

GREAT SALE

- of -

Manufacturers Samples

We were fortunate again this Fall in buying all the samples and surplus stock of two big Clothing Manufacturers and Men's Furnishing Houses. Samples consist of Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, odd Pants, Underwear, Shirts, Socks, etc., which the travellers have been showing to the merchants for this Fall and Winter. Being samples, and being pressed for money, we bought them at special low prices, and we are giving our customers the benefit by having a Big Sale for one week, commencing THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28th, at 8.30 a.m.

Men's Sample Braces, only two or three of a line, made to retail at 85c., \$1.00 and \$1.25. Our Manufacturers' Sale Prices...59c., 69c., 89c.

Men's Sample Socks, in lisle, cashmere and heavy ribbed wool, in grey and black; made to retail at 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Our Manufacturers' price, for 23c., 29c., 39c., 43c., 69c. and 98c.

Men's Sample Underwear, heavy merino, fleece-lined, heavy ribbed, and fine wool, two pieces and combination; made to retail from \$1.50 to \$6.50. Our Manufacturers' Sale prices, from 98c. to \$5.45.

Men's and Boys' Sample Coat Sweaters, a big range to choose from, on sale at less than manufacturer's cost.

Men's and Boys' Sample Gloves and Mitts, a big range to choose from, in wool, kid and mocha, lined or unlined, on sale at less than manufacturer's prices.

Men's and Boys' Sample Caps, nice tweed, with or without inside bands, made to retail at \$1.50 to \$4. Our Manufacturers' Prices from 89c. to \$2.79.

Men's Sample Hats, in nice tweed and felts the very latest for this fall; made to sell from \$3.50 to \$9.00. Our Manufacturers' Sale Prices, from \$1.95 to \$5.29.

Big Snaps in Men's Sample Suits and Overcoats

Don't buy your Suit and Overcoat till you come and see our big range of Sample Suits and Overcoats. You will find a sample here that will just fit you, and save from \$7.50 to \$12.00 on a garment.

Remember, Sale will start Thursday morning, and will continue for a week, unless lines are sold out the first few days of the sale, which we cannot duplicate. This is a great opportunity to buy your winter outfit and save fully one-third of the retail prices. Goods are very high this season and very scarce, and you will only have to pay more later on. Make your best effort to be here early and have your best pick of the samples.

The above sale prices are on our Manufacturers' Samples only, not on regular goods, but we will allow a special 10 per cent. discount during the sale on all our regular Fall and Winter Stock. We guarantee every sample to be perfect, or we will refund your money.

Globe Clothing House

BROCKVILLE ONTARIO

Interesting Letter from Africa

The following letter was received by Athens friends from Miss Winifred Parker, formerly of Brockville, who is in Africa on missionary work. We take pleasure in placing this before our readers as a possible means of telling of the work being carried on in the field there:

From Savagery to Civilization.

Palko, July 29, 1920.

Africa is a land of extremes in many ways. No single volume could portray the customs of a small area, their homes, clothes, language, customs, all differ in different neighboring tribes. With this in view you might find it interesting to accompany me on my holidays and make the acquaintance of a few of the types and see the country.

We pack our belongings, taking food, cooking utensils, beds and bedding, everything one needs for comfort or necessity, for there will be no restaurant, car or even sets in our coaches at this end of the line.

We pack ourselves and loads into a box car, shake off the raindrops and mud and settle down to the business of keeping house in close quarters.

The train is late in starting, for a white man has not come, and we wait for Europeans in this country. Soon he arrives and we are off at the rate of 10 miles an hour, with stops at every station. The scenery is not beautiful, simply rocky country with tribes living up in the top of these fountains. Occasionally a monkey comes out to see us pass, or we notice a herd of camels resting by the roadside. The stations, however, are interesting; some are small with flower plots well kept. Occasionally we pass some important centre where considerable money has been spent on hospitals, government buildings, etc., but for the most part the natives and their varied dress and behavior claim our first attention. We see a few pagans in their scanty dress, many Mohammedans in their flowing robes, with their beads in one hand, praying as they go. Then the station master appears with his business-like manner and superior air, for his forefathers were Christians and he never spoke any other language than English and he feels insulted if you call him an African. Then clerks and European boys in English clothes and feeling very important indeed, filling all the English they know and ailing in with hands when words fail.

The different types of white men travelling are interesting. The man wearing a felt hat instead of a sun helmet, is a mining engineer who imagines he can play with the sun here as in South Africa. Some day he will pay up with his life. The tall clear complexioned man near is a trader, we can tell by his attitude; here comes his boy with his whiskey and soda. The man in uniform is an officer in command at one of the government headquarters camps, and we four women and one man finish out the numbers as missionaries.

The evening of the first day we arrive at a junction where we spend the night and change to a narrow gauge line. We set up our beds in cars and transfer our luggage, supplanting it all personally as all do in this country. The following morning as the train is under way, we try breakfast, but it is not a success as the line is so rough we can hardly get a bite to our mouths and drinking is out of the question. We shake till we fear our internal organs will be hopelessly mixed and never extricated. However, all things have an end and towards evening the puff, puff, of our little engine reminds us we are climbing the plateau. The landscape changes, the hills encircle us, purple and gold in the fading light. We round a curve and see a beautiful cascade falling far below us; the clouds encircle the crests of the foothills far below us and we feel for the first time we are really among the clouds. Soon the town of Jos is reached and after a night's rest we do some sight seeing and shopping. A famine of coal oil, flour and sugar is on and native food is both scarce and high, so despite the beauty of the little mining town we are glad to start off the following day with a retinue of carriers for Mingo. Eighteen miles distant, we stop at a mining camp for dinner and enjoy real potatoes again and see a little of the workings of the mine, as the men bring in the tin they have washed at the creek and get their weekly wage, for it is Saturday.

We have some exciting incidents on the way. A hammock with its inmate becomes rooted on a stump, or the men nearly fall into the river and the occupant of the hammock is sure they will be ducked, the horses slip on the banks or fall down in the mud. We race horses and the

hired men try to pass each other. As dark comes on we sight the sanitarium and at length reach its welcome shelter, glad again to see a real home with glass in its windows, concrete floors, a real sitting room like one at home, an upstairs, geraniums, a tennis court and a garden with potatoes.

We had several interesting trips here. One day we went to see a pretty falls. When in sight of it the rain started and those of us on foot saw more than one falls on the way back, drenched with rain.

Another day we set out to visit another mission station, nine miles away. There were no roads so we got lost. Then it started to rain and we sheltered in the side of a rock for a time, but seeing it didn't stop, started off again. Finally after galloping along on the slippery paths, facing a cutting rain, we landed at a large mining camp and were ushered into a white man's residence. We got off our wet things and on bathrobes and had tea. We were getting pretty chilly and the men were wondering what they would do with us, when the one woman in the camp sent an invitation for us to visit her. We accepted and soon were clothed in women's attire and had a delightful breakfast, but before leaving we had to don men's riding breeches for astride riding, surmounted by long coats and boots. We were a sight and our male escort nearly fell off his horse laughing at us two girls. We at last found the mission station, where one bachelor is at present, and he was kind enough to ignore our attire and we had a pleasant time visiting among his people. Their homes were most damp reeking places and many of the people absolutely nude. The men usually wear a small fringed apron around their loins and the women hang a candle shaped affair from the waist line. This is their clothing. The roads were very bad and the people scattered in the hills. We agreed one would need an iron constitution and shoes to stand the work among them.

On the return trip the following day we again were lost and climbed hills so steep that in the decent we had to be careful lest the horses should fall on us as we led them.

Another day we went to see a power plant under construction. It consists of a canal a mile and a half in length, with a falls of over one thousand feet, at the bottom of which is the machinery for generating electricity for power for the surrounding tin mines. It is a wonderful undertaking for this country, costing over half a million dollars. Remember that it is 800 miles from the coast, 20 miles from a railway and the machinery is huge, having to be conveyed the length of the canal on a narrow railway. When this is completed it will greatly facilitate mining operations, for the plateau is rich in tin ore, many mines having been worked for 10 years and are still in operation. Prof. Faulkner and his party from England are making observations to discover other minerals, and gather data concerning the volcanoes and geological formations that abound.

The plateau is about 40 miles square and has a high elevation making it very healthy, as the nights are cold and the heat never intense as we have it on the plains, but the sun is as dangerous. One man died the morning we left Jos. He refused to wear the sun helmet or take quinine daily and other precautions if one wants to live. In a few hours after a bad sunstroke the cords leading to his brain snapped and in a few hours a grave is added to those on the hillside, the head of the mine reads the burial service and a widow and three small children in England receive a cable announcing their loss.

The people on the plateau are pagans of the pagans, bold and fearless and clothesless, sturdy and healthy, without even a name or idea of God, nor value of life. A few weeks before we arrived a man was killed in a quarrel over farms, his body divided, distributed and eaten. When we arrived the people of the town took to the bush as they feared our field director was the government resident coming to execute judgment. As yet nothing has been done to them. It was interesting to see them pass by the hundreds, morning and evening, to and from their farms, some 10 miles away. They go in single file, carrying their immense hoes with them, with which they turn over the ground very quickly.

Firewood is very scarce and the women gather cow manure and any dry shrubs they can find for fuel. Their costume consists of a green tail of weeds hanging down their backs. They have thus a new dress every day.

On turning our faces homeward

we went to the power plant and had a ride of 20 miles on a motor truck, starting our journey from the terminus of the railway. We were glad we did, for many white people were going to the coast and we would not have had a compartment had we taken train further down the line. We slept most of the way down, having seen the scenery before, and on arriving at Zaria, the midway junction, we were met by the superintendent of traffic, who told us no train went on the following morning so we had better spend the day in Zaria. We wanted to get to Minna for a night before taking train for Agos, so after entertaining us at dinner he gave us a private car, where we had beautiful accommodations and in which we journeyed on the following day to Minna, where we were met by all the resident missionaries and slept that night in a stationary bed, again taking the train on the following day for the two days and a night ride to the coast. This part of the trip was very interesting. Instead of flat country unwooded, we have beautiful tall trees, crowned with vines that festoon themselves from one tree to another, making impassable forests of tall palm trees and brilliant foliage, lending variety to the usual monotonous landscape. Many large towns appear, with tin roofs glistening in the sun. We pass government centres and see beautiful roads and automobiles aplenty. Here we pass a military camp and head a splendid band playing. Now we are to cross the Niger river on an immense bridge, the building of which spoiled a native proverb which said "it could never be bridged." They reckoned without the whiteman. Another day and we see oranges by the way, pineapples, coconuts and lay in a supply for they are very cheap. At last we near Idgus with its hustle of city life, and natives of every description are seen. We are met by a representative of the Bible Society, and away we go over the long bridge that joins the mainland with Lagos, the island city, beautifully situated on a lagoon with natural harbor, along the front street of the city. The old Spanish architecture, new up-to-date buildings, towering palm trees and lovely foliage and flowers, together with the never failing ocean make this place a delight to the eye. As we spin along the splendid asphalt roadway, we ask, and is this really Africa? Yes, and coast life, with home comforts, home prices, as well as plenty of white faces. Lagos has a white population of over 500, and a church for Europeans only, as well as a jail for white men with at present two inmates.

The evening of my arrival, a small dinner party was given at my host's residence. It was rather a novelty to see people in dress suits and a table set with all the modern appointments, and hear real good music. But strange to say, most people, including government men and missionaries, prefer bush stations to the coast or even large interior towns. The life is freer, the opportunities, we think, greater and living more normal.

Sunday morning we attended the church missionary society cathedral, a colored preacher giving us a very good sermon. The choir consisted of black boys and men in surplice, and the service was lengthy and mostly ritual.

I couldn't help but smile when the banns were read of Seraphonia, Anglesia Augustina, etc., to whom I cannot remember; any one having any remarks why these two should not be wed, speak or forever hold your peace; for this is the third reading of the banns. Everything is English, but some of the Canadian and American missionaries, with a small sprinkling of Dutch, Nor-

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"The Bloomin' Old Rag Overhead"

A SMALL Union Jack rippled amid the tree tops. There seemed something quaint about it, a gay, won't-be-downhearted spirit, when you heard its history. A doctor at the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives was talking. "The sad thing is, it's young people, eager, hard-working boys and girls, T.B. attacks usually those who make the best Canadians, because they're ambitious. See that flag? The fellows in that pavilion were determined to have a flag. Each contributed the little he could. They got the flag, but, poor chaps, they're disappointed—it's so tiny." Yes, tiny up among the towering pines, but defiantly proclaiming "What we have we'll hold." And in the cots beneath, lads, weak and ill, but battling for health, lads whose precious pennies bought "the rag overhead," are echoing its dauntless spirit. "What life we have we'll hold." Lads worth saving surely! Contributions may be sent to Sir William Gage, 84 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, or to Geo. A. Reid, Treasurer, 223 College Street, Toronto.