

Popular Numbers in Black Sateen

Black Sateen Dresses and Aprons are very popular these days. We are showing three excellent cloths at very moderate prices. 36 inches wide in a beautiful finish and excellent weight at... 35c and 55c. 30 inches wide at... 30c.

STAMPED LINENS FOR CHRISTMAS

Many people are solving their Christmas gift problems with these beautiful ready to work linens. Pillow Slips, runners, night gowns, centre pieces, cushion tops, etc. You will find our stock complete in all the newest patterns.

NEW WAISTS \$3.50 TO \$5.75

These are the finest waists that we have shown for some time, and prices are about one third lower than usual, made from finest quality voiles and crepes in a splendid variety of shades and sizes. The styles are up to the minute in every particular. \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.75.

GRANNY'S OWN KNITTING YARNS

Cool days and long nights have made knitting very popular again. We are very particular about the quality of our yarns, and have no hesitation in recommending Granny's Own Yarn for softness of texture, brilliance of color, evenness in twist, wearing and working qualities. We can with confidence place them beside any yarn produced today. All shades now in stock, 2 oz. balls... 30c.

A. Brown & Co.

MONEY REFUNDED ON ANY UNSATISFACTORY PURCHASE

STEAMER FOUNDERS IN LAKE ERIE

Amherstburg, Nov. 19.—Word was received here to-day of the foundering in Lake Erie of the City of Dresden, owned by Capt. J. S. McQueen of Amherstburg, on Saturday night, near Port Burwell. The drowned body of his son, Peregrine McQueen, the message stated, was washed ashore at the Port Burwell breakwater on Sunday morning, lashed to some wreckage. The young man, who was 21 years of age, had charge of the engines on the steamer.

Capt. Al. Heming of Port Burwell and a life-saving crew boarded the wreck and rescued Capt. McQueen, Ray Sawyers and Jack McBride, members of the crew. The captain, whom it was feared had been drowned, was found in a semi-conscious condition.

The members of the crew, except McQueen, were saved after a battle with furious waves that swept the

lake during a southwest gale. The crew clung to masts until rescued.

The steamer left here two weeks ago to take a cargo of coal from Conneaut to Port Burwell and was due home today to lay up for the winter. This is the second McQueen boat to sink in the last few days, the Senora being sunk at Port Colborne last Friday.

BORN

In Cedar Springs, Iowa, on Tuesday, Nov. 21, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Cone, a daughter—Doris Elaine.

In Brooke, on Sunday, Nov. 11th, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, a daughter.

In Alvinston, on Thursday, Nov. 16, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Benstead, a son—Donald Roxcoe.

DIED

In Bosanquet on Monday, Nov. 13th, Jane Pitts, wife of John Sercombe aged 62 years.

A New Pattern in SemiPorcelain Dinnerware

JUST ARRIVED and ready for your inspection—another New Pattern in Semi-Porcelain. This, too, will be an open stock pattern and can be bought in single pieces or in sets.

CUPS AND SAUCERS, either Kermes or open shape, will retail at 50c and all other pieces are just as moderate.

A full set or even a few odd pieces of this high-grade semi-porcelain for every day use, would make a very acceptable Christmas gift.

We also have a great selection of Odd Pieces of Fine China: in BLUE CROWN DERBY, RED AND GOLD CROWN DERBY, LIMOGES, HAVILAND and NIPPON.

Come in and see our display any time.

YOUR PRIVATE GREETING XMAS CARDS

Three sample books are now ready and if you wish Private Greeting Cards we would advise you to order early.

Watch our windows for new goods for Christmas giving.

J. W. McLaren

DRUGS "THE REXALL STORE" STATIONERY

Store closes 8.30 p.m. daily except Saturday.

IN THE MEN'S STORE

Work Shirts \$1.25-\$1.50

Extra Heavy, over size Work Shirts. Come in gray or khaki flannelette and are the well-known Arm and Hammer brand, at \$1.50.

Old Hickory & khaki drill shirts, extra large \$1.25.

BOYS' PULLOVERS AT \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25. Made from finest quality long wool, come in plain colors and fancy stripes, double, close fitting collars. Sizes 24 to 32 at... \$1.75, \$2.00, and \$2.25.

MEN'S BLUE SUIT SPECIAL

A limited number only of these guaranteed indigo high grade suits. Made from the very heaviest English Worsteds, trimmed and made up to the highest standard. These are without doubt the finest suits we have ever shown at... \$33.00.

Other lines in blue worsted at \$20., \$25. and \$28.

EASTERN CAPS FOR WINTER

Just placed in stock. The complete range of these celebrated caps, featuring the patented Kling-Klose band, stylish and comfortable. Wonderful values at... \$1.25, \$1.50 and up.

(Continued from Page 7)

ATTENTION TO THE SUBSTITUTION, DO I CHARGE TO welcome you to our thriving little city, and, as a friend of about two minutes' standing, to warn you away from it."

Billy's mien, as he voiced this warning, was so singularly mysterious that Dolores' curiosity was aroused instantly and rose superior to her grief. "Why, what's the matter?" she demanded.

Billy looked around, as if fearful of being overheard. He lowered his voice. "We're going to have one grand little first-class revolution," he replied. "It's due to bust almost any night now, and when it does, the streets of San Buenaventura will run red with blood."

Dolores blanched. "Oh, dearie me," she quavered. "Do they still have revolutions here? You know, Mr. Geary, my poor father was killed in one."

"Yes, and the same old political gang that shot him is still on deck," Billy warned her. "It would be highly dangerous for a Rucy, man or woman, to show his or her nose around Buenaventura about now. Besides, Miss Rucy, that isn't the worst," he continued, for a whole-hearted lad was Billy, who never did anything by halves. "The city is reeking with cholera," he declared.

"Cholera!" Dolores' big brown eyes grew bigger with wonder and concern. "How strange the port authorities didn't warn us at New Orleans!"

"Tish! Tish! Fiddlesticks and these some. The fruit company censors everything, Miss Rucy, and the news doesn't get out."

"But the port doctor just said the passengers could go ashore."

"What's a human life to a doctor? Besides, he's on the slush-fund payroll and does whatever the higherups tell him. You be guided by what I tell you, Miss Rucy, and do not set foot on Sobranitean soil. If you stay aboard La Estrellita, you'll have your nice clean stateroom, your well-cooked meals, your bath, and the attentions of the stewardess. The steamer will be loaded in two days; then you go back to New Orleans, and by the time you arrive there I'll have been in communication by cable with Mother Jenks—I mean—"

"Mother who?" Dolores demanded. "A mere slip of the tongue, Miss Rucy. I was thinking of my landlady. I meant Mrs. Wilkins."

"I'm so awfully obliged to you, Mr. Geary. You're so kind, I'm sure I'd be a most ungrateful girl not to be guided by you accordingly. You wouldn't risk any friend of yours in this terrible place, would you, Mr. Geary?"

"Indeed, I would not. By permitting anybody I thought anything of to come to this city, I should feel guilty of murder."

"I'm sure you would, Mr. Geary. Nevertheless, there is one point that is not quite clear in my mind, and I wish you'd explain—"

Mr. Goddard, secretary of Ontario Poultry producers, Ottawa, announces that 10 carloads of Chinese eggs has arrived in Toronto during the past two or three weeks. Moreover, Mr. Goddard announces that it was reported that 1,000 pounds of these eggs were arriving daily in Ottawa and other Canadian cities.

"Command me, Miss Rucy."

"If this is such a frightful place, why are you so anxious, if I may employ such language, to hornswoogie your dearest friend, Mr. John S. Webster, into coming down here? Do you want to kill him and get his money—or what?"

Billy's face flamed at thought of the embarrassing trap his glib tongue had led him into. He cursed himself for a star-spangled jackass, and while he was engaged in this interesting pastime Dolores spoke again.

"And by the way, which is it? Miss Wilkins or Mrs.? You've called her both, and when I reminded you she was a Miss, you agreed with me, whereas she is nothing of the sort. She's a Mrs. Then you blurted out something about a Mother Jenks, and finally, Mr. Geary, it occurs to me that for a complete stranger you are unduly interested in my welfare. I'm not such a goose as to assimilate your weird tales of death from disease. It occurs to me that if your friend John S. Webster can risk Buenaventura, I can also."

"You—you know that old tarantula?" Billy gasped. "Why I—I came out to warn him off the grass, too."

Dolores walked a step closer to Billy and eyed him disapprovingly. "I'm so sorry I can't believe that statement," she replied. "It happens that I was standing by the companion-ladder when you came aboard and spoke to the purser; when you asked him if Mr. Webster was aboard, your face was alight with eagerness and anticipation, but when you had reason to believe he was not aboard, you looked so terribly disappointed I felt sorry for you."

"I'm going ashore, if it's the last act of my life, and when I get there I'm going to interview the cable agent; then I'm going to call at the steamship office and scan the passenger list of the last three north-bound steamers, and if I do not find Henrietta Wilkins' name on one of those passenger lists I'm going up to Calle de Concedida No. 19—"

"I surrender unconditionally," groaned Billy. "I'm a liar from beginning to end. I overlooked my hand. I beg of you to believe me, however, when I tell you that I only told you those whoppers because I was in honor bound to tell them. Personally, I don't want you to go away—at least, not until I'm ready to go away, too! Miss Rucy, my nose is in the dust. There is a fever in my brain and a misery in my heart—"

"And contrition in your face," she interrupted him laughingly. "You're forgetting, Mr. Geary—on one condition."

"Name it," he answered. "Tell me everything from beginning to end."

So Billy told her. "I would much rather have been visited with a plague of boils, like our old friend, the late Job, than have to tell you this, Miss Rucy," he concluded his recital. "Man proposes, but God disposes, and you're here and bound to learn the truth sooner or later. Mother isn't a lady, and she knows it, but take it from me, Miss Rucy, she's a grand old piece of work. She's a scout—a ring-tailed sport—a regular individual and game as a gander."

"And I mustn't call at El Buen Amigo, Mr. Geary?"

"Perish the thought! Mother must call on you. El Buen Amigo is what you might term a hotel for tropical tramps of the masculine sex. Nearly all of Mother's guests have a past, you know. They're the submerged white tenth of Sobranite."

"Then my benefactor must call to see me here?" Billy nodded. "When will you bring her here?"

Billy reflected that Mother Jenks had been up rather late the night before and that trade in the cantina of El Buen Amigo had been unusually brisk; so since he desired to exhibit the old lady at her best, he concluded it might be well to spar for wind.

"Tomorrow at 10," he declared. Dolores inclined her head. Something told her she had better leave all future details to the amiable William.

"I remember you inquired for your friend, Mr. Webster, when you came aboard the steamer."

"I remember it, too," Billy countered ruefully. "I can't imagine what's become of him. Miss Rucy, did you ever go to meet the only human being in the world and discover that for some mysterious reason he had failed to keep the appointment? Miss Rucy, you'll have to meet old John Stuart the minute he lights in Buenaventura. He's some boy."

"Old John Stuart?" she queried.

"How old?"

"Oh, thirty-nine or forty on actual count, but one of the kind that will live to be a thousand and then have to be killed with an axe. He's coming to Sobranite to help me put over a mining deal."

"How interesting, Mr. Geary! No wonder you were disappointed. I wonder you were disappointed. I wonder you were disappointed. I wonder you were disappointed."

The last sentence was a shaft deliberately launched; to Dolores' delight it made a keyhole in Billy Geary's heart.

"Don't get me wrong, Miss Rucy," he hastened to assure her. "I have a

good mine, but I'm a bit of a shake from Jack! The good Lord only published one edition of Jack, and limited the edition to one volume; then the plates were melted for the junk we call the human race. Two weeks ago, when I was sick and penniless and despairing, the possessor of a concession on a fortune, but without a centavo in my pockets to buy a banana, when I was a veritable beach-comber and existing on the charity of Mother Jenks, I managed finally to communicate with old Jack and told him where I was and what I had. There's his answer, Miss Rucy, and I'm not ashamed to say that when I got it I cried like a kid." And Billy landed her John Stuart Webster's remarkable cablegram, the receipt of which had, for Billy Geary, transformed night into day, purgatory into paradise. Dolores read it.

"No wonder you love him," she declared, and adored artlessly. "His wife must simply adore him."

"He has no wife to bother his life, so he paddles his own canoe," Billy rectified. "I don't believe the old sour dough has ever been in love with anything more charming than the goddess of fortune. He's woman-proof."

"About Mrs. Jenks," Dolores continued, abruptly changing the subject. "How nice to reflect that after she had trusted you and believed in you when you were penniless, you were enabled to justify her faith."

"You bet!" Billy declared. "I feel that I can never possibly hope to catch even with the old Samaritan, although I did try to show her how much I appreciated her."

"I dare say you went right out and bought her an impossible hat," Dolores challenged roughly.

"No, I didn't, for a very sufficient reason. Down here the ladies do not wear hats. But I'll tell you what I did buy her, Miss Rucy—and oh, by George, I'm glad now I did it. She'll wear them tomorrow when I bring her to see you. I bought her a new black silk dress and an old-lace collar, and a gold breast pin and a tortoise shell hair comb and hired an open carriage and took her for an evening ride on the Malecon to listen to the band concert."

"Did she like that?"

"She ate it up," Billy declared with conviction. "I think it was her first adventure in democracy."

Billy's pulse was still far from normal when he reached El Buen Amigo, for he was infused with a strange, new-found warmth that burned like malarial fever, but wasn't. He wasted no preliminaries on Mother Jenks, but bluntly acquainted her with the facts in the case.

Mother Jenks eyed him a moment wildly. "Gord's truth!" she gasped; she reached for her favorite elixir, but Billy got the bottle first.

"Nothing doing," he warned this strange publican. "Mother, you're finking it—and what would your saluted 'Enry say to that? Do you want that angel to kiss you and get a whiff of this brandy?"

Mother Jenks' eyes actually popped. "Gor, Willie," she gasped. "I've never told ye she's a lady! I kiss the lamb! I'll trust an' can keep it!"

"Yes, I know," Billy soothed the frightened old woman, "but the trouble is Miss Dolores doesn't know here—and something tells me if she does, she'll forget it. She'll take you in her arms and kiss you, sure as death and taxes."

And she did! "My lamb, my lamb," sobbed Mother Jenks the next morning, and rested her old cheek, with its rum-begotten hue, close to the rosette-tinted ivory cheek of her ward. "Me—wo! I am—an' to think—"

"You're a sweet old dear," Dolores whispered, patting the gray head; "and I'm going to call you Mother."

"Mr. William H. Geary," the girl remarked that night, "I know now why your friend, Mr. Webster, sent that cablegram. I think you're a scout, too."

For reasons best known to himself Mr. Geary blushed furiously. "I—I'd better go and break the news to Mother," he suggested inanely. She held out her hand; and Billy, having been long enough in Sobranite to have acquired the habit, bent his malarial person over that hand and kissed it. As he went out it occurred to him that had the lobby of the Hotel Ma-teo been paved with eggs, he must have floated over them like a wraith, so light did he feel within.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The death occurred at the family residence, 4th con. Bosanquet, on Monday, Nov. 13th, of Jane Pitts, wife of John Sercombe, aged 62 years. Deceased had been ill a long time with cancer and underwent treatment in Victoria Hospital, London, and also took the radium treatment in Toronto. Deceased was born in Devonshire, England, and after coming to Canada, settled in West Williams, later coming to the residence of Bosanquet. She is survived by her three sons, Fred J., and Wm. of Bosanquet; and Bert of West Williams. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon from the family residence to the Arkona cemetery for interment.

Volume XL

LOCAL HAF

Next Sunday is A Start your Christ-Swifts.

Councillor W. (announced that he is the Reeve's chair for Granny's Komfort Yarns in all shades of color.

Two big special presented at the Ly-nedday.

Spats, any color; very cheap and ver-Dodds & Son.

Philosophy is the-away at your job about how much Hen-ink.

All the hunters have Northern Ontario, ha-time, but met with a different luck.

Masons are reques-the lodge room on 3 o'clock to attend the late Bro. John White.

The first real sam-came Sunday when sn-of an inch or so fell.

Monday night made it-Cut prices on Dala-Miss Minnielly's. Chr-Linens, Pillowcases, also stamped cottons.

There will be morni-a celebration of the-10th in Trinity church morning at 11 o'clock vice as usual.

It's nothing derogat-when you speak of his served, but when it c-that he is canned or r-another story.

An elaborate picturi-Ellice famous, English-Manner," a story read-millions, will be the-tion at the Lyveum nex-

The county council-Sarnia next Tuesday, I-p.m. Indications are th-for the most part will-routine matters pertain-pletion of the current-

The cost of a conduc-paper is somewhat stag-U.F.O. is finding out-statement we read tha-was paid for support-

paper and \$10,000 mor-quired for the same p-the end of the year.

Overalls and work'sh-in the market.—Swift's>About twenty-five me-Lambton Medical Associ-

ed a luncheon in the-Commerce, Sarnia, on F-bers of the association i-the county were on ha-conclusion of the lunche-sion of medical affairs to-

When visiting Sarnia-nesday be sure you hav-tion papers on your per-may get into the hands-son suspicion of having b-ail. Such things do hapr-ally to young men com-financial institutions.

Homespun dresses at-Brown & Co.

There will be no serv-Watford Methodist churc-day morning on account-of the pastor, Rev. W-Rev. B. Snell of Alvin-district service at the usual-Rev. Roy Jol-preach at Zion church in-

noon.

Mrs. Kennedy, wife-Kennedy, barrister, G-nessed away Tuesday at-what lengthy illness. Mr-was the youngest daug-W. H. Rogers of Wal-leaves to mourn her dem-band and one daughter.

Mr. Fred W. Rugeb al-funeral at Gravenhurst-day.

The evidence in the-hearing of Claremont 1-London, who was driving-car which knocked down-George F. Lither near 4-week tends to show that-it was an unavoidable acci-cad, however, was com-trial but bail of \$4000 w-was the magistrate. Clare-cad is a son of Mrs. Ma-He is formerly of Watford.

Owing to the illness of-Rev. W. K. Hager, the-church held union service-Congregational church las-In the morning service w-the Com'l church when R-Courcy Rayer preached, being "The Divine Pathfi-on the text John 10:4. In-ing service was held in the-church, conducted by n-the Young People's Societ-two churches.

Final clearing Sale of al-at half price.—A. A. Brown