an explicit manner Mr. Smith dealt with his subject, and pointed out how Jesus, the great teacher, possessed all those characteristics which were necessary for a successful teacher. Jesus was patient and forbearing, and a skillful questioner, and thoroughly conversant with what He taught. His purpose, the speaker said, was to elevate mankind, and his high ideals were expressed in His many sayings, including the beatitudes. The successful methods of Jesus on the proper training and teaching by parables, were explained by the speaker, who illustrated it by reciting many of the parables as found in the Gospel of St. John. To be an ideal and successful teacher it was necessary to take Jesus as an example and to follow in His ways. In concluding Mr. Smith gave many practical and valuable pointers on the proper training and teaching of children.

During the meeting the Musurgia Quartette supplied a musical programme, which was much appreciated. The "apple and doughnut" concert, which was held last Friday evening, proved to be a decided success.

Useful Gifts For Men.

Razor strops and shaving brushes are very suitable for Christmas presents. Probably the finest stock in Ontario of these lines is kept at Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north. Beautiful razor strops, varying in price from 25c to \$2.50 each, and shaving brushes from 15c to \$3 each are shown. Do not buy without seeing this stock.

Following the discovery of oxygen and water vapors in the atmosphere of Mars there comes the news that flowers and green foliage must be present on the planets of Jupiter and Saturn, and more particularly on Uranus and Neptune. The discovery has been made quite independently by two scientists, one a Russian named Timiriazev, the other a Dutch botanist, Beyrnick.

TIMES PATTERNS.



GIRL'S SURPRISE DRESS.

No. 8593.—The designs for little women usually follow the styles of their mothers. This little frock shows the graceful becoming lines of the surprise waist, with broad shoulder tucks. The plaited skirt is in good style and will look well on any figure. Wash or woolen goods are equally appropriate for this design, and brand, velvet or satin ribbon will form a suitable decoration. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

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Address "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get pattern.

Story of Willow Pattern Plate

It's An Interesting Legend

As we are frequently receiving inquiries concerning the story supposed to be told by the common willow-pattern plate, we reproduce the legend in full, from a translation by Dr. Browning, published some years ago in the form of an advertising booklet by Mr. George Fox, glass and china merchant, Leicester. After some words of introduction, the writer says: Our present manufacturers have far outstripped in beauty of materials the pottery of the old Chinese specimens, but fashion still gives a preference to Chinese patterns and forms. A remarkable instance of this preference is to be found in the fact that the sale of the old "Willow-pattern," exceeds that of all others. The name is derived from the figure of the tree which occupies the centre of the plate and which is intended to represent a willow in the spring when the blossoms before the leaves appear. Who is there, since the earliest dawn of intelligent perception, who has not inquisitively contemplated the mysterious figures on the Willow-pattern plate? Who, in childhood curiosity, has not wondered where the three persons in the dim blue outline did upon that bridge, whence they came and whither they are flying? What does the boatman without oars on that white stream? Who people the houses in that charming island? or who do those disproportionate doves forever kiss each other as if intensely joyful over some good deed done? Who is there through whose mind such thoughts as these have not passed as he found his eye resting on the Willow-pattern plate when they lay on the dinner table, or brightly glittered on the cottage plate-rail?

The old Willow-pattern Plate! by every association in spite of its want of artistic beauty, it is dear to us! It is mingled with an old friend and companion whose portrait we see everywhere, but of whose likeness we never grow weary. Unchanged are its charms, whether we view it as a flat oval dish—rounded into a cheese plate—hollowed out into a saucer, or contorted into the shape of a ladle; still in every change and form are the three blue people rushing over the bridge; still the boatman sits listless on the stream, and the doves are constantly kissing and fluttering in great glorification at the result. What it is about we will presently form the reader, if he will provide himself with an orthodox plate, and go with us through the following history, which is said to be to the Chinese what our "Jack the Giant Killer" or "Robinson Crusoe" is to us. It is the story of the Willow-pattern Plate. On the right hand side is seen a Chinese house of unusual extent and magnificence. The wealth and resources of the owner are indicated by it being of two stories in height, a most rare thing in China—by the existence of outbuildings at the back (to the right); and by the large and rare trees which are growing upon all sides of the main building.

This house belonged to a Mandarin of great power and influence, who had amassed considerable wealth in serving the Emperor in a department corresponding to our Excise. The work, as is the case in other places besides China, was performed by an active secretary called Chang, while the business of the master consisted in receiving bribes from the merchants at whose smuggling and illegal traffic he winked, in exact proportion as he was paid for it.

The wife of the Mandarin having died suddenly, he requested the Emperor to allow him to retire from his arduous duties, and was particularly urgent in his suit because the mer-

chants had begun to talk loudly of the unfairness and dishonesty of the Chinese manager of the Customs. The death of his wife was a fortunate excuse for the old Mandarin, and in accordance with his petition, an order signed by the vermilion pencil of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor was issued, whereby the manager had paid a handsome douceur to his predecessors.

To the house represented on the plate did the Mandarin retire, taking with him his only daughter, Koongshee, and his secretary, Chang, whose services he had retained for a few months in order to put his accounts in such array as to bear scrutiny, if from any unforeseen circumstances he should be called to produce them.

When the faithful Chang had completed his duty he was discharged. The late, however, the youth had seen and loved the Mandarin's daughter. At sunset Koongshee was observed to linger with her maid on the steps which led to the banquet room, and as the twilight came on she stole away down the path to a distant part of the ground; and there what the lovers did, the last part of Chang's engagement, vowed mutual promises of love and constancy; and on many an evening afterwards when Chang was supposed to be many miles away, lovers' voices in that place might have been heard in the orange trees; and as darkness came on, the huge peonies which grew on the fantastic wall had their gorgeous petals shaken off as Chang scrambled through their crimson blossoms.

By the assistance of her handmaid, the wife interviews were obtained without the knowledge of the old Mandarin; for the lovers well knew the harsh fashion of the country, and that their stations in life being unequal, the father would never consent to the union. Chang's merit, however, was known, and the affectionate wishes of the young people pictured a time when such an obstacle would be removed by his success. They believed as they hoped, and the year of their infancy had only two seasons—springtime and summer.

By some means, at last, the knowledge of one of these interviews came to the old Mandarin, who, from that time, forbade his daughter to go beyond the walls of the house; the youth was commanded to discontinue his visits upon pain of death, and to prevent his chivalrous courage any chance of gratification, a high wall of wood was ordered to be built across the pathway from the extremity of the wall to the water's edge (see plate). The lady's handmaid, too, was dismissed, and her place was supplied by an old domestic, whose heart was as withered as her shrivelled face.

To provide for his daughter's imprisonment, and to enable her to take air, he built in the fresh air, he also built a series of apartments adjoining his banquet room, and jutting out over the water's edge with terraces upon which the young lady might walk in security. These apartments having no exit but through the banquet room, in which the Mandarin spent the greater part of his time, and being completely surrounded by water, the father rested content that he should have no further trouble from clandestine meetings. As, also the windows of his sitting room looked out on the water, any attempt at communication by means of a boat would at once be seen and frustrated by him. To complete the disappointment of lovers, he went still further—he betrothed his daughter to a wealthy friend, a Tajin, or duke of high degree, who made her never seen. The Tajin was her equal in wealth and in every respect but age, which greatly preponderated on the gentleman's side. The nuptials were, as

usual, determined upon without any consultation of the lady; and the wedding was to take place "at the fortunate age of three moons when the peach tree should blossom in the spring." The willow tree was in blossom then; the peach tree had scarcely formed its buds. Poor Koongshee shuddered at what she called her doom, and feared and trembled as she watched the buds of the peach tree whose branches grew close to the walls of her prison (see plate); but her heart was cheered by a happy omen—a bird came and built its nest in the corner above her window.

One day when she sat on the narrow terrace for several hours watching the little architect carrying straws and feathers to its future home, the shades of evening came down upon her, and her thoughts reverting to interviews that were associated with the hour, she did not retire as usual, but disconsolately gazed upon the waters. Her abstraction was disturbed by a half coconut shell, which was fitted up with a miniature sail, and which floated close to her feet. By the aid of a parasol she reached it from the water. Her delighted surprise at its contents caused her to exclaim aloud in such a manner as to bring an old servant to her side, and nearly led to a discovery; but Koongshee was ready with a plausible excuse, and dismissed the woman. As soon as she was gone she anxiously examined the little boat. In it she found a bead she had given her lover—a sufficient evidence from whose hands the little boat had come. Chang had launched it on the other side of the water. There was also a piece of bamboo paper and in light characters were written some Chinese verses:

"The nest you winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away;
So yield her hopes the affianced prey.
The wealthy lord's reluctant prey."

"He must have been near me," she murmured, "for he must have seen my bird's nest by the peach tree." She read on:

"The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained,
A hundred cars the triumph swell."

"Mourn for the tiny architect—
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;
Mourn for the hapless stolen bride—
How vain the hope to soothe her breast."

Koongshee burst into tears, but hearing her father approaching, she hid the little boat in the folds of her loose robe. When he was gone she read the verses again, and again wept over them. Upon further examination she found upon the back of these verses the peculiar manner of metaphorical style of Oriental poetry: "As this boat sails to you so all my thoughts tend to the same centre; but when the willow blossoms drop from the bough and the peach tree unfolds its buds, your lotus blooms beneath the deep waters. There will he see the circles on the smooth river which the willow blossom falls upon it from the bough—broken away, like his love, from his parent stem." As a sort of postscript was added, "Cast your thoughts upon the waters as I have done, and I shall hear your words."

Koongshee well understood such metaphors, and trembled as she thought of Chang's threat of self-destruction. Having no other writing materials, she sought her ivory tablets, and with the needle she had been using in embroidery she scratched her answer in the same strain in which her lover had addressed her. This was her reply: "Do not let your husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen? The sunshine lengthens, and the vineyard is threatened to be spoiled by the hand of strangers."

This gave the gardener's wife time to see what had become of Koongshee. She had fancied that she heard some noise in the apartment, and with intense curiosity she pushed the screen aside, and saw the girl peeping into the room. Koongshee was not there! There were marks of wet feet and dripping garments upon the floor and upon the narrow ledge of the window to which she had rushed. A boat had just that instant been pushed off from the shore into the river, and in it, there was no doubt, were her mistress and her husband, the brave Chang. The darkness concealed the faces of the eyes of strangers or enemies as the rushing river carried them rapidly away. The gardener's wife gently closed the window, and hastily removed all traces of what had happened. She then cheerfully returned and waited for the officer. He came stimulated by a reproach for his delay, and commanded his soldiers to search the house, which would most willingly, as upon such occasions they were accustomed to possess themselves of everything which they considered valuable, for they neither found traces of the fugitives nor anything worth stealing. The jewels were with Chang upon the river, and the gardener was but a poor man. Then they visited the rice-ground, but were equally unsuccessful there. They suspected that the woman had played them a trick, but she looked quite unconscious, and in a very innocent manner persuaded the officer that she was imposed upon, and that she was sorry she had given him so much trouble.

The boat, with its precious cargo, floated down the river all the night, requiring no exertion from Chang, who sat silently waiting at the prow while his young wife slept in the cabin. When the grey of early morning peeped over the distant mountains, Chang still sat there and the boat was still rapidly buoyed onward by the current. Soon after daylight they entered the main river, the Yang-tse-kiang, and their passage became more boisterous, requiring considerable management from the boatman. Before the sun was well up they had joined numbers of boats, and had ceased to be singular, for they were in company with persons who lived wholly upon the waters, but who had been engaged in taking westward the usual tribute of salt and rice to His Imperial Majesty's treasury. To one of the boatmen he told, and from another he purchased some food with the coin. Thus they floated for several days towards the sea, but having at length approached a place where the Mandarins were accustomed to examine all boats outward bound, Chang moored his floating home beside an island in the broad river.

It was but a small piece of ground covered with reeds, but here the young pair resolved to settle down, and spend the rest of their days in peace. The jewels were sold in the neighboring towns in such a manner as not to excite suspicion, and with the fund thus procured the persevering Chang was enabled to obtain all that was necessary; and to purchase a free right to the little island, he is related of Koongshee, that with her own hands she assisted in

the building of the house; while her husband, applying himself to agricultural pursuits, brought the island into a high state of cultivation.

On referring again to the plate, the reader will find the history of the island significantly recorded by the simple artist. The ground is broken into lumps, (indicating recent cultivation), and the trees around it are smaller in size (indicating their youth). The diligence of Chang is sufficiently evidenced by the manner in which every scrap of ground which could be added to the island is reclaimed from the water. To illustrate this, narrow reefs of land are seen jutting out into the stream.

The remainder of the history is soon told: Chang having obtained a competence by the cultivation of the land, returned to his literary pursuits and wrote a book on Agriculture, which gained him great reputation in the province where he then resided, and was the means of securing him the patronage of the wealthy literary men of the neighborhood for his children, one of whom became a great sage after the death of his father and mother, which occurred in the manner who he related. The reputation of Chang's book, if it gained him friends revealed his whereabouts to his great enemy the Tajin, or Duke, whose passion for revenge was unabated. Nor did the Duke long delay the accomplishment of his object. Having waited upon the military mandarin of the river station, and having sworn by cutting a live cock's head off, that Chang was the person who stole the jewels, he obtained an escort of soldiers to arrest Chang, and with these the Tajin attacked the island, having given secret instructions to seize Koongshee and kill Chang without mercy. The peaceful inhabitants of the island were quite unprepared, but Chang, having refused the party admittance, was run through the body and mortally wounded. The servants, who were much attached to him, fought bravely to defend their master, but when they saw him fall they threw down their weapons and fled. Koongshee in despair rushed to her apartments, which she set on fire and perished in the flames. The gods (so runs the tale), cursed the Duke for his cruelty with a foul disease, with which he went down to the grave, unattended and unpitied. No children scattered scented paper over the grave; but in pity to Koongshee and her lover they were transformed into two immortal doves, emblems of the constancy which had rendered them beautiful in life, and in death undivided.

GO FOR YOUR LETTERS

OFFICIAL LIST OF THOSE UNCLAIMED IN HAMILTON.

Unclaimed letters lying in the Hamilton Post Office received previous to Dec. 13th:

Adams, A.
Allen, Harry F.
Aiken, Edith
Anderson, W.
Austin, John

Bottram, Fisher Wilson
Book, D.
Boyle, Mrs. Dave
Bohlander, G.
Brincom, Bert
Bree, Mrs. Stapleton Bewall
Branch, F. E.
Bromfield, Mary
Burrill, H. H.
Bundy, W. H.

Charleson, Martin
Clarke, E. J.
Coleman, H.
Cook, J. R., Slovan Junction, B. C.
Cowell, F. J.

Davidson, H. C.
Davis, Malcolm
Dempsey, P. C.
Drew, G. L.
Drake, Louisa P.
Egan, Murt
Engel, H. H.
Ferrier, John U.
Fitzgerald, John, carpenter.
Forbes, Miss Elizabeth.
Ford, J. J., Kirkwood B. Freed, H. E., care of B. Freed.

Garard, Mrs. Frank.
George, F. W.
Garard, Frank.
Governor, Miss.

Harvey, John, Main street east.
Hamil, Miss M.
Hamilton, W. B.
Haggen, Mrs. Frank.
Henderson, Jas., care John Henderson.
Horn, A., Care A. Patterson.

Jamieson, J. B.
Johnson, Mrs. G. W.
Johnston, Miss Eva.
Jones, James D.

Kerr, W. G.
Kerryhart, W. H.
Klaner, Josephine.
Knappman, David C.

Lane, Lillian.
Laughlin, Miss Ella J., 611 Central avenue.

Maher, J. E., from Lockport, N. Y.
Mallott, sen., Mr.

Moore, Freest, care of Shaw Thornton
Mason, James
Meally, E. B.
Misenor, W. S.
Moore, S. J.

Mowat, J. McDonald, barrister
Murphy, Thomas
Munro, A. A.
Mundy, H.

McCutcheon, Mrs. Kate
McFarlane, David
McDougall, J. S.
McGregor, J. F.
McGregor, James
McGregor, J. P.

McGiverny, Mrs. Margaret
McKenna, Peter, Mt. Albion (2)
McMaster, Ronald
McTaggart, Miss Kate, near Hannon

Nairn, D.
Nelles, L.
Nichols, M. H.

Parsons, Thomas
Paddock, Miss Anne
Parsons, Mrs. Florence
Passmore, J. B. (2).
Powell, G.
Price, E. B.

Redden, John E.
Robson, John
Roberts, Henry L.
Roach, J. J., 102 Merriek street.

Sapings, Adam.
Secker, J. E.
Shoart, John.
Shaw, Menno.

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Snyder, Timothy G.
Southern, J. H.
Sullivan, A. L., from Niagara Falls
Centre.
Stephenson, J. R., care of Brothers.
Stovel, Harold.
Strauss, Reuben, J.
Stilson, Mrs. Geo.
Stephenson, Wm. H.
Swinerton, John.
Sweet, F. E., from Jerseyville.

Temple, Patrick.
Thornton, Shaw.
Toban, Mrs. Wm., from Winona.
Towler, or Fowler, S. K.
Trontier, Thomas.

Van Dyke, M. S.

Walton, G. W.
Warren, Henry.
Walker, George.
Weldon, Mrs. Anne.
West, J. C.
Webb, G. E.
Wheatley, Mrs., from Southcoate.
Wharton, Harry (3).
Wheeler, Robert.
Wilson, J. L. (C. E.)
Wilson, John H.
Windsor, A.
Winegar, Mrs. Anna.
Woolverton, H. C.
Woodward, O. C.
Woolverton, H. C.

Kates, Thomas.
Yeaker, A.

Leslie and Reed.

SCRAP BOOK POETRY

A WORD FOR SANTA.
Dear Lord, be good to Santa Claus,
He's been so good to me;
I never told him so because
He is so hard to see.
He must love little children so
To come through snow and storm;
Please care for him when cold winds
blow
And keep him nice and warm.

Dear Lord, be good to him and good
To Mary Christmas, too.
I'd like to tell them, if I could,
The things I'm telling you.
They've both been very good to me,
And everywhere they go
They make us glad—no wonder we
All learn to love them so.

Please have him button up his coat
So it will keep him warm;
And wear a scarf about his throat
If should start to storm.
And when the night is dark, please lend
Him light if stars are dim,
Or maybe sometimes you could send
An Angel down to him.

Please keep his heart so good and kind
That he will always smile;
And tell him maybe we will find
And thank him after while.
Please keep him safe from harm and
keep
Quite near and guard him when
He's tired and lays down to sleep.
Dear Lord, please do! Amen.
—J. W. Foley in Collier's Weekly.

A SEPARATION GRANTED.
Not by process of law, but by the silent
working of "Putnam's" are corns
separated from aching toes. Any corn
or wart that "Putnam's" won't cure
hasn't been discovered yet. Insist on
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Judgment was handed out at Quebec
on Saturday by Wreck Commissioner L.
A. Demers, in which the court finds that
no one can be blamed for the accident
to the C. P. R. steamship Empress of
Ireland last October, near St. Felix,
on the south shore of the St.
Lawrence. In going over the evidence
of the various experts it is shown that
the Empress struck a submerged wreck,
probably with an iron hull.
John E. Butler, harbormaster of Halifax,
died on Sunday afternoon on a
street car as he was on his way home
from attending some business at the
railway wharves.



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