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**A Terrible Slaughter**

Montreal, Nov. 23.—Eugene Geannine, a Belgian reservist, has arrived back here, having been injured in action in Flanders. He fought at Antwerp and in several other engagements. He was killed in the chest by a German charger on the Ripell River.

Geannine possesses as souvenirs of his fight a dum dum bullet, which, he says, was fired by the enemy, and a German belt with the legend of "God mit us" on it. From Antwerp, Geannine says, he was sent to Lierre, and the most of his fighting he saw in the series of battles about the Roupelle and Nether rivers. At Wayer, St. Catherine, on the Roupelle River, 20,000 Belgians, supported by a British naval brigade, held off 85,000 Germans for days.

The Germans, says Geannine, were endeavoring to cross the river by a pontoon bridge. When the bridge was crowded with Germans an English officer whistled. That was the signal. Then the artillery opened fire, and in a few seconds the bridge and the men on it were swept away.

Three times the Germans rebuilt the bridge and repeated the same tactics. Three times the allies wiped out the advancing hordes. After the third attempt the little river was so choked with dead men and debris that the German troops were actually able to march across on the top of the corpses. In the struggle that followed and after he had killed two Germans, Geannine received his wound.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or confusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

The Department at Toronto has received many complaints recently as to violations of the fish and game laws in East Lambton, and in order to put a stop to such violations, has placed Mr. Pavey, of Alvinston, in charge. In the future anyone violating fish and game laws will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**WHEN WILL OTTO DIE?**

RELEASE FOR BAVARIA'S MAD KING STILL FAR OFF.

After Forty Years Imprisonment In the Castle of Furstenried, King Otto Is Now Sixty-Five Years Old, But Doctors Say He Will Live Several Years Yet—Cousin Is Regent.

When will he die? When will the country which in half a century has been afflicted with three mad monarchs be released from the burden of a king who knows not one of his subjects; who has not written a word nor read a book for years; who seldom speaks a few intelligible, connected words, who knows nothing of the time or seasons, who spends almost every hour of the day in a padded room, and has had to be guarded from self-destruction for nearly thirty years? When will this hopelessly insane king die?

Fate seems determined that the people of Bavaria shall continue to ask this question for years to come. They can scarcely hope for a merciful release, in view of the recent report of the doctors who visited the demented King Otto, who has been incarcerated in the castle of Furstenried, near Munich, for close upon forty years. For although the King, who is king in name only, and who is now sixty-five years of age, has lived this terribly pathetic life since early manhood, his physical condition is such that the doctors give room for belief that the King will live quite a number of years. And thus the pitiful tragedy drags on.

Even though Prince Ludwig, who succeeded his father, Prince Luitpold, as Regent of Bavaria a short time ago, issued a proclamation in November last to the effect that the Regency was ended and the throne vacant, and that he had taken up the reins of government as King, he can never be a real king while his cousin, who is monarch by Divine right, lives. The tragedy really began nearly seventy years ago, when Louis I, King Otto's grandfather, a well-meaning and liberal monarch, wasted the wealth of the kingdom on extravagant works of art, and became so infatuated with that notorious adventuress, Lola Montez, that he created her Countess Lansfeldt, with a pension of 20,000 florins. This infuriated the Bavarians to such an extent that they forced him to abdicate and placed his son Maximilian II. on the throne.

But already Maximilian had exhibited traits which betrayed the hereditary taint of madness, and his wild excesses ultimately led to his early death in 1864, when he was succeeded by his son, Louis II, brother to King Otto. Louis, too, carried his grandfather's love of art and music to excess, and the only achievement of his reign was his patronage of Richard Wagner, who owed everything to "Louis the Beautiful," for he had beauty like a girl's with pale cheeks, long silky hair, and large, lustrous eyes. Women idolized him; men pitied him, and were ever ready to make excuses for his madness.

For a time it took a harmless form. He built fairy castles in the mountains, entertained ghostly guests, and fancied he was dining with Hamlet and Julius Caesar, drove about at midnight around his roads in a sleigh formed like a golden swan, engaged theatrical companies to play an opera or play to himself alone, bestowed titles on his barber and tailor, or wandered about the woods playing "Tristan" in apricot-colored tights.

One of his most astonishing acts, however, occurred in October, 1867, when his marriage was arranged with his cousin Sophie, who afterwards became Duchess d'Alencon, and perished in the Paris bazaar fire. Everything was ready for the ceremony, and then the King announced that he would not marry. He destroyed every portrait of her he possessed, and opening a window threw a marble bust of his beloved princess into the courtyard below. It was a happy escape for the princess, but one can imagine her chagrin when she returned home husbandless after the vast preparations which had been made for her wedding.

In spite of this, however, Louis retained the affections of the Bavarians to such an extent that when he became hopelessly mad, and was placed under restraint in the castle of Burg in 1886, the peasants attempted to rescue him. They were unsuccessful, and three days later the bodies of the King and his medical attendant were found in the lake. There was evidence of a great struggle, but whether the King had murdered his physician in order to escape, or whether the physician had perished in an effort to frustrate the King's attempt at suicide, remains a mystery to this day.

For some time prior to Louis' death the late Prince Luitpold acted as Regent, and he continued to rule the affairs of Bavaria when Otto, Louis' brother, succeeded, for it was decided that, although Otto had been for ten years in an asylum, he should be declared King. There was, however, no coronation.

King Otto's affliction became apparent at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, when he ordered a squad of cavalry to charge a stone wall which he insisted was a body of

infantry. Then secret letters offering peace to the enemy were discovered, with the result that he was placed under medical care, and from that time has been kept under constant surveillance.

Such is his pathetic state of mind that, like Nebuchadnezzar, he was often found eating grass, and an attendant had to restrain his appetite in that direction. He refused his food, imagining it to be poisoned, developed a horror of washing, and on several occasions nearly murdered his attendants.

An orange tree will bear fruit until it reaches its 150th year.

**OYSTER FARMS OF JAPAN.**

Remarkable Artificial Culture of the Popular Bivalve.

Like others of our natural resources the extensive natural American oyster beds have been considered as practically inexhaustible, capable of producing oysters abundantly for all purposes. But the oyster is such a universal favorite that with improved shipping facilities and wider distribution the demand is already greater than the supply, so that while the beds are in the aggregate enormous, it is predicted that in time they will be doubled in area and oysters actually farmed as closely and intensively as in market-garden crops.

Real oyster farms are no mere theory. Growing oysters artificially is an extremely ancient art, and in France, Holland and Japan there are regular oyster parks where oyster culture is carried on to a degree of refinement and under Government regulations and restrictions which would make the Canadian oyster man who rakes at will in the open range, shiver with apprehension. Nevertheless the oyster output from these intensively cultivated oyster farms is probably from four to five times what it is from the most productive natural beds.

Oyster growing for market in Japan is a matter of two and one-half to three years, but when a farm is well established the yield of mature oysters is heavy, continuous and regular. In starting a farm, branching bamboo stakes are driven into the oyster grounds at low tide, and to these the baby oyster or "spat" attach themselves in great numbers. These stakes are arranged in close rows with garden-like precision and in such a manner that the tides and currents can freely sweep the eddy between them continually refreshing and feeding the oysters with the tiny ocean life upon which they thrive. Growing to a considerable size upon these stakes the oyster parks soon assume the appearance of a bristling phalanx of shell-covered spikes set at every conceivable angle.

Some parts of the inland sea of Japan where the farms are thickest, the tide falls as much as 10 or 12 feet, leaving great acreages exposed of rows and parkings of certainly the most fantastic appearing "vegetation" imaginable. Every limb and twig of the bamboo "shibit" is overlaid with oysters, and with other small, millions and billions of them to every acre, while in the immediate background rises the rugged mountainous relief of Japan—truly a strange and picturesque scene. The young oyster will attach itself to its bamboo host only in comparatively shallow water and to grow to a marketable size it must be transplanted; so that in about 18 months the oysters are knocked off the shibit with divers in great numbers and transported to the "living grounds," in deeper water.

The final stage of cultivation to secure "selects" is to transfer the oysters to the "maturing grounds" where the water ranges from a few feet at low tide to 18 to 24 feet at high tide, although oysters are successfully cultivated in water as deep as 50 feet. Many of the oyster farms form a succession of beds from the shore to a long distance out from the land, all densely populated with oysters ranging from the "spat" to the large, mature oyster ready for market.

The Japanese oyster grounds are all the property of the state and are leased or rented to the highest bidder, the tenants having the privilege of renewing the lease indefinitely at the original rental, a privilege, however, which is not transferable and cannot be used speculatively.

**No Fresh Air For Him.**

No doctor would ever have made Lord Brampton—best remembered as Sir Henry Hawkins—subscribe to the new theory that it is beneficial to sit in a draft. "Few people had a greater objection to fresh air than Hawkins," writes J. A. Foote, K.C. "At one time he had a sort of movable sentry box constructed for his use in court in order to prevent any possibility of a draft. He once expressed his preference for suffocation rather than chill on the ground that it was a slower death.—London Standard.

**Where the Hippopotamus Lurks.**

Herd of hippopotamuses are not found everywhere in central Africa. They stick to the swampy shores overgrown with the papyrus plant, which affords them cover by day when they come out to rest. At night they feed on land, sometimes walking long distances away from the lake or river in search of palatable

herbs. The hippopotamus is a great eater. A cow hippopotamus stays with her calf until the young one gets strong enough to walk and swim.

**Superstition.**

"What worries me about my wife," said Mr. Meekton confidentially, "is that she is getting superstitious."

"What about?"

"Me. Whenever anything goes wrong she always manages to figure it out that I'm the person who brought bad luck into the family."

**New Start For Poor Boys.**

"I'd like to start at the bottom," said the young man applying for work.

"I'm sorry, but we can't use you there. All those places are reserved for the sons of our directors, who think it fashionable to start that way. We can give you a place a little higher up, though, at less money."

**Right Up to Date.**

"Now, my child," said the kind old judge, "which do you prefer to go with?"

"That depends," answered the fashionable child. "Is mother to get large alimony?"

"Yes."

"Large enough to embarrass father financially?"

**Kitchener on the War**

London, Nov. 26.—"The Russians have defeated the Germans with the heaviest losses yet suffered," the Germans have made no advance since I last addressed this House," and the British are in touch with Turkish forces 30 miles east of the Suez Canal," were the salient features of a speech made by Field Marshal Earl Kitchener in the House of Lords this afternoon, when the British Minister of War summarized the military operations.

Lord Kitchener paid a tribute to the gallantry of the Belgian army and to the King of the Belgians, who, he declared, had no intention of quitting Belgian territory.

He said the losses of the allies were great, but at the same time were slight compared to those of the enemy, and that the allied troops were in excellent spirits and confident of success.

Referring to the latest phase in the conflict raging in Russian Poland, Lord Kitchener said:—

"After a hotly contested battle the reinforced Russian troops in this neighborhood have been able to check and to defeat the Germans with, I believe, heavier losses than they ever sustained before."

Referring to the German advance on Dunkirk and Calais after the capture of Antwerp, Lord Kitchener mentioned that in spite of the overwhelming number of the German forces the British troops vigorously attacked, and a British cavalry division extending over seven miles of trenches threw back the fierce attacks of a whole German army corps for more than two days. The arrival of the Indians on the scene, he said, proved to be a great advantage, and when the fresh reinforcements pushed forward the German attack on Calais was stopped.

Lord Kitchener spoke of the splendid fighting qualities of the French troops and of the "pluck of the gallant Belgian army, whose fine resistance had been strengthened and encouraged by the co-operation of the British fleet, which had effectively shelled the German artillery positions.

**Dad's Dope**

A correspondent wants to know if a standing army fold its wings when it wants to sit down.

The "Freidmann" culture and the "kaiser" culture are both "made in Germany" and both have proven to be false alarms.

It would seem that there is a good opening for a clearance house at the front to handle the numerous checks received by the opposing forces.

The German forces are said to have three bases of defense in Belgium. After leaving the third they will try and steal home where catcher Nicholas will be waiting to put the ball on them.

The czar has conferred a high Russian decoration on King Albert which the Belgian hero will no doubt appreciate more than a car load of iron crosses from the kaiser's foundry.

The Emperor William is offering his marble palace in Corfu for sale. Intending purchasers will do well to satisfy themselves that the title is perfect before investing. At present there is a deep dark cloud on the Kaiser's temporary holdings.

Old clothes dealers throughout the country are complaining of depression in business. Those who are not compelled to wear them are giving their seasoned garments to the relief societies.

The South American coffee market has been disturbed by the war. There are good grounds for believing that when the warring nations settle their grievances coffee will also settle.

Astronomers have recently been taking observations of the transit of Mercury across the face of the sun. Military men are more interested in what Mars is doing to the face of the old planet to which we belong.

**For Hair Health**

If Rexall "93" Hair Tonic does not improve the health of your scalp and hair, we will pay for what you use during the trial.

We could not so strongly endorse Rexall "93" Hair Tonic and continue to sell it to the same people if it did not do all we claim. Should it not prove entirely satisfactory our customers would lose faith in us, we would lose their patronage, and our business would suffer.

If your hair is falling out or you suffer any scalp trouble, we believe Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will do more to eradicate the dandruff, give health to the scalp, stimulate new hair growth and prevent premature baldness than any other human agency.

We want you to make us prove this. We ask you to risk no money whatever. Buy a bottle of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, use it according to directions for thirty days; then if you are not entirely satisfied, come and tell us and we will promptly hand back the money you paid us for it.

We won't ask you to sign anything, nor even to bring the bottle back. We won't obligate you in any way. We will take your mere word. Could anything be more fair? Could we do anything more to prove our belief in Rexall "93" Hair Tonic and our honesty of purpose in recommending it to you?

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is as pleasant to use as spring water and has but a faint, pleasing odor. It comes in two sizes of bottles, 50c and \$1.00. You can buy Rexall "93" Hair Tonic in this community only at our store:

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 Watford The Rexall Store Ontario  
 There is a Rexall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Rexall Store for nearly every ordinary human ailment—each especially designed for the particular ailment for which it is recommended.  
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**Christmas Seal Campaign**

Further news of the Xmas Seal Campaign is to hand. The General Managers of all the important banks in the province have written cordially endorsing the campaign and instructing seals to be placed on sale at the branches of all their banks. The organization is straining every nerve to get a supply of seals placed in the hands of every teacher in the province within the next few days. This has a particular importance, as a means for school children to put into action the instructions and exhortations of thousands of teachers on Monday, 30th November, Tuberculosis Day in the schools.

Committees of business men, manufacturers, merchants, and others, are sending out appeals to their friends. The Sunday School Secretaries of all denominations are enthusiastically endorsing the campaign as a method of personal service for Sunday school scholars. His Grace Archbishop McNeil, head of the Catholic Archdiocese of Toronto, has approved of a circular to the Priests. Special speakers again place the campaign before the boy's work conferences, shortly to be held at Belleville and at Guelph, secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. throughout the Province are already sending in their orders. Every organization which co-operated in the campaign in former years is hard at work again this year and ground has been broken in new quarters. The seals serve a three-fold purpose used on the back of mail matter, they carry a message of Christmas cheer; they proclaim far and wide the existence of the Muskoka Free Hospital as a beneficent institution for those afflicted with consumption and in need, and they provide money to carry on and to extend that great life-saving work. Work on the distribution of the first three million seals is already progressing. Supplies can be had at Headquarters, National Sanitarium Association, Corner of College and Ross Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

**Where a Fence Divides a Continent**

From London to Hopetown, clear across the continent of Australia, runs a fence of woven wire 1200 miles long, and the single purpose of its construction is to guard the fertile farm lands from the havoc-making rabbit pest. The entire eastern part of the continent is overrun with rabbits, but the western state, the "Golden State," as it is proudly called, is practically free from them, thanks to the seventh wonder of a fence. Upon this intactness of the barrier depends the prosperity of every farmer in Western Australia, and it is guarded with the eagerness and care that a beleaguered state takes to prevent a devastating army from passing its boundary.

Imported into the country by some immigrant, who doubtless hoped that they would live and thrive, the original pair—have multiplied into a countless horde, hardy, omnivorous and bold. In vast armies they scout along the fence, seeking for an entrance hole, and often travel hundreds of miles to one corner end of the fence trying to find a passage through from the inhospitable regions to the fertile lands.

The most amazing precautions are taken by the "Golden State" to maintain the effectiveness of its barrier. Range riders guard it for its entire length and hundreds of miles to one corner end of the fence trying to find a passage through from the inhospitable regions to the fertile lands.

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Sometimes a "willy-willy," or cyclone, levels whole sections of the fence, and then it must be rebuilt with all possible speed. Often this occurs in the desert country, through which a part of the fence runs, and then the posts and wire must be carted on camels from where the road ends. The expense of maintenance is large, but the saving to the fertile lands—repays the outlay many times in bountiful crops.