

Perfect Fitting

"Progress Brand"

A suit that does not fit, is like bread without salt. Fit depends more on what you don't see, than on what you do. It is the hand work—hand stitching and hand moulding—that shapes shoulders, collars and backs into grace and symmetry.

"Progress Brand" Clothes hold their faultless fit because the inside work—the careful, skilful handwork—is there.

New styles are uncommonly choice. See them.

C. AUSTIN & CO.

LAUNDRIES

Harry and Tom,

WILLIAM STREET LAUNDRY.

We do All kinds of Laundry and Family Washing. Prices reasonable and work guaranteed.

GIVE US A CALL.

HARRY & TOM
PHONE 484 OPPOSITE C.P.R.

To Look Clean
Is gratifying

To be Clean
Is satisfying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

The Parisian Steam Laundry Co. Phone 20

A Special Sale...

FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS we will give Special Prices on our

Optical Goods.

If in need of glasses, or if you are not certain about your eyes, call and see our Optician. Consultation will cost you nothing, and may save your EYESIGHT. Marriage Licenses issued here; private room.

SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK
A. A. JORDAN'S.

TO SECURE A Good Situation

You must have a good business education. It will pay best to secure it in a large, reliable school, well known to business men employers for thorough work and competent graduates. Such a school is the famous

Detroit Business University

Under new management it is the best in the land for training young men and women and for aiding them to secure good paying places.

Catalogue free. Enter any time. Write
W. F. JRWELL, Pres.
R. I. BENNETT, C. A., Principal
W. H. SHAW, Secy.

Fire, Life and Accident

Money to Loan at lowest rate of Interest. . . .
GEORGE ATKINSON
Phone 346, 5th Street
Next to Harrison Hall

Weather Strips

E. W. HAZLET, Harry St., has secured the Local Agency for the celebrated CAMERON METAL STRIPS, and will give estimates for fitting in residences or public buildings. Call at residence or drop a card to the P.O.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Corrected Oct. 1st, 1935.

GOING EAST
7 a.m. daily, ex. Sunday 1.03 a.m.
2.15 a.m. Express . . . 1.13 a.m.
7.32 p.m. 3.50 p.m.

GOING WEST
7 a.m. daily, ex. Sunday 1.03 a.m.
2.15 a.m. Express . . . 1.13 a.m.
7.32 p.m. 3.50 p.m.

* This train runs daily except Sunday
Starts from here and remains over night.

OVER THE WIRE

By ROSE ELLEN THOMAS

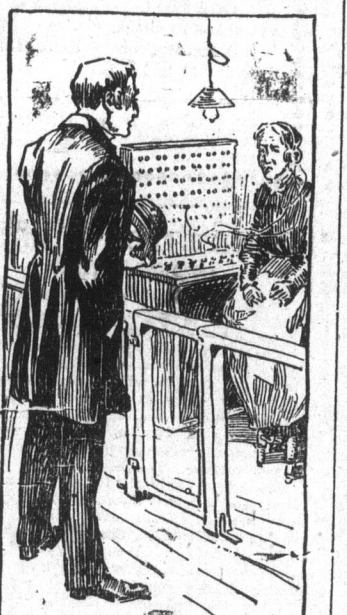
Copyright, 1935, by E. A. Whitehead

When Jim Lee, the village carpenter and a widower, died, people felt sorry for his daughter Molly and wondered how she would get along. They did more, for a wonder. A number of them so interested themselves that she was made telephone operator at Sandville with a good weekly salary. She made her home with a neighbor, and things went on very well with her.

Molly Lee was a girl of twenty, and if she hadn't married before her father's death it was not because of the lack of opportunity. Why she didn't was her own affair. Why she attended strictly to business afterward and had no beaux was also her own affair, but the villagers winked and nodded to each other and said it would come around by and by.

At Sandville, twenty-eight miles away, James Williams opened a store about the time Mr. Lee died. He had much telephoning to do in various directions, and he called up Sandville at least once a day. When he heard the new voice over the telephone he liked the sound of it. The more he heard of it the better he liked it.

As he was a bachelor and as he was charged with having an eye open for



HE ENTERED THE TELEPHONE OFFICE. "WELL," SHE BLURTED OUT.

a wife it would not have been strange had he written to a friend at Sandville to introduce him to that girl with a sweet voice in the telephone office, but he did nothing about the train any day and gone and seen for himself, but he did not do that.

Bachelors have their romances as well as young men and maidens. He built up a romance around the "Hello" voice, and after a few weeks he would have wanted to knock the man down who destroyed it for him. When there was no business on the Sandville line to call for his opening the telephone he made excuses to do so. He felt he must hear that voice at least once a day, and when he found his romance growing he smiled to himself.

By and by the messages over the wire were not strictly confined to business, according to regulations. The bachelor opened conversations on general subjects, and as he was paying the price exacted by the schedule of rates the girl could hardly snap him off the line. He never asked her name, but he betrayed an interest that brought the blush to her cheek and she carelessly responded: "Yes," "I see," "I guess so."

Sometimes he left his telephone open and sang. It was always a sentimental song, and the girl at the other end of the wire knew that the words were meant for her. At first, when addressing her, he had called her after the name of the town. One day he glided away from that and called her "Girly." She was going to reprove him, but he was in a hurry, and she put it off. The reproof never reached him, although he was considered an impudent fellow to keep on making use of the term.

For a year the bachelor hugged his romance to his soul; then he made up his mind to look for something more material. He put on his Sunday suit one day and went down to Sandville. Any one on the street would have told him that Miss Molly Lee was in charge of the telephone office and would probably have added that she was the best looking girl in town, but he asked no questions, not even where the office was. He strolled around until he found it for himself, and he kept saying as he strolled:

"Jimmy Williams, you are making an idiot of yourself. Of course Girly is an old maid and homely as a hedge fence, and you will get snapped up in great shape for your cheek. Better go back and keep your illusion."

But he entered the telephone office instead, and the first glance at the woman behind the desk sent his heart down into his boots. Just as he had feared, she was an old maid. She was an old maid who was having trouble with a soft corn that day, and a man who stuttered had just left the office after vainly seeking to send a message, and she did not like the way the man from Sandville looked at her.

"Well," she blurted out as he stood there looking around in a helpless way.

"Name is Williams of Stapleton," he answered.

"Well, what of that?"

"I—I have done considerable telephoning to this office during the past year."

"And have you got any complaints to make?"

"N-m."

"Then what?"

"I thought— That is, I—I—"

"Have you been drinking, sir?" demanded the old maid in a voice full of carpet tacks and pounded glass.

"N-n-n-o-o!" stuttered Mr. Williams after a great effort.

"Then you are going to have paresis and had best consult a doctor!"

Mr. Williams withdrew and went over and sat down in the shade of the grocery steps. A bottled dog came along and tried to make friends with him, but he would not respond. One of the hogs sauntering about the village streets approached and grunted amiably, but was kicked at in response.

The groceryman came out and, rubbing his hands together, observed that he had just laid in a new stock of crackers and herring, but the bachelor never even thanked him for calling his attention to the fact.

By and by, when the cold chill of disappointment had passed away, he got up and walked to the depot and took the train for home. His romance had been shattered and buried, and he felt small and mean over it. There was only one thing left to wonder over. How on earth could that old maid have disguised her voice as she had when talking with him? He thought over the matter for two or three days and then dismissed it.

During the next two weeks the merchant had considerable telephoning to do, but none of it was in the direction of Sandville. Not once was that office called up, and there was a saving of at least \$3 on tolls. Then there came a day that the office had to be called up, and as a bachelor took down the trumpet he made up his mind that if it was possible to do so he would give that old maid a rap.

"Yes, this is Sandville," came the answer in a voice that made him jump. It was the clear, sweet voice he had been accustomed to.

"I want—" he began and then stopped.

"I want Jackson's dry goods store after awhile, but just now I want something else."

"What is it?"

"Have—have you got two voices?"

"Why, of course not. What a funny question!"

"Are there two of you, then?"

"No; I'm all alone here."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed to himself, but he heard a giggle from the other end of the line, and the same voice he liked to hear said:

"Shall I call up the store now?"

"Not yet. Say, I was down at Sandville the other day."

"Yes?"

"I called at the telephone office."

"Did you?"

"And you wanted to know if I had been drinking."

"Oh, Mr. Williams!"

"And when I said no you advised me to consult a doctor for paresis."

"Did she say that? I'm sorry. I was ill for a week and had to get Miss Andrews to take my place, and she is pretty short with people."

"And it wasn't you in the office that day?"

"Of course not."

"Then—then—"

"Then you want the store?"

"Not by a jugful! I want you, and I shall be down on the afternoon train!"

"But, Mr. Williams—"

But Mr. Williams was hurrying to the depot to catch the train and an hour later was in Sandville. Three months later he got what he came for, and everybody says it was a good match.

"Rubbing It In."

When Mrs. Morse after a lapse of thirty years met her old schoolmate, Mrs. Graham, in the guise of a summer visitor to Aidersfield she made up her mind to one thing—Lydia Graham's measure of worldly prosperity had been large, but not for one moment would Mary Ann Morse allow her to feel "set up."

It was with the intention of reducing any possible pride that might be lurking behind Lydia Graham's placid countenance that Mrs. Morse held her off at arm's length when the first affectionate greeting had been exchanged.

"How fat you've grown, Lyddy!" said Mary Ann Morse, holding her little figure erect as a small stiff tree.

Mrs. Graham smiled contentedly, and Mrs. Morse saw that her thrust had done no harm.

"And yet—and yet you're wrinkled in spite of it," said this determined old friend. And then she gave Lydia Graham's flushed cheeks a consoling kiss.

A Ghost Story.

The power of imagination is strongly illustrated in the following ghost story: One of the most famous murder cases in Australia was discovered by the ghost of the murdered man sitting on the rail of a dam (Australian for horse pond) into which his body had been thrown. Numberless people saw it, and the crime was duly brought home.

Years after a dying man making his confession said that he invented the ghost. He witnessed the crime, but was threatened with death if he divulged it, as he wished to, and the only way he saw out of the impasse was to affect to see the ghost where the body would be found. As soon as he started the story, such is the power of nervousness that numerous other people began to see it until its fame reached such dimensions that a search was made and the body found and the murderers brought to justice.

Girl Toilers

Gain Strength for Work

In office and factory, shop, store or kitchen girls are at work all over this land, and, alas! far beyond their strength. Young women who work are especially liable to female ills. Too often the girl is the bread winner of the family and she must toil unremittently, no matter if her back does ache, her limbs and abdomen throb with dull pain and dragging sensations, and dizzy spells make her utterly unfit for work. These are the sure signs of female irregularities which kill beauty and youth.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

builds health and strength for all women who work and are weary. It creates the vitality that makes work easy. From the thousands of grateful letters written by working girls to Mrs. Pinkham we quote the following:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Overwork and long hours at the office, together with a neglected cold, brought on a female trouble until finally I was unable to go to work. I tried change of scene and climate, but found that I did not regain my health. I then thought of a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when her health was in the same condition that mine was, and straightway sent out for a bottle. I finished that and took two more before I really began to improve, but after that my recovery was very rapid, and when I had finished the sixth bottle I was well and able to go back to work again. I certainly think your medicine worthy of praise, and am indeed glad to endorse it.

MILIE ALMA ROBITAILLE, 78 rue St. Francois, Quebec, Que.

Oh, if Canadian girls who work would only realize that they have but one life to live, and make the most of their precious health and strength! Mrs. Pinkham extends to every working girl who is in ill health a cordial invitation to write her for advice. Such letters are always kept strictly confidential, and from her vast experience Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help you—and may save your life.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

Dr. Osler on Gossip.

And the third cause of uncharitableness is the wagging tongues of others who are too often ready to tell tales and make trouble between doctors.

There is only one safe rule, never listen to a patient who begins with a story about the carelessness and inefficiency of Dr. Blank. Shut him up or her up with a snap, knowing full well that the same tale may be told of you a few months later. Never believe what a patient tells you to the detriment of a brother, even though you may think it to be true.—Dr. Wm. Osler in a lecture.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause, Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If mere work is put on them they can stand it, but it is to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. F. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

The women who dislike men never give an entirely satisfactory reason therefore.

One man's point of view is as good as another's, until you sit on it.

Women may be more constant than men, and they are more apt to talk about it.

\$1.25 Gas!

WHY NOT LIGHT YOUR HOUSE WITH GAS...?

If you now use Gas for fuel, you can at very small cost have the necessary piping and fixtures installed, pay a small sum monthly on the completed work, and pay the low price through one meter, for fuel and light, of \$1.25 net per 1,000 cubic feet of Gas.

See The Gas Company About It.

BLANKET SALE

Beginning Monday, Feb. 12th, and ending Saturday, Feb. 24th, THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, will sell their White and Grey Blankets at the following prices:—

5 lbs. size 60x80 White or Grey all wool was \$3.25, now \$2.75

6 1/2 " 64x84 " " " 4.25 now 3.65

7 " 66x86 " " " 4.55 now 3.90

8 1/2 " 70x88 " " " 5.50 now 4.70

9 " 72x90 " " " 5.85 now 4.95

9 1/2 " 72x90 " " " 6.25 now 5.35

5 " 60x80 " Union 3.00 now 2.50

REMEMBER THE DATES and secure an honest bargain. There is only a limited number of pairs in each weight and size. Don't delay but come at once to

The T. H. Taylor Co., Limited

NOW IS THE TIME TO ADVERTISE