

News Notes From the Countryside

BIG ISLAND
Mr. and Mrs. D. Johnson, spent Christmas at Belleville, the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. DeShane.

MADOC
Thomas Green, an aged farmer of Huntingdon, died suddenly at his home Christmas morning at the age of 94 years.

The following teachers are home: Emily Ballard, Kathleen Burns, M. Spry, Loretta Foley, Laura Pringle, and Mabel Blakely.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam McQuire, Belleville, spent Sunday and Monday in town.

Miss Luella Harrison Toronto, is in town this week.

Corp. Harry Breakell, of Kingston Convalescent Home is spending the holidays with his mother.

Mr. George Naylor and Mr. Hows, of Belleville; Mr. Irwin of Deseronto were visitors at Jas. Naylor's on Monday.

Mr. Fred Embury of Swan River, and his bride arrived in town on Tuesday and are the guests of Mrs. V. Embury.

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eyes, which previously have been made in Germany, and to which the trained scientists of the Allied nations are now directing their researches, to the end that, never again will the industrial world, outside of Germany, be compelled to depend on that country for supplies of these goods. Thus does the abundant supply of electrical energy produced by the waters of this canal, planned so long ago by the home authorities, bid fair to become a powerful factor, not only in hastening the conclusion of this, the greatest war in which England has ever engaged, but also to materially assist in the industrial war which we are assured is to follow the declaration of peace.—The Times.

CAMPBELLFORD
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Deaves visited his mother in Belleville on Christmas.

Mr. J. A. Kent has shipped from Campbellford station over one thousand hogs since the first of October—less than three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Will White of Roslin spent Christmas at the home of her father, Mr. Norman Masson.

Sergt. T. J. Hulme of Belleville, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Hume.

Miss Winifred Armstrong of Belleville, spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Kingston.

Lieut. Charles Payne has returned from Quebec, having completed his course there, and is now in Belleville.

On Wednesday evening last the teachers of the public school gathered at the home of Miss Grace Bayne and presented Miss Nellie Turner, who is going to the Argentine Republic in South America as a missionary, with a beautiful set of Shakespeare.

Mr. Harry Turner, who has been in the Argentine Republic as a missionary and who returns soon to his work gave a very interesting talk to the Methodist Sunday School last Sunday. His sister, Miss Nellie Turner, who has been for some years on the Public School staff and who has resigned her position will return with him.—The Herald.

DESERONTO.
Miss Jennie Cole, returned home from Belleville, on Friday last to enjoy the holidays with her parents.

Mr. Henry Taylor spent the week-end with friends in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, and Miss Sine of Toronto and Mr. Fred Froste of Belleville, spent Christmas with Mrs. F. J. and Charles Froste.

Misses Jennie Cole and Evelyn Fairbairn attended the Iroquois Club dance at Belleville on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Jas. Cole received a telegram from Lieut. Jas. Cole, who has been wounded, stating that he is in a London hospital and is gaining nicely.

One evening last week Mr. Samuel Hinkerson, residing near Shannonville, had his hen house entered and nine choice turkeys stolen therefrom. The probable value would be around \$25 to \$30, and is a serious loss the way poultry sold this last week or so.

Have mercy on your horse. We noticed a horse tied to a post the other day clipped and headed against the breeze—shivering with cold. Throw a blanket over your horse if only for a five-minute stop. The noble animal deserves much care.

We are pleased to know that Mr. Ed. Gaultin has returned from Manitowish Island to spend the winter with his family in their comfortable home on Green Street. Mr. Gaultin is the "champion" checker player of this district and we hope that his return will be the means of renewing interest in the noble game. "Mon, it's a draw game."—The Post.

AMELIASBURG, 4th CON.
The happy Yule-Tide season was made even more merry by the additional pleasure of good sleighing throughout the country. The merry single of the sleighbells adds a zest to the already happy feeling prevailing everywhere at this joyous season.

Mr. Chas. Morton and nephew Albert of Melville spent a recent Sunday at Mr. T. Wood's.

The latest of our boys to answer the call "to arms" is Mr. Percy Reddick. Accompanied by his friend Mr. Keith Ferguson of Roblin's Mills he went to Belleville Wednesday and became a member of the 25th battalion. The boys enjoyed an outing to Kingston before returning to their homes. We wish them both the best of good fortune.

A delightful evening was spent at Mr. Roy Parliament's one evening last week. Their many friends were entertained at a house party; dancing, music and cards being indulged in.

Mr. D. Whitney was in Belleville Saturday.

Mr. Leonard Wood is visiting his uncle, Mr. Barr at Dunsmuir.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dolan spent Xmas with Mrs. Dolan's parents in Trenton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wannamaker are at Pictou for Xmas, with Mrs. Wannamaker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fox.

The home of Mr. John Wannamaker was the scene of a pleasant gathering on Christmas Day.

Mr. Bruce Irwin has accepted a position with the C.N.R. at Trenton.

Miss Ella Terry has gone to spend the winter months with her brother Mr. J. Gibson at Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Murphy and Alice spent Xmas at Mr. Chas. Sager's.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weeks and family were at Mr. E. Wycott's, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Partella of Pictou were recently at Mrs. Dolan's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mastin spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. V. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Lont visited at Mr. W. Wannamaker's Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson entertained on Xmas Day.

Mrs. Wm. Mastin is on a visit to her daughter Mrs. R. Roscoe and Miss L. Mastin in Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. Archer Blakely is in Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Vancott have returned after a visit with Mr. Vancott's brother in Ottawa.

Mrs. H. Spencer of Ottawa is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Vancott.

BANCROFT.
Miss Margaret Foster, daughter of Mr. Ira Foster of this village, was among the nurses who graduated at the Belleville General Hospital, on Monday evening, of last week.

The vacancies in the teaching staff of the public school, have been filled. Mr. O. McCullough of Brantford has been engaged as principal, and Miss Mary T. Lor of Carlow, will have charge of the intermediate department. Both teachers come well recommended.

Municipal matters are very quiet. The only candidate so far who has announced himself is Mr. D. Fuller, and he has his eye on the reeveship. From this we gather that Mr. Walker will retire at the end of the year, as it is hardly likely that these two men would oppose each other. We were under the impression that Mr. Fuller had quit the municipal game, but he is like Banquo's ghost, he will not drown.

DON'T RUN ENGINE WITH GARAGE DOORS CLOSED.
A few days ago Mr. F. A. Willis was working at his auto with the garage doors closed, and the running engine emitted gas to such an extent that he was almost overcome by its effects. As it was a considerable time elapsed before he was himself again. Just how much risk is attached to such procedure, is told in the following despatch from Montreal.—Montreal, Dec. 21.—Two deaths were caused by gas from an automobile in a garage yesterday, the proprietor, Damas E. Vinet, aged 45 years, a grocer, being one of the victims, and his father-in-law, Henri Soule, aged 79, the other.

Evidently Vinet was making some repairs to the under part of the automobile before starting out with Soucy for a ride. His lifeless body was found beneath the machine. The older man was suffocated sitting in the rear seat of the machine. The garage doors were shut and the deadly gas was generated by the engine. It was still running when the tragedy was discovered.—Gleaner Reporter.

A WORSE MENACE
The World believes it is the duty of every lover of good temperance legislation to refuse to patronize in any way a paper which sells its columns to the liquor interests. Such a paper is a worse menace to society than the open bar and should be classed as such.

But, while strongly against advertising intoxicating liquor of any description, we see no harm whatever in advertising any beverage which has not a greater strength of alcohol than two per cent.—that is any beverage which can not be legally sold in Ontario by hotels, grocers and restaurants.—Cobourg World.

DIED AT AGE OF 94.
Mrs. Emily Howard, Purdy Street, Belleville, passed away at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Stimers on Monday, Jan. 1st, 1917 at the ripe old age of 94 years. Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. G. A. Stimers, Mrs. Wm. Stimers, and Mrs. C. H. Diamond, New Westminster, B.C.

WOULD ABOLISH THE CITY MARKET

Drastic Action Favored by the Wharf Debating Club

ADDS TO THE H. C. OF L.

Strong Arguments Presented for Abolition by Several Members.

(From Tuesday's Daily)
The regular monthly meeting of the Wharf Debating and Literary Society was held at the Club rooms last night. There was an unusually large attendance of members.

The minutes of the last regular meeting and subsequent special meetings were read and on motion confirmed.

Questions and Answers.
A new and useful department has been opened in the "Question and Answer Drawer."

President Barnhardt took a fresh layer off his package of Spearmin before attempting to answer the eager queries of those desiring information.

The first question was signed "I. X.L." and was as follows,—"Is it true that living is cheaper in Kingston than in Belleville?"

"Not quite," was the answer given by the president. "You only feel cheaper living there."

The next query ran like this, "We are taking up literature in our Epworth League. At our next meeting we are to discuss Fiction. What is Fiction?"

"Signed, Harold," answered the president, as he shifted his gum to the other side of his mouth. "abounds on every hand. The first on record was when the Serpent said to Eve, 'Aw, go on and take a bite. It won't hurt.' Other fictions is 'Value \$14, our price \$7.50, or 'Well, this is my last cigar, or 'I shall all rays love you,' or 'A lot of my friends wanted me to run for Alderman,' or 'Taxes will be lower next year,' or 'Bridge Street is going to have a permanent pavement,'—oh, everything's fiction, Harold, since Truth fell to the bottom of the well."

The next questioner who desired enlightenment was "Amateur Poultry Farmer" who wished President Barnhardt to recommend some reliable poultry manual.

"I do not pose as an authority on poultry," modestly began the president, "but I do remember the time when a dollar-bill would buy on Belleville market as much good, sound hen-fowl as you could conveniently carry home. We got to get back to the old-fashioned hen and old-time methods. The modern hen is a feather-weight fraud. The work on poultry farming that has stood the test of time is Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' for sale at all bookellers."

Motions.
The question drawer having been denuded of its contents, the next order of business was "Motions."

Under this head, Mr. Sanford arose and read the following motion,—

Whereas the City Market of Belleville is the biggest kind of a hold-up and a means of high-handed extortion on the part of millionaire farmers,

Therefore, be it resolved that the Wharf Debating and Literary Society do place itself on record as favoring its immediate abolition, and that the secretary be instructed to forward a copy of this resolution to the City Council."

The Argument.
"For monumental, continental, concentrated extract of double-distilled humbug," began Mr. Sanford, speaking earnestly in support of his motion, "commend me to Belleville market. Look at it, gentlemen, look at it. Perambulate and peregrinate around it any Saturday and if you can purchase anything there gentlemen, without getting beautifully abused, I won't charge a cent. Talk about your South Sea Bubbles, your Standard Oil Octopuses, and your Shell Game Sharks, why we've got 'right here in this little four-corners the biggest, blood-thirsted vampire that ever flapped his wings over the northern hemisphere. (Sensation). Why, I have saw with my own eyes women with the colossal nerve to ask sixty cents a dozen for eggs and fifty cents for one miserable little pound of trowy butter! Gentlemen, let's not be misled by the low, mean, out-rage! Indignant expressions all over the room). I, for one, don't think we ought to set down as meek as Mary's lamb and stand for such high-handed robbery. I ask you, gentlemen, in all seriousness, is it a bigger contract for a hen to lay an egg now than it was thirty years ago? Then you could take your lit-

tle sixty cents in one hand, your mar-

ket-basket in the other, and come back from the market kicking up your heels, with eight dozen eggs in the basket. Rochester hasn't got no city market, Buffalo hasn't got no city market, Detroit hasn't got no city market, New York hasn't got no city market. All first-class cities done away with them kind of luxuries years ago. They're too much of a white elephant for anything but hog-house, backwoods burgo like Belleville, where we let every smart Aleck that comes along aim us to a finish and act as if we didn't know enough to come in out of the rain. By the great horn spoon, don't let's you and me stand for it no longer! Let's show some of them motor-car market manipulators that we're on to all their gags as big as a munition factory." (Loud and long continued applause.)

"I rise to second the motion," said Mr. Dick Duesbury. "I do so for three good and sufficient reasons. Firstly, we are now in the midst of a great fight for freedom. Secondly, the battle of the Boyne was fought July the twelfth 1690. Thirdly, the Magna Charta was signed June the fifteenth, 1215. Men of the Wharf Debating club, will you arise in your majesty and power and free your city of the cruel and tyrannical oppressor as did your ancestors at Runnymede, at the Boyne of glorious memory and as your brothers and sons is doing today on the blood-stained fields of Europe? We are faced by the gravest and the hottest crisis in the history of our fair city. Their market hogs is swillin' down our hard-earned spondulicks, while we sweat like Carolly niggers to eke out a miserable existence. Gentlemen, that market is a confounded outrage. Let's exterminate it!"

Opposing Opinions.
"Whatever you two muts talkin' about now," inquired Mr. Shad. Rath with some warmth, as he rose to reply. "You're the greatest pair of plikers that ever come across. Abolish the market, would you? Next thing you'll want to put the kibosh on the city council and the board of education. You're a couple of arryochists. Why, darn your tolosal ignorance, that market is the biggest bonanza that Belleville possesses. You two make me sick. I s'pose you'd ker-fummix us back to the good old days when locomotives burnt slabs, men rode on high-wheel bicycles and you could get a full-course meal at a swell restrunt for fifteen cents. Them days was dandies, all right, all right, but they don't appeal to yours truly. What if we do have to pay eight dollars for a thirty-cent turkey? Hain't we got the long-green to liquidate with? Was the country ever any prosp'ouser than it is now? You two talks like a pair of boneheads." (Scattered applause.)

"This learned argument reminds me," said Mr. George Whalen, as he rose to continue the debate, "of the story told by General William T. Sherman, the same as said that war was—well, this was his story as told by himself—

"When I was with the army in Georgia, a slave owner about Christmas time misad a fine fat turkey. He suspected a good-looking mulatto, and ordered the man brought before him. 'You have stolen my turkey and eaten it,' said the irate planter. 'Ise not gwine to say I didn't, when you says I did, massa.' 'I ought to have you flogged. What have you to say why I should not punish you?' 'Well, massa, you hain't lost anything particular, you see you has a little less turkey and a good deal more nigger.' The slave got no whipping."

"That's like Belleville market," Mr. Sanford: "In what way?"

Mr. Whalen: "Why don't you see, you haven't got as much turkey for a dollar now as you had once upon a time, but you've got more dollars to buy turkey with. Have I made myself clear?"

Mr. Sanford: "Yes, about as clear as Pinnacle Street mud."

After several other excellent and impressive addresses, on both sides of the question, had been heard, the resolution was put to vote and was carried with four votes dissenting. It is to be presented to the city fathers upon the occasion of their next regular meeting.

Acoustic Properties Poor.
By way of variety at this stage Mr. Pine Duesbury, in response to insistent demands, proceeded to sing the vocal solo, "The Last Rose of Summer." To the great regret of all he broke down before the end of the first stanza was reached. The majority of the listeners thought he was overcome by emotion but Mr. Duesbury himself, while expressing his apologies, suggested that the difficulty was due to it's an outrage—a low, mean out-rage! Indignant expressions all over the room). I, for one, don't think we ought to set down as meek as Mary's lamb and stand for such high-handed robbery. I ask you, gentlemen, in all seriousness, is it a bigger contract for a hen to lay an egg now than it was thirty years ago? Then you could take your lit-

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