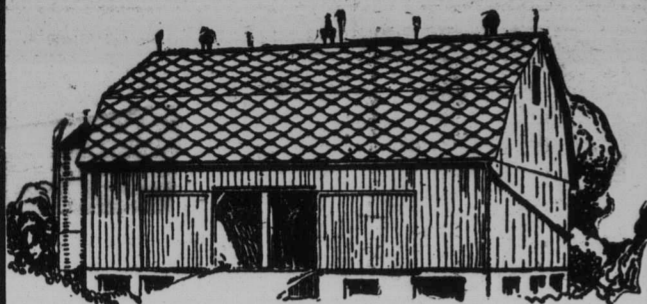


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A. JOHNSTON, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries

## AN ABUSE OF HOSPITALITY

It is said that "No trespassing" signs are becoming more numerous on Ontario farms. If so, it means that decent motorists are being punished for the sins of hoodlums. Farmers used to be most good natured and hospitable in their treatment of motor parties who used their property for picnics. The pleasure-seekers could let down the gates, pick out a convenient spot beside a stream, light a fire, cook a meal, and roam about unmolested amid the scenes of natural beauty. The farm became a free park for the city visitors.

Some motorists appreciated the farmer's goodness, and acted like civilized human beings. They burned or carried away all rubbish such as remains after a picnic. They were careful to extinguish fires. They respected no property. Others acted in exactly the opposite way. They broke down young trees and used them for firewood, pulled up wild flowers, defaced the landscape with paper, cans and bottles. They acted like barbarians. Naturally the farmer's resentment was aroused. He began to ask what would happen to him if he camped on the garden or boulevard of a city man, still more if he pulled up flowers, broke down trees, and strewed a lawn with cans, bottles and waste paper. Now come the "No trespassing" signs, which are likely to become common unless decent motorists assert themselves.

What they ought to do is to declare in the most public way their disapproval of the conduct of the black sheep who act in this disgrace-

ful manner. Motor Leagues ought to distribute warnings against these practices. If they have not already done so. Farmers should take the numbers of the cars of offenders and report them at the Motor League or to the authority issuing the license and the license should be cancelled if the offence is proved. Prosecutions for trespass should be instituted against all persons who abuse the farmer's hospitality.

## LARGE LYNX SHOT

The hunters of Greenock for the past few days have been scouring the woods for what they believed was a black bear. Tracks, the size that a bear might make, were found in the swamp and the word soon went the rounds that bruin was in the neighborhood, and some fun would be had in rounding him up. On Tuesday a bunch of the Nimrods of Riversdale and district united their forces with the result that the lucky man in taking a shot at their quarry and laying him low, was Vic. Petteplace. But the bear turned out to be a large-sized Canadian lynx, weighing 26 pounds, and when stretched out, he could just scratch a man's heel seven feet up a tree if the big cat was on the ground. Some pussy cat we'll say and quite a prize to be had in this neck of the woods.

This is the season of the year when traffic is injurious to the roads. Those who use the roads—and pay for them—can do much to prevent deterioration.

## Wit and Humor

Mother—No, Willie, for the third time I tell you that you cannot have another piece of cake.  
Willie—Aw, I don't see where that gets the idea that you're always changing your mind.

"Which am the usefulest, Ebon, de sun or de moon?"  
"Why, de moon, of course."  
"How come de moon?"  
"Kose de moon, he shine in de night when we need de light, but de sun he shine in de day when light am ob no consequence."

Elsie had been rummaging around in the attic and had found a bunch of her parents' old love letters. After telling her father how she had enjoyed reading them she asked: "What did the 7's at the end mean, Daddy?"  
"They marked the spot where I fell, my dear," answered her father with a sigh.

"How old is your brother, Johnny?" inquired Willie.  
"Just a year old," replied Johnny.  
"Huh! We got a dog just a year old and he can walk twice as well as your brother."  
"Well, he ought to. He's got twice as many legs."

Crank—How did you cure your wife of her antique craze?  
Shaft—O, I just gave her a 1907 model automobile for her birthday.

A bookseller had an "account rendered" returned to him with this reply scrawled across it: "Dear Sir—I never ordered this beastly book. If I did, you didn't send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't. Yours respectfully—"

"Hello," called a feminine voice over the telephone, "is this the Humane Society?"  
"Yes," replied the agent in charge.  
"Well—there's a book agent sitting out here in a tree teasing my dog."

Judge—The policeman says that you were travelling at a speed of sixty miles an hour."  
Prisoner—It was necessary, your honor, I had stolen the car.  
"O, that's different. Case dismissed."

"Now, which of the great men of the past would you rather be, Robert?" asked the teacher, after a long and interesting talk on the celebrities of history.  
"None of 'em," replied Robert promptly.  
"None of them! Why not?"  
"Cause they're all dead."

Slow Moving, But He Budgeted at Last  
Yountstown, Ohio, man says the Telegram of that city, recently applied for settlement of a claim for fire insurance, and in response to the agent's inquiries explained that it was a door that was burned, and that the damage amounted, as near as he could estimate, to about five dollars.

"When did the fire happen?" asked the agent, and after a moment's hesitation, the answer came:  
"About thirty years ago."  
"What? Thirty years ago, and you have waited all these years to report it?"  
"Yes, sir."

"Well, why then do you report it now?"

"Well, sir," said the Yountstown man, "the women-folk at my house have never given me a moment's peace since that darn door was burned, and I just couldn't stand it any longer."

## Knew His Place

A revival meeting was in progress and Sister Jones was called upon for testimony. Being meek and humble, she said: "I do not feel as though I should stand here and give testimony. I have been a transgressor for a good many years and have only recently seen the light. I believe that my place is in a dark corner behind the door." Brother Smith was next called upon for his testimony and, following the example set by Sister Jones, said: "I, too, have been a sinner for more than forty years, and I do not think it would be fitting for me to stand before this assembly as a model. I think my place is behind the door, in a dark corner with Sister Jones."

A man once met a middle-aged farmer, who remarked that his father had never left the farm where he was

born.  
"And how does he now?"  
"Close on ninety."  
"Is his health good?"  
"Tain't much now. He's been complaining for a few months back."  
"What's the matter with him?"  
"I dunno. Sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

A Scotch farmer had agreed to deliver 20 hens to the local market. Only 19, however, were sent, and it was almost evening before the twentieth bird was brought in by the farmer.

"Man," said the butcher, "you're late with this one!"  
"Aye," agreed the other, "but, ye see, she didna lay until this afternoon."

Why Uncle Changed His Will  
"Uncle Robert, when does your football team play?"  
"Football team? What do you mean, my boy?"

"Why, I heard father say that when you kicked off we'd be able to afford a big automobile."

Marriage will be the same a century hence as it is now: a curious kind of cross between a dog fight and the peace that passeth all understanding; something that nobody quite likes and nearly everybody likes well enough to stay in for life once they have got it.

"We were slowly starving to death," said the famous explorer to the boarding house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and thus sustained life."  
"Hush, hush! Not so loud!" whispered the boarder on each side. "The landlady might hear you."

## ODD NOTIONS

(By Ark)

Some friends of mine the other night asked me to their home for tea, and I says yes, how I should, quite glad they be so kind to me.

Well, I put on my Sunday clothes and trimmed the whiskers from my chin, and got there just at six o'clock, a-waitin' for things to begin.

So we sat there a half an hour, a-chattin' of this thing and that; I was quite social in my way and stroked ten times the household cat.

I heard the dishes rattle then and reckoned how the time had come, when we should eat fried ham and eggs and munch the spiced and tasty bun.

In come a girl and hands to me a napkin and a china plate; I balanced that upon one knee like folks what's learnin' how to skate.

And then she come around again and passed a sandwich unto me, another dish with salad on I parked up on the other knee.

I never was a juggler much, but somehow held these on my knee, and then she give to me a brimmin' cup of new-brewed tea.

And I was scared that if I spoke some of these things would slip and break, and while I did the best I could she passed to me a chunk of cake.

Cold beads of sweat stood on my brow for I was scared to speak no more, for fear the victuals what I had be slidin' off onto the floor.

No doubt it's quite the proper way, but I am bushleague in my ways, and like to eat how they did in my quiet village callin' days.

When you was asked to go to tea, they spread the Sunday table cloth, then I could eat and talk at once and victuals wasn't slippin' off.

## MARRIAGE A VOCATION?

While varied interpretations have been put upon Agnes McPhail's remarks before the Business and Professional Women's Club in Toronto, on the question of whether women after marriage, should continue in their work or devote themselves wholly to housekeeping, and some interesting discussion has thereby been promoted on a topic which is always alluring, we do not read in Miss McPhail's remarks any attempt to lay down a rule-of-thumb canon governing the career of women on entering the marital state.

Except under special circumstances, the presence of married women in the ranks of weekly wage earners is perhaps not altogether desirable, but in the professions and in public life generally, a considerable increase in their number would be welcomed by all right thinking people. Higher education for women, resulting in their greater prominence as a social force in recent years has scuttled the old fashioned notion that among women celibacy was the inevitable accompaniment

of a "career." True there are many mature women in the professions and public life who remain unmarried, perhaps very often for reasons based on their own idealism, but marriage is no longer accented as a vocation itself. We are not unmindful of the sanctity of marriage and motherhood but too often domestic duties and child-bearing are viewed, especially by the masculine mind, through a too rosy haze of sentiment. Very often, too, those who prate most of the self-sufficiency of motherhood as a "career" are those who honor it least.

It is not to be doubted that in many instances, marriage opens up new opportunities for service rather than abruptly bringing to a close the career of a public woman. Nations are gathered out of nurseries, and the woman in public life who is both mother and wife creates for herself a bond of sympathy with all womenkind which should be the means of advancing rather than retarding her career.

Some women have a flair for politics—others for housekeeping. Some have the "school-ma'am" instinct—others the mother instinct. Often the woman who is prominent in public life affairs is a superb old muddler around the house. Often the woman whose home life is perfect makes a pitiful exhibition of herself on the public platform. All women are not blessed with the versatility of lady Astor. If a woman is happy with her husband and her babies, why upbraid her if she finds no joy in party politics or public life?

So far as the average run of mortals is concerned, it would appear to be more a matter of temperament and individual circumstances. Marriage should be a mutual undertaking. Essential to its success is the will to compromise and co-operate. Whether the public or professional woman shall or shall not continue her career after her marriage is, generally speaking, a matter solely for the contracting parties to determine by mutual consent. But circumstances alter cases. Women of the calibre of Agnes McPhail, who have carved out for themselves unique public careers come under a distinct category. They are under a sense of duty to the community at large. We need more Agnes McPhails in public life and it is not to be conceded that marriage should be allowed to close the political career of such outstanding women—Farmers' Sun.

## FORK HANDLE ENTERS ABDOMEN

Leaping over a partition in his stable on Tuesday evening of last week in an effort to prevent a steer getting out, Mr. Ben Whitehead, a well-known Brant farmer, and son of Mrs. John Whitehead of Walkerton, had the misfortune to alight on a sharp-pointed broken fork handle, which entered his abdomen on the right side and after penetrating for a distance of four inches came out of his body again, near the navel. Finding himself impaled on the stick the unfortunate man threw himself over on his back, and while lying in this posture he pulled the handle out of his body. He then limped to the house, a distance of one hundred feet, where he collapsed on the floor. A Walkerton doctor who was hastily summoned, found, on examination, that while the lining of the intestine had been torn none of the bowels had been punctured, and as a consequence there is every prospect of his recovery, provided tetanus (lockjaw) can be prevented from setting in. A serum to ward off this trouble was given hyperdermically to the patient, and by the end of this week all danger from such an infection will have passed. The patient, who was for a time in intense agony, is now resting easier and is to all appearances making a good recovery.—Times.

All studies in animal nutrition point to the value of clovers and other leguminous plants in the diet. The improvement of the soil is not the only argument for alfalfa and the clovers.

The dairy cow is coming into her own—or perhaps it would be better to say she is coming out of her own—so apparently Dame Fashion has decreed that Holstein, Ayreshire and Jersey-skin coats may now be worn by Milady.

If a farmer has a couple of hundred dollars to invest this fall he can find no better paying security than a good pure-bred sire or some foundation females. Prices are ruling low indeed for well-bred stuff and no better opportunity for the purchaser will occur than is open now. It is a buyers' market, sure enough!

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Some of the problems of agriculture will only yield to research, and since this is a lengthy process at best, the sooner we get at it the better for ourselves and for future generations.

A successful exhibitor at the fairs does not object to a word of praise and congratulation when he arrives back home. Too often a successful breeder and exhibitor has to move 100 miles or more from home to be appreciated.

Lismore II, rand champion Short-horn steers, exhibited at the Winter Fair by the University of Alberta, was sold for 50 cents per pound. He weighed exactly 1400 pounds, so that the price was \$700. The steer will be sent to the Chicago fair before he is killed for Christmas beef. The auction sale was very well attended and about 300 animals changed hands. The second highest price was paid for the reserve grand champion, another Short-horn, exhibited by Duncan Campbell, of Moffat, Ont. Thirty cents a pound was the price for this animal. The grand champion, an Angus, exhibited by J. P. Henderson & Son, Guelph, Ont., went for 15 cents per pound.