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Physician and Surgeon

MILDMAY

Graduate of University of Toronto 1915. One year as Intern at the Toronto General Hospital and six months at Hospitals in New York City.

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Southbound 3.19 a.m.
Northbound 8.51 p.m.

Wit and Humor

No one ever got ahead by holding someone else back.

"Don't you think that fishing is good exercise?"
"Yes, for the imagination."

The prize absent-minded man is the one who was squatting on the grass and stuck his chewing gum under his seat.

"Your daughter talks a great deal doesn't she?" "Yes, I think she must have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle."

"Old Codger—I often kissed you when you were a baby."
"Miss Pretty—I couldn't help myself then."

"Old Codger—I could, and did."

"How far have you proceeded in your discussion of intimate domestic problems?"

"We have just gone through the trousers pocket matter."

The Major—Over there is the colonel; a fine judge on horseflesh.

City Visitor—So am I—I've dined at restaurants for the last twenty years.

"Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?" asked the little boy's aunt.
"A penny?" he exclaimed, "Why, I get more than that for taking castor oil."

"What was the name of that horse you bet on?"
"Spectator."

"An odd name for a race horse."

"But appropriate in his case. He watched the others go by."

Visitor—Is your oldest sister married—the one who was so proficient in all branches of domestic science?
Philippa—No, nor likely to be. She was so busy fitting herself to be the wife of a good man that she neglected to go after the man.

Browne—How do you like buying a house on the installment plan?
Greene—It has its drawbacks. By the time I have the house paid for it will be so old and devastated that I will have to build a new one.

Policeman—Have you any suspicious characters hanging around here?
Sly Villager—Well, I did see one fella hanging on a tree down the road, but he wasn't suspicious, he was dead.

A Regular Combine
A young man with a pretty but notoriously flirtatious fiancée wrote to a supposed rival: "I have been told that you have been seen kissing my girl. Come to my office at 11 on Friday. I want to have this matter out."

The rival answered: "I've received your circular letter and will be present at the meeting."

Then She Fainted
A young lady not familiar with the language of railroad men happened to be at the station the other day when the train was being made up. One of the brakemen shouted: "Jump on her when she comes by, run her down to the round house and put her in two and bring the head end up to the station." Screaming "murder" the young lady fled from the spot.

PULL TOGETHER
Disension in a town makes the grass grow in the streets;
Unity makes the trade grow in the stores;

Other things being equal, a city is usually as big as the faith of its people.

If they believe in it enough to sink all differences and pull together you bet dollars to dough nuts that town is on the upgrade;

When all the merchants unite for the good of their burg it is a safe gamble that home trade will unite itself to them;

It is better to have the long green in the tills than the grass green on the streets;

Unity makes the long green grow. The town that does not pull together will be pulled to pieces.

SHOWER FOR NEWLYWEDS

At the home of Messrs. Leroy and Nelson Bender, on the first concession of Carleton on Tuesday evening of last week, a miscellaneous shower was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gilmar (nee Miss Mary Dettman) of honor of their recent marriage.

Over one hundred guests were present and the evening was spent in cards and dancing. Music was furnished by Rever's Orchestra. A large number of very useful and beautiful gifts were received by the bride and groom, including a handsome sum of money. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

The following address was also read:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gilmar:

We, your friends and neighbors, have gathered here to-night on the occasion of your recent marriage, to convey to you our heartiest congratulations and sincere wishes for a long, happy and prosperous voyage through life.

You, Mr. Gilmar, have spent most of your life in this community and, as neighbors, we have always found you to be kind and obliging. We realize that sympathetic neighbors are a real necessity in this world and feel that, in you, we have one to whom we can turn for help in any time of need.

We take great pleasure in welcoming Mrs. Gilmar into our midst. While her old neighbors are regretting her loss to their community we are rejoicing in our gain, for there is an old proverb which says "What is one's loss is another's gain."

We hope to spend many happy hours with you during the coming months and years and ask you to accept these gifts not for their intrinsic value but merely as a token of our respect and esteem.

Signed on behalf of your friends and neighbors.

MAYOR FOSTER SHOULD READ THIS!

(Bracebridge Gazette)

Toronto's new mayor wants a census of Toronto's unemployed to ascertain where they came from, that he may bill their home municipalities with their maintenance. Mayor Foster might take another look to see who induced the "unemployed" to go to Toronto. He would find that Toronto has worked feverishly to build up an immense population and in that building took no concern about what places suffered. Many small towns that bussed and exempted and otherwise provided for manufacturers found those manufacturers pulling out for Toronto as soon as they had become independent. Toronto as a whole is maintained by outside municipalities. Let Toronto take care of her unemployed. Toronto has her Eaton's and Simpson's whose taxes are all paid to Toronto's treasury, whose employees all live in and pay taxes to Toronto, but whose business is largely in outside municipalities. Toronto has her wholesale houses whose armies of commercial travellers have their taxes in Toronto, but whose work is almost exclusively in outside municipalities. Toronto has her Massey-Harris whose taxes and whose thousands of employees' taxes are paid to Toronto but whose business is wholly outside Toronto. Toronto has her Universities that bring higher education to the doors of her people but are supported by the taxes of people in every municipality in Ontario. Instances could be multiplied indefinitely where Toronto fattens at the provincial trough. If then, Toronto occasionally finds she has attracted a few too many for her comfort, it is up to Toronto.

MORE RADIOS THAN BATH TUBS

Although the bath tub is an ancient and honorable institution, more particularly in Anglo Saxon home life, while the radio is a contrivance of very recent origin, there are at present more radios than bath tubs in Wellington County. With a view to obtaining information regarding rural life in Wellington, Mr. R. H. Clemens B.S.A. agricultural representative, has sent out a list of eighteen questions all over the county and the replies are now coming in. One of these questions inquired as to the number of bath tubs installed in the section, and another asked for the number of radios in use. The replies received up till Tuesday (some fifty or sixty in all) show that the listening-in apparatus had the weekly clean-up utensils beaten about two to one.

STAFF CHANGE FOR BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

J. W. Berry Goes to Lethbridge

An exchange of Alberta managers of the Bank of Nova Scotia will result in J. W. Berry, who has been in charge of the Edmonton branch for the past two years, taking over the Lethbridge branch. B. M. McLeod, who was manager of the local office about ten years ago, is being brought from Lethbridge, where he was in charge, to again assume control of bank business in Edmonton.

Keen regret is felt in business circles here at the departure of Mr. Berry, who was extremely popular and built up the bank's business considerably during his regime. Speaking to the Journal, he expresses regret at leaving Edmonton but he was more than ever convinced of this city's bright future. The prospects for the present year were greatly improved, especially on account of the crop returns from the past season.

The exchange is to take effect at once, and Mr. Berry expects to leave for the south in a few days.—Edmonton Journal.

Mr. J. W. Berry is a son of Mrs. Robert Berry of this place.

SELLING AN AUTOMOBILE AT RETAIL

Yankee shrewdness is proverbial. That the trait is still characteristic of the race we gather from a story told by Mr. E. E. Whiting in the Boston Herald. He writes:

Down at East Providence lives a man who had a used automobile, the name of which is a household word, and he wanted to sell it. Disappointment came to him when he took it to a dealer. The owner's price was one hundred dollars. The dealer's offer was sixty dollars.

"I'd rather sell it bit by bit than take any such price as that," the owner said indignantly.

So he went home and began to sell the car by bits. First he got rid of the tires; he took in trade for them another set not quite so good and a little cash. Next he swapped windshield; he took in exchange an older windshield and a little cash. He swapped biakes, lights and cushions and then began to repeat the process. He is now on his sixth body; he has collected one hundred and thirty dollars in cash—and he still has a car.

"I don't quite know," he says, "whether I shall call the street-cleaning department or the undertaker to remove the final remains."

SIX CATTLE KILLED

Jas. Thomson of 10th Con. Elderslie suffered quite a loss last Saturday night when the late C.N.R. train northbound, struck 6 head of his cattle which had wandered on to the railway track at the crossing on the 8th Concession. Of the 6 cattle struck, 2 were killed instantly, four others were so badly injured that they had to be killed, and two were badly bruised but will probably survive the accident. Mr. Thomson had been feeding these Western cattle on his farm on the 8th con. and the evening being quite mild they had strayed from their shelter.—Chesley Enterprise.

When putting away the cooking utensils remove the covers so as to permit any odor of foods that may be retained in them to escape.

Wheat for centuries has been and continues to be the staple food product of the world and when the crop fails it means hardship, privation and may be starvation for many. In 1924 the world crop was 440 million bushels less than the year before. Nearly half of this loss was caused by the failure in Canada. The higher prices undoubtedly compensate the grower, but there is no compensation for the consumer. Shortage of food creates hunger, and hunger breeds unrest which leads to war.

Many little bands of simple people scattered throughout the United States were disappointed last Friday night because the world did not come to an end and because they were not transported to some sort of heaven beyond the stars.

These folk belong to a "reform" branch of the Seventh Day Adventists, but just how they got it into their heads that the world was to come to an end on Friday night will forever be a mystery to sane people.

The sect, of course, was small and their numbers must have been recruited from the very ignorant, or from among "religious nuts" as such folk are appropriately designated. Having accepted the belief nothing would turn them from it. All who differed from them were set down as "unbelievers" who were marked down for destruction.

The expectation was that before leaving the doomed Earth these "faithful" were to be transported on clouds to a hill near San Diego, California, where they should remain for a time to witness the "destruction of the unbelievers, by pestilence and fire. Until one comes to this part

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ECONOMY IN THE USE OF SUGAR

At a time when there are calls for greater economy in every department of life, it is well for the housekeeper to consider ways and means to the same end, and one may safely say that no other article of food will give such a satisfactory response as will sugar.

Tons of sugar are needlessly wasted every year, more particularly at preserving time—yes, hundreds of tons—in America alone for want of knowledge on this point.

While some are aware of the fact it may not be generally known that sugar undergoes a wonderful chemical change when in contact with acid fruits in boiling; it then changes its identity into glucose, thereby losing fifty per cent. of its sweetening potency.

By using a heavy sugar syrup for sweetening cold drinks, all the sweetening combines at once with the beverage, instead of settling to the bottom where it is practically lost.

Also by using a pinch of baking soda to neutralize their acids, a great saving of sugar can be effected in the cooking of rhubarb, tomatoes, etc.

Acid fruits, likewise, should not have sugar added till the boiling process has ceased at which time one cupful will go as far as two would by their being boiled together.

Considering the prices we have been paying for sugar in the past, reaching as high as twenty-five dollars per cwt. about five years ago the saving of one cwt. per family per year, which is a very low estimate, would amount to many millions of dollars in Canada alone.

Much complaint is made that the dollar does not go nearly as far as it used to, while others say, "Yes, but it goes so much faster." But observing these rules with sugar it works the other way by going twice as far, and only half as fast, and at the same time giving equally good results.

DISAPPOINTED WORLD-ENDERS

Many little bands of simple people scattered throughout the United States were disappointed last Friday night because the world did not come to an end and because they were not transported to some sort of heaven beyond the stars.

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of the story one might think that these people were perhaps good but simple and deluded. Doubtless they are harmless in small matters, but this belief in the painful destruction of millions, while they, few in numbers were to look on in safety, and later wing their way to heaven suggests a state of mind not altogether innocent nor kind. It must have arisen out of a pleasing spirit of self-righteousness and a desire for revenge. Evidently they would be pleased to see those who dared to disagree with them get "what was coming to them."

Every few years the members of some religious body gets it into their heads that the world is to come to an end on some set day. It would be interesting to hear the explanations of the prophets to their disappointed flocks.

Where there is a fair measure of education and enlightenment these fake prophets gain no following.

THE PLAINTIFF ON THE JURY

Since it is a place where human nature is constantly under examination and illustration, there is plenty of humor to be found in the solemn proceedings of the court room. One of the very best court anecdotes says the Argonaut, is told by the eminent English Advocate, Sir Ernest Wild, K.C.

A civil action was being heard in a certain court of justice, and counsel, having opened the case, called the plaintiff, whereupon a member of the jury rose, left the jury box and made his way to the witness box. Asked what he was doing, he said that he was the plaintiff.

"Then what are you doing on the jury?" said the judge.

"I was summoned to sit on the jury," said the man, producing the summons.

"But surely," said the judge, "you know that you cannot help to try your own case."

"Well," said the baffled one ruefully, "I did think it was a bit of luck."

NOT BAD; ONLY FOOLISH

(E. W. Howe's Monthly)
Bernard Shaw asks: "What is a flapper?"

It is an epithet to distinguish girls who are bold, mannish, loud and submit readily to familiarity from the boys. Most of them recover, and become nice women. All of them are "respectable;" they stay out too late at petting parties, but know how to take care of themselves—except in the particulars named.

No really nice, old-fashioned girl is called a flapper.

The flapper is always rather smart but foolish in doing unwomanly things.

I think suffrage is responsible for most of her waywardness and folly. A good many flappers marry, but do not get as good husbands as nice, quiet, old-fashioned girls.

No girl is called a flapper after she reaches 25; if she hasn't reformed by that time, a harsher word is applied to her.

A flapper is not a bad girl, but a foolish one.

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