

EARLY REVIVAL
IN TRADE LIKELY

World Confidence Will be Restored by United States Proposals

AWAITS AGREEMENT

Italian Economist Looks for Beneficial Results to Ensnare and at Once

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14. — "Restoration of world confidence and an early revival in trade will be the economic effect of the United States armament proposals," said Dr. F. Giannini, chief of the economic section of the Italian delegation.

Dr. Giannini spent a day writing a report to his Government on the probable economic effect of the drastic curtailment of naval ship-building. In it he emphasized the psychological reaction of the world's traders and manufacturers to the plan submitted by Secretary Hughes.

"Reginald McKenna, and all the world's bankers have long awaited the advent of some great international factor to start the producing plants again at full speed. I believe that an early agreement on the lines laid down by the United States delegation will supply it."

"From the business viewpoint the new diplomacy inaugurated by Secretary Hughes will be highly beneficial. Secret discussions for the formulation of a limitation plan would have had the effect of gradually discounting the value of the final agreement in the world's markets. The dramatic announcement of the Secretary of State, on the other hand, can only lead to an immediate restoration of confidence, and the release by the bankers of huge sums of money for industrial purposes and a world-wide trade revival."

Lavergne Angry
at Quebec Chief

QUEBEC, Nov. 14.—Speaking at St. George's parish yesterday, Armand Lavergne, Nationalist candidate in Quebec county, said it was scandalous to see Premier Taschereau meddled in the Federal campaign and declared that two days after the Blanche Garneau murder he had sent word to the premier that he could give him information regarding the real murderers of the girl but he had not heard from him since.

MADE THREATS AGAINST
THE PRINCE OF WALES

Typist of Bombay, Who Had Prepared Ten Bombs, Is Under Arrest — Pretends Insanity

LONDON, Nov. 14.—An Exchange Telegraph Agency despatch from Bombay says that an Indian typist employed in the Bombay Museum was charged at Bombay on Tuesday with sending an anonymous letter to the Governor of Bombay, threatening to kill the Prince of Wales. The letter was addressed to the Viceroy, the Governor of Bombay, and every Englishman in India, as well as to the Prince of Wales, "who is coming to India to loot the money of India." It declares the writer had prepared ten bombs and was determined to kill the Prince and if they wanted to save the Prince they should stop him coming to India.

The accused man told the magistrate he had gone mad at the time. He promised if released to go to his native place and never return. Medical evidence showed there were no signs of insanity about the accused. The magistrate reserved his decision.

PRISONERS ESCAPE
FROM MOUNT JOY

Eight Sinn Féin Prisoners, Obtaining Police Uniforms, Make Dash for Liberty and Win

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Eight Sinn Féin prisoners made a dramatic dash in the fog from Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, last night and after overpowering warders and fighting a revolver duel with armed guards, made a clean getaway. They are still at large.

The exploit is described as the most daring coup in the long list of prison escapes. The Sinn Féinners by some means obtained in jail uniforms of the auxiliary police with arms. A searching military inquiry will be made.

EGGS AT A DOLLAR

HAMILTON, Ont., Nov. 14.—The price of eggs went up to one dollar a dozen on the farmers' market Saturday morning. This is a record price in peace times at this period of the year.

The Ryerson Press, who have charge of their printing, state that "everything is ready as soon as the Government releases the books."

MEDICAL OFFICER
IS NOT APPOINTED

Dr. Cronk's Name Sent to Council by Board of Health is Not Acted Upon

BACK TO COMMITTEE

Dr. Cronk's Distinguished War Record Submitted by G. W. V. A. as in His Favor

No medical officer of health has yet been appointed for the city to succeed the late Dr. H. A. Yeomans. On Monday afternoon the Board of Health decided to urge the appointment of Dr. G. S. Cronk, who has been acting as M.O.H. for some time. The city executive last evening struggled over the office for ninety minutes in committee and did not then decide, but came out into the council and then when the recommendation of the Board was read, Ald. French moved a reference back to the executive. Ald. Fisher wanted the selection made last night, but the aldermen chose to wait.

In committee two names were about evenly divided as to support, those of Dr. Cronk and Dr. Wallbridge.

The Belleville branch of the Great War Veterans' Association recommended to the Council the appointment of Dr. Cronk, as a returned man. Secretary Little pointed out that Dr. Cronk had served in France, Belgium and in China, and had been mentioned in despatches as having been mainly instrumental in the prevention of an outbreak of cholera in a camp in China. This communication was sent to the executive.

Dr. Cronk is still acting officer.

FOWL SUPPER A SUCCESS

Many Visitors to Residents For Over Thanksgiving

MADOC JCT.—Mrs. E. D. White, of Toronto, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, for the holiday and Thanksgiving. Mr. and Mrs. Carman Fitchett visited friends at Tweed last week. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews entertained a number of friends from Toronto for the Thanksgiving week end. Miss Anne Stapley, of Northport public school staff, was a visitor here last week.

Miss Nellie Bird has returned from a visit with friends at Anson. Mrs. Danford and Marjorie spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Carr. Those who attended the pie social at Holloway report an excellent program and lots of eat. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stapley visited friends at Corbyville last week. Mrs. H. Clarke leaves next week for a visit to the west.

SALE WELL ATTENDED

People on Sick List are all Gaining — Personal

SECOND LINE SIDNEY.—A number from this line attended the Thanksgiving service in Holloway Street Church on Sunday. Mrs. Martin, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. U. Fox, was removed to the hospital on Saturday. But she is rapidly gaining. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bedell and Mrs. Brickman spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bedell, Cannifton. Mr. Marvin, who had an operation for appendicitis the hospital, is reported to be gaining nicely. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thrasher called on Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Thrasher on Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison entertained company on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Freeman spent Thanksgiving at home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Burns. Mr. and Mrs. Fox spent Thanksgiving day with friends in Belleville. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Thrasher and baby Olive spent Sunday visiting at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. E. Kennedy, of Zion's Hill, who is seriously ill. Mrs. E. West visited friends in town on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Brickman visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bedell on Tuesday evening. Mr. T. E. Elliott's sale was well attended on Thursday.

SAULT STE MARIE, Ont., Nov. 15.—The damage being done by wolves in reducing the game stock of the north was revealed here in one small area behind Echo Bay this week when the partially devoured remains of 17 deer were found. Hunters returning from the bush report that wolves appear to be very numerous.

TAX ON BRITISH GOODS
IS PROPOSED IN JAMAICA.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Nov. 14.—Amendment of the existing tariff law has been proposed by the Government. It is contemplated to place import duties on British goods of 15 per cent. of cost. United States goods are to be taxed twenty per cent. of their cost.

RODE FOR 9,000 MILES

AFTER AUTO WAS STOLEN

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Nov. 14.—Edward Barrie, 18, and Grant Stoner, 19, were each sentenced to one year's imprisonment on charges of stealing an automobile. They were caught with the car over the river and deported to the Canadian side.

The car was stolen two months ago and since then the men had been touring through Quebec and the New England states. The speedometer showed that the car had travelled nine thousand miles since stolen.

"BRINGING UP FATHER"

By George McManus

SUBURBAN ROADS
PLAN IS WRONG

Belleville City Council With Sarnia, Protests to Ontario Legislature

HARDSHIP TO CITIES

Charging Portion of Cost to Centres of Population Not the Right Method

Belleville Council believes that the system adopted by the Legislature of charging a portion of the costs of suburban roads to towns and cities is wholly unfair and places a burden upon the towns and cities which they should not be asked to bear and from which they should be relieved. The Council last night united in a protest with Sarnia against being called upon to contribute towards the construction or maintenance of suburban roads, and will request the Legislature to pass an Act abolishing such system.

WATER IS GOOD.

Dose of Chlorine Sufficient — River Temperature is Dropping.

Peterboro.—The water now being used by the citizens is assuming its winter superiority, and the tests show that its present condition is not dangerous. Six pounds of chlorine per million gallons is being administered. This negatives any germs that may have survived the outbreak of cholera in a camp in China. This communication was sent to the executive.

Dr. Cronk is still acting officer.

MR. WALTER KELLAR.

Sadness filled the hearts of many on Tuesday afternoon, when it was learned that Mr. Walter Kellar, Trenton, had passed away. He was taken sick on Monday afternoon. Dr. Farncombe was summoned and pronounced acute indigestion, and on Tuesday afternoon he passed away to his reward.

The funeral was held on Thursday at his residence, Front street, the Rev. Mr. Clarke preaching a very impressive sermon. Interment was made in Evergreen cemetery. He leaves to mourn his loss, besides his widow, three daughters and one son, Mrs. Roy Workman, Mrs. Mutton, and Mrs. Clarke, all of Trenton.

WOLVES SLAUGHTERING

NEW ONTARIO DEER.

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"BRINGING UP FATHER"

By George McManus

The....
Prairie
Mother

By Arthur Stringer

(CONTINUED.)

So once again am I reminded that the unpardonable crime of poverty is not always picturesque. But I wrestled with my soul then and told Dinky-Dunk I didn't give a rip what kind of a car I rode in so long as I had such a handsome chauffeur. And I reached out and patted him on the nose, but he was too deep in his worries about business matters, I suppose to pay any attention to that unseemly advance.

Tonight, after supper, when the butlers were safely in bed, I opened up the baby grand, intent on driving game, whatever happened or was to happen. But my concert wasn't much of a success. When you do a thing for the last time, and know it's to be the last time, it gives you a grave-yard sort of feeling, no matter how you may struggle against it. And the blither the tune the heavier it seemed to make my heart. So I swung back to the staid things that have come down to us out of the cool hours of Time. I eased my soul with the Sonata Appassionata and lost myself in the Moonlight and pounded the Eroica. But my fingers were stiff and my touch was wooden, so it was small wonder my poor lord and master tried to bury himself in his four days-old newspaper. Then I tried Schubert's Rosamunde, though that wasn't much of a success. So I wandered on through Liszt to Chopin. And even Chopin struck me as too soft and sugary and far-away for a home-stead's wife, so I sang.

"In the dead of night, acushla, When the new big house is still,"—to see if it would shake any sign of recognition out of my harried old Dinky-Dunk.

As I beheld nothing more than an abstracted frown over the tip-top edge of his paper, I defiantly swung into The Evening Post, which apparently had no more effect than Herman Lohr. So with malice aforethought I slowly and deliberately pounded out the Beethoven Funeral March. I lost track of time in that glorious and melodic wall of sorrow, merged with my own troubles in its god-like immensities, and was brought down to earth by a sudden movement from Dinky-Dunk.

"Why're you in?" he almost angrily demanded as he got up and left the room.

Put that stammering little soul-right has done me good. It has given me back my perspective. I never to be downed. I'm still the captain of my soul. I'm still at the wheel, no matter if we are rolling a bit. And life, in some way, is still going to be good, still well worth the living!

WEDNESDAY THE EIGHTE.

Dinky-Dunk had had word that Lady Alicia was on her way west. He seems to regard that event as something very solemn, but I refuse to take seriously either her ladyship or her arrival. Tonight, I'm more worried about Dinky, who got at the door-shellac with which I'd been furnishing up the bathroom at Casa Grande. He succeeded in giving his face and hair a very generous coat of it—and m'f hoping against hope he didn't get too much of it in his little stomach. He seems normal enough, and in fairly good spirits, but I had to scrub his face with soap-oil, to get it clean, and his poor little baby-skin is burnt rather pink.

The winter has broken, the frost is coming out of the ground and the mud is adding to our joy in life. Our last load over to the Harts shack was ferried and toiled through a batter. On top of it (the load, and not the batter!) I placed Olive's old banjo, for whatever happens, we mustn't be entirely without music.

Yesterday Dinky-Dunk got Paddy saddled and bridled for me. Paddy bucked and bit and bolted and kicked and tried to brush his rider off against the corral posts. But Dinky-Dunk fought it out with him, and winched him, and mastered him, and made him meek enough for me to slip up into the saddle. My riding muscles, however, have gone flabby, and two or three miles for the first venture, was all I cared to stand. But I'm glad to know that Paddy can be pressed into service again, whenever the occasion arises. Poor old Pops,

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and seemed surprised, that Dinky-Dunk should descend to the stabling and feeding and watering of his own horses.

She appeared rather constrained and ill-at-ease, in fact, until Dinky-Dunk had washed up and joined us. Yet I saw, when we sat down to our belated supper, that the fair Alicia had the abundant and honest appetite of a healthy boy. She also asked if she might smoke between courses—which same worried the unhappy Dinky-Dunk much more than it did me. My risibilities remained untouched until she languidly remarked that any woman who had twins on the prairie ought to get a Y.C.

But she automatically became, I reported, a K.C.B. This seemed to puzzle the cool-eyed Lady Alicia.

That means a Knight Commander of the Bath, she said with her English literalness.

"Exactly," I agreed. And Dinky-Dunk had to come to her rescue and explain the joke, like a court-interpreter translating Cree to the circle judge, so that by the time he got through it didn't seem a joke at all and his eyes were flashing a code-signal to be too hard on a tenderfoot.

When, later on, Lady Alicia looked about Casa Grande, which we'd called me, all day long, her Now that Lady Alicia has got her hand-made ranch what's she going to do with it? I scarcely expect her to take me into her confidence on the matter, since she seems intent on regarding me as a very little bit of the landscape, a disturbing part of it all is that her aloofness is so unstudied, so indifferent in its lack of deliberation. It makes me feel like a jump on a log. I shouldn't so much mind being actively and martially snubbed, for that would give me something definite and tangible to grow combative over. But you can't cross words with a Scotch mist.

With Dinky-Dunk her ladyship is quite different. I never see that look of mild impatience in her opaque blue eyes when he is talking. She flatters him openly, in fact, and a man takes it to flattery, of course, as a kitten takes to cream. Yet with all her outspokenness I am conscious of a tremendous sense of reservation. Alas, more than once, she has given me a feeling which I'd very hard to describe, a feeling as though we were being suspended over peril by something very fragile. It's the feeling you have when you stand on one of those frail little Alpine bridges that can sway so forbiddingly with your own weight and remind you that nothing but a rustic paling or two separates you from the thousand-foot abysses below your heels.

But I mustn't paint the new mistress of Casa Grande all in dark colors. She has her good points, and a mind of her own, and a thought or two of her own. Dinky-Dunk was asking her about Egypt. That counted, she retorted, was too dead for her. She couldn't wipe out of her heart the memory of what man had sinned along the banks of the Nile, during the last few thousand years, what millions of men had suffered there because of religion and war and caste.

"I could never be happy in a country of dead races and dead creeds and dead cities," protested Lady Alicia, with more emotion than I had expected. "And those are the things that always stare me in the face out there."

This brought the talk around to the New World.

"I rather fancy that a climate like yours up here," she coolly observed, "would make luxuries of furniture and dress, and convert what should be the accidents of life into essentials. You will always have to fight against nature, you know, and that makes man attach more importance to the quest of comfort. But when he lives in the tropics, in a surrounding that leaves him with few desires, he has time to sit down and think about his soul. That's why you can never have a great musician or a great poet in your land of blizzards, Cousin Dinky. You are all kept too busy laying up nuts for the winter. You can't afford to turn gipsy and go off stargazing."

"You can if you join the I.W.W.," I retorted. But the allusion was lost on her.

"I can't imagine a Shelley or a Theocritus up here on your prairie," she went on, "or a Marcus Aurelius in the real-estate business in Winnipeg."

Dinky-Dunk was able to smile at this, though I wasn't.

(To be continued.)

Spare the children from suffering from worms by using Miller's Worm Powders, a most effectively vermifuge with which to combat these insidious foes of the young and helpless. It is an excellent worm destroyer, and when its qualities become known in a household no other will be used. The medicine acts by itself, returning the digestive tract to normal, and so thoroughly that nothing more is desired.

BUDGET OF
FROM FR

Young Man Has and Another Arm In

TO REBULL

Ladies of Trinity Poppy Tea

FRANKFORD—M

and daughter, of

Thanksgiving with

Bush in town.

The funeral of M

the fifth of Sidney

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Rv. J. Snell. He w

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Mr. and Mrs. C. J.

P. Rose, Mrs. Tom

M. O'Malley and Mr.

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church at Woolen

from town were al

Thursday and

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in town.

On Friday night

City Church gave a

Council Chambers.

bles were tasteful

with vases of popp

bles to commemorate

the armistice. Tea

to 8 p.m. and the

were thoroughly en

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ly \$38.00.

Mr. and Mrs. S.

Friday afternoon in

Mrs. D'Arcy

home on Sunday af

ter for a number

Mr. Wm. Latta an

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Rev. and Mrs. Hig

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two nurses are in

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change.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas

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Mr. and Mrs. E

Minto, in Rawdon.

Mrs. Mabel Gay,

mary department i

was ill for a couple

past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S.

Sunday with their

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W. J. Bush, of th

Sunday guests of

Bush, of River Va

On Monday night

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Mrs. G. E. Sine,