

17 APR.

1924

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The Diamond -
April's Birthstone



WE ARE SHOWING A
VERY SELECT ASSORT-
MENT OF DIAMOND RINGS
IN THE NEWEST MOUNT-
INGS FROM \$20 UP TO \$150.

OUR PRICES YOU WILL
FIND BY COMPARISON TO
BE VERY REASONABLE.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE
YOUR INSPECTION.

C. E. WENDT
Jeweler

Formaldehyde

Season is Coming

Farmers! Treat
Your Grain.

It Pays

WE HAVE THE BEST AT
RIGHT PRICES.

BRING IN YOUR EMPTY
BOTTLE AND GET IT FIL-
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FRESH FORMALDEHYDE
40c A POUND BOTTLE.

J. P. PHELAN PharmB

Notice.
WfI the party who found a flo-
ered curtain in their buggy last fr-
kindly return same to J. A. Joh-
ston. This was placed by mista-
in a wrong buggy in a Mildm-
shed.

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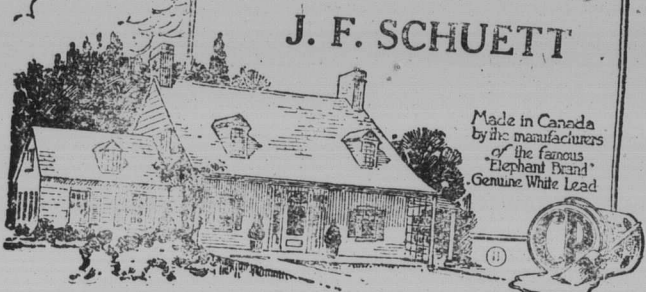
The Paint for Appearance
and Protection
CANADA PAINT
(Canada's Favorite)

Whatever motive influences your paint buying—whether
you paint for appearance or to "save the surface"—you
will find CANADA PAINT to be really "the paint of
merit," and the most satisfactory from every point of view.
With "Elephant Brand" White Lead as the pigment
base, the quality of Canada Paint is absolutely assured.
Easy spreading under the brush, it is far more durable
and will cover more space than the so-called cheap paints.

The Quantity Required
To estimate the amount of CANADA PAINT required,
add the number of feet in a job of front and rear to sum-
ber. If feet in length of building, multiply by the average
height and divide by 425 for two coats.
If you have a complete stock of Canada Paint and other C.P. Products, in-
quire of the nearest DEPOT. It will be a pleasure to give
you with other cards and detailed information concerning the particular job
you have in mind.

J. F. SCHUETT

Made in Canada
by the manufacturers
of the famous
Elephant Brand
Genuine White Lead



WRIGLEYS

after every meal

Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion. Relieves that over-eaten feeling and acid mouth.

Its l-a-s-t-i-n-g flavor satisfies the craving for sweets.

Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.

Sealed in its Purity Package.



A Change of Address.

Johnnie was begging his father to let him have a second piece of cake.

"When I was a boy," said Father, "I was allowed to have only one helping."

Johnnie thought this over for a minute, and then said:

"Daddy, aren't you glad you live with us now?"

Shorthand High-Speed Shorthand can be learned in less time, at less cost and with less worry, in your own home, through our Correspondence Course, than in a School. Positions await all our Graduates in "speed and accuracy." Write for FRIED particulars. SAWYER SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND 307 Manning Chambers Toronto, Ont.

Bees on Farm

Nothing pays better when properly managed. Send for our catalogue of beekeepers' supplies. Expert advice freely given.

Ruddy Manufacturing Co., Ltd. Brantford Ont.

is valuable

the diet

Mustard not only adds flavor to meats, but aids your digestion? It aids assimilation it adds to your foods.

Must be Keen's 229

BRAND SYRUP

Food products that is so popular it is known and used from Canada to the other.

It is the original Corn Syrup because of its unquestioned quality.

minutes.

ARCH CO. LIMITED

Why Busy Women Want SMP Enameled WARE

Busy women want SMP Enameled Ware because it will bring food to the boil almost twice as fast as all-metal utensils, and completes the cooking sooner. A woman can wash SMP Enameled Ware utensils faster than utensils that have to be scrubbed and scoured.

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly-grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO EDMONTON VANCOUVER WINNIPEG CALGARY



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The Wreck of the Easter Egg

Sarah Bernhardt-for-short, as Miss Rose called the small Polish maiden in place of the long string of consonants that was her real name, stood looking in the window of the little candy store next door to the Hester How School. As she stood there, her small ragged person pressed close against the window, Sarah's anxious eyes followed the bird-like hand of Mrs. Wiener, the tiny old woman who kept the store, as it occasionally reached into the window from within, hovering perilously over the object of the child's solicitude, ere it escaped with some other object in its grasp.

The treasure in the window that so obsessed the tempestuous soul of the little Polish girl was an egg, an Easter egg, but not at all like the ordinary chocolate kind with their unvarying white and yellow insides. This egg was different. The outside was of a snow-white, glittering substance that shone in points like diamonds; a border of lace paper girded the middle. And it was hollow with a tiny bit of magnifying glass fastened in one end. You put your eye to the glass and presto! you were transported to a wonderful oval fairyland all the more entrancing to the imagination because the egg had been so placed that even if you pushed your face so hard against the window you would think either it or your nose would have to give way, only a tiny corner of the interior of the wonder egg was revealed.

Because of the difficulty in tearing herself away from the store window, Sarah had been late at school every day for a week, but Miss Rose, fearful of a clash with her most difficult pupil, weakly ignored the defection.

One afternoon, several days before Easter, when the Primer Class had just settled down to work, Sophie Kalinsky, the class historian, appeared at the door. Sophie's two little pigtailed eyes were trembling and her speech spluttered excitedly through the place where two front teeth should have been.

"Oo-h. Mizis Rozy!" she cried. "Sarah iss gittin' tooked up by th' perck eyes rounded into saucers."

"Yiss um," Sophie continued unctuously, enjoying the sensation she was awaking. "We wuz lookin' in th' winder down by ol' Mizis Wiener's and Sarah sez she iss gonner kill any body wot boughten that egg in there and Mikey McCloskey heerd wot she iss sayin' and he sez he iss gonner gill it. Loo! Sarah runned in th' store after him and—"

Six feet of blue uniform looming behind her caused the cessation of Sophie's narrative. At the bulky apparition, the fifty Primer Classes made themselves as small as possible and even Miss Rose trembled. Every one recognized the intruder. He was the officer who stood down on the corner from the Hester How School and helped small persons through the traffic. The big policeman paused awkwardly on the threshold of the room and propelled the two offenders forward at mighty arms' length.

In that terrifying gasp, the two captives were trembling visibly; Sarah wailed furiously at tears that made pathetic tracks down her grimy face and, beneath his flaming hair, Michael's yellow freckles stood out in the unaccustomed pallor of his anguished countenance. He also bore several gory scratches.

"Madam—Miss—" the big officer stammered sheepishly as he looked down on little Miss Rose. He never had had prisoners of such tender years in tow and he felt mortified. He stood teetering to and fro on his huge feet, like a swaying elephant, and swung his stick in embarrassment. Then he welcomed the faint glimmer in Miss Rose's eyes with a grin of relief. "Well, ma'am, I'm thinkin' ye'll know how to daale wit th' young uns better than th' majustrate cud," he conceded cheerfully, "specially as th' wurst damage I seen is this here litty rapsacilion's face. Yis, ma'am, I dunno whin I iver come across a wurse scratched thin this litty gurril."

Sarah accepted the tribute with modestly downcast head, stepping bashfully on one ragged foot with the other.

"Just what was the trouble, officer?" asked Miss Rose with due respect.

"Ma'am, an' thet's somethin' I might be askin' you," the big fellow acknowledged. "Furst 't'ing th' ooid liddy bust out th' store yellin' 'pol-lace!' an' 'murthers!' an' I 'tought it wuz a coupl' holdup men an' I come runnin' an' all I scen wuz these litty young uns pitchin' into each other."

"I'll see that they are punished. Thank you, sergeant," said Miss Rose, who knew quite well he wasn't a sergeant.

"Shame on you litty children actin' so bad wit each a nice young liddy teacher!" exclaimed the big policeman. "Ain't you ashamed to be warrin' her so?"

Inspired by the big "sergeant's" flattery, he delivered quite a lecture to the unappreciative ones and then

with a few more words of warning announced their future conduct he took his looming bulk away.

When he had gone Miss Rose turned to the two culprits and sternly looked them over.

"Miss, lemme tell yer," Michael explained hastily to her look, "honust to gaw—scuse me, miss—honust, I wuz only stringin' her when I sez I wuz gonner buy de yegg. An' anyhow I niver had no more'n a jit fer a moon agate."

"What really happened, Michael?" Miss Rose asked.

"Miss, de fact 't'ing I know'd, Sarah come runnin' in de store an' sez she wanted to buy dat yegg an' she snortched de yegg an' ol' lady Wiener-wurst grabbed her an' a box er pencils fell on de ol' lady's head an' she kermenced ter holler. She kept a-hollerin' 'Tief! T'ief! T'ief!' an' 'HELLLupp! HELLupp! HELLupp!'"

"That's enough, Michael," said Miss Rose coldly. "Unless you want to bring the officer back."

The young narrator looked uneasily toward the door.

"An' den, miss," he went on in a more repressed style, "I remembered wot youse sayin' 'we wuz allus to hellup de ol' ladies an' gents an' I got chroit of Sarah an' miss, look wot she done ter me!'"

The chivalrous youth ran his finger over his gory wounds and pathetically held it up for inspection.

"I see nothing but dirt," answered Miss Rose calmly.

She sent him to his seat without further comment. She also dismissed Sarah to her place. She needed time to decide how best to deal with the turbulent little girl.

In a few minutes the Primer Class was back to normal, happily copying down on a length of wide-ruled paper, the repeated declaration that "Baby loves mamma," or, as the diligent fat little fist of the small boy who sat in front of Sarah rendered it, "Bby loves mmm." This little boy, shining clean, white-headed, and with round china-blue eyes, was little Frederick Vogel-sang. Several years ago, when Herr Stork had brought little Frederick to his proud parents, he had also been given a middle name. But shortly afterwards, Father Vogel-sang, thinking it best to become a real Canadian, discarded this middle name of his son's and about the same time he turned down the ends of his whiskers and invested the profits from a flourishing cafe in Victory Bonds. Later, the cafe was succeeded by an equally remunerative eating-house, but Miss Rose, viewing his offspring's appetite, sometimes wondered that there was anything left for Mr. Vogel-sang's patrons.

Except for a propensity to nibble at the other children's lunches, the little German boy was her best behaved and most diligent pupil. At about his sixth record of Bby's devotion to "mmm," Miss Rose noticed Frederick's china-blue eyes raised in a pleadingly to hers. The color flooded his nice, clean little face.

"What's the matter, Frederick?" she asked. He pointed to Sarah, sitting innocently back of him.

"She iss p-pullin' me where my pants iss," Frederick quivered tearfully.

"Miz, id's lies! I ain't doin' nuddins to him!" cried Sarah, sticking out her tongue naughtily at Frederick and the world in general.

This disturbance had hardly been straightened out when pretty little Marniebell, a dear little golden-headed girl who sat behind Sara, burst into tears. As she bent her diligent head over her work, a large piece of mature chewing gum had been firmly stuck in her shining ringlets.

During the next hour Sarah continued to kick, scratch, pinch and slap all within reach, finally eluding Miss Rose's detaining hand and rushing in a tornado-like burst of weeping from the room. Miss Rose was so worn out that she scarcely regretted the escape. Some time later, as she walked wearily home, she caught sight of a little figure squeezed with painful tenderness against the window of the candy shop. As she looked a bony old hand and a vigorous fist was shaken at the enemy, who returned the salute with grimy thumb lifted to a defiant little face. Miss Rose hastily crossed the street.

That evening, the old man who kept the second-hand shop down the street from Sarah's tenement received a customer. The old fellow had somewhat of a "fee-fo-fum" reputation among the juvenile circles of the neighborhood and when Sarah, holding a package wrapped in newspaper, marched boldly into the store, a deputation of her acquaintances peered goggle-eyed through the dirty window in the hopeful expectation of seeing their colleague decaved. The intrepid descendant of Thaddeus of Warsaw reached up and laid the package on the counter.

"How much?" she inquired straight to the point.

The old man unwrapped the bundle.

He had a great curly beard like the stuffings in a mattress and he wore a long clean coat. The opened package revealed a fine bisque doll, unclean but expensively clad. Sarah had received the doll at the Christmas entertainment of the Empty Stocking Club and strangely enough—when one considered her unvarying hostility to all the friendly advances of that young woman—the doll's name was Miz Rozy. The old man examined the doll's legs and body with the detachment of a physician at his diagnosis; then he looked at Miz Rozy's nosed finery with a shrewd calculation as to the effect of gasoline upon it.

"'Twent' f' cent," he announced. He spoke as one who has been insulted.

"'Tirty cent," Sarah threw back as quick as a flash.

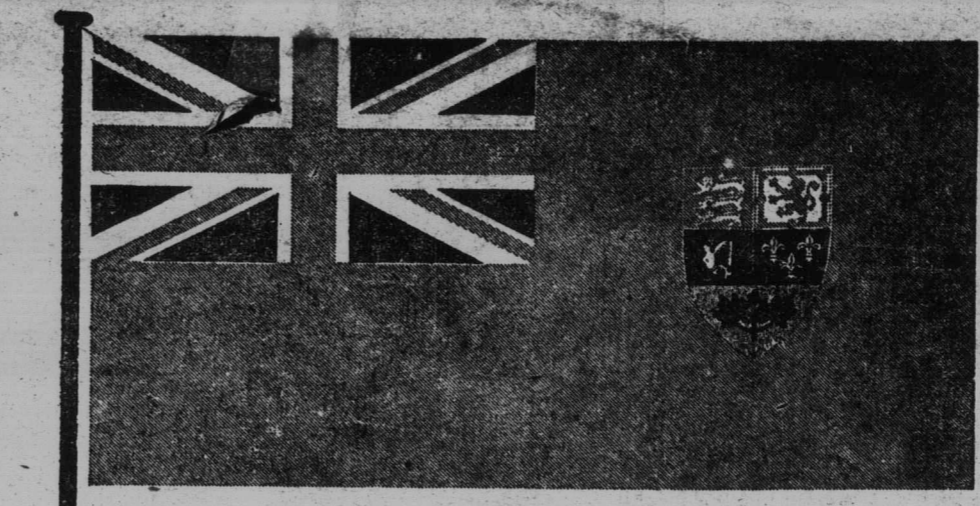
The old gurr laid Miz Rozy down, spread out his hands in a disowning gesture and assumed an air of indifference.

"She—she shuds her eyes an' she's god real hair," remarked Sarah coldly. Her thin little feeling came into her thin little chest as she remembered the doll's attractions.

The old man turned his back with meticulous care began to brush dust off a greasy striped waistcoat. Sarah gathered up Miz Rozy and started out.

"Ho hum! Goodnesbe!" the old man suddenly roared with terrible ferocity. The noses glued to the window outside turned pale with fearful anticipation. "Aw ri'. 'Tirty cents, you leetle tief!"

When the thirty cents had been satisfactorily produced, Sarah laid Miz Rozy tenderly on the counter, as on a bier. Taking a last dimmed look at the loved but betrayed features, she ran out.



THE FIRST CANADIAN AUTHORIZED FLAG TO FLY OVER THE DOMINION. Above is shown a design of the new official flag of Canada, the first authorized flag of the dominion, which is now the only one permitted to be flown over government buildings. The main figure on the new flag is still the old Union Jack. The only change is the use of the new Canadian coat of arms design that has been authorized by King George. The use of flags bearing the old shield was permitted up to March 31, 1924.

Rose selected Sarah and in so doing she knew that she was giving the greatest possible reward to the little Polish girl for her late excellent deportment. Gentle little Mary Placido was Henny Penny. The following spirited dialogue ensued:

"Oh, Henny Penny, de sky iss fallin'!"

"Ow you know, Sheeken Leet?"

"I saw'd id wid my eyes, I heerd id wid my ears—"

Here the action was interrupted by the jealous Sophie.

"O-oh, Mizis Rozy," she cried virtuously, "lookit wot she iss sed. Ain't you allus tell'd us it ain't nize little gurls and boy-s wot sez 'saw'd'?"

Miss Rose frowned. "Go on, Sarah," she encouraged, "you are doing well."

As the tragedy of the irresponsible Chicken Little approached its climax all eyes were fixed on the actors; that is, all with one exception. For that one member of the audience was impervious to all thrills save those of the palate and in the general absorption he saw a chance of providing himself with a distinct thrill—a treat, in fact. The first intimation of the terrible catastrophe did not occur until Sarah had resumed her seat, a shy smile at her teacher's words of praise lighting up her tragic little face.

The griefs of six, while transient, are usually intensely vocal, but the Primer Class had never before echoed to a cry as heart-rending as that which burst out after that first bitter lamentation, Sarah, holding the ruin of her happiness in trembling hands, gave an agonized and terrible look around in search of the destroyer. Fortunately, her stricken gaze did not take in the significance of the sticky whiteness around little Frederick Vogel-sang's small pink mouth.

The dismissal bell breaking in opportunely upon the renewed cries of desolation that were coming from this true daughter of a pillaged race, Miss Rose speeded the reluctant Primer Class homeward; Frederick, however, she quietly detained. Sarah, in her abandonment of her grief, had cast herself upon the floor and refused to be dismissed or uplifted. From beside the prostrate little figure, Miss Rose rescued the broken treasure, several pieces of rock candy, a bit of tinsel, some lace paper and frosted glass, and a tiny paper-mache figure.

"Come, Sarah, don't cry so," Miss Rose pleaded as she tried to lift the small convulsed body. "Why, you are always so kind and generous with your candy. See, here's plenty of your egg left." She held up a tempting piece of rock candy. A muffled reiteration came from Sarah.

"He bit de angel's head off!" she moaned.

"Thank you, dear," said Miss Rose hastily. "That will do. We will have a song next, children. Who would like to sing 'Springtime's Coming'?"

Michael McCloskey volunteered. He had a willing monotone.

"Springtime's commuin in de-woods," "Springtime's commuin, Spring wit her bunts, Mister green's tressus, wi-o-luts dressus, carolled this sunny-headed and hearted harbinger of the vernal equinox.

Miss Rose again expressed her appreciation. Next followed a popular number, The Drama of Chicken Little. As the star of the production, Miss

acted over and over. It was true. The gluttonous Frederick's small white teeth had decapitated the shining figurine.

"He can haf id all now," sobbed Sarah. "I don't wand efer to look ad id no more!"

In exhausted silence, she wrapped her ragged little shawl about her small body and began to gather up her things. Although she had an unpedagogical desire to spank him, Miss Rose tried not to make her lecture to the little German boy too severe. She realized that the wrong was mostly of the spirit and therefore not to be understood by him. He had merely helped himself to something he wanted; that a fair world had been destroyed in the attempt, meant nothing to him.

What was to be eaten was to be eaten. That was all there was to it, and as Miss Rose scolded the small gourmand, she noticed that even as he wept, his pink tongue crept out to touch the whitish stickiness in the corners of his mouth and his innocent round eyes were fixed longingly on the piece of candy she had laid on the edge of her desk.

When he had gone she turned to Sarah. After all, at six the world is never irrevocably shattered.

"I know a store not so far off, Sarah," she softly told the sorrowing maiden, "where they have the most beautiful eggs and you and I are going there and buy another fairyland—maybe two!"

The First Bluebird.
Jest rain and snow! And rain again!
And dribbel drip! and blow!
Then—snow! and thaw! and slush!
and then—
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeared
To wake up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of spring!
Mother she'd raised the winder some;
And in across the orchard come,
Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, tressy, beesy hum,
Too sweet fer any thing!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—
The sun burst forth in glee,
And when that bluebird sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Lord is risen, indeed, and hath
appeared to Simon.

The Easter Resurrection proves to us
that what seems defeat is but the
opening of the door to higher, grander
things.

BUDGET OF 1924 REMOVES SALES TAX FROM FARMING MACHINERY

A despatch from Ottawa says:— Acting Finance Minister Robb presented the Budget of 1924 on Thursday. The implements of the following industries will, it is proposed, receive duty reductions averaging about 5 per cent. on the preferential tariff, and running as high as 12½ per cent. on the general tariff: Farming, fruit-growing, poultry raising, dairying, mining, lumbering and fishing.

The resolutions dealing with the changes in the sales tax show a general reduction in the tax from 6 to 5 per cent.; exemption of a large number of items included in the industries above quoted from the operation of the tax; a reduction of 50 per cent. on boots and shoes, biscuits, canned vegetables, canned fruits, jam and preserves.

It is proposed to give to manufacturers of agricultural implements "free entry" on pig iron, bar iron and bar steel when used in the manufacture of mowers, binders and reapers. The "free entry" is also extended to the manufacture of cultivators, harrows, horse rakes, seed drills, manure spreaders and weeder.

Materials which enter into the cost of the aforementioned items and other implements on which the duty is to be reduced will be entitled to entry at 7½ per cent. under all tariffs.

It is proposed to grant a drawback of 99 per cent. on materials and parts of implements on hand imported prior to this date which will have entered into the cost of all agricultural implements on which the duty is to be reduced.

It is also proposed to exempt from sales tax all the articles and materials to be used in the manufacture of those agricultural implements as well as goods consumed in the process of manufacture.

It is proposed to remove the sales tax from the following articles: Cereal foods, macaroni and vermicelli, sage and rice, meats, salted or smoked. The sales tax is being reduced from 6 per cent. to 2½ per cent. on biscuits, canned vegetables, canned fruits, jams and preserves.

On boots and shoes, including rubber footwear, we propose to reduce the sales tax from 6 per cent. to 2½ per cent.

The sales tax will be removed from milk foods.

Woolen, and many other manufacturing establishments, will benefit by a proposed clause which will provide that materials consumed in process of manufacture or production of goods enter directly into the cost of goods subject to the consumption or sales tax will be exempt from the sales tax.

On well-drilling machinery and apparatus the sales tax is to be removed. Crutches are being made free of both customs and sales tax.

On traction ditching machines the value for "free entry" purposes is being increased from \$3,000 to \$3,500.

The Week's Market

TORONTO.

Man. wheat—No. 1 North, \$1.15; No. 2, \$1.10; No. 3, \$1.05.
Man. oats—No. 3 CW, 42c; No. 4, 41c.
Man. barley—Nominal.
All the above, c.i.f. bay ports.
Ontario barley—65 to 70c.
American corn—No. 2 yellow 98½c.
Buckwheat—No. 2, 76 to 80c.
Ontario rye—74 to 78c.
Hay—Extr. No. 2, \$1.45 to \$1.50.
Millfeed—Del. Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$27; shorts, per ton, \$29; middlings, \$35; good feed flour, \$2.
Ontario wheat—No. 2 white, 98 to \$1.02, outside.
Ontario No. 2 white oats—39 to 41c.
Ontario corn—Nominal.
Ontario flour—Ninety per cent. pat., in jute bags, Montreal, prompt shipment, \$4.60; Toronto basis, \$4.65; bulk, seaboard, \$4.25.
Manitoba flour—1st pats., in jute sacks, \$6.10 per bbl.; 2nd pats., \$5.60.
Hay—Extr. No. 2 timothy, per ton, track, Toronto, \$14.50 to \$15; No. 2, \$13.50; No. 3, \$12.50 to \$13; mixed, \$12.50.
Straw—Carlots, per ton, \$9.50.
Standard re-cleaned screenings, f.o.b. bay ports, per ton, \$20.50.
Cheese—New, large, 17 to 18c; twins, 18 to 19c; triplets, 19 to 19½c; Stiltons, 21 to 22c. Old, large, 24 to 26c; twins, 25 to 27c; triplets, 26 to 28c.

Butter—Finest creamery prints, 38 to 39c; No. 1 creamery, 37 to 38c; No. 2, 34 to 35c; dairy 23 to 30c.
Eggs—Extras, fresh, in cartons, 32 to 33c; extra loose, 29c; firsts, 27c; seconds, 24 to 25c.
Live poultry—Chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 25c; hens, over 5 lbs., 26c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 24c; do, 3 to 4 lbs., 15c; spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 32c; roosters, over 5 lbs., 18c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 24c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 25c.
Beans—Can., hand-picked, lb., 6½c; primes, 6c.
Maple products—Syrup, per imp. gal., \$2.50; per 5-gal. tin, \$2.40 and up; maple sugar, lb., 25c.
Honey—60-lb. tins, 11 to 11½c per lb.; 10-lb. tins, 11 to 12c; 5-lb. tins, 11½ to 12c; 2½-lb. tins, 12½ to 13c; comb honey, per doz., No. 1, \$3.75 to \$4; No. 2, \$3.25 to \$3.50.
Smoked meats—Hams, med., 23 to 24c; cooked hams, 34 to 36c; smoked rolls, 17 to 18c; cottage rolls, 19 to 20c; breakfast bacon, 21 to 25c; special brand breakfast bacon, 22 to 30c; backs, boneless, 28 to 33c.
Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 50 to 70 lbs., \$18.50; 70 to 90 lbs., \$18; 90 lbs. and up, \$17; lightly salted rolls, 90 lbs., \$37; heavy salted rolls, \$32.
Lard—Pure tierces, 14½ to 15½c; tubs, 15 to 15½c; pails, 15½ to 16c; prints, 18 to 18½c; shortens tierces, 14 to 14½c; tubs, 14½ to 15c; pails, 15 to 15½c; prints, 16½ to 17c.
Heavy steers, choice, \$7.50 to \$8.25; butcher steers, choice, \$7 to \$7.50; do, good, \$6 to \$6.50; do, med., \$5.25 to \$6; do, com., \$4.50 to \$5; butcher heifers, choice, \$6.75 to \$7.50; do, med., \$5 to \$5.75; do, com., \$4.50 to \$4.75; butcher cows, choice, \$5 to \$5.50; do, med., \$3.50 to \$4.50; feeding steers, choice, \$3.50 to \$6; do, fat, \$4 to \$5; stockers, choice, \$4.50 to \$5.25; do, fair, \$3.75 to \$4.20; milkers and springers, choice, \$7.50 to \$90; calves, choice, \$10 to \$11.50; do, med., \$7 to \$9; do, com., \$5.50 to \$6; lambs, choice ewes, \$15 to \$15.50; do, bucks, \$13 to \$13.50; do, culls, \$8 to \$9; spring lambs, each, \$8 to \$15; sheep, light ewes, \$8 to \$9; do, culls, \$5 to \$5.50; hogs, fed and watered, \$7.75; do, f.o.b., \$7.25; do, country points, \$7; do, off cars (lang haul), \$8.15; do, select, \$8.50.

MONTREAL.
Oats, No. 2 CW, 52c; No. 3 CW, 49½c; extra No. 1 feed, 48c; No. 2 local white, 46c. Flour, Man. spring wheat pats., 1st, \$6.20; 2nds, \$5.60; strong bakers, \$5.40; winter pats., choice, \$5.55 to \$5.65. Rolled oats, 90-lb. bags, \$2.80 to \$2.90. Bran, \$27.25; shorts, \$29.25; middlings, \$35.25. Hay, No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$16.
Butter—No. 1 creamery, 84½ to 85c; 2nds, 33 to 34c. Eggs, fresh extras, 31c; fresh firsts, 28c. Potatoes, per bag, car lots, \$1.25.
Dairy type cows of slightly better than culler quality, \$3 to \$3.25; med. to good calves, \$6.75; do, com., from \$5 up; hogs, thick, smooth, and shops, \$8.50 to \$8.65.

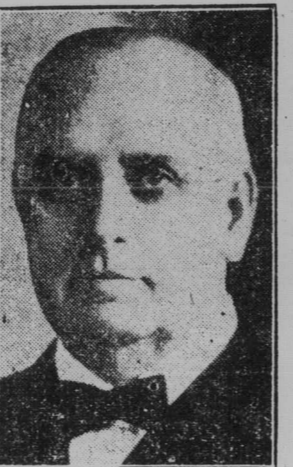
BRIEF HALTS IN CANADA BY BRITISH FLIERS
Longest Stop Will Be Two Days at Ottawa to Install New Engine.

A despatch from Ottawa says:— The passage across Canada of the British airmen who are flying around the world will be a race against time, the similar flight begun by United States airmen having started a competition between the two countries.

The itinerary, which provides for the landing of the British flyers at Prince Rupert, B.C., and their departure from Sydney, N.S., for Europe via Newfoundland, has been completed by the Royal Canadian Air Force, which will supply the airmen at Prince Rupert with large-scale maps of the country they will traverse.

The longest stop in Canada will be at Ottawa, where about two days will be consumed in installing a new engine. The airmen will make only the briefest stop at Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg, Sault Ste. Marie, Montreal, Riviere de Loup, Fredericton, St. John, N.B., Amherst and Sydney, N.S.

In the awakening Voice of Spring we seem to hear that mighty reaper refection call: "Awake, thou that sleepest!"



Montreal's New Mayor Charles Duquette, who defeated Maurice Martin by over 3,000 votes.

T. A. Carpenter
Physician and Surgeon

MILDMAY
Graduate of University of Toronto
1915. One year as Intern at
the Toronto General Hos-
pital and six months at
Hospitals in New
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something about our different de-
partments.

D. A. McLACHLAN
Principal

C. N. R. TIMETABLE

Southbound 7:16 a.m.
Northbound 11:20 a.m.
Southbound 3:19 a.m.
Northbound 8:51 p.m.

An attempt is to be made shortly
to go over Niagara Falls in a rub-
ber ball. Everything will then have
been tried except an umbrella.

Annie—Last week he sent me
candy, saying sweets to the sweet.
Laurie—A pretty sentiment. What
is it?
Annie—But now he sends me an
ivory hair brush.

THE VACANT INSPECTORSHIP

With License Inspector White on
the brink of abdication, there is
much speculation as to whom the
spoils of office will be given. Bruce
with its swamps and morasses is to
become a fertile ground for the moon-
shine industry will largely depend on
whose shoulders the mantle falls.
Those who like to see the O.T.A.
flouted on every occasion that they
may be able to carry on the cry
"Prohibition Don't Prohibit," would
doubtless desire to see a joker on
the job. As even our murder laws
don't stop killing, a man will look in
vain for any law that does, in every
respect, actually prohibit, but that
there would be more slaying if the
laws against it were repealed, must
be admitted even by those who
won't allow themselves to apply the
same logic to measures against
booze. But to return, the man who
is to step into the License Inspector-
ship of Bruce must, according to
the Dept. be between the ages of 35
and 40. With all the foxy grandpas
thus excluded, the race narrows
down somewhat. The salary, which
is \$1500.00 a year and expenses, is
such that will doubtlessly attract
many towards the job, and that
there won't be a scarcity of applica-
tions goes without saying. What is
of more importance, however, than
of the number, will be the quality of
the names submitted, and that it is
essential that the job go to a man
friendly to the Act there can be no
question if the law is not to be
made a joke in these clearings.

**DURHAM YOUNG MEN
UP ON SERIOUS CHARGE**

Rube Noble, a young man residing
about two miles from Durham, was
up before Magistrate Creasor at the
Owen Sound police court on Wednes-
day of last week, charged with a seri-
ous offence against a young girl un-
der the age of 16 years. He pleaded
not guilty and considerable evidence
was taken, the case lasting the greater
part of the day, at the conclusion
of which an adjournment was made
until April 25th at Durham. A charge
of rape was preferred against Neil
McKechnie, also of Durham, the same
girl being involved in the case, but
this charge was later changed to one
of indecent assault and it was also
adjourned to the same date and the
same place.

REPORT OF S. S. NO. 5, CARRICK

For March
Sr. IV—Laura Weber, Irvin Fisch-
er
Jr. IV—Hilda Stroeder, Elmer
Diebel, Joseph Diemert, Mattie
Stroeder, Norman Klages.
Sr. III—Monica Stroeder, Amelia
Klages, Leota Losch, Carl Weber,
Willie Diemert, Alvera Schmidt, Ur-
ban Wagner.
Sr. II—Lavinia Fischer, Alvina
Weber, Leo Stroeder, Vera Diem-
ert, Edward Krohn.
I.—Norman Diebel, Gladys Diebel,
Gertrude Fischer, Doretta Weber,
Adela Diemert, Edwin Stroeder, Mel-
vin Wolfe, Norman Schmidt.
E—Loretta Stroeder, Rita Diem-
ert.

E. Widmeyer, teacher

A GOOD SYSTEM

Tell yourself this story each morn-
ing:
Early one morning a dorky came
into a gent's furnishing store in
Chatanooga and said: "Boss, I want
to pay a little on that stuff you got
for me."
The same afternoon he bounded in
again and said he had a couple more
dollars to put down." The merchant
remarked: "Business must be pretty
good with you, Sam."
Sam responded: "No Boss, I've
just workin' faster."

Spring is when trees begin to
clothe their limbs and the girls to
bare theirs.

Many a man ties up his dog at
night and lets his children run a-
round loose.

The difference between a night
gown and an evening gown is two
yards in favor of the nightgown.

How do you do!
Some pay when their debts come due
Others when overdue;
Some never do.
How do you do?

"I must say long hair does give
men an intelligent look. "Well, my
wife found a long hair on my coat
the other night, and I looked like a
perfect fool!"

"The big trouble with the women
 nowadays," observed the Old Timer,
"is that they worry too doggone
much about whether they'll bob their
hair or not, and don't worry enough
about improvin' what's under it."

Narcissus—Looky here, Black
Man, what's you all gwine gimme
fo' my birthday present?
Black Man—Close yo eyes, honey"
(She did as he said) Now what you
see?

Narcissus—Nothing.
Black Man—Well, dat's what you
all gwine git.

Little Willie, in a playful mood
was caught by his mother when he
was chopping playfully with a hat-
chet on the old grandfather clock
which stood in the hall.
"Willie, what are you doing?"
asked his mother.
"Just whittlin' away the time,"
was the calm reply.

"THE LIVE CORNER STORE"

It Pays to buy at Sovereign's

Ladies Palm Beach
Dresses

Black and White Stripe
Regular \$5.60

Special \$4.49

Curtain Material
44 inch Scotch Madras
in blue, brown and red.

\$1.50 per yard

Art Sateen
30 inches wide at
80c per yard



Chintz
48 inches wide at
90c per yard

Turkish Curtain
Material
36 inches wide at
\$1.75 per yard

Bring us your Produce.
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Are you in need of a new Spring Suit or Overcoat? Our stock
of Ready-Mades is now complete. Our sample cloths for Made-
to-Measure cannot be equalled. Call in and see our lines.

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Owen Sound

EQUALLY INNOCENT

A story is told of a Missouri
lawyer who used an unusual expedi-
ent to get a client out of trouble.
This client was charged with steal-
ing a hog. The man came to the
lawyer's office to engage counsel
and the lawyer took him into his
private office.

"Now, if I take your case you
will have to be perfectly honest with
me," the lawyer explained. "Tell
me, did you steal this hog, or not?"
"Well—yes sir, I did," the man
admitted, "but I have a big family
and no money and I had to have
meat."

"That's all right," the lawyer as-
sured him. "You bring me half of
that hog and I'll take your case."
Then, when the case was being
tried the lawyer obtained a verdict
of not guilty by saying to the jury:
"Gentlemen of the jury I give you
my word of honor that this man did
not get any more of that hog than
I did!"

A sign displayed in front of a
Southern church reads: "The Rev.
Rastus Jones will preach here Sun-
day, morning and evening, after
which the church will be closed for
necessary repairs."

Mrs. Knagg—Before we were mar-
ried you said you would give the big-
gest part of your life to live the
rest of it with me.

Mr. Knagg—I know I did, but I
said to be identified with one of the
Hearst newspapers sent the follow-
ing through the air on a recent Sun-

COLLIE TRAVELS 2,364 MILES

The record for long-distance travel
by a dog to reach his home and mas-
ter is held, so far as known, by a
collie who returned to his home in
Silverton, Oregon, on February 15th.
After an absence of six months
when he was lost from his master's
car "somewhere in Iowa" this dog
with the instinct and sense of direc-
tion that passes understanding,
walked into his owner's restaurant
weary, thin and footsore, and barked
a joyful greeting.

G. F. Brazier, restaurant propriet-
or in Silverton, rejoices in the re-
turn of his dog. It was in eastern
Iowa that the collie disappeared. All
search and extensive advertising
were unavailing and Mr. Brazier
proceeded farther east to Wolcott,
Ind. Sometime after he had started
back for Oregon the dog was seen
in Wolcott which showed that he
was on his master's trail. From
Wolcott to Silverton it is 2364 miles.
The collie made it. In the long
journey, embracing summer sun and
severe winter weather, the indomit-
able dog crossed seven different
states, travelled through the prairies
of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Ne-
braska, climbed the Rockies through
Wyoming, and made his way over
the Idaho desert into Oregon. His
morning instinct had guided him to
his beloved master.

PROTECT THE CHILDREN

Every day in every newspaper
there are stories of children run over
and hurt by automobiles. In many
cases the fault is with the motorist
but in many others the accidents
are found to have been inevitable.
A man driving a car along a street
can do nothing to avert an accident
if a child suddenly rushes off the
sidewalk and tries to cross the
street in front of him. That is the
cause of many accidents. Unfortu-
nately, for many children, the
streets are the only possible play-
grounds, and it is difficult—but not
impossible—to keep them on the
sidewalk. Parents can do much to
prevent accidents by insisting on
their children keeping off the high-
way.

A REAL GOOD LIAR

A Boston broadcasting station
said to be identified with one of the
Hearst newspapers sent the follow-
ing through the air on a recent Sun-

NOW FOR SPRING!

GET YOUR HORSES IN GOOD SHAPE FOR THE
SPRING WORK BY FEEDING PRATTS' & HESS'
STOCK TONIC. ALL STOCK REQUIRES A TONIC
AFTER THE LONG HARD WINTER. TAKE A PAIL
ALONG HOME AND FEED ACCORDING TO DIREC-
TION AND IF YOU SAY YOU DERIVE NO BENEFIT
FROM IT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY FOR IT.

I also have Oil Cake, Tankage, Bone Meal, Feed of
all kinds, whole or ground.

Buckwheat Seed and Flax Seed, also the best Clover
and Timothy Seeds.

Choice fresh Groceries always on hand and at right
prices.

Try our Black Tea at 60 cts. Also Uncolored Japan
at 60 cts.

EGGS, GOOD DAIRY BUTTER, ONIONS, ETC. WANTED.

GEO. LAMBERT.

Flour, Feed and Groceries
Mildmay - Ontario Phone 36

day night in the form of a St. Pat-
rick's eve oration:

"The United States had better
watch. England pretends to be
paying interest on England's debt
of five billion dollars to the United
States. England will never pay
this debt. England is only pretend-
ing to make payments until Eng-
land has time to organize Canada
and pour her armies and hellish en-
gines of war to recover these great
and glorious lands that England lost
in their unjust battle against the
fathers of American Revolution. Sin-
Feinism will go down in the world's
history as the holy religion of a
band of compatriots who triumphantly
enacted their nation's just dues
from the tyrant and blood-sucker
England.

"England neve sleeps. England
is sending her soldiers from England
in the guise of farmers to Canada.
England is concentrating airplanes
in Canada so as to be prepared for
the day when her armies will in-
vade our glorious republic. Again I
tell you, England never sleeps. It
behoves us to be on the alert and
to maintain the armies and navy of
the United States at battle strength

Thank God, no Irishman from Ire-
land, outside of the six counties of
Ulster, is any more a British sub-
ject."

Comment on the above is obvious-
ly unnecessary, but one cannot help
but think of the large number in
the United States who will sit at
their radiophones and swallow the
stuff as the Gospel truth.

A beautiful collie dog owned by
Mr. A. Bock of Sunnyside, near
Centerville, has turned mother duck
to a batch of chickens, who have been
cruelly forsaken by their chicken
hearted mother. From the time they
were hatched she utterly ignored
them, and things looked pretty bad
till the chivalrous dog adopted them,
with the result that they contentedly
and willingly follow her everywhere
by day and sleep in luxurious com-
fort by her warm body at night.

Prohibitionist—"You'll ruin your
stomach, my good man, drinking
that stuff."
Old Soak—"Sall right, 'sall
right. It won't show with my coat
on."

When the Crosby Heir Came Home

BY BEATRICE McDONALD

The town of Hillsboro was agog over the coming of Wilbur Crosby's nephew. Wilbur had died suddenly and now Dean, his nephew, heir to his fortune, was coming to settle his uncle's affairs. Crosby's lawyer had given out no statement as to the extent of his wealth, but intimations had been sufficient to send every mother with eligible daughters scurrying to make them pretty before the nephew's arrival.

"Going to make yourself smart for the Crosby heir?" asked Mrs. Gates of Amy Phelps, the pretty school mistress who lived with her. "You could give the others hereabouts all kinds of handicaps when it comes to looks. Why don't you do it up and go after him?"

Amy's silvery laugh was a tonic for all who came within earshot of it. Mrs. Gates said it always made her feel a few months younger every time she heard it. "Doll up!" laughed the girl. "How silly! It's my idea of no way to win a husband. Think of what you lay out for yourself. Why—he'd expect to see you looking like a fashion plate every time he came down to dinner, and we know, don't we, Auntie Gates, that it can't be done."

"Maybe not," answered Mrs. Gates with a twinkle in her eye; "but there's a right smart of mothers in Hillsboro's going to start their daughters out trying hard anyway. Mrs. Prentiss says she's counting on the heir for Easter dinner. What do you say to cutting in ahead of her and inviting him?"

"Not on my account," Amy laughed again. "If he isn't here there'll be that much more chicken for me."

"Mrs. Prentiss ain't calculating to have chicken. She says she's got what newspapers call a scoop. She remembers when the nephew was little and visited his uncle and how he loved baked rabbit, so she's counting on having that, if she can find one."

With no particular reason, Miss Phelps' thoughts reverted to Bobby Raine, one of her pupils, and his pet rabbit. How he did love it! She recalled helping him remove its foot from a trap one day and the look of tenderness upon his face. That brought her to a much mooted question in her own mind—some way to remove Bobby from the unpleasant environment in which he lived, with a woman who called herself his aunt, but whom the majority of the natives believed was no relation to him whatever.

After supper that evening, as Amy was passing a vacant lot on her way to the regular Monday night teachers' meeting, Bobby Raine, jumping out from behind a clump of bushes, clutched at her skirt, and whispered, "Walk down this street with me, Miss Phelps—I want to talk to you."

Had it not been for her bump of humor, Amy Phelps would have wept at the look of tragedy in the upturned, tear-wet eyes when Bobby looked at her under the street lamp. As it was the path left by two vagrant tears coursing their way through grime and freckles aroused an inward chuckle instead. She wouldn't have hurt the boy, by laughing outright.

"It's about Bunny," he told her when they had reached a spot a little more aloof from the heart of things. "Mrs. Prentiss says to me this morning that she wants to buy him for a little Easter dinner, and I says he's not for sale, and she says she'll see my aunt. Aunt Sophy'll do anything for money you know, Miss Phelps, and rabbits is scarce now and Bunny's all I got to love since Aunt Sophy shot Shep 'cause he ate too much."

The child blinked and choked, his pinched face trembling so pathetically. Amy Phelps would have helped him even if she hadn't known the conditions. "I—I thought maybe you'd keep him for me over—untill I think he's run off," the boy went on.

"Of course I'll help you, Bobby. Run back now and when you come to school—tomorrow I'll have a plan." Wilbur Crosby's nephew was due to make his triumphant entry into Hillsboro on Thursday, the following Sunday being Easter, so there was need of speed. Tuesday afternoon after school Amy turned Elizabeth into the highway and went ostensibly to make sick calls on some of her pupils. Elizabeth was her trusty little runabout which had conveyed her on many an errand of mercy.

To-day, strange to say, her road lay past Aunt Sophy's where Bobby lived and, still strange to say, Bobby was waiting for her behind the big maple tree with an old basket in his arms. It was covered with a cloth and he handed it lovingly to Miss Phelps as she slowed down, muttering in an undertone, "Aunt Sophy's in the henhouse—keep him under the seat!"

Then Miss Phelps rode on, enjoying the sharp tang in the spring air, out onto the country road and back toward town again. Just as she came abreast of the old Crosby place she killed her engine and got out to do a little coaxing. Meanwhile Bunny, having tired of his close quarters, started on a tour of investigation and when Amy looked up was jumping along toward an open gate.

Straight into the Crosby yard he ran, stopping behind a lilac bush to see if he was pursued. He was, for Amy, true to her trust, followed the furry fugitive as fast as she could. On and on her ungrateful protege led her, hopping aggravatingly just beyond her reach, circling the house twice, finally dashing to the porch and through the door, opened at that psychological moment by an extremely good-looking young man.

"Why—how do you do!" he greeted cheerily. "What was it that just decided to partake of my hospitality? Is it yours? Won't you join it—and me—inside? I am—"

"You aren't—are you—"
"Dean Crosby—at your service. Came on a few days ahead of myself—just to get the lay of the land—unaided, as it were. And may I have the pleasure of knowing you?"

"I'm Amy Phelps, a school teacher, out trying to abduct your Easter dinner." The twinkle in Dean Crosby's eye, his coming ahead of schedule just to be alone, revealed a man entirely opposite to the millionaire aristocrat Hillsboro was expecting and Amy soon found herself telling Bobby's story. The boy was terribly cut up when informed that his pet had escaped, but lived in the hope he would return of his own volition.

When Dean Crosby decided to remain in Hillsboro and made known his desire for a small boy to live with him and help about the place, he was carefully paving the way to asking for Bobby. A fat roll of bills completed the transfer entirely to Aunt Sophy's satisfaction, and when the boy was shown his clean white bed in a sunny south room he sighed and said, "Everything would be grand if I only had bunny back."

"Perhaps some of the live things outside will help you to forget," smiled Dean tenderly, taking his hand. "Let's go see."
He led the way to a new hutch behind the barn, where a bunch of animated white fur was devouring a carrot. "Bunny!" exclaimed the delighted youngster. "However did you find him, sir?"

When Crosby told him the story Bobby sighed again and remarked regretfully. "She's the best friend any fellow ever had. Gee—I wish she was going to live here with us."
"That's my wish exactly, old man. Suppose we go and ask her!"
"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Prentiss when the engagement was announced. "If we only could of had rabbit for Easter dinner things might have been different!"

The Easter Rabbit

BY EMMA BUGBEE.

"She's right here," she whispered, drawing aside a tuft of dead grasses. Mrs. Peter looked, and sure enough, sitting on a nest of curly ping crepe paper was the most beautiful rabbit that ever was. She was pure white, and much larger than Peter or Mrs. Peter, and she wore an extremely handsome straw bonnet trimmed with pink feathers. But what surprised Mrs. Peter was not the bonnet, though no one in the Green Forest had ever worn anything like that, but the fact that the white stranger was sitting on a nest of eggs. They were such strange eggs, too, all striped with pink and green. Some were covered with flowers, and there was a big one with a glass window in one end, and through it Mrs. Peter could see pictures of flowers and rabbits, all sparkling like ice.

"What are those?" she asked.
"Those are Easter eggs, of course," answered the stranger. "They hatch out Easter bunnies."
"But I never saw any bunnies come out of eggs," said Mrs. Peter. "And I've raised a good many fine, healthy families, too. Who are you, anyway?"

The stranger pulled a little powder puff out of her apron pocket, and before Mrs. Peter's scandalized eyes she powdered her nose.

"I am Madame Easter Rabbit," she said, "and I have the most beautiful families that ever were. Come here, lovelies."

She whistled a little tune, and in answer to it a strange procession came from behind the pussy willow bushes. It was led by a big chocolate rabbit walking on his hind legs, carrying a red egg in his paws, and after him came tumbling six little yellow chicks, all fluffy and fat like the ones Peter had once seen wandering in Farmer Brown's orchard. But every little chick wore a straw bonnet trimmed with pink bows, just like her mother's.

"But—but," stammered Mrs. Peter, "how can there be a chocolate rabbit in the same family with chickens? All my children are just alike, and Old Mother Nature told me—"

"Never mind Old Mother Nature," laughed the Easter Rabbit. "She has no control over me. I really belong to Mistress Spring. Did you never hear the story of the Easter rabbit?"

"Well, once upon a time, long, long ago, when Mistress Spring was a very young girl—and quite silly and sentimental—she wrote a spring poem, all about dear little white lambs and fluffy chicks and downy rabbits in the woods. It was a very silly poem, as you can imagine. Well, Old Mother

Nature found this poem hidden in a violet bud. At first she didn't know what to do. Mistress Spring was too big to spank, but she wanted to teach her a lesson. So she made all the animals come to life—just as Mistress Spring had described them in her poem—and she created me to be the mother of them all. I live forever, but I get me a new bonnet every year. Mistress Spring doesn't really love us. She never comes around until after we have disappeared."

Just then Peter heard Mrs. Peter saying:
"It must have been a funny dream, Peter. You giggled twice in your sleep."

Romance of an Easter Bonnet.

"I want a bonnet," said Linda Gray. "An Easter bonnet with ribbons gray. But how can I buy an Easter hat. When this poor little purse of mine is flat? I'll rummage around in the garret though."

So she climbed the stair to the attic where The beams were low and the floor was bare. And mice and spiders played blind man's buff, And the cobwebs hung like curtain stuff. And the odds and ends of sixty years Were stored in a jumble—chandeliers With dangling prisms, and candle-sticks, And tall glass lamps without any wicks, And rusty andirons and crippled chairs,

And china vases—a dozen pairs— And broken plates, and a long quill pen, And clocks that never would go again, And ancient bureaus and pictures quaint

Of simpering beauty and solemn saint, And the trunk that Grandmother Gray with pride Brought to the house as a fair young bride,

And right on the dusty lid, behold! A cardboard covered with red and gold Chintz all ribbioned and frilled and shirred

In the old-time fashion so absurd, And tucked away in it lo! a dream Of an Easter hat, all pink and cream, A wonderful yellow Tuscan straw With the widest strings that you ever saw,

And a beautiful fluffy drooping plume The very tint of a rose in bloom. "Here's my bonnet," she cried in glee, "Just the style of a hat for me." So she wore her grandmother's Tuscan poke

Half in earnest and half in joke, And dark eyed youth who never knew Till Easter morning her eyes were

Over his hymn book looked at her And thought of laces and lavender, And love and music and all things sweet, And laid his heart at her dainty feet. —Minna Irving.

Motion Pictures in Saskatchewan.

Agriculture being the basic industry of the province of Saskatchewan, it is only natural that the Department of Agriculture should make wide use of moving pictures in instruction work. They are used in all short course work carried on by agricultural representatives in the province and also by the Extension Department of the University of Saskatchewan in connection with the agricultural courses conducted during the winter at various points in the province. The films exhibited deal with practically all phases of agriculture. Among them are pictures illustrating the co-operative marketing of live stock, showing the progress of the good points of the horse, bulls, milch cows, give the observer an education in what to look for when selecting these animals. Farm boys get a lot of useful information from films of this character, and put it to good use at the farm boys' camps when the live the animals from the farm, to the stockyards, the care of poultry and the candling of eggs, the construction of trench silos, cream grading, the embryology of an egg. Films showing stock judging competitions are in progress. A combination of the practical and aesthetic is found in the film showing the proper method of tree planting, with the object of demonstrating how farm surroundings can be made more attractive.

Live Stock Movements in Canada. The movements of live stock in Canada during January and February compared with the corresponding months of last year at the five principal centres were: cattle 123,644 against 118,425; calves 21,058 against 17,440; hogs 236,788 against 228,804, and sheep 35,964 against 51,160.

The supply of select bacon hogs in Ontario and Alberta showed an upward trend in January and February this year compared with the first two months of last year, but Manitoba and Quebec did not do as well. The figures for selects only are: Alberta, this year 3,117, compared with last year 2,143; Ontario 58,545, compared with 27,101; Manitoba 4,625, compared with 5,836, and Quebec 7,708, compared with 11,859. In other classes of hogs, especially in thick smooth, all the provinces showed an increase.

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?

RECIPES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A well-cooked egg dish should be served at Easter time and is always a welcome substitute for meat for the light meal of the day. Escalloped eggs, curried, scrambled, shirred and stuffed eggs, egg salad, omelet—these are some of the ways of serving them. Eggs have a food value comparing favorably with meat, milk, cheese and other animal foods.

For fruit egg-nogg (individual serving), separate white and yolk of one chilled egg. Beat yolk, add a teaspoonful of sugar (powdered sugar preferred) and a few drops of lemon extract. Mix, turn into a glass and add cold milk, plain or evaporated, until the glass is three-quarters full. Beat egg white and add to this a teaspoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of grape juice. Pyramid this on top of the glass, and serve ice cold.

Eggs in a nest might be served for an Easter breakfast. Toast slices of bread to a very light brown. Beat the whites of eggs until stiff and pile on the toast, making a depression in the centre to form a nest. Into each nest drop one egg yolk, being very careful not to break the yolks. Sprinkle with a little salt. Place in a flat pan and put into a hot oven and bake until the white of egg is a delicate brown. Drop a small piece of butter on each. Serve very hot.

Chocolate sauce is served hot with cottage or bread puddings or may be served cold with puddings made of corn-starch or gelatine. The sauce requires one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, two ounces of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and one-half cupful of sugar. Put the milk in a double boiler, add the chocolate and stir until the chocolate is melted and smooth. Moisten the corn-starch with a little cold milk, add it to the hot milk and stir until it becomes smooth and thick. Add the sugar, take from the fire, add the vanilla and stir until well blended.

An Easter pudding which will delight the children requires four cupfuls of scalded milk, one-half cupful of corn-starch, one-quarter cupful of sugar, whites of three eggs, one-half cupful of cold milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a pinch of salt.

Mix the corn-starch, sugar and salt, moisten with the cold milk, add the scalded milk and cook in a double boiler for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens, then stirring occasionally. Remove from the fire, add the egg whites, stiffly beaten, and the vanilla. Mix thoroughly, pour into a rabbit-shaped mold and chill. Serve with chocolate sauce.



Making wash day pleasant—

Just use Rinso where you used to use bar soap—for soaking, boiling, or in your washing machine.



THE hardest part of wash-day, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, has given way to the new method of soaking the clothes clean with Rinso. This wonderful new soap gently loosens the dirt and a thorough rinsing leaves things white and glistening as you never could get them before.

Only spots where the dirt is ground-in, such as neck bands, cuff edges, and the like need a light rubbing, and a little dry Rinso rubbed on these spots quickly makes the dirt disappear.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

Rinso

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

Foamy omelet requires four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of milk or water, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and two teaspoonfuls of butter. Separate the yolks and beat until creamy; add seasonings and milk or water. Then beat the whites until stiff and cut and fold them into the yolk mixture. Place the butter in a pan, heat, and pour the omelet into it. Cook slowly (this is an important rule in good omelet making), occasionally turning the pan so that the omelet is set and delicately browned underneath, place it in a hot oven for a few minutes to dry the top. Fold, turn out on a hot platter and serve immediately. French cooks fold an omelet as soon as the eggs set and the bottom is browned. The partially cooked portion on top is left soft and is called the "sauce."

Overland

CHAMPION

Canada's lowest priced quality closed car. On the farm, in town, everywhere the most useful motor car on wheels. A general all-around utility and family car in one.

Both seats remove. Taking out the back seat the whole rear compartment provides ample space for groceries, milk cans, produce, grain—anything. Seats adjustable for tall and short people. Commodious trunk at rear.

Doors front and rear—eliminate seat climbing. Upholstery washable—long wearing. The usual Overland economy and dependability is built into the new high powered Overland motor. See the Champion!

\$945

f.o.b. factory Toronto. Taxes extra

Plenty of room for everybody—the ideal family car.

Farm-truck supplies, etc., loaded easily through rear door.

Rear seats front and rear eliminate seat climbing.

Willis-Overland Sales Co., Limited
HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO, CANADA
Branches: Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Regina

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Next time try the finest grade—
RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE

Surnames and Their Origin

ACKERMAN
Variations—Acherman, Akerman, Aikman.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Saxon.
Source—An occupation.

The name of Ackerman is quite popular, and quite erroneously, supposed to be of German origin. It is, however, one of the most Anglo-Saxon of Anglo-Saxon names, and if the spelling or sound of Ackerman seems to have more of a German flavor than the variation Aikman, it should be remembered that the English, Scandinavian and modern German tongues are all Teutonic, and that at some period in the misty, prehistoric past, there was a left no written records, has had probably more to do with forming the languages of the modern world than the comparatively recent Latin and Greek. The various forms of this family name would be translated literally into modern English by "acre-man." But the literal translation would not be the true one because the word "acre" has changed its meaning since the old Anglo-Saxons spoke of "aser men" or "aker men." Today it means a definite measure or amount of land. Then it simply meant tillable land generally. The Ackermans, Akermans, Achermans and Aikmans originally were folk who owned or tilled such land. At the period when family names were in formation we find them recorded in such forms as "Harmer le Akerman" and "Roger le Akerman" or, as we would put it today, "the Farmer." After such names had been applied to the members of a family so long that their neighbors came to regard the sobriquets as distinguishing the family rather than explaining their occupations, they naturally began to drop the prefixed "the" as unnecessary, so that succeeding generations completely forgot the explanatory meaning of "acre-man," particularly as the word "acre"

began to take on a new meaning in the popular speech.

McDOUGALL
Variations—M(a)cDougal, M(a)cDougal.
Racial Origin—Scottish and Irish.
Source—A given name.

There are many who hold there is a difference between names which begin with "Mac," and that the proper pronunciation of them are "mle" and "mac," respectively. Such is not the case. "Mc" and "Mac" are the same, and the proper pronunciation of both is "mle." The prefixes both mean the same thing—"descendant of."

The only difference that does exist is due to the rather general modern custom among the Irish of abbreviating "Mac" to "Mc" in the spelling. So there is an inference, though not an infallible one, that the family which spells its name with an "Mc" is Irish, and the one that uses "Mac" is Scottish.

The family name of McDougall, in its various forms, probably is more common in Scotland than in Ireland, but it is far from being a rarity in the latter country. It is, of course, a Celtic name, and like virtually all the family names which have developed under purely Gaelic influences, without interference of Anglo-Saxon or Norman influences, is derived from a given name. Unlike other races, the Gaelic never took their family names from words denoting geographical location or personal characteristics. It is true, however, that the bulk of their given names, from which the family names were developed, were so founded on words denoting some personal peculiarity or attribute. The given name Dugald, from which the various forms of McDougall originated, falls within this classification. It means "dark stranger."

BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SPRING

The Spring is a time of anxiety to mothers who have little ones in the home. Conditions make it necessary to keep the baby indoors. He is often confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms and catches colds which rack his whole system. To guard against this a box of Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in the house and an occasional dose given to the baby to keep his stomach and bowels working regularly. This will prevent colds, constipation or colic and keep baby well. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Motion Pictures in Saskatchewan.

Agriculture being the basic industry of the province of Saskatchewan, it is only natural that the Department of Agriculture should make wide use of moving pictures in instruction work. They are used in all short course work carried on by agricultural representatives in the province and also by the Extension Department of the University of Saskatchewan. In connection with the agricultural courses conducted during the winter at various points in the province, the films exhibited deal with practically all phases of agriculture. Among them are pictures illustrating the co-operative marketing of live stock, showing the progress of the good points of horses, bulls, milch cows, give the observant an education in what to look for when selecting these animals. Farm boys get a lot of useful information from films of this character, and put it to good use at the farm boys' camps when the live the animals from the farm to the stockyards, the care of poultry and the candling of eggs, the construction of trench silos, cream grading, the embryology of an egg. Films showing stock judging competitions are in progress. A combination of the practical and aesthetic is found in the film showing the proper method of tree planting, with the object of demonstrating how farm surroundings can be made more attractive.

A New Boiler.

A revolution in the construction of power plants has taken place within the past few years. The re-impowering engine of 10,000 horsepower has given way to the steam turbine of 87,000 horsepower. The public service steam boiler of 350 pounds pressure, of which a few were built in 1922, is succeeded in 1923 by the boiler of 1,200 pounds pressure. The 1,500 pound boiler is under consideration here, and an experimental boiler for 3,200 pounds pressure is building in England. Iron Age.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Who Invented the Motor-Car?

The history of the motor-car begins exactly 230 years ago, when Street, an English inventor, made the first use of oil as a motive power. But it was not until 1870 that a really practical petrol engine appeared. This was the work of Julius Hark, of Vienna.

The next name connected with the progress of the motor-car is the most important of all—that of Gottlieb Daimler. In 1883 Daimler made the first small, high-speed petrol engine, for all these which had gone before had been huge, clumsy, and slow-moving machines. Two years later he installed his engine in a motor-bicycle and at the same time fitted boats with motors and ran them at Paris during an exhibition there.

The boats attracted the attention of Lenoaxer, another famous pioneer, who at once saw the immense possibilities in Daimler's invention. He bought the French patents from the inventor. Lenoaxer invented a system of transmission—that is, a method of bringing the power from the engine to the wheels—and with a few small improvements this system is in use to-day.

An Easement.

I am rich, for I own a river,
A beautiful, shimmering thing—
Brown waters, agleam in the sunlight,
Released from a deep hidden spring!

The mine, though my claim's but an easement,
The right of the eye and the heart,
For in lands that the proud river borders
I have neither portion nor part.

I care not a whit that another
Holds deeds and the title in fee—
The beauty and joy of the river
Are vested forever in me!

—Blanche A. Sawyer.

SCIENCE DEMANDS UNIFORMITY.

Careful research made in recent years in the study of dietetics has shown the great importance in the human system of purity and uniform quality in foods. It is a great blessing that today so many delicious foods as well as tea and coffee can be procured in this sealed metal packages. "SALADA" Tea was one of the first pure food products to become widely popular in Canada. The flavour-preserving aluminum package keeps the tea fresh and delicious. Skillful blending maintains the quality absolutely uniform.

"We all tumble over opportunities for being brave and doing good at every step we take. Life is just made of such opportunities. Not nearly all the sick and crippled are on the battlefield, nor is all the danger there either. For the brave spirit, work, and interesting work, is never absent." P. H. Epler.

VISITING FOSTER HOMES

The System Followed by the Children's Aid Societies of Ontario.

In Ontario there is a model system provided for the supervision of children in foster homes. It is a plan of co-operation between philanthropic organizations and the Government that has stood the test of twenty-five years' experience.

Each city and county of the province has a Children's Aid Society affiliated with and reporting to a central government office charged with the responsibility of supervising children placed in foster homes. Experienced officers acting under the direction of the central office are employed to visit the children—all expenses in doing so being defrayed from a government appropriation. Typewritten reports concerning the welfare of the children are made to this central office and are in turn transmitted to the Society holding guardianship, with suggestions or instructions that may seem called for, any abuses in this way checked up—some children found to be exceptionally well placed are interfered with as little as possible, and the foster parent is advised to apply for full legal adoption, after which all supervisory ceases, and the child becomes, in the fullest possible sense, a member of the family.

Over twelve thousand children have, by reaching years of maturity, passed out of the care of the Children's Aid Society, while at the present time, about eight thousand children remain under active supervision. For these children, wages and savings amounting to the large sum of \$82,525 are held in trust, payable to the children when conditions warrant—with interest—ranging up to five and a half per cent. Each year about three to five hundred children will be legally adopted under a recent adoption law and in this way released from supervision.

As a result of well recognized system and vigilance extremely few children are being cruelly treated or exploited by heartless people. This will usually be found true where there is efficient organization.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR SPRINGTIME

Do Not Use Harsh Purgatives—
A Tonic is All You Need.

Not sick—but not feeling quite well. That is the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite flake, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Do not dose yourself with purgatives, as many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you that this is true. What you need in the spring is a tonic that will enrich the blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do this speedily, safely and surely. Every drop of this medicine helps to enrich the blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite and makes tired, depressed men, women and children bright, active and strong. Mr. Henry R. Robinson, Cruickshank, Sask., says:—"My blood was out of order and I was nervous and run down. I got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking them for a while they fully restored my health. I am now feeling fine and have no hesitation in recommending these pills to all who are feeling unwell."

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Home of History.

No. 10 Downing Street has been the official residence of British Prime Ministers for nearly two hundred years. It is well called "the centre of the British Empire," for many fateful decisions have been made within its walls.

Few people are aware that Downing Street is called after a man named George Downing, who went to America at the age of fifteen, afterwards returning and entering Parliament. He became a baronet, and was a great favorite of Charles II., who gave him the land in Whitehall upon which he built the famous street.

Sir Robert Walpole was the first Prime Minister to occupy No. 10. This was in 1731, and since that time most of his successors have lived there.

Remit by Dominion Express Money Order. If lost or stolen you get your money back.

A Garden.

"A garden is earth's hymn of praise to heaven
Sung every season in some changing tune
Where chords are colors and where odors sweet
Are tender symphonies."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Character Building in Japan.

We have often heard of the rigid discipline to which in the years before the "awakening" of Japan the young people of that country were subjected in order that they might acquire that firmness of character which was the feudal ideal. A Japanese woman who contributes some of her reminiscences to Asia tells some stories that illustrate pretty well the way in which the children were trained in character as well as in mere learning.

The thirty days of midwinter, she writes, were called Kan. The ninth day was supposed to be the severest of all, and, since Japanese children are taught that endurance is the foundation of learning, we had to be especially earnest in our study on that day. My sister was a young lady of fourteen then and was to be married in the spring. Her chief task was sewing. Mine was penmanship. In those days penmanship was considered to be one of the most important cultural studies, not on account of its art, although it is true that there is a fascination in making Japanese ideographs, but because Japanese handwriting plainly betrays the writer's state of mind, especially if it be erratic, careless or perturbed; the highest training in mental control was thought to come from patient practice in the graceful, painstaking brush strokes, which require absolute steadiness and accuracy.

At the first gleam of sunrise on the ninth day of Kan, Ishi came to wake me and tell me to prepare for my penmanship practice. The air was icy. She helped me dress. Then I gathered together the materials for my work, arranging the big sheets of paper in a pile on my desk and carefully wiping every article in my ink box with a square of silk. Reverence for learning was so strong in Japan in those times that even the tools we used were considered as almost sacred. I was supposed to do everything for myself on that day, but my kind Ishi hovered round me, helping in every way she could without actually doing the work herself. Finally we went to the porch overlooking the garden. The snow was deep everywhere. I remember how the bamboo grove looked with its feathery tops so laden with snow that they were like wide-spread umbrellas. Ishi took me on her back, and, pushing her feet into her boots, slowly waded to where I could reach the low branch of a tree, from which I lifted a handful of pure, untouched snow just from the sky. This I melted to mix ink for my penmanship study. I myself ought to have waded to get the snow, but Ishi was always humoring me.

Since absence of bodily comfort was thought to mean inspiration of mind, of course I wrote in a room without a fire. Japanese architecture is of tropical origin; so the lack of a little brazier of glowing charcoal meant a temperature as low as that outside. Japanese picture writing is slow and careful work. I froze my fingers that morning without knowing it until I looked back and saw my good nurse softly crying as she watched my purple hand.

Neither Ishi nor I moved until I had finished my task. Then she wrapped me in a big padded kimono that had been warmed and hurried me into my grandmother's room. There I found a bowl of sweet rice gruel prepared by my grandmother's own hands. I snuggled down beside her sunken fire box and drank the gruel while Ishi rubbed my stiff hand with snow. Of course no one ever questioned the necessity of such rigid discipline, but I think that, because I was rather fragile, it sometimes caused my mother uneasiness. I remember once hearing her say, "Honorable husband, I am sometimes so bold as to wonder if Etsu-bo's studies are not a little severe for a too-delicate child." Gently stroking my hair, wife, he replied, "We must not forget, wife, the teaching of a samurai home. The honours push her young over the cliff, and though her heart aches for it, watches it climb slowly back from the valley without one sign of pity. Only thus can it gain strength. So do our children learn to fight life's battles."

Service.

All the wealth of the world cannot be told
In land or houses one may hold,
Nor in the money the nations print;
Within the heart there is a mint
Coins into happiness for you
The acts of service that you do.

Even the smallest spark shines brightly in darkness.

Some times remedies exceed the disease.

Easy Now to Lose a Pound a Day

In this delightful, simple way. No drugs, no dangerous therapy, no back-breaking exercises, no massaging. Write for free sample of Alexander's Fat-Reducing Vitamins. ALEXANDER LABORATORIES, 434 Bohan Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Bad Breath Overcome

"Bad breath is a sign of decayed teeth, foul stomach or unclean bowels." If your teeth are good, look to your digestive organs at once. Get Seigel's Curative Syrup at druggists. 15 to 30 drops after meals, clean up your food passage and stop the bad breath odor. Do not buy substitutes. Get the genuine.

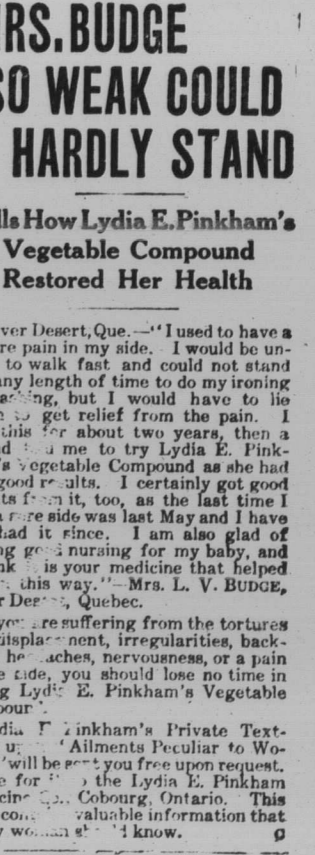


Wisdom.
Say to your girl the sands are running,
Tell her this of old wisdom and cunning
(I am remembering my own days),
That not one hour of her bliss be wasted,
No kiss ungiven, no joy untasted
(I am remembering my own days).
Tell your boy 'tis his hour of plenty,
Only once is he golden and twenty
(I am remembering my own days),
Bid him build, since beyond recover
Fleet the days of the loved and lover
(I am remembering my own days).
—Katharine Tynan.

A Great Canadian.
The late Bonar Law, Prime Minister of Great Britain, was the son of a frontier Presbyterian clergyman who came from County Antrim, Ireland, and settled in the Richibucto district in New Brunswick. In those pioneer days the father farmed as well as preached. The house which the family occupied, a little wooden story-and-a-half dwelling, still stands.
Adversity is the only scale that gives the correct weight of our friends.










Only For Those Who Know

It is folly to give Chocolats des Aristocrates to one who cannot discriminate between "just chocolates" and these most exquisite of all confections.

On the other hand, one cannot pay a finer compliment to a lady who is a connoisseur than to make her a gift of Chocolats des Aristocrates.

The smooth, rich coatings, the delicate flavorings and the luscious variety of fillings, are unexcelled.

J. N. SCHEFTER



Frost Fences and Gates

WE HAVE JUST UNLOADED OUR FIRST CAR OF FENCING FOR THE SEASON. WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH ALL STYLES OF WOVEN FENCING, GATES, STEEL POSTS, COIL WIRE, BARB WIRE, ETC., AT LOWEST PRICES.

FROST RINGLOCK NO. 847-9 @ per rod **47c**

WE STOCK POULTRY NETTING IN 12, 18, 24, 36, 48 and 60 inch sizes.

FLOWER GUARD FENCE 18" WIDE.

Fanning Mill Screens

WE AIM TO KEEP IN STOCK SCREEN WIRE FOR ALL REQUIREMENTS. BRING IN YOUR FRAMES. WE WILL RESCREEN IT FOR YOU.

Our Stock of Seeds is at its best. Call in and get your supply.

Liesemer & Kalbfleisch

HARDWARE

UNION STOCK MARKETS TORONTO.

Improved quality was outstanding in the cattle receipts at the Union Stock Yards yesterday, and this resulted in enhanced prices for the shippers. Receipts were nearly as heavy as on the previous Monday, but the fact that the bulk of the offering was made up of well finished stable cattle caused an active trade with practically everything cleaned up at the close. Prices generally showed an advance of 25c a hundred over last week's finish. There was an active store cattle trade, and exporters were also heavy purchasers. At 2 o'clock 2700 cattle had passed over the scales.

The top price for the year for heavy steers was paid yesterday when a load of 23 averaging 1480 lbs. brought \$9 a hundred. These Hereford steers were purchased at

Winnipeg last year and were fed at Princeton, Ont. The shipment took first prize at the Winnipeg Stocker Show last year, and were sold to Swift Canadian Company yesterday. Several hundred head of cattle were taken by the exporters from \$7.50 to \$8.50 a hundred. They also took some good heifers from \$7 to \$7.50. Handyweight butchers sold up to \$8.25 for one bunch weighing just under 1200 pounds. Two lots made \$8 a hundred, and one straight load sold at \$7.90. Other choice shipments brought from \$7 to \$7.75 with medium to good stuff from \$6.50 to \$6.90. Some common shipments sold as low as \$6. About 60 baby heaves were purchased, one bringing \$10 a hundred with the rest from \$7.75 to \$9.

One big kosher cow brought \$7 a hundred, with others going to exporters and Jewish buyers from \$5.35 to \$6.50. The bulk of the good butcher cows sold from \$4.50 to \$4.25.

FOR SALE

18 young pigs 8 weeks old. Also 6 pigs about 75 lbs., 2 young sows carrying 2nd litter, and 1 sow with litter of 11 two weeks old. Can be bought right for quick sale. Phone 57. JOS. A. HESCH

BOAR FOR SERVICE

Tanworth boar for service at lot 1, Con. 10, Culross. Anthony Weber

HOG FOR SERVICE

Young Yorkshire Hog, bred from J. Lerch & Sons first prize sow. SIMON HUBER

REPORT OF S. S. No. 1, CARRICK

Winter Term

Sen. IV—Carrie Schnurr 72%, Evelyn Kuntz 66, Agnes Schnurr, Georgina Schmidt 55.

Jr. IV—Gertrude Schnurr 44%, (4 subjects), Edna Kuntz 68 (1 subject).

Jr. III—Clayton Schnurr 62%, Linus Schaefer 59, Leo Kunkel 47 (4 subjects).

Sen. II—Leonard Schmidt 71%, Marie Bruder 65, Marcella Berberich 62, Urban Kuntz 62, Leonard Berberich 56.

Jr. II—Kathleen Fischer 80%, Alfred Bruder 76, Leola Fischer 72, Georgina Fischer 63, George Schaefer 61, Willie Schnurr 58.

Sr. I—Rita Fischer 78%, John Fischer 75, Oscar Schnurr 72, Netta Fischer 70, Marie Fischer 67, Marie Berberich 43, Helen Kuntz 41.

Primer—Melinda Fischer, Irene Fischer, Herbert Weber, Gertrude Schaefer, Leo Schnurr, Clayton Meyer, Edward Berberich, Walter Schnurr, Leonard Meyer. M. A. Uhrich, Teacher

REDUCING PRODUCTION COSTS

Every manufacturer in the country is face constantly by the problem of reducing his production costs. If he can save a dollar it is just as good as the dollar he may earn. Accidents have laid a heavy hand in Ontario when we realize that compensation for accidents in industry in this Province is costing six million dollars each year. The manufacturer must calculate on this cost with his other problems of manufacture and a reduction in these losses means just that much saved to the country.

Accidents reported to the Workmen's Compensation Board have averaged over five thousand each month for the last several months. This means roughly two hundred accidents every working day and does not benefit either the industry or the workers, but is, rather, a heavy loss to both employer and employee.

An extension of the safety idea seems a logical and legitimate means of cutting production cost in this country.

Renew for the Gazette.

We notice the following advertisement in a Stratford newspaper: "For Sale—Bakery business, including large oven. Present owner has been in it for years. Has good reason for leaving." Yes, we fancy things were getting too hot for him.—Fergus News-Record.

Commander: "What's his character apart from leave reaking?" Petty Officer: "Well, sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes, 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e's spoken to; in fact, from his general behaviour, sir, 'e might be a officer."

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant went to her mistress and handed her a life insurance policy. "Why do you want me to keep it? I thought you were going to get married," said the mistress. "So I is, mistress, but do you suppose I want that strange nigger to know Ah got my life insured?"

"Those pig's feet I bought of you didn't taste right," said the fat customer.

"What was wrong with them?" asked the delicatessen man.

"Don't know exactly, but they had a flat taste."

"Well, you see, sir, there's been quite an epidemic of flat feet in town lately."

Common cows were down to \$3. Bulls sold higher, an odd one bringing \$5.50 and \$5.75 a hundred. Good export quality bulls brought from \$4.50 to \$5.25, with medium to good ones from \$3.50 to \$4.25. An odd bologna sold at \$2.50. Stockers sold from \$5 to \$5.65, and feeders from \$5.75 to \$6.65.

Strong prices were paid for choice quality calves, while others just remained steady. The top price was \$13.50 for two, and \$12.50 was paid for two more. The bulk of the good to choice sold from \$10 to \$11.50 and medium to good from \$8 to \$10. Common light calves sold from \$7 to \$7.50. The lamb market was strong with one bunch of yearlings bringing \$16 a hundred. The balance of the yearlings sold anywhere from \$14.50 to \$15.50. Spring lambs brought from \$8 to \$16 each. The few sheep that were offered sold from \$7 to \$9.50.

Packers were bidding \$7.75 on the fed and watered basis for hogs, and the bulk of the sales were made at this price.

Helwig's Weekly Store News...

Just a few days to Easter

With Easter but a few days off its high time you were considering your Easter apparel, if you have not already done so. Then again, there are those little accessories to be bought that add the finishing touches to your Easter wardrobe.

LADIES SILK GLOVES FOR EASTER

IN ORDER TO APPEAR WELL DRESSED IT IS NECESSARY TO BE WELL GLOVED. WE ARE WELL PREPARED TO MEET THE USUAL EASTER DEMANDS FOR OUR GLOVE SECTION IS WELL STOCKED WITH SILK GLOVES, BEST MAKES. COLORS, BLACK, WHITE, GREYS, AND BEAVERS.

Prices \$1.50 \$2.00 and \$2.50

LADIES SILK HOSE FOR EASTER

RIBBED TOP SILK HOSE, LATEST SHADES, ROSE, BIEGE AND PEACH, ALSO BLACK, GREY, WHITE, BROWN, AND NAVY @ **\$2.00**

RIBBED TOP SILK HOSE, COLORS, BLACK, COFFEE, GREY, PONGEE, WHITE **\$1.50**

PLAIN TOP SILK HOSE WITH FANCY WEAVE UP THE BACK. COLORS, BLACK, BIEGE WHITE AND GREY. SPECIAL @ **98c**

MENS EASTER HATS



Borsalina and King Makes

Newest Styles, Shapes and Colors



Borsalino 7.50 King 5.00 Others at 3.00 & 3.50

HELWIG BROS.

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

We Are Prepared to Supply Your Apparel Needs

You will find all our departments stocked with the season's latest styles and materials.

Our new stock of Mens Suits is perfect in every detail. They are in the popular styles of the season. Our exceptional values must be examined to be fully appreciated.

April 12 to 19 is Neckwear Week. We are prepared to meet your demand in this line.

Our Shirt Dept. is complete with a new and up-to-date stock.

WEILER BROS.