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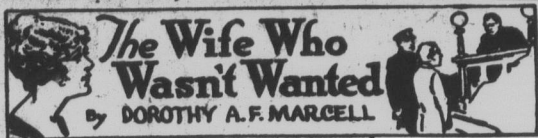
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Old Dutch is the only thing to use for cleaning Alumi-
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It removes visible grease and stains as well as invisible
impurities, assuring you of **Healthful Cleanliness**.
Old Dutch doesn't scratch and you know scratches make food
more readily stick to the pan.
Use Old Dutch for Economy—lasts longer, goes further.
The manufacturers of Wear-Ever and Duro Aluminum ware
recommend Old Dutch Cleanser for the cleaning of their utensils.

MADE IN CANADA



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

Copyright, 1925, Warner Bros. Pictures Inc.

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

SYNOPSIS

"Slick" Jennings, political ward
heeler, has just telephoned Jerome
Wallace, candidate for District At-
torney, to tell him that the results of
a canvass, published by the Star that
morning, show that District Attorney
John Manning is almost certain of
re-election. Wallace declares he is
paying Jennings to "do the worrying"
and hide him "get busy." It is the
twenty-first birthday of Bob, John
Manning's son, and a dance is being
given tonight at the country club.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Regardless of such fears, the West-
more 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 exceed-
ed without special effort. So far as
expense was concerned, John Manning-
ing had been liberality itself. And
for this, Eileen had not only busied
herself with the list of guests, but had
been in frequent conference with dif-
ferent members of the Club's staff.
Now, all this effort had been reward-
ed. It had been a wonderful evening
for Bob's young friends. An even-
ing of superlative delight ending with
a dance which was a perfect riot of
unrestrained joyousness.

—Wearied, by their strenuous activi-
ties, the members of the orchestra
were putting away their instruments.
Quieted 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,
patronesses grow heavy-eyed, and
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 ban-
quet 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 mes-
sage: "Stay, why go?"

"Good night—good bye," they an-
swered, 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
Bledsoe. 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 with-
out.

"What, going home?" she cried as
if marvelling that such folly were
possible.

"The party is over, what else is
there to stay?" 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, tanta-
lizing in its mysterious promise.

"Going home? The very idea." She
shot a glance at Theo whose lids
were already heavy 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 sur-
prise 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?"

"To 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!"

"Is—ah, it is a nice place?" worried

Molly, afflicted with scruples.

"Haven't you been there?" Astonish-

ment at such woeful ignorance

may have accounted for Diane's

failure to answer the question pre-

cisely. "It's wonderful, Molly, a

touch of high life to live you up."

"A stunning 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 Cal-

kin's, wasn't it, Theo?"

"Sure," responded that worthy

sleepily, apparently still suffering

from the effects of the trip. "No-

body around but the milkman—the

ill, old, bright-eyed milkman."

"Well," continued Diane, "my moth-

er is a good sort, 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.

"Diane, what time did you get in last

night?" mother asked next day. "You

can search me—it must have been

dreary late," I retorted, giving her

the angel eye. You see, Diane went

off in a gale of laughter. "It's easy

if you're careful." With which wis-

dom, she snuggled closer to Bob and

urged him towards Theo's car.

"Come on, nice boy," she pleaded.

"I guess I won't go tonight, Diane,

he said, glancing back over his shoul-

der as if he felt other eyes upon him.

And, indeed, from just within the

palm decorated hall, nothing of this

had escaped the sharp eyes and ears

of Marjorie, regardless of the fact

that she was not alone in the hall.

"What are you going to do, Mar-

jorie?" pleaded her companion, re-

garding her with undisguised admi-

ration.

"Go home, of course, Billy," she re-

ported with a coldness which would

have chilled a less persistent heart.

"With whom?"

"Blind was this youth or he must

have remarked her wonderful gaze

and the uncertainty of her answer.

"Er—perhaps with Mrs. Manner-

ing," 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?"

"Her answer was prompt and plain.

"No, Billy."

"But, Marjorie—"

(To be continued)

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\$6 TO \$10 DAILY

60 MEN WANTED. No previous
experience necessary. Write for
40-page Free Book, which explains
how you can learn while learning to
work in city and town shops as Auto
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FARM NOTES

FEEDING LAYING PULLETS

Especially good results were ob-
tained from alfalfa leaves in an ex-
periment 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, mangels 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 laid an
average 25.9 eggs as compared with
an average of 22.9 laid by those given
meat and 20.1 by those given man-
gels. The alfalfa leaves gave, there-
fore, 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 mangels,
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 silage with
some mineral added. Each cow also
received ten pounds of alfalfa hay
and fifty pounds of either ensilage or
pulp 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 new in-
ventions are to adopt new things and
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 in-
troduced.

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 mas-
ters 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
1795, 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 urging
his countrymen to raise potatoes. In
his conclusion he says that "in times
of necessity potatoes may be sub-
stituted 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. Mil-
lars on Tuesday evening. Quite a
number of members and visitors were
present. Mrs. McIntosh of Dalhousie
led the devotional exercises in ab-
sence 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 sum-
mer in Maine.

Mrs. Wilfred Lutz Jacquet River is
spending Thanksgiving with Mr. and
Mrs. Jamieson.

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, Campbell-
ton, spent Monday with Mrs. Mc-
Curdy 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."

WINTER QUARTERS

FOR BROOD SOWS.

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The old method of wintering sows
in pens in the piggery is becoming
obsolete based on the theory that the
close confinement encourages rheu-
matic troubles. Rheumatic trouble
is evinced usually by a more or less
pronounced stiffness of the hind
quarters, and, in advanced cases, sows
lose the use of their hind quarters.
This results in awkwardness and
losses at farrowing time. Exercise and
dry rooky quarters have been found
to be the most effective preventive.

In Eastern Canada the cabin or
colony house method has been adopt-
ed as the best means of providing
exercise and dry quarters. These
small cabins, capable of holding two
or more sows, are located in sheltered
paddocks or in the barnyard, and the
sows are at liberty to take plenty of
exercise. A few days before farrow-
ing they are moved to the farrowing
pen in the piggery.

At the Fredericton Experimental
Station an experiment was begun in
the fall of 1924 with the object of
comparing results with sows wintered
in cabins and sows wintered in pens
in the piggery. Eight sows were
used in the experiment, four in cabins
and four in pens. From November
20 to March 18 the pen wintered sows
made a total gain of 460 pounds as
compared with a gain of 435 pounds
for the cabin wintered sows. The
ration for outside and inside wintered
sows was the same, and the same
amount of feed was consumed by
each lot. The winter of 1925 and
1926 was an exceptionally mild one,
which may account for the fact that
more feed was not required for the
outside or cabin wintered sows. The
pen wintered sows showed strong
evidence of going lame in their hind
quarters, and this tended to develop
as the gestation period advanced. The
cabin wintered sows remained active
up to farrowing time. No reliable
data from a litter standpoint are
available from the above experiment
as six of the eight sows were not
raised at the Experimental Station, and
proved to be inferior breeders.

Under practical farm conditions,
if the regular pen opens on a fair
sized outside yard, this partly
supplies the desirable features re-
quired for best results with brood
sows. The Superintendent of the
Experimental Station at Lunenburg
gives his brood sows the run of a
large open yard both summer and
winter, and reports that this has con-
tributed greatly to the health and
vigour of the stock.

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 extrava-
gant cooking.

Minced Meat on Toast

2 cups minced beef (left-over steak
or roast)
2 "OXO" CUBES
1 cup boiling water
1 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" CUBE dissolved in ½
cupful boiling water and add the gravy.
Season to taste.

Our
Free Cook Book
tells you
how to do it

Many other attractive ways
of utilizing leftovers are
included in the new "OXO"
COOK BOOK.
The recipes are simple and
practical—the results will
win your praise. You will
delight in the new dishes,
too, that are economically
made with "OXO" CUBES.
Write for a copy to Oxo
Limited, 244 St. Antoine
St., Montreal.
It will be mailed to you
FREE and postage paid.

"OXO"
The Great Beef Economy **CUBES**

winter, and reports that this has con-
tributed 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
Turkistan, Central Asia. The mullahs,
or priests, are strongly opposed to the
invention, which they call "shaitan"
omach, or "the devil's plow," and
Dawson.

they utter dark prophecies of crop
failures and other disasters that will
follow its use. But he Turkistan
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 be-
ing 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)

How Fifty Dollars a Month looks to
the Average Man

Age 20—Happy on Fifty Dollars a Month.

Age 21—Fifty Dollars a month is not enough.

Age 35—Thinks he can easily afford to
"spend" Fifty Dollars a month.

Age 50—Things are not going as well as
they were.

Age 55—Strange how these assets have de-
preciated! Fifty Dollars a month is good
interest on \$10,000, and not to be despised.

Age 60—He finds Fifty Dollars a month
pension, added to what income is left,
brings happiness.

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?</