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THE FANCY DRESS DANCE HELD LAST THURSDAY

The first carnival of the season in this town, was held in the form of a Fancy Dress, in the Middleton Arena under the direction of the M. A. A. A., who have taken over the management of the rink for this season. The carnival was well patronized, there being a goodly number in costume as the attached list plainly shows and equally as many spectators looking on. The costumes were very pretty and in most cases original. The judges had no snap in picking out the winners, as so many of the contestants seemed worthy of the honor. However after much deliberation and consideration they finally decided on the winners whose names are preceded by a star (*) in the list. The management deserves much credit for the excellent manner in which the carnival was handled. They have been untiring in their efforts to give their patrons good fun, and had on the job, Thursday evening, for the carnival, "Moon" Landers and his famous orchestra, which supplied music that was most enjoyed by both skaters and spectators. Following is the list of those in costume with the winners indicated by the star:

LADIES
Freda McGill and Doris Hart as Indian Sisters.
Mrs. Peter Martin as Senorita Rosa, Majorie and Olive Coleman as School Days.
Doris Bentley and Venita Coldwell as Landers Orchestra.
Gertrude McDann as Xmas Tree.
Marjorie Shaffner as Lady of the Snows.
Margaret Shaffner and Doris Becu as Cross-word Puzzles.
Beatrice Gullivan as Blue Bell.
Berlie Andrews as Halifax Herald (a local hit).
George Clark as First Telephone Switchboard.
Miss Jo. Amberman as Egyptian.
Ruth Mills as Bohemian.
Helen Harnish as New Settler.
Marie Keddy as Mar. Tel. & Tel. Company.
Mrs. J. Reagh as Gypsy.
Edith Potter as Red Wing.
Marguerite Cummings as Piretelle.
L. Sweeney as Boy.
Irene Cox and Gertrude Ritchie as School.
Marion Harlow as Marie of Bruges.
Mrs. C. Moore as Eclipse of the Sun.
Pauline Jacques as Parcel.

MEN
H. G. Goucher as "Herbert Tarey, Jr."
C. F. Hoyt as Sheriff.
George Beals, Loring Dodge, Cyril Joudrie, Gordon Baker, as Cops.
Jack Reagh as A Colonial Gentleman.
Hibbert Parsons as Indian Chief.
Loring Andrews as A Baker.
"George D'Entremont" as "The Outlaw" (Local Paper).
Mr. Gorcham as A Lady.
Roy Cole as Koretz (the Swindler).
Matthews as Clown.
Silver as A Knight of the Bath.
Karl Cleveland as Robin Hood.
Vernon Balsor as Mexican.
Dr. Muir Reed (Dentist) as A Butcher.
Lester Andrews as Valley Milling Co.
"Carman Moore as Scare Crow."
Eric Haase as Barber.
The judges were Mrs. W. F. C. Parsons, Mrs. W. H. Starr and Mr. C. A. Mumford.
C. A. Mumford presented the prizes.

LOOKING AND BEING

A wilted flower not only soon loses its fragrance, but its garb of beauty in color is all too soon forgotten. They carelessly said man may give no evidence of a former prosperity, excepting through some flash of light that his mind may utter.

The fact is that you are judged for what you are now, what you look like, and what you may do.

The man who lingers and waits for the Fairy of Fortune to pass his way dies a disappointed man on the spot. Whereas as who gets ready to receive that illusive wielder of the wand is he whom we call "lucky," or perhaps Fortune's pet.

You must look the thing you most desire. You must dress, act, work the thing that you may have to go into debt you may have to spend sleepless nights in sea of speculative plans, you may have to go hungry, lose jolly friends, be deprived of many of the pleasing things of the everyday—but some of these days you are sure to achieve that which you have so much desired and worked to gain.

Look happy even though you may not be so. Look prosperous. Buy your complaints, plow right through the mass of obstacles that look like a mountain in front of you. Dare a few big tasks.

You can't be the part until you have proved that you can look the part.

Success is a proud affair. It will harbor unworthy partners. It must travel with its own.

Your first concern should be to think, look and act that which you strive toward.

A WISH

May life be full of hope and praise,
All smiles, without a tear or sorrow,
And may our best of yesterday
Be bettered by our worst tomorrow

Flour and Feed
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Girlhood Dangers

CAN BE AVOIDED, BY KEEPING THE BLOOD RICH AND PURE.

The anaemia of young girls may be inherited, or it may be caused by bad air, unsuitable food, hasty and irregular eating, insufficient outdoor exercise and not enough rest and sleep. It comes on gradually, beginning with languor, indisposition to exertion and a feeling of fatigue. Later comes paleness of the face and head-aches. In the majority of cases constipation is present, and the complexion takes on a greenish-yellow pallor. The treatment is quite easy and simple. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just the tonic to remedy this wretched state of health. They act directly upon the blood, and as it becomes rich and pure, strength and activity returns, the glow of health comes to the cheeks, and soon the trouble will disappear and good health follow. Miss Freda McGill, R. R. No. 1, Redbank, Ont., has proved the value of this medicine, and her statement will point the way to health to all other weak girls. She says:—"I was very ill with anaemia. I could not sleep at night; my appetite was poor; my face and lips were very pale and my eyes dull. I got so weak that I could not go upstairs without resting. I took dizziness and fainting spells, had no ambition whatever, and did not care to go about. I was in this condition for nearly a year. I had treatment from two doctors, but did not regain my strength, so my mother, who was very uneasy about me, decided I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using the pills for a while I felt somewhat better, and continued taking them until I had used about a dozen boxes, when I was again well and strong. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the treatment of any suffering from anaemia."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at \$1.00 a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LOYALTY

Of course this is a subject that each and everyone has heard many times but indeed we have not heard it too often for we need to practice loyalty every day of our life.

"Are we Loyal to God and Country?" Perhaps we are but we must apply his virtue to a further extent. "It is the little things in life that count." If we were truly loyal to our town how much more we could assist in its upkeep. But this is so often not the case—"Distance, that great enchantress," draws us to some other place on a shopping errand; "to do the 'Movies' or some other haunt of amusement."

Now comes the point—if these little pleasure seekers would only stay at home and co-operate with the young people of their own community they would be doing their own place in life that counts. Their own place is capable of providing entertainment for them and the merchants around. In fact, they are enough to enable them to buy the "up to date goods" that some people claim they have to secure in other places.

"In unity there is strength" therefore, let the population of each town or village unite together in one intention, to do everything to keep the line of progress going.

Not only will this plan improve our town but it will make it far more congenial. Jealousy, the green eyed monster, will be trampled upon in the great rush of people "up and going."

And when we all are working for one great end, people will forget the bright lights of some other place in the struggle to make their own town prosper. The one thing that is sold a persuasive away over them. No place is at a "stand still" it must go backward or forward—Loyalty spurs the soldiers on to battle and it will lead us on to success, so cultivate anew the virtue of loyalty.

"The helms of great men reached and kept."

Were not attained by sudden flight,
They, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—MARIE POWER.

TEMPERANCE IN LONDON

American moralists and others who have been quoting England as showing the sorrows of drink and tax burdens in strong drink have, in the argot of the street, another guess coming. London police records show that cases of drunkenness have diminished 62 per cent. in the past five years and that the people are growing more sober year by year. In many of the cities of Great Britain there are fewer public houses, corresponding to the former American saloon, and smaller stocks of drinkables.

Miss A.: "Will you attend the banquet?"
Miss T.: "Why certainly, I will like that kind of music."

PHYSICAL TRAINING

The value of physical education in extending life is after all, quite incidental. Its real merit is in making life worth living. A general extension of the period of life is of interest mainly to the actuary. More appealing to the average man or woman is the new zest in life that comes from physical training and health culture. It is less the desire to live longer than to live more fully that is increasing the ranks of the physical culturists.

A kiss defines three graces: faith to a man, hope to a girl and charity to an old maid.

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One lot of 15 pair, sizes 3, 4 and 5.
4 eyelid, stub proof, red sole.

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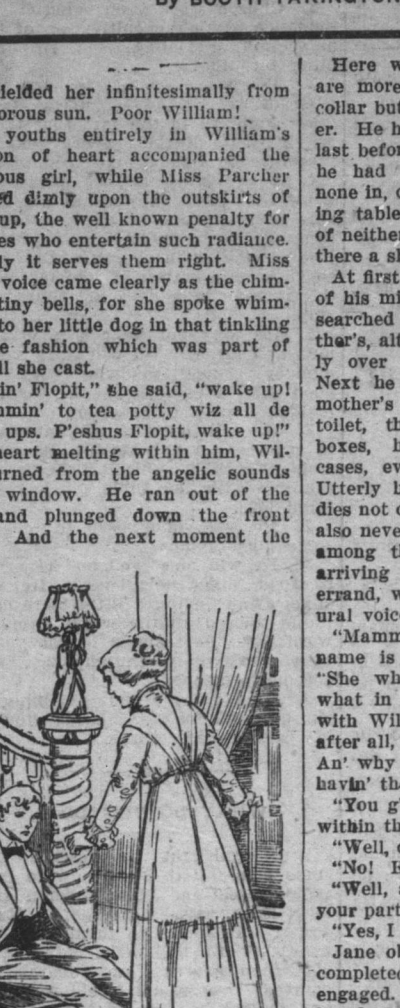
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MIDDLETON NOVA SCOTIA

SEVENTEEN

A tale of youth and summer time and the Baxter family, especially William.
By BOOTH TAKINGTON.

William shielded her infinitesimally from the amorous sun. Poor William! Two youths entirely in William's condition of heart accompanied the glamorous girl, while Miss Parcher appeared dimly upon the outskirts of the group, the well known penalty for bossiness who entertain such radiance. Probably it serves them right. Miss Pratt's voice came clearly as the chiming of tiny bells, for the spoke whimsically to her little dog in that tinkling childlike fashion which was part of the spell she cast.

"Darlin' Flopiti," she said, "wake up! Go tumbling tea party with all de drowed up. P'obus Flopiti, wake up!" His heart melting within him, William turned from the angelic sounds of the window. He ran out of the room and plunged down the front stairs. And the next moment the



William Was Seated Upon the Prostrate "Battle of Gettysburg."

crash of breaking glass and the loud thump-bump of a heavily falling human body resounded.

Mrs. Baxter, alarmed, excused herself from the tea table, round which were gathered four of five young people, and hastened to the front hall, followed by Jane. Through the open door were seen Miss Pratt, Miss Parcher, Mr. Johnnie Watson and Mr. Joe Bullitt coming up the walk, laughing and unaware of the catastrophe which had occurred. And a little distance from the foot of the stairs William was seated upon the prostrate "Battle of Gettysburg."

"It slid," he said hoarsely. "I carried it upstairs with me"—he believed this—"and somebody brought it down and left it lying flat on the floor by the bottom step on purpose to trip me. I stepped on it, and it slid."

"Get up, Willie," Mrs. Baxter urged, and then she rubbed her eyes and looked down anywhere. William had dreamily cried, "Willie, did the glass cut you?" He felt himself. "No'm."

"It did your trousers. You'll have to change them. Hurry!"

Some of William's normal faculties were restored to him by one hasty glance at the back of his left leg, which had a disconcerting appearance. A long blue strip of cloth hung there, with white showing underneath.

"Hurry!" said Mrs. Baxter. And, hastily gathering some fragments of glass, she dropped them upon the engraving, pushed it out of the way and went forward to greet Miss Pratt and her attendants.

Upward William sped unseen and came to a breathless halt at the top of the stairs.

As it were in a dream he heard his mother's hospitable greetings at the door, and the little party lingered in the hall, detained by Miss Pratt's discovery of Jane.

"Oh, tweekums (tweekums fable dir!) he heard the retreating voice exclaim "Oh, tweekums fable bash!"

"It cost a dollar and eighty-nine cents," said Jane. "Willie sat on the cork."

"Oh, no, he didn't!" Mrs. Baxter laughed. "He didn't quite!"

"He had to go upstairs," said Jane. And as the stricken listener alone saw the blue strip of cloth, she added placidly, "He took a hole in his clothes."

She seemed about to furnish details, her mouth being communicative, but Mrs. Baxter led the way into the "living room." The hall was vacated, and only the murmur of voices and laughter reached William.

William leaned upon the banister railing and thought thoughts about Jane. For several long, seething moments he thought of her exclusively. Then, spurred by the loud laughter of rivals and the agony of knowing that even in his own house they were monopolizing the attention of one of the noblest, he hastened into his own room and took account of his reverses.

Standing with his back to the mirror, he obtained over his shoulder a view of his trousers which caused him to break out in a fresh perspiration. Again he wiped his forehead with the handkerchief, and the result was instantly visible in the mirror.

William began a feverish examination of the garments hanging in his clothes closet. There were two pairs of flannel trousers which would probably again be white and possible with cleaned and pressed. Beside them was last year's summer suit of light gray.

Feverishly he brought it forth, threw off his coat and then, deflected by another glance at the mirror, began to change his collar again. To quicken the process he decided to straighten the best collar button. Using a silver ornament as a lever, he succeeded in bringing the little cap or head of the button into its proper plane, but his final effort dislodged the cap from the roll between it and the base, and it flew off into space.

Here was a calamity. Few things are more useless than a deceptively collar button, and William had no other. He had made sure that it was his last before he put it on that day; also he had ascertained that there was none in, on or about his father's dressing table. Finally, in the possession of neither William nor his father was there a shirt with an indigenous collar. At first he did not realize the extent of his misfortune. Of course William searched his dressing table and his father's, although he had been thoroughly over both once before that day. Next he went through most of his mother's and Jane's accessories to the toilet, through trinket boxes, glove boxes, hairpin boxes, handkerchief cases, even through sewing baskets. Utterly he convinced himself that ladies not only use no collar buttons, but also never pick them up and put them among their own belongings. Jane, arriving at his locked door upon an errand, was hidden by a thick, unnatural voice to depart.

"Mamma says, 'What in mercy's name is the matter?' Jane called."

"She whispered to me, 'Go an' see what in mercy's name is the matter with Willie, an' if the glass cut him, after all, an' why don't he come down?' An' why don't you, Willie? We're all havin' the nicest time!"

"You g'way!" said the strange voice within the room. "G'way!"

"Well, did the glass cut you?"

"No! Keep quiet, G'way!"

"Well, are you ever comin' down to your party?"

"Yes, I am, G'way!"

Jane obeyed, and William somehow completed the task upon which he was engaged. Genius had burst forth from his despair. Necessity had become a mother again, and William's collar was in place. It was tied there. Under his necktie was a piece of string.

He had lost count of time, but he was miraculously aware of its passage. Agony was in the thought of so many rich moments frittered away upstairs while Joe Bullitt and Johnnie Watson made hay below. And there was another spur to haste in his fear that the behavior of Mrs. Baxter might not be all that the guest of honor would naturally expect of William's mother. As for Jane, his mind filled with dread, shivers passed over him at intervals.

It was a dismal thing to appear at a party, and that his own, in last summer's suit, but when he had hastily put it on and faced the mirror he felt a little better—for three or four seconds. Then he turned to see how the back of it looked—and collapsed in a chair, moaning.

He had worn these clothes on the previous Saturday, and, returning from a glorified walk with Miss Pratt, he had demonstrated a fact to which his near demolition of the wafters this afternoon was additional testimony. This fact, roughly stated, is that a person of seventeen in love is liable to sit down anywhere. William had dreamily seated himself upon a taboret in the library without noticing that Jane had left her open paint box there. Jane had just been painting sunsets. Naturally all the little blocks of color were wet, and the effect upon William's pale gray trousers was marvelous, far beyond the capacity of his coat to conceal.

Collar buttons and children's paint boxes—these are the trolls that lie in wait!

The gray clothes and the flannel trousers had been destined for the professional cleaner, and William, raising himself from a brief stupor, made a pitiful effort to substitute himself for that expert. He brought water, towels, lath soap and a rubber bath sponge to the bright light of his window, and there, with touching courage and persistence, he tried to scrub the paint out of the cloth. He obtained cloud studies and marines which would have interested a post-impressionist, but upon trousers they seemed out of place.

There came one seeking and calling him again. Raps sounded upon the door, which he had not forgotten to lock.

"Willie," said a serious voice, "mamma wants to know what in mercy's name is the matter! She wants to know if you know for mercy's name what time it is! She wants to know what in mercy's name you think they're all going to think! She says—"

"G'way!"

"Well, she said I had to find out what in mercy's name you're doin', Willie!"

"You tell her," he shouted hoarsely—"tell her I'm playin' dominoes! What's she think I'm doin'?"

"I guess"—Jane paused, evidently to complete the swallowing of something—"I guess she thinks you're goin' crazy. I don't like Miss Pratt, but she lets me play with that little dog. It's name's Flopiti."

"You go 'way from that door and stop botherin' me," said William. "I got enough on my mind!"

"Mamma looks at Miss Pratt," Jane remarked. "Miss Pratt puts cakes in that Mr. Bullitt's mouth and Johnnie Watson's mouth too. She's awful."

William bellowed, "If you don't get away from that door!"

Jane was interested in the conversation, but felt that it would be better to return to the refreshment table. There she made use of her own conception of a whisper to place before her mother a report which was considered interesting and even curious by every one present, though, such was the courtesy of the little assembly, there was a general pretense of not hearing.

"I told him," thus whispered Jane, "an' he said, 'You g'way from that door or I'll do somethin'.' He didn't say what, mamma. He said: 'What you think I'm doin'? I'm playin' dominoes.' He didn't mean he was playin' dominoes, mamma. He just said he

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Let us talk with you before you purchase.

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PICKING A PERMANENT HUSBAND

"The greatest question in the minds of 3,000,000 girls on this continent is 'Who is he?' They want to know which man is going to make them say yes. The game is all the more interesting because only a million of them will get the wrong man and a divorce. According to a Boston woman with a broad social experience and a way with girls, the million might just as well pick right. For some years she has been inducing the girls in a finishing school to observe these five rules in judging a man:

See him in his work—notice his attitude toward his associates.

See him when things go wrong.

See how he acts in a trying situation.

Determine his attitude toward his mother.

And remember—society manners are merely superficial.

DOCTOR SAYS IT WITH BOOTS

A strange fact about the medical men of England is that they don't care to be called by their professional titles, except on official occasions. An English medical man had rather you called him "mister than doctor."

A Harley Street specialist of great renown was going one morning when an acquaintance shouted to him cheerily across the links: "Good morning, doctor!"

"Good morning, wholesale dealer in boots and shoes" was the medical man's reply.

Hand your news times in to the local paper. Don't stick around and say "why didn't you get this or that news item?" This is your paper—make it bristle with news.

o o o

Grocer: "The prices are going to be higher."

Flapper: "So are skirts."

BUCKLEY'S BRONCHITIS MIXTURE

At All Druggists

40 doses 75¢

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