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The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted by DOROTHY A. F. MARCELL

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"THE WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED" with Irene Rich in a picture from this novel

SYNOPSIS "Slick" Jennings, political ward heeler, has just telephoned Jerome Wallace, candidate for District Attorney, to tell him that the results of a canvass, published by the Star this morning, show that District Attorney John Manning is almost certain of re-election. Wallace declares he is paying Jennings to "do the worrying" and bids him "get busy."

CHAPTER IV—Continued Regardless of such fears, the Westmore Country Club had, socially speaking, completely outdone itself, tonight, setting in Bob Manning's birthday party a new standard. But general excellence may not be exceeded without special effort. So far as expense was concerned, John Manning had been liberality itself. And for days, Eileen had not only busied herself with the list of guests, but had been in frequent conference with different members of the Club's staff. Now, all this effort had been rewarded. It had been a wonderful evening for Bob's young friends. An evening of superlative delight ending with a dance which was a perfect riot of unrestrained joyousness.

—Worried, by their strenuous activities, the members of the orchestra were putting away their instruments. Quietly was the melodious moan of the saxophone, stilled the sharp staccato of the banjo and jazz, king jazz, had ceased to echo over the polished dancing floor.

But in its pursuit of pleasure, youth never wavered. Orchestras may tire, pianos may grow heavy eyed, attendants fall asleep at their posts, yet youth is indefatigable. Midnight merely heralds the dawn of a new day, of fresh opportunity for enjoyment. In the face of the departing orchestra, a group of Bob Manning's youthful guests lingered wistfully upon the porch of the club house as if fearing to depart, lest, by chance, they would overlook some final crumb of the banquet of pleasure spread for their enjoyment that evening.

To them came Bob, fairly radiant with excitement and happiness. "Good night, good bye," he cried, but in his eyes lurked another message: "Stay, why go?"

"Good night—good bye," they answered, and in their faces too was written another message: "We don't want to go—give us but an excuse and we will stay."

Even as they waited with vague longings, there burst upon them temptation in the person of Diane Blessoe. Alert, high strung and vivacious, she paused in the doorway of the club house clinging to the arm of Theo Saturn and her gay, careless laugh was like the song of a siren as she gazed at the waiting group without.

"What, going home?" she cried as if marvelling that such folly were possible. "The party is over, what else is there to do?" answered Molly Pierce. A demure little maid to whom Diane's gayety and spirit was a thing to be emulated. "Aren't you going home?" Again that laugh of Diane's rang out in the night, provocative, tantalizing in its mysterious promise.

"Going home? The very idea." She shot a glance at Theo whose lids were already laden from want of sleep. "We never go home when there is any place else to go, do we, Theo?"

"Not on your life," he proclaimed opening his eyes very wide indeed in a brave attempt to appear alert and awake. "Din and I just get wide awake about this time of night—hey, Din?"

For this loyal support, he was to be poorly rewarded. Calmly leaving him in the lurch, Diane made for Bob and slipping her arm through his, gave him a look which proved that regardless of her father's attitude towards the Manning family, her own towards this member, at least, was very kind indeed.

"Come on, Bob, let's finish your party at Calkin's Inn!"

"Calkin's Inn?" he repeated in surprise and it was clear that regardless of Diane's enthusiasm, he did not share it. "Why it's too late to think of going there, isn't it, Diane?"

"Too late for Calkin's Inn? They don't know the meaning of the word late there," she thrilled.

"Come on, Bob, let's finish your party at Calkin's Inn."

"It's the very best time right now! They are just beginning to get really gay! Come on—Theo will take the whole crowd in his machine. Let's go!"

"It is a nice place?" worried Molly, afflicted with scruples. "Haven't you been there?" Astonishment at such woeful ignorance may have accounted for Diane's failure to answer the question precisely. "It's wonderful, Molly, a touch of high life to live you up."

"A slumming party?" Molly was tempted and yielding fast. "Slumming party! Great Heavens, no, child! We'll dance—dance to real music—music with pep."

"At this time of night?" "They've hardly started—we'll dance until morning."

"Until morning?" Molly's eyes grew big. "But what about my mother, Diane? She'd throw a fit if I stayed out until morning."

"Dearie, surely you have a key?" "Yes, but mother would hear me when I came in."

"Listen, honey," Diane rested a persuasive hand upon the other girl's shoulder. "Mother must not hear. Just be careful. You can get away with murder if you are careful. Why, the other night it was daylight when Theo and I started home from Calkin's, wasn't it, Theo?"

"Sure," responded that worthy sleeper, apparently still suffering from the effects of the trip. "No, don't around but the milkman—the little, bright-eyed milkman."

"Well," continued Diane, "my mother is a good sport, up to date and not too inquisitive. But I didn't quite dare to drift in with the sun beams. So giving old Theo a snappy farewell, I slid in, shed my slippers and was upstairs in my little bed in a jiffy."

"Blind was this youth or he must have remarked her wonderful gait and the uncertainty of her answer. "Er—perhaps with Mrs. Manning," said Marjorie intent upon Diane's words.

"Hope leaped in Billy's eyes. "I've my car here. Can't I take you home, Marjorie?"

"No, Billy."

"But, Marjorie—"

(To be continued)

FARM NOTES

FEEDING LAYING PULLETS

Especially good results were obtained from alfalfa leaves in an experiment conducted at the Brandon Experimental Farm to determine the value of different supplements when fed in conjunction with the regular ration. Alfalfa leaves fed in an open rack kept before the pullets continuously, mangled split and fed fresh each day, and canners' meat cooked and mixed with the mash, were the supplements used. During the 62 days of the experiment the hens given alfalfa leaves had an average 26.9 eggs as compared with an average of 22.9 laid by those given meat and 20.1 by those given mangle. The alfalfa leaves gave, therefore, the greatest profit over cost of feed, and in this test were shown to be worth 10.8 cents per pound as a winter feed for laying pullets.

FEEDING DAIRY COWS

Ensilage produced more milk and butter at a less cost than mangle, pound for pound, in an experiment carried out at the Experimental Farm, at Agassiz, B. C. Each cow was fed ten pounds per day of a grain ration composed of three parts oat chop, three parts bran, one part barley chop and one part oilmeal with some mineral added. Each cow also received ten pounds of alfalfa hay and fifty pounds of either ensilage or pulped mangels. The cows getting ensilage produced two pounds each more milk per day than those fed mangels. It took ten pounds more mangels than ensilage to produce a hundred pounds of milk and twelve more pounds to produce a pound of butter fat. The cost of producing a hundred pounds of milk was \$1.28 with ensilage and \$1.55 with mangels.

WHEN THE POTATO WAS TABOO

The history of the potato is a good example of how slow we mortals are to adopt new things and new ideas. As the potato is now known all over the world and universally used as a food, it is hard for us to believe that European peoples scorned it and even fought its use for almost two centuries after it was first introduced.

History tells us that Sir Francis Drake carried potatoes to England from America in 1586. The people of England and Europe apparently would have nothing to do with them, although as the years went by they were used to some extent as a food for cattle.

The pigs and cattle appeared to relish them, but their haughty masters scorned the lowly tuber. During the eighteenth century the Germans began to feed potatoes to their prisoners of war. A French chemist by the name of Parmentier, who was captured by the Germans in 1765, was held a prisoner for five years; and his chief article of diet during his imprisonment was potatoes. He became one of the first boosters that the potato had. When he returned to France, he wrote a treatise on raising potatoes. In his country he says that "in times of necessity potatoes may be substituted for ordinary food." Even the friend of the potato, you see, regarded it merely as an emergency ration.

Parmentier did not have much success in converting the people to potatoes until he at last hit upon the happy expedient of persuading the King and Queen to eat some. People then began to follow that example. The popular desire to ape royalty and to follow a new fad appeared to be a stronger force than all the persuasive reasoning that Parmentier could see. In England and Scotland the potato was similarly opposed and scorned. William Corbett, a labor leader of the eighteenth century, stirred up the working men to revolt against the attempts that were being made to introduce potatoes into common use. He urged all his fellow workers "to refuse to eat such cattle-food."

DALHOUSIE JCT.

Mrs. E. Roberts has returned home after spending two weeks at her home in Stonehaven accompanied by her sister Miss Good.

The W. M. S. met at Mrs. Geo. Miller's on Tuesday evening. Quite a number of members and visitors were present. Mrs. McIntosh of Dalhousie led the devotional exercises in absence of the President Mrs. R. L. Hicks.

Miss Kietha Atkinson of Sackville is spending her Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Steve Nickerson. Alon Menzies returned home on Wednesday, after spending the summer in Maine.

Master Ralph Miller met with a painful accident on Friday night he fell in the basement and cut his head so badly he was taken to Dr. Flecks office at once.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Munroe, Campbellton, spent Monday with Mrs. McCurdy and family.

And then "I read an account of a man who slept past the time for his wedding. "That's nothing. Lots of men don't wake up till after marriage."

Turning Leftovers into savory dishes

The French people—famous for thrift—used to say that they could feed six people with what the average family on this side of the Atlantic threw away.

It is almost inevitable that there should be things left from yesterday—yet the remains of roasts and steaks, the spoonfuls of vegetables, the food that has lost its taste, are no longer wasted, nor are the "scraps" turned into "stews."

The sprightly "OXO" CUBES with their supreme flavour of prime beef, have come to the rescue of those who want to be sensibly economical. Now you find "OXO" CUBES in thousands of homes and the French have changed their ideas about our extravagant cooking.

Minced Meat on Toast

2 cups minced beef (left-over steak or roast) 2 "OXO" BEEF CUBES 1 cup boiling water 2 tablespoonful flour 1 tablespoonful butter

Mince the meat, removing all gristle and fat. Dissolve the cubes in the boiling water. Blend the butter and flour and stir quickly into the dissolved cubes. Pour over the meat and let simmer two or three minutes (long enough to cook the flour and heat the meat). Pour over six or seven slices of hot toast.

Where any gravy is left over, use but one "OXO" BEEF CUBE dissolved in 1/2 cupful boiling water and add the gravy. Season to taste.

Free Cook Book tells you how to do it

Many other attractive ways of utilizing left-overs are included in the new "OXO" COOK BOOK. The recipes are simple and practical—the results will worth your trying. You will delight in the new dishes, too, that are economically made with "OXO" CUBES. Write for a copy to Oxo Limited, 214 St. Antoine St., Montreal. It will be mailed to you FREE and postage paid.

"OXO" The Great Beef Economy CUBES

Tins of 4 Cubes - 15c 10 " - 30c

winter, and reports that this has contributed greatly to the health and vigour of the stock.

AMERICAN PLOW AS WEDDING GUEST

Appearance of Tractors Excite Peasants. London—The recent appearance of American tractors has created great excitement in isolated villages of Turkestan, Central Asia. The mullahs, or priests, are strongly opposed to the invention, which they call "shaitan omach," or "the devil's plow," and they utter dark prophecies of crop failures and other disasters that will follow its use.

But he Turkestan peasants take kindly to the tractor after they realize its superiority over their primitive, ox-drawn plows. One case is insisted that the tractor should be present at his marriage, as a short honored guest.

A chain of radio stations extending right into the Arctic Circle, is now being completed. Six stations are to be built, five of which will be in the northwest territories and another at Dawson.

Fifty Dollars a Month

(Guaranteed to you by the Canada Life)

You know of men well up in years who are still "drudging along." They cannot stop if they would, but must go on to the end of their days working for a living. You can avoid that.

Why Not Pension Yourself? Why not "take stock" of your present financial position—to size up your personal affairs and decide on a plan for the future?

Our New Pension Plan

guarantees that upon reaching a certain age in life you will receive a monthly cheque for \$50.00, \$100, \$200, \$250—as you may now decide—and this monthly payment cannot cease as long as you live.

An Income for Life

Think what it may mean to you to be certain of an income right up to the end of life, when you consider that 97% of people in their later years are partially or wholly dependent upon others for support.

When they were younger they did not have the chance now offered you. It was not then possible to secure such a convenient and certain provision as this Monthly Pension Plan.

And This is Not All

Suppose some day before you reach age sixty you meet with a mishap and become totally and permanently disabled through accident, illness or any cause. (Such a thing has happened soon after men have secured this new policy of the Canada Life.) Immediately the payment of further premiums would be cancelled. The Canada Life would become responsible for sending you \$50.00, \$100, \$200, \$250, a month, as arranged, for the rest of your life.

There are many other benefits. An average deposit of only a few dollars a month will return you \$50.00 a month later on.

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G. RAY FERGUSON JAMES GILCHREST Campbellton

Dear Sir—Without obligation on my part, you may send me particulars of your Pension Plan.

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\$6 TO \$10 DAILY

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