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Your grocer will supply you, or our wagon will call at your door.

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Factory: 258-262 Ottaway ave.

LONDON AND DISTRICT

Coming to London.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy King, of Aylmer, Ont., have been appointed choirmaster and organist respectively of Knox Presbyterian Church, South London, and will take charge on Sunday evening next for the first time. Mr. and Mrs. King have taken up their residence on Askin street.

Joined the Church.

At the conclusion of the services at Talbot Street Baptist Church Sunday evening, several young men came forward and declared their desire to join the church and take baptism. They will be baptized at the evening service next Sunday. Two or three young women will also be baptized.

Nicholas Hrisikos the Purchaser.

Through an error it was stated that Mr. Peter Hrisikos had purchased the Davis property on Dundas street now occupied by the Alexandra Cafe and J. S. Barnard. It should have read Mr. Nicholas Hrisikos. The sale was made through Ferguson & Co. Mr. Hrisikos has with him as partners Mr. Peter Mandas and Mr. Tony Karogeorge, of Lindsay, a well-known confectioner of that place.

A Presentation.

On last Friday afternoon, at a largely attended meeting of the members of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Memorial Church, held in the parish room and presided over by Mrs. Sage, the diocesan president, the president, Mrs. Dyson Hague, was presented with a certificate of life membership, a farewell gift from the members of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Memorial Church to Mrs. Hague before her removal to Toronto.

Love—Bowles.

The residence of Mrs. C. Bowles, Hamilton, was the scene of a very pretty wedding at six o'clock on Thursday evening, when the marriage was solemnized of her youngest daughter, Carolyn, to Mr. George Alexander Love, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith, of the Centenary Methodist Church, Hamilton, in the living-room, which was decorated with palms and pink carnations. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. R. Bowles, of Montreal, wore a white silk embroidered net gown with pearl trimming, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses and lily of the valley. The wedding music was played by Mrs. J. R. Bowles, and during the signing of the register Mrs. H. W. Bowles, of Toronto, sang "O Perfect Love." Mrs. Bowles held a reception after the ceremony, wearing a black satin gown with jet ornaments. Mr. and Mrs. Love left later for Toronto, the bride travelling in a blue tailored suit with mink furs, the gift of the groom, and white beaver hat trimmed with mink. They will reside at 622 Gladstone avenue, Toronto.

Music and Drama

A Daniel Boone Play.

The tribe of Sioux Indians in charge of Chief "Young Buffalo," was secured from the Piney Ridge agency in Nebraska in order to give a realistic touch to the production, "Daniel Boone on the Trail," which comes to the Grand Friday and Saturday and Saturday matinee. There is also a den of bears and a pack of Siberian wolves imported from Hackenback, Germany. Special scenery has been painted from views taken along the Kentucky River, and the exact duplicate of Boone's cabin has been built. Seats selling.

"Excuse Me."

"Excuse Me," Rupert Hughes' episodical farce, will be seen at the Grand next Monday night. Henry W. Savage is sending the farce here with the brilliant New York cast to interpret the whimsicality of the play, while in the matter of scenery and effects the production will be exactly the same as at the Gaiety Theatre in New York. "Excuse Me" is a distinct novelty. It is a relation of incidents that occur on an Overland Limited train during its passage from Chicago to Reno. Anyone who has ever made an extended journey in a Pullman train can hardly have failed to have been struck by the humorous possibilities of such a trip. Seats Thursday 9 a.m.

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CAPT. HAYGARTH'S SALE

Will Start His Semi-ready "Lonely" Sale on First of February.

Tom L. Haygarth, who is making such a tremendous success with the Semi-ready Store in London, announces his first "Lonely" sale to start on Thursday, the first day of February. It will continue for ten days, by which time Mr. Haygarth expects his first big consignment of the new spring patterns.

With three months of winter yet ahead Mr. Haygarth's statement that he will sell every overcoat and ulster in his store at substantial reductions will prove of interest. Savings ranging from $3 to $7 50 will be offered on the finely-tailored garments set aside for immediate sale.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. ty

Johnston & Murray, successors to W. B. Lawson, 198 Dundas street, are conducting a big sale of the Lawson stock of Shoes and Rubbers bought at a low rate on the dollar, and selling at the same rate. b

CRIS. GRIGG ON COUNTRY LIFE; PREFERS BEES TO GRAMOPHONE

How the Hired Man Unwittingly Came to Incur Zeb's Wrath—A City Man Who Preferred Music of a Boiler Shop to the Bleat of a Sheep.

A drawerful of interesting letters on the city and farm life controversy awaits regular publication, but one received this morning, with an Aylmer postmark, purporting to come from Cris Grigg, of Grigg's Corners, is "too good to keep." Mr. Grigg has some original views in the matter as will be seen by a glance at his following letter:

Deer 'Tiser—I want t' get in on this heer scrap of your'n about the city and country. I can't write you a very long letter this time beeause a lot of my ideas got away afore I got t' puttin' them down. So you'll have t' excuse the brevity this time an' when I get my thoughts corralled I'll put you in a whole side an' double your subscription list.

Now, atween you an' me—it seems purty darned good in both places for people who have the spondulix. The trouble in a scrap like the present is to get the classes in the city arrayed against corresponding classes in the country. A millionaire at Grigg's corners can enjoy himself better than a pennyaire in Noo York and vice versa, but the pennyaires get a purty cold deal in both places an' the plumb horizontal up shot is we'd better git t' makin' 'man," an' it semes to me the country is the place to start. All you want is 25 good hens that'll lay in the winter an' a hole-steen or two an' a churn.

If a man has no money he enjoys himself best when he can make it, and if he has he generally goes where he can spend it. A few of us can enjoy the "blessed stars," but they're cheap, and can be got, such as they are, anywhere when the sign is right in the moon. Stars are likely dirty enough when you get close to them, and backyards in the city are just about as "high geenick" as their cousins in Griggs Corners. We're a race of hypocrites anyway—just like the twinkling stars—and can't stand inspection. Nature herself, whether she resides in the city or country, will be found to be an old maid when the fool "filosofers" and scientists are through with their investigation. The people who enjoy themselves are the folks who stay under the verandah and don't go "muxxin" around in the back-yard of things. But, then, of course, carrion don't hurt crows, and everybody to his notion.

Whether folks enjoy themselves better in the country than in the city depends mostly on the folks. We're not allii amf wayf gyw yw wtagktaqgka all "tooned" to the same key. When Bill Squiggs came out to visit me at Griggs Corners he couldn't sleep for the noise. He said the crickets were "roaring and bawling" all night, and when he got to sleep, of sheer exhaustion, about 5 o'clock in the morning, a sheep that couldn't weigh less than ten tons "blatted" so you could hear it in Thibet. Now Bill Squiggs lives next to a bridge-manufacturing plant. There is a boiler works just across the street, working night and day; an iron foundry and rolling mill in the same block, a railway station within a hundred yards; his wife snores, and the twins squawk, for all git out. It's all like the purr of a pussy cat to Bill Squiggs. You see, Bill's soul don't chord with Griggs Corners.

We are all fond of the things we like and the disagreeable things of life are very unpleasant to most of us, but we are not all agreed on what things are disagreebale. My wife is not exceptionally fond of tobacco smoke and when Susan Slobbs recites at the annual S. S. Christmas tree or Teenie Slimm screeches away up in the high spots in the Griggs Corners choir I confess I am lacking in appreciation. Some are tooned to monotony, others like variety and most of us are satisfied with a home and a competence. It doesnt make any difference whether its in Griggs Corners or in London. If you don't feel right in the city git out. If you are dissatisfied in Griggs Corners git in. The world is large. A cannibal can emigrate to Feegee. As to an Orangeman living among Roman Catholics I have little to say. He may have a monopoly of all the prejiduce in the neighborhood poor man. Jones went to buy a farm and Jones was a baptist. He found one that just suited him in a Baptist community. It was just the right distance from school, post office, black smith shop, cheese factory, etc. There was a Baptist Church on one corner and the R. E. agent said it was a snap. Well, he didn't buy.

There was an organ in the church, and he said "Darn that organ." Now as to grammyfones. I am not sufficiently educated to appreciate them. Zeb Squeers has one, and he thinks he appreciates it so I don't tell him that I enjoy a bee hive just as well and I know Zeb would use me just as white if the situation was reversed. To appreciate a grammy fone one must have faith and Zeb has faith for both.

One sunday last summer we were sitting on the stoop just out side the kitchen door. A wasp got fastened by his head between the screen and the frame of the screen door and was protesting fiercely. Zeb's hired man lived just across the cabbage patch in the old house that got "too darned damp and cold" for Zeb's roomatism and I raised my hand like the awful McEwen and pointed suggestively across the patch and remarked "Squinkerjink's got a grammy fone." Zeb was gittin' an ant out of his overhauls and he stopped to listen. After a while the wasp paused for breath. "Purty good one Zeb" I says. "Well—Yes. It ant bad," says Zeb, "but I don't think its quite as clear as mine." Then the wasp started on a new record and Zeb added "Hired men git too darned much money." Then he hollered loud "Squinkerjink!" and when Squinkerjink came to the door he said cranky-like: "Yeh better git over there and oil that wind mill." When the hired man went in for his hat I crushed the wasp. All enjoyment is largely a matter of faith. I cometimes think I'm a dang old fool for wasting mine. I have to listen anyway and if I could only get the illusion I could enjoy Zeb's grammyfone as well as Zeb enjoyed the wasp. I wonder if McEwen could fix me up.

From a Farmer's Daughter.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

As I am a farmer's daughter, and have always lived on the farm (and always intend to), I have been an interested reader of the letters in The Advertiser recently referring to City vs. County Life in the Winter, and would like to put in a few words. I think some of the letters that have been published last week were very true and sensible, but others just stretched the truth a little bit. I think C. A. must have written his letter in his sleep. I would like to see the farmer that would work a man eighteen hours a day. His letter might refer to pioneer days, but not in 1912.

Referring to education, I think the city has better conveniences than the country, but when a boy or girl is through public school the farmers aren't so poor that they can't send their children to school in the city. But I notice a boy or girl in the country is through public school sooner than one in the city, and know just as much, too.

As to health, the country sends forth better results than the city, even if you do have "good sanitary arrangements." If the city affords better health than the country, why is it our roads are infested with automobiles in the summer and livery outfits, and then the poor liveryman has to seek his pay? There is more sickness in the city, and the inhabitants are delicate, whereas out in the country here we get hardened to the weather, and don't bother asking Cynthia Grey: "What will remedy chapped hands?" Some of your high school principals and teachers, and the majority of our professional men were raised on the good old farm, where everything is fresh and wholesome. In the country our food comes from the manufacturer to the eater, and we know how it is handled.

Now, as to amusements, both city and country offer a number. Most farmers have one or more musical instruments and the majority have the rural telephone in their homes. But what is better than a sleigh-load of young men and women going for a jolly ride behind a pair of spirited horses, not old Dobbins, either? Then there are other numerous amusements, such as coasting or skating, etc. But a good farmer does not need many of these pleasures when he has The London Advertiser and the Farmer's Advocate coming to his home, or some other good farm paper.

In conclusion, I would like to inform H. A. C. it doesn't take the farmers an hour to drive to church. I think some of the city people would be glad if they could drive to church! but they have to take shank's horses. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space I have taken, I remain,

Fanshawe, Jan. 29. M. G. S.

Writes From Baltimore.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

I have been watching with interest the subject, "City Life Vs. Country Life," and am very glad indeed to see the stand taken by so many farmers in the vicinity of London, because the real wealth of our country lies in the products of our farms, as, without a doubt, the farming industry is to stand for Canada as a greater source of wealth than any other industry, and should in every way possible be encouraged, not only by those directly interested in the farms, but by all other thoughtful and intelligent and loyal citizens.

I have tried both, and while I am not a farmer at present, and because of entanglements in other business pursuits am not likely to be for some time at least; yet I was "raised" on the farm, and can say unhesitatingly that there is absolutely no comparison between the two.

Let us consider it under the following heads, which lie nearest and dearest to mortal man: 1. Freedom. 2 Pleasure. 3. Health. 4. Wealth. 5. Honor. 6. Social Conditions. 7. Domestic Conveniences.

Freedom—(a) Of thought (b) of action. (a) Of thought, in nearly every other industry, especially where a person is in the employ of someone else, and we all are directly or indirectly outside of the farmer. Someone else does the thinking for us regarding the work we are to perform day by day, and (b) we act according to the command or demand of others. The farmer thinks for himself, and acts accordingly.

2. Pleasure.—Most of our pleasure should lie in the work in which we are interested. If it doesn't we put in a dreary life any place. Farming is the most interesting, because it lacks the monotony of every other industry, and because nature is always at work on the farm. She brings forth some new conditions of interest some place on the farm with every rising sun. If the farmer wants a day or two off at any time, he can take his automobile or horse and carriage and take it.

3. Health.—There is no tonic like God Almighty's; i. e., (a) Fresh air (out of doors); (b) Good pure food in abundance. The farmer has these continuously, and next to these contributing to health, he has the healthiest kind of work.

4. Under present conditions no class of people have the opportunity to collect wealth as the farmer.

5. Honor.—The farmer is the only one who is producing something out of nothing. The rest of us are all parasites.

6. The country teems with literature. Daily papers delivered the day they are printed; the latest books and magazines, etc. Every community has its church. Every farmer knows his neighbor for miles around, and they pay friendly visits to each other.

7. Domestic Conveniences.—Nearly every house is heated by either hot air or steam in the country nowadays, and the percentage of these is growing greater and greater every year, and not only that but windmills or gasoline engines are being installed to pump the water through the houses and barns, giving as great convenience as the city waterworks, and much more likelihood of a pure water supply. His houses are more elaborate and up-to-date in structure, design and furnishings than the average city residence. His stables are nearly all of stone or cement, etc., and his animals no longer live in the open shed or around the straw stack. In fact, many of the stables are just about as comfortable as the rooms I have rented in the city of London for the past five or six years, and when I go home I sometimes envy the cattle and horses their warm apartments.

Above all other things the farmer is the highest type of individual, because from his earliest years, even childhood, he finds, even in his idle hours, something simple and pure to think about or do, and is quite able to amuse himself in some very profitable way without the aid of someone else, as is required in play on the street or in the theatre in the city. He learns to be independent, and can think and act for himself, and is not dependent on the thoughts, commands and demands of others, and it is because of this training of self-reliance that he usually makes his mark when he enters other pursuits in life.

The greatness and goodness and usefulness of a man depend on the thoughts he is thinking, and the boy who has not something real to think about and do is sure to be thinking of mischief, as is the case in the city only too often, and the mind of the man is only developed to a very high state in the degree in which he thinks for himself, and too often we in the city are satisfied with the thoughts of others almost entirely to guide our acts and control our lives.

There is no question that if I had space and time I could enlarge on this subject to such an extent as to convince the pessimistic author of that first article in your columns which has led to so much comment, and I sincerely hope that he will in the future lend his energies to make known the advantages of the farm to everyone, since from the farms of Canada we get most of our wealth, our best and purest men and thoughts; and to the farms we look for the future as a great factor both in men, thought and natural resources to make Canada one of the greatest nations in the world.

E. A.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 26.

A REGAL HEAD

How often do we hear or see this expresison used in describing a beautiful woman!

Denude that head of its hair and instead of a queenly, royal bearing, we have a fright. The hair makes all the difference. To have that glorious abundance of radiant hair which always crowns "a regal head" one should use Newbro's Herpicide.

Herpicide represents the last word in scientific hair culture. It destroys the dandruff germ, checks falling hair and corrects generally diseases of the hair and scalp.

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Applications made by the best barbers and hair dressers.

Anderson & Nelles, 268 Dundas street, and Callard & McLachlan, 390 Richmond street, special agents.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS HELD "AT HOME"

Nearly Two Hundred Couples Participated In Enjoyable Dance.

The annual "At Home" of St. George's, St. John's and London Chapters, Royal Arch Masons, was held late night in the Masonic Temple and city hall, and was by all odds the most successful of the kind ever held by the Masons. About 175 couples were in attendance, and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

The dancing was held in the city hall, which was prettily decorated. The C. P. R. firemen had granted the use of their decorations for the occasion, and in addition the chapters had placed Royal Arch designs in the most suitable locations. The effect was most pleasing.

In the Masonic Temple the lunch was served. This room was made an extremely cosy affair, and a delightful hour was spent there.

Prior to the dance a short programme was given in the temple. Ex. Comp. W. R. Bishop, chairman of the joint committee, presided, and briefly welcomed the visitors. He congratulated the committee on the most successful result of their efforts, and expressed the hope that all would thoroughly enjoy themselves. A pleasing musical programme was introduced. The Manchester Quartette of Galt, composed of Messrs. Howard Henselwood, Earl F. Hetherington, Ed C. Codling, and Walter A. McCutcheon, gave a number of selections in excellent voice. This is one of the best musical organizations heard here in a long time, and they delighted the audience greatly. Miss Verna Boss recited in a manner that won her unstinted praise from the audience. Mr. A. Oleson gave a much appreciated clarinet solo. The grand march to the city hall followed, and the dance was on.

The committee in charge looked after the comfort of all the guests, and none had reason to complain of inattention.

The Committee.

The committee in charge was composed of the following, and to them credit must be given for the success of the affair: St. John's Chapter—Ex. Comps. W. R. Bishop, chairman; T. G. Davis, Charles Gilbert, A. M. Trick, Oliver Ellwood, A. E. Cooper. Comps. A. E. Somerville, C. G. Carlton, J. R. Sampson, John Drysdale, A. E. Carrothers, W. R. Kennedy, A. Carswell. St. George's Chapter—Ex. Comp. E. W. G. Quantz, J. A. Atcheson. Frank D. Millar (secretary), Morris Percival, J. E. Keayes, Wm. Spittal. Comps. Frank Thompson, George Logan, Edwin Smith, W. A. Odell, Frank Campbell, M. A. Ross Thomas, W. J. Smith. London Chapter—Ex. Comp. H. J. Heath, G. W. Reed, C. R. Reed. Whit Lancaster, J. E. Keayes, C. C. Reed, Comps. C. R. Hoare, L. A. Boss, R. Symes, C. W. McGuire, H. T. Bell, Jos H. Langford and T. C. Olson.

The dance committee was composed of Comps. Ed Smith (chairman), Morris Percival, George Reed, J. A. Atcheson and A. M. Trick.

MINISTERIAL CAUCUS.

Ottawa, Jan. 29.—A ministerial caucus has been called for Wednesday, when the sessional programme will be discussed. The Government will shortly move to add Mondays to the list of Government days.

The average weight of a human being is about 154 pounds, the constituents being as follows: Muscle, 43.5 per cent; fat, 19. per cent; skin, 17.8 per cent; bone, 17.5 per cent, and brain, 2.2 per cent.

Dyaks, natives of Borneo, are extremely truthful. So disgraceful, indeed, do the Dyaks consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such conduct is handed down to posterity by a curious custom.

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