

THE FIGHTING WORD.

I'm a calm and placid person, and my temper seldom rises. (You can take that with a modicum of salt.) I can bear my share of troubles and of worries and sorrows. And it's truly very seldom I find fault. But there's one thing that gets my nerves, and it gets her good and plenty. And my language grows caustic in tone. When I telephone—this happens fully nineteen times in twenty—And somebody snorts "Whoisthis?" on the phone!

Then I want to bust that party where a bust is greatly needed. On the jawbone, on the blinker, on the nose. But my wild, satanic anger isn't very greatly needed. And it doubtless never will be, I suppose. Yet I'd like to use a pistol or a cut-throat razor. On the vast unnumbered masses who are prone To wait until my coral ear is glued to the receiver And then follow out "Whoisthis?" on the phone!

I'm a calm and placid person with a kindly disposition. But I'm truly something ugly when I'm mad. And I wish I owned the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. Every rack and grill and thumbscrew that they had. I would seize these early parties, and with eyes that fairly glisten I would rack 'em with a fury never known. And for years I'd sit and watch 'em, and for years I'd make 'em listen While I belted out "Whoisthis?" on the phone!

Having It Out.



Mrs. Fry—What is all that noise in your house, Willie? Willie—Ma told pa I was just like him—always fightin'—and pa said I wasn't, and now they're havin' it out. —New York Globe.

Not Disturbed. Two spiders that dwelt in different parts of a church one day chanced to meet and got into deep conversation and asked one another where they lived.

"I live under the pulpit," said No. 1, "and every week I always think I shall be getting killed. The parson bangs his hand down, and I have to get into the smallest corner for fear of getting squashed."

"Oh," said No. 2, "you ought to come and live with me. I never get disturbed from one year end to another."

"Why, where do you live?" asked No. 1.

"I live in the poor box." —London Weekly Telegraph.

Form Versus Food. A famous humorist says that a new-rich family in Cleveland, who were beginning to put on a lot of airs, hired a colored girl just arrived from the south to act as their serving maid. Her new mistress insisted that all meals should be served in courses. Even when there wasn't very much to eat it was brought to the table in courses.

At the end of a week the girl threw up her job. Being pressed for a reason for quitting so suddenly, she said: "I'll tell you, lady. In dis yere house dere's too much shiffin' of de dishes fur de fevness of de vittles." —Saturday Evening Post.

Treatment For Bees. A young man on a local newspaper was recently given charge of the "Helps For Subscribers" column in the absence of the regular editor. The young gentleman managed to wade through the majority of the perplexing questions in his day's mail until at last he came to a stickler. Rushing into the news room, he stopped beside the city editor's desk and asked, "Mr. —, can you tell me how to treat sick bees?"

"With respect," retorted the city editor as he resumed his perusal of the rival sheet—Boston Traveler.

Handy to Have Around. "Are you one of those who believe the dog is man's most faithful friend?" "I must admit that I am not."

"Then you, I take it, do not keep a dog?"

"Oh, yes, I keep one, but not because I like the brutes. It happens that the one we have always howls unmercifully when my wife tries to sing."

Judge.

Well Put. Quack Doctor—Yes, gentlemen, I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?

Voice From the Crowd—That dead men tell tales, guv'nor.—Tit-Bits.

A Pessimistic Plaintiff. "Why are diamonds so highly valued?" "I suppose," said Mr. Growcher, "it's because they are made of carbon, which is the equivalent of coal, and at the same time look like ice." —Washington Star.

Must Have Surprised Her. An absent-minded man was late for his wife in his office. As a result the signature read: "Your loving husband, Hookins Bros." —New York American.

Reduced by Asthma—The constant strain of asthma brings the patient to a dreadful state of hopeless exhaustion. Early use should by all means be made of the famous Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which

THE AGE OF WOMEN.

What the Benedict Thought and the Bachelor Said About It. Smith's idea of women in general underwent a radical transformation when he got married. Where formerly he held the tender sex to be beneath comparison with his own, now he believed the women to be wonderful beings, his wife the most wonderful of them all.

Consequently when Mrs. Smith espoused "votes for women" and became an ardent worker for this cause Smith backed up her every act and declaration. During the first week of this transformation Smith met his friend Stevens, a confirmed bachelor. "Stevens," he enthused, "women are certainly the noblest works of God."

"Well, maybe you're right," was the reluctant rejoinder.

"And, Stevens, this is the age of women."

"Tut, tut!" retorted his friend, turning on his heel. "Neither you nor any other man knows the age of a woman."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Pride. G. A. Jones, who looks after a portion of the Svenson interests, was bothered by thefts of wood from the Spur range. He sent out Al Sullivan, a cowboy, to catch the thieves. Within a few days Al brought one in—an old nester, dirty and ragged, with his toes out of his shoes and a tuft of hair showing through the crown of his hat.

"I don't feel like sending you to jail," said Jones, "but you've got to be punished. So we'll take a photograph of you for the rogues' gallery."

The human scarecrow promised complete reform, and they stood him up and took his picture.

About a week later, still in his rags, he stood beside the rancher's desk. "What can I do for you?" Jones asked, looking up.

"If you please, Mr. Jones," said the object, "kin you spare one of them pictures to send to my kinfolks?"

—Popular Magazine.

Three Sentences Ahead. The Georgia law requires that the charges of a trial judge to the jury shall be taken down by a court stenographer.

An old judge, who was accustomed to make about the same charge in every case, was hammering away one day when he looked over his desk and saw that the court stenographer, who had been out the night before, was fast asleep.

"Wake up there, Mr. S.," thundered the judge, "and take down the charge of the court!"

"Oh, go 'long, judge," protested the stenographer. "I am three sentences ahead of you now." —Saturday Evening Post.

A Slight Resemblance. A story of the late Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema concerns the close resemblance which existed between the great painter and George du Maurier.

A lady sitting beside the latter at dinner one night refused to acknowledge any resemblance.

"You know, Mr. Alma-Tadema," said she, "I think it is absurd to say that you and Mr. du Maurier are so awfully alike. There is really no resemblance at all. Don't you agree with me?"

"Quite," replied the author of "Trilby," "but, you see, I happen to be Mr. du Maurier." —Argonaut.

Roasting Him. As William Faversham, the actor, was having his luncheon in a hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor, who during the whole of the meal stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching Faversham eat. At length, unable to endure it any longer, Mr. Faversham rang the bell and said:

"Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman around. I think he is done on that side." —New York American.

Oceans of It.

Sailor (in cheap restaurant)—What do you call this stuff, mate? Waiter—Soup.

Sailor (to his shipmate)—What do you think of that, Bill? Here we've been sitting on soup for ten years and never knew it.—Pittsburgh Press.

Ancient. "This inn must be very old," remarked the tourist.

"Very old," assented the landlord. "You'll like to hear some of the legends connected with the place?"

"I would, indeed," said the tourist. "Tell me the legend of this curious old mine pie. I notice it every time I come." —Washington Herald.

Correct. George Ade, like all bachelors, inveighs against marriage cynically. At the Congress hotel in Chicago a young lady reporter said to Mr. Ade at supper, "What is the correct meaning of marriage?"

"Marriage," he answered promptly. —Los Angeles Times.

more than any other acts quickly and surely on the air passages and brings blessed help and comfort. No home where asthma is present in the least degree should be without this great remedy.

THE SWISS VILLAGE.

Edelweiss in the Rockies Is a Piece of the Old World. Edelweiss, the well-named settlement of six chalets, one mile west of Golden, British Columbia, was for a time as impregnable as a German fortress, says Mrs. Arthur Sprague in The Globe.

Possibly this may have been my own fault. I had a fixed prejudice against intruding into these little homes as a curious tourist, nor did I feel any inclination to walk out to the village in ignorance of which chalet I should visit and whether its mistress understood English or spoke French or German, for these are the residences of the Swiss guides, who during the summer months are employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. at their various mountain resorts.

Formerly these guides at the end of the season returned to Switzerland and spent the winter with their families, coming back to British Columbia in the spring. It has, however, been considered that the railway company better to bring their wives out and establish them on their pretty chalets at Golden, where five of them arrived at the end of June, 1912. It was there I visited them.

The road I took approached the chalets by a long, easy-winding grade to be made and occupied by Frau Eduard Feuz, and then on to the fine water supply and bench above. No more enjoyable spot can be imagined to spend a bright autumn afternoon than the upper verandah of the Feuz chalet, where all the other wives had assembled to meet me. Frau Eduard both spoke and understood English well, but the rest preferred German to French, and were delighted to meet a Canadian who could converse in that language.

They came from Interlaken or its vicinity, and had been settled only for two months in the chalets; one of them, Frau Christian Hasler, came out to be married at Golden and is the sister of Frau Ammer, another guide's wife. A third is married to Ernest Feuz, the brother of Eduard, so they are all intimates and more or less related. Their chalets are charmingly furnished and well arranged, each one on a different plan. They contain from five to seven rooms, exclusive of a fine, high concrete basement divided into four sections, for furnace, washing and storage of wood, coal and supplies. A brick chimney runs through the centre of each, which has a pretty mantelpiece and brass grate in every living room.

They were all fine, capable, contented women, alone in a new country for the first few months of what had been a most trying summer to every inhabitant of British Columbia. Their only intercourse being with the Presbyterian clergyman, who married Frau Hasler, and his wife, without goats or cows (since milk is at present supplied from an adjacent farm), they seemed to have nothing to interest them, except Frau Eduard Feuz's two little children, one two years old, and the other a baby born during her arrival at the chalet here. Two of them walk into Golden two or three times a week to make necessary purchases, but they will be a small and isolated community until they acquire English. Not one of them was lonely or homesick, or had a complaint or regret—brave, healthy happy women, who will be the mothers of a fine race of settlers of whom Canada may be duly proud.

I was very sorry to bid them farewell when the motor sent out for me appeared in sight, and we parted with mutual regrets and promises on my part to come again next summer to see them all.

The Bitter Bitten. When "Captain" Smith, editor of The Farmers' Sun, came down from Manitoulin Island to join the editorial staff of The Toronto Telegram there were a few little things he did not know about the newspaper game. He was placed on the City Hall assignment, and it was not long before an official was named Bell in the City Clerk's office set a trap for the new reporter.

When Smith dropped into the City Clerk's office, Bell casually informed him of a terrible fuss made out in Parkdale by a fierce bear that had escaped from its captors, and attacked people in the streets, or something of that sort. It was a wild and weird tale, but Bell told it without a symptom of suspicion in his tone. Smith sized it up as a great scoop and ran almost breathless into the office with it.

The story surprised the city editor and he called to the attention of John R. Robinson, the editor, who had covered City Hall and knew the ways of the officials. "Who told you this story?" he queried.

"Mr. Bell," "All right."

And that afternoon The Telegram came out with the great bear story preceded by a line of introduction to this effect—"Mr. Bell, of the City Clerk's office, states the following": —Canadian Courier.

Awarded Beit Fellowship. Archibald Bruce Macallum, a son of Prof. A. B. Macallum of the University of Toronto, has just been awarded one of the Beit Memorial Fellowships in Medical Research at London, England. The fellowships have a value of \$1,250 per annum and are usually held for two or three years.

Dr. Macallum received his degree at the university in 1907, M.B. in 1908, M.D. in 1910, has studied at the University of Toronto, Harvard University and at Munich, under Prof. Frederick von Wulfer.

During his stay in Germany he has been engaged in research work, and has made several contributions to contemporary medical literature in collaboration with Prof. Folin.

Not a Lining Suit. Brown—I just met White a few minutes ago on his way downtown to recover his son's body. Green—You don't tell me! Was his son drowned?

Brown—Oh, no. But his father said he needed a new suit of clothes.

SANTAL-MIDY

HARTFORD (From our own correspondent.) Next Sunday Rev. D. W. Merrill of Toronto will preach both morning and evening at the Baptist Church Anniversary services. The annual tea meeting will be Monday night.

The Mission Band had their regular meeting Sunday afternoon.

Pastor Hagens subject in the morning was "God ending the work of Creation," Gen. 2:2. In the evening the text was taken from Job 33, 23. The Interpreter; 1 in a 1000.

On Christmas day a beautifully embroidered stole was presented to the Rev. J. H. Leake by his well-wishers in the neighborhood, as a token of their appreciation of his ministrations at Circularville Hall during the past season.

A new metal ceiling is being put in the school by Messrs. Read and Graham of Hagersville. Separate drinking cups will also be shortly installed, and a new well is contemplated.

The Dramatic Club has been formed and have had two meetings. Mr. Fisher of the London Post Office department was at the Hartford office Monday installing the Money Order branch.

Geo. Munn is drawing the mail from here to Waterford.

Clem Robinson has served his apprenticeship with E. J. Higgins, and is taking a few holidays.

Herbert Renner on his last trip of drawing mail, had the misfortune to have an upset and runaway.

Dan Swift has recovered from his late illness.

Mrs. Frank Hayes has returned from her visit at Brantford. Asa Walker is working for Jas. Wilcox.

Mrs. L. Cooper is visiting at her sons at Onondaga.

Isaac Wilcox was at Waterford for a few days with his brother Jack who passed away Monday afternoon. At time of writing no particulars are known.

Bruce Wilcox has gone to Brantford for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilcox, Brantford were the guests of Mrs. Selina Thomas Sunday.

Bargains in Pictures During our January Picture Sale you can pick up some good bargains in Pictures. Our January sale is always a popular event. Come in and look round and you will see why.

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STORE NEWS J. M. YOUNG & COMPANY STORE NEWS

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JANUARY LINEN AND CLEARANCE SALES

1000 yards All-Wool Serge, in black and colors, 50 inches wide, 59c worth 85c, for....

Table Damask

72 in. wide Bleached Linen Damask, extra heavy weight, regular 2.25. Sale price..... 1.79
72 in. wide Double Damask, reg. 1.75. Sale price..... 1.39
72 in. wide Linen Damask, reg. 1.50. Sale price..... 1.29
72 in. wide Linen Damask, 4 patterns to choose from, reg. 1.25 and 1.38. Sale price..... 98
3 pieces Bleached Linen Damask. Sale price..... 79
2 pieces 72 in. wide Linen Damask. Sale price..... 65
1 piece 60 in. wide Bleached Linen. Sale price..... 35

Table Cloths at 2 98

10 only Perfect Cloths, 8 x 10 size, extra heavy weight, pure linen, worth 3.50 and 3.75. Sale price..... 2.98
Napkins to match the above Cloths, 22 x 22 sizes, worth 3.50 and 3.75. Sale price..... 2.98
Table Napkins, large size, worth 7.50, for..... 5.75
9 dozen Table Napkins, pure linen, dainty pattern, worth 3.25, for..... 2.29
150 Table Cloths, 8 x 10 size. Sale price..... 1.49
10 dozen Napkins, pure linen, hemmed, worth 1.50. Sale price..... 1.00
25 dozen Huck-Towels, pure linen, large size. To clear at, per pair..... 25

Table Cloths and Napkins to Match

At 10 per cent. off Regular Prices

50 only Ladies' Winter Coats, in cloth and tweeds To clear at \$10

65c Hose 39c Ladies' Ribbed Hose, all wool, regular 65c. Sale price..... 39

Ladies' Hose 25c Ladies' Cashmere Hose, all sizes in black. Sale price..... 25

\$15 Coats \$7.50 Here's a chance to buy a good serviceable coat half price. There's about 12 in the lot worth \$15.00. To clear at..... \$7.50

Clearance Sale Remnants Dress Goods, black and colored, 1 to 5 yd. lengths, all at clear at COST PRICE. Sheeting, Flannelette, Cottons, Towelling Remnants at NEARLY HALF PRICE. Ends of Carpets, Curtain Netts, Oilcloth, Etc. all at specially reduced prices.

65c Dress Goods 39c 1 table of All-Wool Dress Goods, in black and colors, in plain cloths regular 65c and 68c. Sale price..... 39

\$10 Coats for \$5 Ladies' Winter Coats, in tweeds, full length, all sizes, worth \$10. For..... \$5

25 per cent. Off All Furs, Fur Coats and Fur Lined Coats Buy your next winter's Furs now.

Big Clearance Sale of Ladies' and Children's Winter Underwear, Vests and Drawers to match. Special at 25c, 39c and 49c up.

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We have received many letters from the big film manufacturers, such as VITAPHONE, EDISON, ESSANAY, LUBIN, SOLAX, IMP. REX, RELIANCE, CHAMPION, COMET, MELIES, ETC., urging us to send photoplays to them. We want more writers and we'll gladly teach you the secrets of success.

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NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE

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SECOND SECTION

Of Interest to Women --Social and Personal

(All communications intended for this section will be gratefully received by the Society Editor.)

To-day's Social Calendar.

Afternoon Bridge, Mrs. Cockshutt, "Dufferin House." "Tea" at Mrs. Milton Robertson's, Dufferin Crescent.

Receiving on Friday.

(Should there be any errors in the Calling List, given below, corrections will be gratefully received by the Society Editor.)

Mrs. J. Adams. Mrs. A. Ames. Mrs. Robert Ashton. Miss Bowley. Mrs. F. M. Ellis. Mrs. H. Genet. Mrs. Clifford Batty. Mrs. J. Harley. Miss Heath. Mrs. W. P. Keftt. Mrs. Wm. Lahey. Mrs. J. B. Landy. Mrs. H. Miller. Miss Minchin. Mrs. John Muir. Mrs. D. T. McIntosh. Mrs. T. H. Ryerson. Mrs. F. W. Ryerson. Mrs. Gordon Smith. Mrs. W. B. Seace. Mrs. H. S. Tapscott. Mrs. S. Tapscott. Mrs. G. H. Wilke. Mrs. J. C. Walker. Mrs. D. J. Waterous. Mrs. Julius E. Waterous. Mrs. R. M. Wedlake.

Miss Lily Gibson is the guest of Mrs. George Forbes, Hespeler. Miss Dixon of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Mostyn Cutcliffe, Dufferin Avenue.

Mrs. W. B. Forsythe is spending a few days in Hamilton this week.

Miss Grace MacGowan, who has been the guest of Mrs. Frank Leeming, Dufferin Avenue, returned to her home in New York to-day.

Lieut.-Col. Mullen and officers of the 22nd regiment, Oxford Rifles, are holding their annual ball at their armories in Woodstock this evening.

The boys who have so kindly consented to act as ushers at Victoria Hall this evening, for the "Night of Plays," are: Arthur Dunstan, Bertam Waterous, Jack Towers, Walter Boddy, Jack Genet, and Donald Waterous.

Mr. Charles Hacker leaves to-day for the South of France.

Word was received in the city yesterday by Judge Hardy of the death of Mrs. Jackson at Lockport, N.Y., widow of the late Hon. James Jackson and sister of Mrs. David Curtis of this city. The late Mrs. Jackson was a frequent visitor in Brantford and had many friends who will hear with sorrow of her death. She was a woman of rare personal charm and at one time a prominent figure in the social life of the American capital.

Mr. George Hunter of Toronto was a visitor in the city yesterday.

Mr. Jack Marshall of Regina, Sask., is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Katie Pilkey, who has been in the G.N.W. telegraph office here has gone to Simcoe to take a position in the C.P.R. office in that town. Her many friends will wish her success.

Mrs. Fred Grobb will receive with Mrs. H. Steneshaug, 242 Park avenue on Friday, 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Turnbull Master Archie Turnbull and Mr. Fred Heyd, leave to-day for Los Angeles, California.

Mr. Charles Lahey returned last week to St. Jerome's College, Berlin after spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lahey 421 Alfred Street.

Friends will sympathize with Mr. M. B. O'Laughlin in the loss of his brother, Mr. T. J. O'Laughlin, who died on the thirteenth instant.

Alderman and Mrs. S. P. Pitche left yesterday to spend a couple of weeks in Southern Ohio and Kentucky.

Golden Wedding Celebration From Saturday's Waterloo Telegraph, Jan. 11th, 1913:—

The capacity of "Ellerslie" was taxed to its utmost capacity on Monday afternoon and evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Howie celebrated their golden wedding, by a reception from 2 to 6 o'clock and 8 to 10 o'clock. The pretty old home was gay with artistic decorations typical of the Yule tide season, which with the profusion of magnificent flowers sent in honor of the joyous occasion.