EDITOR OF AXE GETS ONE YEAR

John H. Roberts Sentenced To Serve Term in Quebec Jail.

Special to The Advertiser.

QUEBEC, Nov. 8.—At the opening of the house this afternoon an act amending the revised statutes of the province of Quebec so as to provide for the imprisonment of John H. Roberts for one year was presented by Premier Taschereau, seconded by Hon. J. E. Carron.

The article which has brought the prisoner before the bar first referred to and commented upon as containing an atrocious accusation of an infamous nature bearing on each of the members of the Legislature; it is also pointed out that it is an attack upon the honour and dignity of the house and a calumny unprecedented in parliamentary annals. The bill then says that Roberts, instead of exonerating himself, aggravated his position by the answers he gave. In conclusion, the special bill says:

"Whereas, the detention of the said John Roberts under the custody of the sergeant-at-arms for the duration of the session would be insufficient and an inadequate punishment for the offence he has committed, therefore his majesty, with the advice and consent of the legislative council of Quebec enacts as follows:

"1. John H. Roberts having been declared guilty of having violated the privileges of the legislative assembly and of having assailed its honor and dignity by the said passage of his article, and refusal to justify it and by the answer which he gave at the bar of the legislative assembly, shall be imprisoned in the common jail of the district of Quebec for one year, to count from the sanction of this act, and he shall be conveyed there by the sergeant-at-arms of the legislative assembly.

"2. This act shall be the warrant or legal authority in virtue of which the said John H. Roberts shall be incarcerated and imprisoned in the said jail.

"3. Article 136 of the revised statutes of Quebec, 1909, is amended by replacing the words 'During the session being held,' in the second and third lines thereof, by the words 'Not exceeding one year.'

"4. This act shall come into force on the day of its sanction."

BRITISH LABOR MAKES APPEAL

Urges Supporters Not To Be Depressed by Recent Municipal Results.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—(By Canadian Press Cable).—The London Labor party has issued an exhortation to its supporters not to be unduly depressed by the result of the recent municipal elections, which resulted in heavy losses for Labor. These losses, the party chiefs declare, were by no means as serious as the anti-Labor press professed.

Labor is concentrating particularly on the London constituencies, where they have candidates in 44 of the 59 ridings. The Labor attack extends even to the West End, Chelsea, Hammersmith and Westminster included.

Bertrand Russel, the noted mathematician and philosopher, is the Laborite candidate in Chelsea in opposition to Col. Sir Samuel Hoare, Conservative. Before the war Russell was an advanced Liberal, but foreign travel since has persuaded him that there is a real risk of a collapse of European civilization, so now he advocates an advanced policy of international brotherhood.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR PAYS VISIT TO KINGSTON

KINGSTON, Nov. 8.—Lieut.-Governor Cockshutt arrived in the city this afternoon and will remain until tomorrow afternoon. He was met on his arrival by Major-General J. H. Elmsley, general officer commanding military district No. 3, and Col. Constantine, officer commanding the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, and was escorted to the Memorial Hall, where an address of welcome was read by Acting Mayor Kent. His honor visited Queen's University and saw the tricolor in an exhibition game. Later he vsited Rockwood Hospital, and was met by Dr. Ryan, medical suerintendent, and staff.

Tomorrow his honor will present decorations, medals, etc., at a parade to be held at 10:30. At 11:30 he will visit the Royal Military College, inspect the buildings and witness an exhibition of physical training by the cadets.

DENIES BOSCAWEN NOT EFFICIENT MINISTER

LONDON, Nov. 8. — (Canadian Press Cable).—Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, new minister of health, has received a message from Premier Bonar Law, refuting the suggestion made at Taunton, Somerset, where the minister is fighting for re-election, that he was removed from the ministry of agriculture because he had been a failure. The prime minister wires:

"I asked you to become minister of health because you had won promotion."

3,000 Russian Mennonites To Seek New Homes in Canada.

SASKATOON, Nov. 8.—Three thousand Russian Mennonites who are migrating from Russia have decided to come to Canada in preference to Mexico, says H. Schroeder, Aberdeen, Sask., agent of the Mennonite Colonization Association of North America, Limited.

They are coming to Western Canada, he declares. The contract was signed with the Canadian Pacific Railway in July, and the emigrants will come as quickly as shipping can be provided and the necessary arrangements made.

While the Mennonites are migrating to Mexico from Western Canada, says Mr. Schroeder, those in Russia are convinced, after investigation, that Canada is a better place than Mexico.

URGES MEETINGS ON IMMIGRATION

Hon. Charles Stewart Addresses Members of Conference At Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Nov. 8.—(By Canadian Press.)—The conference on immigration called by Hon. Charles Stewart, minister of immigration and colonization, was continued today and addressed by him just before its conclusion.

The minister said he was naturally greatly interested in any effort being made to get settlers, and he was sure that the conference would produce good results. He said that it was the policy of the government to lend aid when it was needed, and he appreciated receiving in concrete form the results of the experience of the various transportation representatives who had attended the meeting. He also expressed the hope that such conferences would be held frequently in the future, for it was only through hearty co-operation and through the co-ordination of effort that the best results could be obtained.

Today British and continental immigration received attention. J. Obed Smith, superintendent of immigration for the Dominion government in London, and Sir George McL. Brown, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, gave an outline of the measures they considered necessary for doing effective immigration work overseas.

It came out through the discussion that the government has under consideration the extending of an invitation to prospective emigrants in those countries where desirable settlers may be secured, and who are also eligible for citizenship.

It is understood that as a result of the conference the government will invite the transportation interests to appoint representatives to a small standing committee to co-ordinate all the publicity efforts of the parties involved.

MAY INAUGURATE SYSTEM OF POOLING OF CATTLE

WINNIPEG, Nov. 8.—Anauguration of a system of co-operative pooling of western Canadian cattle to permit the sorting and grading of carlots is contemplated by the United Grain Growers, Limited, and will be discussed at the annual meeting of the company in Calgary on Nov. 23, it is stated today.

"Cattle from Western Canada are selling on the United States market at a profit despite the 30 per cent duty, but the profit is going into the pockets of the speculators and not the producers," said an official of the United Grain Growers today.

The co-operative scheme will be discussed also at the annual conventions of the farmers' organizations of the three Prairie Provinces in January.

HOLD THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT DORCHESTER

Special to The Advertiser.

DORCHESTER, Nov. 8. — A Thanksgiving service was held in the Presbyterian Church on Monday evening under the auspices of the C. O. S. Society. Rev. Mr. Stewart delivered an excellent address, and a solo was rendered by Miss Allison Cation of Crumlin, which was very much appreciated. At the close of the service the young people held a short business meeting in the basement.

The next regular meeting of the C. O. S. Society will be held on Monday, Nov. 20, when the Crumlin Young People's Society will pay a return visit. The program for the evening will be in the hands of the Crumlin Society.

MERCHANTS OF HANOVER DISCUSS CHRISTMAS FAIR

Special to The Advertiser.

HANOVER, Nov. 8.—The merchants of Hanover held a meeting the other evening to consider the advisability of holding a Christmas fair in Hanover this year. There was a very small attendance, which means that the idea did not meet with the approval of the merchants of the town, and without their enthusiastic support, a Christmas fair is not likely to be held here this year.

"I Can Now Do My Work Without Feeling Tired"

Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:

"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. To-day I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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(Continued From Our Last Issue).

CHAPTER II

WHEN at last Eve arrived at the place of pines again, and saw the far, spectral glimmer of Quintana's fire, the girl was almost breathless. But dawn was not very far away and there remained little time for the taking alive of a dangerous man.

Where two enormous pines grew close together near a sapling, she knelt down, and, with both hands, scooped out a big hollow in the immemorial layers of pine needles. Here she placed her trap. It took all her strength and skill to set it; to fasten the chain around the base of the sapling pine.

And now, working with only the faintest glimmer of her torch, she covered everything with pine needles.

It was not possible to restore the forest floor; the place remained visible—a darker, rougher patch on the bronzed carpet of needles beaten smooth by decades of rain and snow. No animal would have trodden that suspicious space. But it was with man she had to deal—a dangerous but reasoning man with few and atrophied instincts—and with no experience in traps; and, therefore, in no dread of them.

Before she started she had thrown a cartridge into the breech of her rifle.

Now she pocketed her torch and seated herself between the two big pines and about three feet behind the hidden trap.

Dawn was not far away. She looked upward through high pine-tops where stars shone; and saw no sign of dawn. But the watcher by the fire beyond was astir, now, in the imminence of dawn, and evidently meant to warm himself before leaving.

Eve could hear him piling dry wood on the fire; the light on the tree trunks grew redder; a pungent reek of smoke was drawn through the forest aisles. She sniffed it, listened, and watched, her rifle across her knees.

Eve never had been afraid of anything. She was not afraid of this man. If it came to combat she would have to kill. It never entered her mind to fear Quintana's rifle. Even Clinch was not as swift with a rifle as she. . . . Only Stormont had been swifter—thank God:—

She thought of Stormont—sat there in the terrific darkness loving him, her heart of a child tremulous with adoration.

Then the memory of Darragh pushed in and hot hatred possessed her. Always, in her heart, she had distrusted the man.

Instinct had warned her. A spy! What evil had he worked already? Where was her father? Evidently Quintana had escaped him at Drowned Valley. . . . Quintana was yonder by his fire, preparing to flee the wilderness where men hunted him. . . . But where was Clinch? Had this sneak, Darragh, betrayed him? Was Clinch already in the clutch of State Troopers? Was he in jail?

At the thought the girl felt slightly faint, then a rush of angry blood stung her face in the darkness. Except for game and excise violations the stories they told about Clinch were lies.

He had nothing to fear, nothing to be ashamed of. Harrod had driven him to lawlessness; the government took away what was left him to make a living. He had to live. What if he did break laws made by millionaire and fanatic! What of it? He had her love and her respect—and her deep, deep pity. And these were enough for any girl to fight for.

Dawn spread a silvery light above the pines, but Quintana's fire still reddened the tree trunks; and she could hear him feeding it at intervals.

Finally she saw him. He came out on the edge of the ruddy ring of light and stood peering around at the woods where already a vague grayness was revealing nearer trees.

When, finally, he turned his back and looked at his fire, Eve rose and stood between the two big pines. Behind one of them she placed her rifle.

It was growing lighter in the woods. She could see Quintana in the fire ring and outside—saw him go to the spring rivulet, lie flat, drink, then, on his knees, wash face and hands in the icy water.

It became plain to her that she was nearly ready to depart. She watched him preparing. And now she could see him plainly, and knew him to be Quintana and no other.

He had a light basket pack. He put some articles into it, stretched himself and yawned, pulled on his hat, hoisted the pack and fastened it to his back, stood staring at the fire for a long time; then, with a sudden upward look at the zenith where a slight flush stained a cloud, he picked up his rifle.

At that moment Eve called to him in a clear and steady voice.

The effect on Quintana was instant; he was behind a tree before her voice ceased.

"Hallo! Hi! You over there!" she called again. "This is Eve Strayer. I'm looking for Clinch! He hasn't been home all night. Have you seen him?"

After a moment she saw Quintana's head watching her — not at the shoulder-height of a man but close to the ground and just above the tree roots.

"Hey!" she cried. "What's the matter with you over there? I'm asking you who you are and if you've seen my father?"

After a while she saw Quintana coming toward her, circling, creeping swiftly from tree to tree.

As he flitted through the shadows the trees between which she was standing hid her from him a moment. Instantly she placed her rifle on the ground and kicked the pine needles over it.

As Quintana continued his encircling manoeuvers Eve, apparently perplexed, walked out into the clear space, putting the concealed trap between her and Quintana, who now came stealthily toward her from the rear.

It was evident that he had reconnoitered sufficiently to satisfy himself that the girl was alone and that no trick, no ambuscade, threatened him.

And now, from behind a pine, and startlingly near her, came Quintana, moving with confident grace yet holding his rifle ready for any emergency.

Eve's horrified stare was natural; she had not realized that any man could wear so evil a smile.

Quintana stopped short a dozen paces away. The dramatic in him demanded of the moment its full value. He swept off his hat with a flourish, bowed deeply where he stood.

THE GIRL'S CRY ECHOED THE STUMBLING CRASH OF THE MAN.

"Ah!" he cried gaily, "the happy encounter, Senorita. God is too good to us. And it was but a moment since my thoughts were of you! I swear it!—"

It was not fear; it was a sort of slow horror of this man that began to creep over the girl. She stared at his brilliant eyes, at his thick mouth, too red—shuddered slightly. But the toe of her right foot touched the stock of her rifle under the pine needles.

She held herself under control.

"So it's you, she said unsteadily. I thought our people had caught you."

Quintana laughed: "Charming child," he said, "it is I who have caught your people. And now—I catch you! . . . It is ver' funny. Is it not?"

She looked straight into Quintana's black eyes, but the look he returned sent the shamed blood surging into her face.

Staring at her he slowly disengaged his pack, let it fall behind him on the pine needles; rested his rifle on it; slipped out of his mackinaw and laid that across his rifle—always keeping his brilliant eyes on her.

His lips tightened, the muscles in his dark face grew tense; his eyes became a blazing insult.

For an instant he stood there, unencumbered, a wiry, graceful shape in his woolen breeches, leggings, and gray shirt open at the throat. Then he took a step toward her. And the girl watched him, fascinated.

One pace, two, a third, a fourth—the girl's involuntary cry echoed the stumbling crash of the man thrashing, clawing, scrambling in the clenched jaws of the bear-trap amid a whirl of flying pine needles.

He screamed once, tried to rise, turned blindly to seize the jaws that clutched him; and suddenly crouched, loose-jointed, cringing like a trapped wolf—the true fatalist among our lesser brothers.

(Continued In Our Next Issue.)

COLORFUL EMBROIDERY.

Cross-stitch embroidery in heavy silk or in yarn, or peasant embroidery in gay colors, is the most effective and one of the least expensive ways in which to trim a serge or Poiret twill costume.

FUR PANELS.

A novel use of fur is noted on a black velvet gown—it makes the loose panels that are fastened at the low waistline, and extend below the hemline. The fur used is mole.

LEATHER AND FUR.

Short jackets of caracul are made smart and jaunty by belts and straps about the collars and cuffs of leather—usually of bright red or royal blue. Frequently a leather hat matches the coat trimming.

Small Nut Cakes

By Bertha E. Shapleigh.

1 cup pecan meats, thinly sliced.
2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt.

BEAT eggs very slightly, add sugar, a little at a time, being sure that there are no lumps in the sugar. Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Add to eggs with the nuts. Stir until well mixed and bake in well-greased, small, shallow tins 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven. These cakes need to rise quickly and be taken from pans as soon as they come from the oven.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

May conscience always give you grace
To look the whole world in the face.
—Old Mother Nature.

The young Fox who was the prisoner of Farmer Brown's Boy came out of his house very unwillingly at his master's call. There were reasons why the young Fox didn't want to go out just then. But there were other reasons why he thought it best to go out. You see, he was afraid that if he didn't go out Farmer Brown's Boy might look in that box, and that was the last thing in the world that the young Fox wanted him to do. So very reluctantly he came out of his house and slowly walked toward Farmer Brown's Boy.

Now, perhaps Farmer Brown's Boy wouldn't have noticed that that young Fox seemed not to want to come to him. Perhaps he wouldn't have given it a thought had it not been that just as he was reaching out his hand to pat the young Fox he saw a feather. Yes, sir, he saw a feather, and that feather was where no feather had any business to be. It was a small feather and it was clinging to the corner of the mouth of that young Fox. Swift suspicion filled the mind of Farmer Brown's Boy as he reached out and took that feather in his fingers. It was a feather from a hen. More than that, it was a feather from one of his hens. There was no doubt about it.

He looked at that young Fox sternly, and that young Fox hung his head. Yes, sir, he hung his head. You see, he couldn't look Farmer Brown's Boy right in the face. He couldn't do it because his eyes had in them a look of guilt, and he knew it.

"What is this?" said Farmer Brown's Boy sternly. "Where did you get it? What mischief have you been in now? I haven't given you chicken to eat, so how did that feather come to be in the corner of your mouth? I shall have to look into this."

Rapidly he looked over the ground around the box which was the home of the young Fox. He saw no more feathers. Not a feather was to be found, excepting that one tell-tale little feather which he still held. Then he walked over to that box and stooped down to look inside. The young Fox went as far as his chain would let him and there he lay down and curled his big tail around over his face so as to hide it. But all the time he was peeping over it and watching every move which Farmer Brown's Boy made.

At first Farmer Brown's Boy saw nothing because of the darkness inside that box. Then he discovered another feather clinging to the side of the doorway. He put his hand inside and felt around. The back part of that box was full of feathers. He brought out a whole handful. One look at those feathers was all that Farmer Brown's Boy needed in order to know what had become of his four hens.

So very reluctantly he came out of his box house and slowly walked toward Farmer Brown's Boy.

"You rascal! You little red rascal!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy sternly as he looked at that young Fox. "So you are the one who has been stealing my hens! And I never would have suspected it if it hadn't been for that one little feather in the corner of your mouth. You clever little rascal! I suppose I ought to be very, very angry, but I'm not. Of course, you thought that you had just as much right to those hens as I have. From your point of view I suppose you are right. I don't know how you caught them, but I guess you deserve them for your smartness, chained up as you are. However, I can't afford to let you have any more. I'll have to keep those hens away from you."

With this Farmer Brown's Boy returned to his husking, and as he worked he chuckled at the thought of how that young Fox had fooled him.

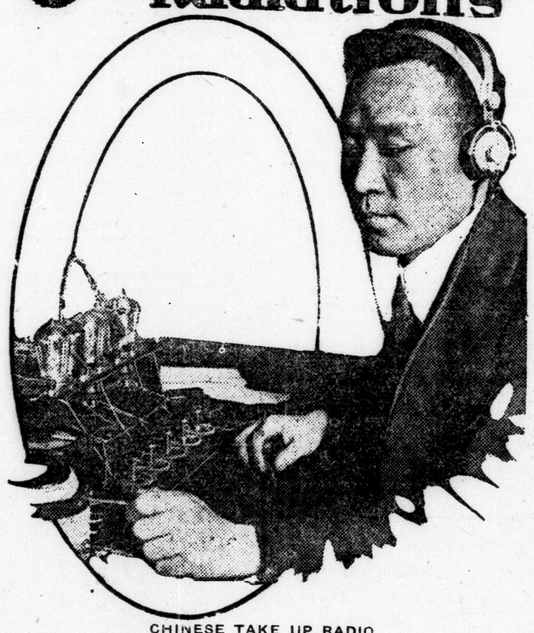
(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Young Fox Becomes Pop-Eyed."

BLUE AND SILVER.

A very lovely negligee of blue velvet is cut on straight lines with a bateau neck line. The sleeves of silver lace are loose and flowing, and reach the floor.

Radio Radiations



CHINESE TAKE UP RADIO.

China is going to get trained radio engineers to de the science there. They will be natives of that country, too. One of them is W. Y. Wu, who is taking a complete course in radio at Columbia University. He is shown at work on a new radio-frequency circuit.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 8.—Radio will move the world!

Power in the future will come by means of the wireless waves through the air, predict radio engineers here.

In fact, such power has already been produced and the prediction of greater power by this means is based on recent successful experiments.

These experiments were conducted by Wallace F. Vail, president of the United States Radio Corporation of this city, with the aid of other radio engineers. Their results have interested government officials in a further effort to find a means of sending power over long distances.

An accident caused the discovery that radio might be useful in the transmission of power. This happened when engineers noticed an electric lamp light up for no apparent reason while they were broadcasting messages. They immediately started a series of tests with the electric lamp in connection with the radio transmission apparatus until they learned what actually caused it to light up.

"Later," explains Vail, "an electric bell rung in the city of Berkeley, eight miles away, by means of the same idea. The engineers were able also to light an electric lamp at a distance of 1,000 feet entirely by the transmitted power."

War Value.

The value of this secret of sending power by radio cannot be estimated, says Vail. It would be especially valuable to nations at war, with the lives of soldiers saved as its redeeming feature.

"The value that this invention may have in war time," says Vail, "may be gained from the fact that engineers have been unable to insulate against this power, thus indicating that powder mills, forts and other defences could be blown up."

The power waves are strong enough and of sufficiently high frequency as to go through all obstacles. Yet the transmitting instrument is small enough to be carried about.

"Listeners-In" Organize.

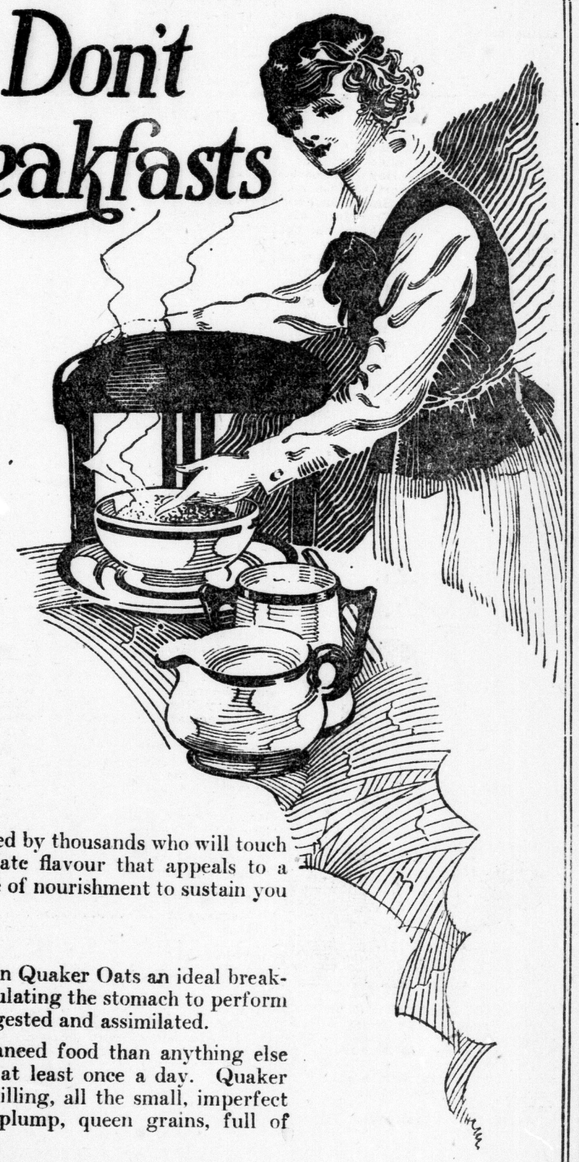
Novices, who merely "listen in" on radio concerts, are banding together into a national organization.

The organization is called the National Radio Listeners-in Association of America. The first step in its formation has been made in Washington and auxiliary associations are being organized in cities throughout the country.

According to L. C. Hodges, president of the "listeners-in," the chief object of his association is "to encourage co-operation between operators of broadcasting stations and the greatly increasing numbers of listeners-in."

Action of the Washington branch of this organization has already resulted in obtaining for the listeners-in greater range, improved modulation and a more balanced concert program from the broadcasting station. Similar action in other communities is sought by the novices.

To You Who Don't Eat Good Breakfasts



Because you have no time to prepare it.

Because you feel no inclination for it.

Because you think you can't digest it.

1.—Do you breakfast at a restaurant or do you just have coffee at home because you have no time to wait for a morning meal?

Quaker Oats—the most wholesome, nourishing and economical breakfast—can be prepared over-night, and heated in a moment in the morning. It gives all the food elements your system needs, and costs less than one cent per dish.

2.—Have you no appetite for breakfast? Probably you have not tried the right kind.

Quaker Oats properly cooked is enjoyed by thousands who will touch no other breakfast. It has just the delicate flavour that appeals to a sensitive palate and it gives an abundance of nourishment to sustain you through the morning.

3.—Does breakfast disagree with you?

Those unable to digest other foods find in Quaker Oats an ideal breakfast. It is a simple, basic food, gently stimulating the stomach to perform its function. Properly cooked it is easily digested and assimilated.

Oats reach nearer perfection as a balanced food than anything else that is grown. Everybody should eat oats at least once a day. Quaker Oats are the finest oats you can buy. In milling, all the small, imperfect grains are discarded, and only the rich, plump, queen grains, full of flavour and nourishment, are retained.

Order a package of Quaker Oats with your groceries to-day.

Quaker Oats

In Sealed Cartons Only

QUAKER MILLS
PETERBOROUGH AND SASKATOON

Also makers of Quaker Flour, Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, Quaker Macaroni, etc.

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