

Mildmay Gazette

SECTION: \$2.00 In Advance.

In U.S. \$2.50

MILD MAY, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1925

J. A. JOHNSTON



BE WISE!
Select your Christmas
Gifts
NOW!

A small deposit reserves any
selection

GIFT SUPREME—DIAMONDS
MORE SPLENDID VALUES IN DIAMOND RINGS. A GOOD
SELECTION OF THE DIFFERENT STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM

A GIFT FOR HIM

A WATCH IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE FINEST GIFT YOU CAN GIVE A MAN AT XMAS.
SEE OUR COMPLETE LINE. SPECIAL PRICES



DAINTY NEW WRIST WATCHES

Special Display of Wrist Watches in all the new styles. Gold filled 14k cases from \$10.00 to \$25.00.



A GIFT FOR HER
BEAUTIFUL INDESTRUCTABLE
PEARLS IN GIFT BOXES FROM \$1.50
to \$20.00.

Select
Now



Our Holiday Stock of Ivory must
be seen to be appreciated. We are
showing a very large and handsome
line in these goods. The quality and
prices are right.

C. E. WENDT, Jeweller, Mildmay

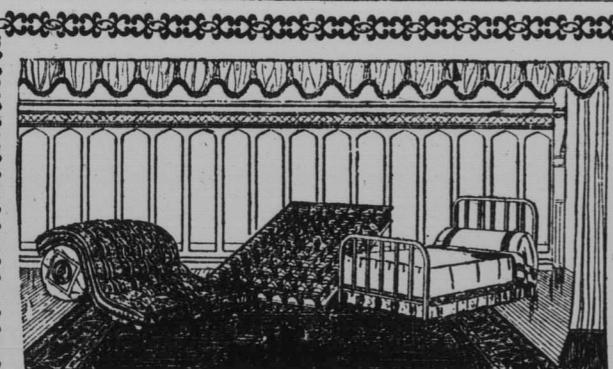
ONLY
Three WEEKS
UNTIL
CHRISTMAS

New Goods arriving every
day. Come and see our assort-
ment. Come early and choose
your gift while the assortment
is complete. We will hold any
gift for you until Christmas.

FRENCH IVORY
BOXED STATIONERY
BOXED PERFUMES
BOXED CIGARS
BOXED BON BONS
TOILET SETS
CARDS, SEALS, TAGS
TINSEL (Cord & Ribbon)

J.P. PHELAN PhmB

Phone 28 Mildmay



COMFORT and HEALTH

ONE THIRD OF YOUR LIFE IS SPEND IN BED. WHY
NOT PURCHASE A COMFORTABLE BED, SPRING AND
SANITARY MATTRESS BEFORE CHRISTMAS—WHILE
THE PRICES ARE DOWN—AND SLEEP WITH COMFORT.

A LARGE VARIETY TO SELECT FROM AT VERY
REASONABLE PRICES.

J. F. SCHUETT

FURNITURE DEALER — FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Sovereign's loaded 3 more cars of
turnips the past week.

Found—in Mildmay, a short log-
ging chain. Enquire here.

Wilbur Kalofeisch is now making
very satisfactory progress toward re-
covery.

There are many indications of a
general election in Ontario next
summer.

Herbert Sovereign is suffering
with an attack of blood poisoning in
his right hand.

The sleighing is good this week,
and there is also good wheeling on
the provincial and county roads.

Mr. and Mrs. John Palm and little
daughter of Palmerston spent a few
days this week with relatives here.

For Sale—Jersey bull, 2 years old,
extra choice quality; also two grade
calves, 2 weeks old. Sigmund Emel.

Box Social and Entertainment at
Union P. S. S. 3, Carrick and 15,
Howick, on Monday evening, Dec. 21.

Miss Agnes Lorentz is home from
the Bruce County Hospital, where she
had a bone removed from her nose
last week.

Jas. J. Darling's auction sale was
held on Wednesday afternoon. He
purposes moving to Clifford in the
near future.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Clarke returned
this week from their wedding trip,
and purpose taking up residence here in
the near future.

Mrs. John Kupferschmidt, who has
been in somewhat failing health for
some time, was taken to Preston last
Friday to see a specialist.

A continuing Presbyterian congrega-
tion has been formed at Clifford,
Sunday afternoon services are being
conducted by Rev. Mr. Ledingham of
Harrison.

Ira E. McIntosh of Carrick has
been suffering for the past month
with a serious attack of blood poiso-
ning of the hand, but is now re-
covering nicely.

Margaret Haelzel, daughter of Mr
Joseph Haelzel, won a certificate of
Honor for winning the greatest
number of points in S. S. No. 10, for
the Rural School Fair held at Mild-
may.

James Quinn, of Culross, passed
away on Sunday morning, after a long
illness with kidney trouble. De-
ceased was unmarried, and was about
63 years of age. The funeral took place at Formosa on Tuesday
morning. He is survived by two sis-
ters and one brother.

For Sale.
Good one hundred acre farm for
sale in Carrick. In good shape.
For particulars apply at this office.

Mill Road Re-opened.

The mill road to E. Witter's mill
has been re-opened for traffic, the re-
pairs having been sufficiently made
to make traffic over this road safe

again.

Cheap Fuel.

\$2.50 per cord, delivered, is the
price we are asking for wood, which
will be moved in order to make
room for logs in our yard. Geo.

Schwalm & Son.

Box Social.

A Christmas Entertainment and
Box Social will be held at Union P.

S. S. 3 and 15, Carrick and Howick,
on Monday, Dec. 21st. Admission 25c.
Ladies bringing boxes free.

Death of George Horton.

After an illness of several months
with malignant stomach trouble, Mr.

George Horton of Lakelet passed away
on Friday afternoon. Deceased was
about 67 years of age, and had lived in
Lakelet the greater part of his life.

He was well known here, having
retailed fish here for many years.
He was honorable in his deal-
ings, and made friends wherever he went.

He possessed an inexhaustable fund of humor, and was
never stuck for a witty repartee.

He is survived by his widow, four
daughters and three sons, also by
two brothers. The funeral took place on
Monday afternoon to the Lakelet

cemetery, Rev. Mr. Weber, pastor of the
Harrison Anglican church, con-
ducting the funeral service.

Safe Blowers at Hanover.

Professional safe crackers are
believed responsible for the blowing
open of the safe in the main store of
H. H. Engel and Company at Hanover
during the early hours of last
Friday morning. When Duncan
Engel, one of the partners of the
firm, entered the store Friday morn-
ing the office was in a state of dis-
order and the safe blown open. A sum
of between \$800 and \$1,000 in
cash was gone, though the checks
that had been with the bills had
been sorted out and left behind by
the safe blowers. The Engel Com-
pany operates three stores and has
been having a big clearing out sale
at one of them. The cash was tak-
en at the end of the day to the main
store to be locked up in the safe.

It is believed that the yeggs had
watched until a particularly good
day at the sale offered the chance of
a large haul. The work of blowing
the safe was evidently done by ex-
pert hands. No sound was heard in
the neighborhood as clothing had
been taken from the stock of the
store and piled around the safe to
deaden all sound. The robbers evi-
dently entered the place through a
window on the second floor, as there
was a trail of wet leading from that
spot and no window had been left
open there. The local and provincial
police are investigating.

Have you paid your taxes yet?

Don't forget the Hockey Meeting
on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Dix left on Wednesday on an
extended visit to relatives at Strat-
ford.

Geo. Schwalm & Son have erected
a small addition on the west-end of
their sawmill.

Edward Schneider is busy getting
the rink in shape preparatory for the
skating season.

All municipal councils will meet on
Tuesday, Dec. 15th, to complete the
year's business.

Mrs. A. Everett and daughter, Mrs.
W. Reynolds, of Stratford, were the
guests at C. E. Wendt's over the
week-end.

The work on the new R. C. church
shed is progressing rapidly, and it is
expected to be ready for use in a
week or so.

Mrs. Jos. Reinhardt returned this
week from the Guelph hospital, where she
underwent an operation on her foot some time ago. She is re-
covering rapidly.

We have a large quantity of Cedar
Shiplap, Siding, Boards and Planks,
also all kinds of other building ma-
terial on hand and our prices are
right. G. Schwalm & Son.

On account of the death of his sis-
ter-in-law, J. P. Phelan's drug store
will be closed until Saturday morn-
ing. If anything is urgently required,
call at G. H. Eickmeier's.

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dently entered the place through a
window on the second floor, as there
was a trail of wet leading from that
spot and no window had been left
open there. The local and provincial
police are investigating.

Wheat prices are soaring up. Also
Flour. Now is the time to buy your
flour. Weiler Bros.

Mr. Frank Siderson will hold a
loading match in the park on Sat-
urday, Dec. 5th. Geese, ducks and
Chickens. Everybody come.

Breeding Ewes.
120 good breeding ewes, all bred
to good Oxford Down sires. 50 pure
bred Oxfords, 5 pure bred Leicesters
and the balance good grades. Adam
Darling & Son, phone 14 on 31.

Lumber at Wholesale Prices.

Buy directly from Northern mills
and save money. Hemlock and Pine
for all kinds of building purposes to
be shipped after Jan. 1st, 1926. For
prices apply to Dahms Bros., Rye,

Ontario.

Hockey Meeting.

All those interested in hockey are
asked to attend a meeting to be held
at the Commercial Hotel on Thurs-
day evening of this week.

8 o'clock sharp, to organize and to
make arrangements for entering a
team in the Northern League. A
town league will also be formed. A
good attendance is requested.

Taxes Coming Slowly.

Although the ratepayers have only
twelve more days in which to pay their
municipal taxes, the payments in
Carrick up to this date have been
very light. Less than \$15,000 has
been paid in by the end of Novem-
ber. The total amount of Carrick
this year is about \$55,000, but
will likely be a rush from now
on the 15th.

Married at Grand Rapids.

The marriage of Miss Bessie
Strauss, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to
Mr. Otto Rodering of Midway,
D., took place at Grand Rapids on
Tuesday of last week. The happy
young couple are spending their
honeymoon with relatives here, and
are purpose leaving for their North
Dakota home about the end of this
month. The bride was a former resi-
dent of Mildmay, and is well known

here.

Aaron Stemler Sells Farm.

An important land transaction
took place when Mr. Aaron Stemler
disposed of his 100 acre farm on the
4th concession of Carrick to Mr.

Frank Kamrath. The purchaser ob-
tained possession on March 1st, 1926,
but will not likely move until sev-
eral months later. The Stemler
property is one of the best all-round
farms in Carrick, and Mr. Kamrath
made no mistake in acquiring it.

Mr. Stemler intends selling his farm
and stock and implements in the near
future by public auction.

</div

Fighting Ranger

J. McCONNELL and GECRGE W. PYPER.

CHAPTER XXXI.
DURING THE FIRST LAP, just before midnight, Except for Mary and Bud, riding up the street aimlessly, and in low voices, the streets of town were deserted. They had found no trace of Buck nor any clue to his whereabouts. The street was flooded by the glare of automobile headlights.

"Look out!" cried Terence, and they pulled their horses to the edge of the road just in time to avoid being struck by the madly racing car. In the fleeting instant that the machine was passing them Terence caught a glimpse of the two tense faces in the front seat.

"Did you see who was in it?" he cried excitedly. "It was Buck, and that Montrose woman. Come, quick, we must get a car and follow."

They spurred their horses down the street, stopped at the public garage, awakened the reluctant man in charge, and hired a machine.

"No time to lose," shouted Terence, jumping to the wheel. Mary and Bud leaped in beside him, and they sped off in the direction in which the other machine had vanished.

* * *

There was a tremendous pounding on the door of the sheriff of Pico. "I've been robbed—I've been robbed," cried a voice.

The sheriff, half-dressed, came to the door. He found Taggart in an excited rage, his face white and nerve-wracked.

"They broke into my house, attacked me while I slept, and robbed me," cried Taggart. "My topaz and—some valuable papers are missing. They were priceless. Quick, get a posse. I think I know who it is, and I know just about where they would

right, all right—control your man," the sheriff answered, notTaggart's almost hysterical exclamation. "Give me time to get dressed and do some telephoning, then get posse together, here."

He darted back into the house, and Taggart in front of the door.

In darkness he had caught a glimpse of the men who had broken into his house. They were his own men—led by Buck McLeod. Realizing that he had been double-crossed in his double crossing, that his gang had gone back on him, and that he had no one to fall back on, as a last resort he had decided to enlist the aid of the law.

He was still motivated by greed—he wanted to lay hold of the Yaqui treasure and streak for the border. He figured that if the sheriff's posse would overtake and arrest Buck, he would recover the map and the topaz, and get away alone with the treasure before the prisoners on the ranch would be freed and his own criminal operations discovered.

The sheriff came out, got his horse, and Taggart, who hastened to tell him more of the robbery. Other men, deputies, phoned by the sheriff, were beginning to ride up.

"They'll be going for Sierra Diablo," said Taggart. "You've wanted this Buck McLeod for a long time, anyway, sheriff. Well, here's your chance."

The posse, at last complete, started off on the gallop for Sierra Diablo.

"Look—we're catching up!" cried Terence.

Mary and Bud strained their eyes forward. Sure enough the lights of their madly racing car lighted up for an instant the shape of the rear of the automobile they were pursuing. They had been tearing along the perilous canyon road at breakneck speed for more than an hour.

The shape ahead suddenly vanished around a sharp bend in the road.

"More speed," yelled Bud. "We'll get 'em."

"We're giving her all she can take now," said Terence.

They took the curve practically on two wheels. The shape of the car ahead again came into view for an instant. Then it disappeared around a second and sharper curve. As Terence took this curve the car missed going off the edge of the road by an inch.

Both cars were swerving and skidding perilously now, as the road wound around rocks, juts and crevices. The road at this point paralleled a sheer embankment along a stream, many feet below.

They were gradually gaining ground on the leading car, and congratulating themselves when suddenly something happened—the car staggered ahead uncertainly, swerving toward the embankment.

"The steering knuckle's broke," cried Terence, as tense horror spread over all their faces.

He clutched wildly for the brake—too late—

"They've gone over!" Stella, looking back, cried into Buck's ear.

She saw the pursuing car, after it had gone out of control leap to the edge of the road, hang there uncertainly for a brief moment, then topple and plunge down the steep embankment.

"Good," said Bud, with elation, as they kept on their way slowing down slightly for safety. "They almost had us. Now we're safe!"

Terence and Bud struggled out from under the submerged, overturned car, rose to the surface, and bumped into each other, swimming.

"Mary—where's Mary?" cried Terence.

Both looked frantically about them, but there was no sign of the girl.

"She must be caught under the car," Bud replied in horror.

"Quick! We must dive and reach her."

It was only a few feet to the bank.

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The two men swam in, clambered up, and both took deep running dives toward the car.

Their eyes open under water, they found Mary, her clothes caught under the car trapped, after she had gotten herself half freed from the wreckage. She had apparently made a frantic struggle, till her strength had given way, and was unconscious near drowning.

The two men tore at the wreckage, and at the caught part of the girl's clothes with which they forced her to move between them. After struggling during which they exhausted themselves, and were themselves endangered of drowning, they finally wrenched her free and brought her to the surface. In their weakened state the few feet to the shore now seemed miles, but they managed to swim with the unconscious girl between them, and dragged her up on the bank. Bud fell exhausted beside her.

Terence started to work resuscitating Mary at once. He shouted with joy, as after frantically moving her arms up and down a few minutes, he saw her breath slowly returning. Bud came out of his exhausted daze and helped. They soon had Mary revived, sitting up.

"You had better stay with Bud," Mary said to Terence. "I'm going to ride down to McLeod's, yet, in spite of everything—before Taggart gets a chance at that treasure."

"I'm quite alright now," was Mary's firm reply, "and Bud and I are going wherever you go!"

Bud vouches for his own determination.

Terence took them by the hands, and looked into their steadfast eyes, exhilarated by their spirit.

"We three—together through the crisis—to the end, whatever it may be," he said with emotion. They jumped up, crying, "All right. Let's go. There's not a moment to spare. Over the next divide—it's quite a hike, and we'll make it before dawn—is a forestry station. I know the ranger well. He has both airplane and auto for scout service. He will aid us."

* * *

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECRET OF THE TOPAZ.

"And now for the secret of the topaz!" exclaimed Buck jubilantly.

The dawn was just breaking over the purple summit of Sierra Diablo. They had left their car at the mountain base, and were sitting on rocks, in front of a flat topped boulder upon which Stella had spread the two pieces of the map.

Buck drew forth from his blouse the weirdly cut topaz had been stolen from Taggart. Both their eyes gleamed as they regarded it.

"Taggart carried it for years—knowing it meant something—but never knowing what," grinned Buck.

He turned the gem over in his hand, and finally, his face lighted in triumph, he pointed to a tiny picket, swathed up with wax.

"There," he said, "the secret is in there."

He laid the topaz on the boulder table, and using the hard steel of his revolver as a hammer, pounded it. Stella looked alarmed at this action, but before she could stop him the topaz was smashed. From among the pieces Buck extracted a tiny scroll of paper, unrolled it, and their eager eyes read:

"Cave at letter D."

They feverishly consulted the map. Scribbled across the topographical lines were the words "Sierra Diablo." Buck's finger moved across the words, stopping at the letter D. He studied the map carefully at that point, then exclaimed:

"I know the opening! Stumbled onto it once before, but never thought nothin' of it. Come. It's not far."

He led the way, and they trudged over rocks and ledges for half an hour. Finally they reached a winding passage cut between high, oddly shaped rocks.

"This is the entrance," Buck cried in feverish glee. Stella followed on, trembling with excitement. After winding their way through the rocks for five minutes, they stopped suddenly, in frozen astonishment at the mouth of a cave, in the stone wall of which was carved a weird Yaqui god which frowned down upon them. They pushed in past the idol into the save.

"The treasure!" Buck cried, and Stella echoed his words.

There, glittering in the weird light that streamed through the cave opening, lay huge piles of gold, virgin gold, diamonds, precious gems of all kinds—ancient jars and vases and boxes, filled with yet more gold and jewels.

Almost transfixed with wonder, they kneeled in the midst of the treasure, picked up handfuls of it, and let the precious metal and gems slide through their fingers, in an ecstasy of greed. At last, when they had marveled at the treasure for several minutes, Buck's thoughts returned to earth, and he cried:

"Quick. Back to the car. Bring the boys to help move the stuff. I sent them up to the camp where you jumped with the parachute. You'll find them there by now. Rush them back here. I'll stay on guard."

"They'll want proof," said Stella. Buck filled hands with gold and gems, which she placed in her handbag, then started off.

* * *

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CRASH IN THE CLOUDS.

Stella's car had been fattering. Suddenly it stopped dead on her. She got out to inspect.

"Out of gas!" she exclaimed.

She started to survey the regions. Down the road, a short distance, her eye lighted on a white house. She darted toward it. As she came up she saw a sign: "U. S. Forestry Station." She approached the door and knocked. A woman answered.

"My car is stalled, out of gas," said

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in association with the Ontario and Affiliated Hospitals, New York City, offers a one-year course of Training to young women to become Nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the hospital, a monthly stipend and training expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.



1245

THE PRINCESS FROCK.

There's magic in the word "princess"—it seems to mean something grand and delicate and very lovely; and there's magic in the princess frock, too, for it gives one a slim silhouette and smart appearance.

The versatile neck may be worn high, or low with turn-back revers and set-in under vestee. The sleeves are long and button trimmed. Cuckoo brown mirolean fashions this model, having silk crepe in a contrasting color facing the revers and the long tie collar.

Golden brown velvet or velveteen would make one of the smartest dresses, with the revers, vestee and tie of gold metal cloth. The diagram pictures the simplicity of the partly finished frock. No. 1245 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 5 yards of 36-inch, or 3 yards of 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such pattern as you want. Enclose 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Broke Her Engagement.

In the old days when a young man took his sweetie out to ride in a sidecar buggy behind a high-stepping nag instead of in an automobile, a certain betrothed couple of my acquaintance went forth of a summer evening for a romantic drive, writes Dorothy Dix in the New York Evening Post.

On the way the horse somehow angered the man, and he gave it a merciless beating, whereupon the girl promptly broke her engagement to marry him.

"Thank God I have found out what sort of a temper you have in time to save myself!" she told him, "because I do not propose to spend the balance of my life cowering before any man's rages or walking on eggs when he is about, for fear I will do or say something to rile him. Furthermore, I am no fool. I can take a tip when I am handed one, and I know that any man who will be cruel to a defenseless animal will be cruel to a woman when she is once in his power. So I am through."

We are human beings attached to the great universal current of force and power, and the light which we give off depends on the candle power of our lamps. Many people go through life with a little dim four-candle light, not because they lack power to generate a stronger light, but because they never learned how to express their power.—O. S. Marden.

Strength and Longevity.

There is not much connection between great muscular strength and longevity. Sigmund Breitbach, an extraordinary creature who used to exhibit himself supporting incredible weights and biting iron chains apart, scratched his finger the other day and died of blood poisoning.

And Eugene Sandow, a more famous Samson, died in middle life from a broken blood vessel that he got from over-exerting his great strength lifting a ditched automobile single-handed.

But perhaps these Titans would rather go in this way than to see old age slowly and pitilessly rob them of that strength which was their glory.

When Patients Still Bleed?

"Querer old custom, wasn't it, the way doctors used to bleed their patients?"

"Why speak of it as a custom that has passed?"

Ample Supply of Nuts.

Hubby—"I really believe you've forgotten to get any nuts for our dinner party, dear."

Wife—"I didn't think it necessary; Aren't those friends or yours going to attend?"

When horses use Minard's Liniment.

Making a Park.

Mary—"I don't see any park here."

Peggy—"That is simple. There isn't any."

Mary—"Then why does that sign say, 'Park Here'?"

After Dishwashing.

To keep their hands white and soft.

Compagny's Italian Balm.

Sold by Druggists and Department Stores.

Florence Radio

THE STANDARD SHOP

48 Adelaide St. West

TORONTO

Florence Head Sets \$3.50

Crystal Sets 2.50

Couplers 1.50

Condensers 2.50

Three Circuit Tuners 3.00

"A" Battery Dry Cell .55

"B" Battery Dry Cell 1.85

All Parts Reduced Prices.

The "Distantone" Five Tube Set \$118.80

Complete With All Requirements

Ne-Victor 2-Tube Set, \$42.00

With Tubes

Come. See Us. Save Money on

Your Christmas Radio.

The Largest Animal.

DOES IT PAY TO PICK STONE?

BY W. P. KIRKWOOD.

Does it pay to pick stone? Some times it does and sometimes it doesn't. It is sometimes advisable to do the stones are not too large or too mud-capping and breaking beforehand deeply imbedded, clearing up a piece after the earth around the rock has been dug away. There is less danger in this, and the pieces do not scatter so far and are more easily picked up productive acres. But if the stones are large and lie deep in the soil, clearing may prove more costly than buying additional acres.

The equipment you need in going after a field of relatively small stones lying near the surface consists of a crowbar, a pick, a round-pointed, long-handled shovel, chains, horses, a stone-carrier, a stone-boats, a wagon, and a lot of good, wiry human muscle. A little explosive, with caps and fuses, should be used for the large and deeply-grounded specimens.

The only implement needed is a one-inch gas-pipe about one-half feet long, with a wide, between. If you have no gas-pipe, two stout wooden sticks will do. A carrier of this sort is very handy; lay it on the ground, roll the stone onto it, and then two men—or four men, if the stone be large—can lift it and dump it on a wagon.

Three or four men make a better crew for stone-picking than two, if there be need of pushing the work rapidly. In any case the larger crew makes the work easier. Two men can loosen the stones and drag out the larger boulders with horses and chains while one hauls, and another can fill up the holes when not needed to help load.

The first thing to do is to loosen the stones. Most of this work can be done with crowbar, pick, and shovel. The tougher cases can be hauled out with chains and horses, after the ground around them has been dug away. Here and there, however, is likely to be found a big fellow which even horses can not budge. When this kind of a specimen is encountered, the only thing to do is to use dynamite or some similar explosive.

Usually the employment of dynamite means putting a charge of about 40 per cent. dynamite under the stone to blow it out of the ground and then mud-capping with 50 or 60 per cent. dynamite to break it up. Better results are obtained with a smaller amount of explosive if the mud-capping and cracking are done after the stone is out of the ground. Work of this kind has to be done with care to avoid flying fragments of rock. While it is easier to break up a stone after

Getting the Rats and Mice.

With the coming of cold weather, the cellar becomes an interesting and attractive place. The shelves filled with canned fruit and other delicacies, boxes and barrels of potatoes and other vegetables, a collection of ripe tomatoes, bins and trays of apples, all look mighty good when storms begin raging.

So thought Mr. Rat, for he promptly discovered a secret passage to this storehouse of mine. He evidently thought he was established for the winter, as he went about feeding systematically. Beginning on a large Irish Cobbler, he ate a part of it each night. On a shelf I had arranged, for my own use, some choice apples of several varieties. Taking a fancy to an especially fine specimen of a King of Tompkins' County, he ate a portion of that also each night. Not succeeding in shutting him out by closing what was supposed to be his entrance, I secured a trap. Tying onto the pan a bit of bacon, I waited for the morning. The bait was gone, but the trap had not been sprung. After a number of days—during which I saw Mr. Rat several times—by carefully oiling the parts of the trap, I succeeded in making it so sensitive that one morning I found my quarry dead, caught by the end of the nose. There have been no signs of rats about since.

Mice have been quite plentiful about the house—driven in by the cold from the garden and grass, where they have been feasting on corn and other delicacies. Taking a barrel of waste papers from the woodshed to burn in the garden, I found in it, and killed, a dozen half-grown mice. For several days I have been trapping in the woodshed and in an upstairs store-room. The battle is almost over, and I am looking forward to a peaceful winter.

A good autumn slogan for the villager and the farmer is, "Death to rats and mice." Keeping this in mind, and getting on it vigorously, much good food will be saved for poultry, pigs, and people; and many buildings, and much other valuable property, will be saved from serious injury.

Corn and Sunflowers on Different Soils.

Average yields of corn and sunflowers for four years at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, on sandy loam, have led to the Dominion Field Husbandman expressing the opinion in his report for 1924 that there is no objection in changing from corn to sunflowers on land where the former yields satisfactorily. Corn is, moreover, an easier crop to handle than sunflowers and produces a slightly better quality of silage. On sandy loam the average yield in the quartette of years of corn silage was 19.41 tons and of sunflowers 21.68

tons per acre, but the latter having a larger percentage of moisture contained a lower percentage of dry matter.

On heavy clay the average yield in green weight of sunflowers, during the four years of the experiments, was 19.44 tons and of corn only 9.53 tons per acre. In actual dry matter sunflowers have yielded 3.51 tons while corn yielded only 1.85 tons per acre. It is clear, the Husbandman points out, that on such heavy land sunflowers are a much more profitable crop. Another interesting fact is that on the clay land where the rows of sunflowers were not thinned the yield was 19.44 tons per acre, while where thinned to six inches apart the yield was 14.35 tons per acre.

In the report, which can be had free on application to the Publications Branch, Ottawa, graphs are given illustrating at a glance the yields of water, dry matter and green weight in tons of both sunflowers and corn on heavy clay and fertile sandy loam as well as a great deal of other valuable information.

The Fertilizing Value of Wood Ashes.

Wood ashes may be used to advantage as a fertilizer for most crops on light and gravelly soils, or on vegetable loans inclined to be sour. They are especially valuable for clover, corn and mangel or for orchards and for grapes on sandy loams. In a new pamphlet prepared by Dr. Frank T. Shutt, Dominion Chemist, farmers are advised to conserve this home source of potash more carefully, not merely collecting the ashes from house stoves but burning the brush piles gathered in clearing land and pruning orchards, and saving the resulting ashes. Storage in a shed or receptacle protected from the weather is essential. There is no more valuable potassium fertilizer than ashes, as their content of potash is in a soluble form and immediately available for crop use, and besides they neutralize acidity in soils. The ashes from soft woods are lighter than those from hard woods, but Dr. Shutt states that weight for weight they are not much, if any, poorer. According to the pamphlet, which may be obtained free from the Publications Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, 25 to 50 bushels of wood ashes per acre will furnish ample dressing for even very light soils. On heavy soils ashes are not needed as on such they may destroy good tilth. They should be broadcasted on plowed land in the spring, preferably on a quiet, damp day, and thoroughly harrowed in.

The fat-content of milk varies from month to month. It is highest in November, December and January, and lowest in August. From then till November there is a gradual increase in quality and quantity.

Substitutes for Green Feed in Poultry Feeding.

During the winter months, when it is sometimes difficult to get suitable green feed for poultry, certain substitutes may be used. In order to test the relative values of clover leaves, sweet clover meal, alfalfa meal and tomato pulp for this purpose an experiment was conducted in 1923-24 by the Dominion Poultry Husbandman, at the Ottawa Experimental Farm. One pen was given clover leaves fed in the winter once a day, another was given clover meal mixed in the wet mash fed at noon, a third pen received alfalfa meal in the same way, and to the fourth pen tomato pulp mixed in the wet mash was fed. All the hens were fed a standard scratch grain and standard mash, beef scrap was kept continually before them and they had both milk and water to drink.

The clover meal gave by far the best results for production, cost of producing eggs and profits. Tomato pulp came second, alfalfa meal third and clover leaves last. The hatchability of the eggs from the birds fed tomato pulp was, however, exceptionally poor.

Rats and Fruit.

With even the most diligent care, the storage house will sometimes become infested with rats or mice.

Apparently once they get started on an apple or pear diet they become confirmed enthusiasts, and any other

food must be tempting to induce them to touch it.

The most hopeful plan of attack is to start a many-sided campaign, putting out simultaneously two or three sorts of traps and several kinds of poisons, each kind conveyed on two or three different baits. This is far more effective than putting out one poison one night and another the next, and a trap the third, for the enemy seems to soon learn that we are after him and is more wary than ever.

Guard the Register.

In homes where there is a pipes heater or any kind of heater which requires a register in the floor, articles of value are sometimes dropped through the grating. Mrs. Brown, who had such a register, had her husband fasten a piece of wire netting over the register. This can be "sewed" on by running fine wire through it and the grating and pulling it down snugly, or, if the exposed wire is under any conditions, make a confidant of Helen. She is bright and has attractions, I will admit but . . .

"Why, mother," exclaimed her surprised daughter. "She is a peach of a girl! One of the most popular girls in the whole college."

Irish.

The foreman looked him up and down. "Are you a mechanic?" he asked.

"No, sorry," was the answer. "I'm a McCarthy."

Weak and delicate stock are the first victims of contagious diseases.

THE TWO BALLOONS

This is the story of two air balloons, one red, and the other yellow. They were given to Dick and Edie at a children's party that they went to one summer afternoon. There was all sorts of fun at the party—Punch and Judy, races, and donkey rides—but more than all these they loved the two big air balloons that were given to them by their little hostess as they were leaving.

Dick and Edie played with their balloons till bedtime, and before they went in from the garden they tied them to the post of the veranda. It was such a lovely night they thought they would be quite safe.

After the children had gone in a wind began to rise which blew the two balloons backward and forward.

"What a grand night for a fly!" said the yellow one. "One could fly up to the moon in no time."

"But the children would be so sorry to find us gone in the morning," said the red one, who was very kind-hearted.

"Never mind the children," answered the yellow one. "I want to see the world."

Then a gust of wind came, and the two balloons were torn loose and began to mount up and up, higher and higher, till they looked like little specks. It was getting dark, and lights were beginning to twinkle from the houses. Floating past a window, the two balloons saw a little boy getting ready for bed. He had with him a large wooden horse with a broken head and no tail, and he was taking it into his little bed to cuddle for company.

"What a silly little boy," said the yellow balloon, "to take such a hard toy."

"He looks like a dear little boy," said the red balloon softly, "and I think the horse is his oldest and dearest toy."

On they floated, and passed the windows of a large girls' school. The dormitory windows were all lit up, and they could see the little girls in their white nightdresses, and pigtails down their backs, jumping over the beds, and chasing one another round the room. The door opened and a lady came in; all the little girls popped quickly into bed, and covered themselves up. There was just one girl who had not time to pop into bed, and she began to cry.

"Silly little thing," said the yellow balloon; "there is nothing to cry for!"

"She is so tiny," said the red one; "and look, the lady has taken her on her lap and is kissing her, so she will be comforted. I am so glad."

Now they left the houses and were out in the open country. They sailed over fields and treetops, and once right

across a wide river. It was beautiful, for they rose so high the red one thought that at last they must surely reach the stars. Once the yellow one got caught on the bough of a tree, by the string which still floated behind him, and he was held there for quite a long time.

"You must wait for me," he cried to the red one. "You can't go without me. You would never find your way to the moon without me to show you the way."

Another gust of wind set him free and they flew on together. It grew lighter; the houses and gardens became visible. The rising sun shone on a gilded weathercock that was on the church steeple, making it look like gold.

"Look!" cried the yellow one, "I shall fly and visit that beautiful golden bird. I am sure he will be pleased to see me, because we are the same color, and it shows we are of royal blood."

"I shall not come," said the red one. "I can see a dear little girl sitting in a garden below. I shall go and visit her. I like children better than golden birds, so good-bye!" And he started for the earth. He found it easy to go down because the gas was slowly escaping from him, through the opening where he had been tied.

"Good-bye!" cried the yellow one. "You are very foolish and will never rise in life." But the red one did not hear—he was already out of sight.

Now the proud yellow balloon floated on till he was close to the church steeple and the golden bird.

"Good morning!" cried he to the weathercock, but there was no answer. It only veered first one way and then another with every gust of wind.

"Good morning!" again cried the balloon, but no answer. Then the yellow balloon got as close as he could to the weathercock, and was just about to shout "Good morning" in a very angry voice, for he thought the golden bird very proud and rude, when it veered quickly round and the end of its very sharp and pointed tail pierced the side of the balloon. There was a loud report, like a pistol shot, the poor balloon got smaller and smaller till he was only a piece of shriveled tissue, and then dropped rapidly to earth.

The red balloon had fallen slowly and gently till he was just over the garden where the little girl sat. She saw him coming, and held her hands out to reach it. Then she took it indoors to show her father. He tightened up the string on it, and so stopped any more gas escaping, and all the summer was the little girl's companion, and helped to make her happy—and so the red balloon was happy too.

THE POWER OF PICTURES

The Mind May Be Like the Pictures End.

BY JOHN W. HOLLAND.

I wish that every reader of this page might read this story. It made me do some hard thinking about real things.

The mother of a bright college girl recently went to see her daughter and spend a few days on the campus. The girl took especial delight in taking her mother to see the sights and hear the sounds of college life. Of course she wanted her mother to meet some of her newly-made college friends, so the two of them went calling on these friends in their rooms.

In the room of one of her daughter's friends the mother sat and looked about but said little. As they came away she said, "I hope you do not, under any conditions, make a confidant of Helen. She is bright and has attractions, I will admit but . . ."

"Why, mother," exclaimed her surprised daughter. "She is a peach of a girl! One of the most popular girls in the whole college."

"Well, I was thinking of the pictures she has in her room. Every suggestion is of nudity and some of the prints she has are positively vulgar. I am wondering if her thoughts are not a good deal like her pictures?"

"I never thought of that," admitted the daughter, who knew she had every reason to trust her mother's judgment.

They went to the room of another girl. Here, as before, the mother keenly took in the general tone of the room. On the wall of this girl's room hung a picture of Sir Galahad, and another of Watt's "Hope." There also were various high minded mottoes and beautifully lettered sentiments on the walls.

As they left the Hall the mother said, "I like Ethel! I am glad you and she are such good friends! I am sure that your father and I would be glad if she could come and spend a vacation week with you."

"Well, Mother! And what gives you such a case on Ethel? She is not wildly popular in College and is a perfect 'grind' at her books."

Said the mother, "I noticed the pictures which she had in her room. I imagine Ethel's mind is very like her choice of pictures and sentiments."

The daughter said nothing but long afterward she learned that her mother was right. These two girl friends

an afternoon and evening function. It may be made sleeveless or with short sleeves and is fashioned of figured velvet, having two semi-circular side draperies of plain georgette, through which the design of the material is plainly discerned. The draperies are placed one above the other, and are stitched to the frock across the top and down the sides about three or four inches from the edge, leaving the ends to fall in graceful cascades. The V-neck and long unbroken line at centre front and back are particularly becoming to the figure of large proportions. No. 1238 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 40 bust requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 or 40-inch material for the plain dress, or 5 1/2 yards for the dress with double side draperies. Price 20 cents.

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Glass-Topped Sills.

Double side draperies are here charmingly adapted to the matron, and give lines of flowing trimness. This type of frock is chic, distinctive and slenderizing, and will grace many

in the autumn. I break off choice pieces of ivy from the vines outdoors and put them in water in the house, where they throw out roots and keep fresh all winter. They can then be transplanted in the spring.—Mrs. J. T. M.

Turkey growers of Manitoulin Island, Ontario, are determined to make turkey raising one of the premier industries of the Island and to this end recently formed the Manitoulin Cooperative Turkey Growers' Association, for which incorporation is being applied under the Ontario Companies Act. Assistance in the work was given by representatives of the Dominion Live Stock Branch and the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

Icelandic Diagnosis.

Formerly criminals in Iceland were put in the lunatic asylum. The Icelanders could not understand any one being so foolish as to commit a crime and being an exceedingly kind-hearted folk thought all criminals must be sane.



Regina, Sask. Dr. C. E. Saunders, discoverer of marquis wheat, and Mrs. Saunders (centre), with (left to right): J. C. Mitchell, thrice winner of the world's best wheat prize; Prof. Manley Champlin; M. P. Tullis, crops commissioner; F. H. Auld, deputy agricultural minister, and J. S. Field, winner of the wheat prize in 1920.

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REPORT OF S. S. NO. 5, CARRICK

(For October and November)

Sr. IV—Leota Losch 66%, Amelia
Klages 51, Monica Stroeder 49, Wil-
lie Diemert 44, Carl Weber 40, Mat-
tie Stroeder 32.

Sr. III—Lavina Fischer 66, Alvina
Weber 64, Vera Diemert 62, Leo
Stroeder 52, Edward Krohn 15.

Jr. III—Norman Diemert 74, Adella
Diemert 72, Gladys Diemert 72, Melvin
Wolfe 56, Doretta Weber 55, Ger-
trude Fischer 53, Norman Schmidt
37, Edwin Stroeder 28.

Sr. II—Rita Diemert 53, Loretta
Stroeder 26.

Sr. I—Elsie Schmidt, Emma Weber
Jr. I—Freddie Klages.

Primer—Pearl Wolfe.

N. Inglis (teacher)

Wit and Humor

A man is drunk when he feels so-
phisticated but can't pronounce it.

"And you're sure you realize the
difference between driving an ambu-
lance and driving an ordinary car?"

Applicant—"Sure. When you're
driving an ambulance you gotta go
back and pick 'em up."

The maid had just given her mis-
tress notice. "I'm sorry you want
to leave us, Mary" said the latter.

"May I ask why? Something priv-
ate I suppose." "No, mom," replied
the maid, simpering, "a corporal."

Uncle—Well, you young rascal,
how many times have you been
whacked at school today?

Tommy—Dunno, uncle. I don't
take any notice of what goes on be-
hind my back."

Two men met after a lapse of sev-
eral years. "Married yet, old man?"
inquired one. "No," answered the
other, "but I'm engaged, and that's
as good as married." "It's better,
if you only knew it," said the first,
sighing deeply.

Keeper—I thought you hadn't been
poaching! What's this rabbit doing
in your pocket?

Tramp—Well, I am surprised! It
must have crawled in and got suffo-
cated while I was asleep under the
hedge.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a
blundering counsel, in a suit about a
lot of hogs, "there were just thirty
six hogs in that drove; please to re-
member that fact—exactly three tim-
es as many as there are in the jury
box, gentlemen."

That counsel did not win his case.

As the lady of the house opened
the front door in answer to a ring,
she found a quietly-dressed man
standing on the step, who, politely
raising his hat, said to her, "Excuse
me, madam, but I've called to tune
your piano." "But I never asked
you to call," she replied in surprised
tones. "Perhaps not, madam," he
answered quietly "but your neigh-
bors did."

Prison Visitor—Am I right in pre-
suming it was your passion or strong
drink that brought you here?

Prisoner—I don't think you can
know this place, guv'nor. It's the
last place on earth I'd come to if I
was looking for a drink.

"Before giving a final answer,"
she said with a becoming blush, "I
shall refer you to papa."

"But I am perfectly willing to take
you without any reference," he said.

Aunt—Why don't you eat your
egg, dear?

Niece—I don't want it.

Aunt—When I was your age I
should have been glad to eat that egg.

Niece (gently)—But perhaps it
was fresh then, Auntie dear.

Little Henry—Mother may I have
a nickel for the old man who is out-
side crying?

Mother—Yes, dear, but what is he
crying about?

Henry—He's crying 'Salty Peanuts
5¢ a bag.'

Stumped!

A farmer engaged a young lad
from a large town. One cold winter
morning, the farmer told the boy to
harness the mule to the cart. The
lad, for some reason, took no light
with him, and he was unable to see
that there was a cow in the stable
with the mule. After a long delay,
the farmer grew impatient and
shouted, "Billy, what are you doing?"
"I can't get the collar over the
mule's head," yelled back the boy.
"His ears are frozen."

No Surprise Party

Elopements are not always an un-
welcome surprise to the parents of
the bride. That at least is the view
of the humorist. We find "Good
Hardware" adopting this view of the
case in the following conversation.

He—Then it is settled; we are to
elope at midnight?

She—Yes, darling!

He—And are you sure you can get
your trunk packed in time?

She—Oh, yes! Papa and mama

have both promised to help me.

OLD-TIME OCCURRENCES RECALLED

Mr. Chas. Reekin of Wiarton gave
us a very pleasant call on Thursday
of last week, and related a lot of
very interesting things that took
place in this section between fifty
and sixty years ago. Mr. Reekin

helped to grade up the Elora Road,
Carrick, away back in the sixties,
and worked under the inspectorship
of the late George Johnston of Mild-
may, (grandfather of the publisher
of this paper). He started work at
Balaklava, and by the time they
reached Mildmay the inspector had
an opportunity of sizing up his Ger-
man employee, Reekin, and made him
foreman of his gang. He remembers
many of the old settlers of that time,
such as Wm. Carnegie, George Mc-
Millan, James Thomson, John Lamont
Ignatz Beechie, Ferdinand Hinsper-
ger, John Beitz sr., William McCon-
nachie, and many others who were
then prominent in the district, but
have long since passed away. After
leaving Mildmay Mr. Reekin went to
Ayton where he purchased the Com-
mercial Hotel, which he conducted
for eight years. Moving from there
to Neustadt, he was driver for
Heuther's brewery for about fifteen
years, and delivered beer to all the
villages in this neighborhood. He
told us of a very narrow escape he
had from being murdered by Haug,
who was afterwards hanged for the
murder of J. Neubecker, which took
place between Belmore and Ambleside.
Reekin had finished up his route at
Forrhosa one winter night, and had a considerable amount of
money on him. The hotelkeeper ad-
vised him, as a measure of safety,
to remain all night and go home in
the morning. Reekin had a big trip
to make the next day, however, and
decided to start on his homeward
journey. He had not gone more than
a mile when a man sprang out from
behind a tree, and made a vicious at-
tack on him with a heavy club. There
was a rather wide rack on Reekin's
sleigh, which interfered somewhat
with his assailant's aim, and he re-
ceived a glancing blow on the head
from the heavy club, which fell into
the sleigh behind Reekin. The as-
saulted man whipped up his horses
and drove away before the would-be
highwayman could renew his attack.
The same night, Neubecker, who was
returning from Goderich where he
had delivered two loads of wheat, fell
a victim to Haug, who beat him into
unconsciousness, and stole his money.
He was found in that condition at
Ambleside the next morning, lying on
his sleigh. Neubecker lived for
eight days after his assault. After
Haug had been arrested, tried and
sentenced to be hanged, Reekin visited
him at the County jail at Walker-
ton, and there the condemned man
made the confession that he had at-
tempted to kill Mr. Reekin on the
same night as the Neubecker murder.
Haug was a well-known character
in this district, having been em-
ployed as hostler at Kuhry's hotel
at Formosa.

After a residence of fifteen years
in Neustadt Mr. Reekin moved to
Wiarton, where he now owns and
conducts a large flour mill and furni-
ture factory. He also owns a whole-
sale grocery at Cobalt, with a branch
at Timmins, and has become a
wealthy man. He is now 76 years of
age, and is enjoying splendid health.
He commenced life with four of the
greatest assets a man can possess—a
healthy body, a willingness to work,
a determination to succeed, and an
honest heart. Upon these he has
built a very successful career.

KELLY GETS SIX MONTHS

Before imposing a determinate six
months sentence in the Ontario Re-
formatory on Clifford Kelly, 23, of
Drayton, when he was convicted on
Friday on charges of breaking and
entering the store of O. B. Henry of
that village on the night of Oct. 31
and stealing goods valued at \$200,
County Judge Spottow expressed the
opinion that there was "a bad nest of
you fellows up around Drayton, and
it is high time that you were cleaned out."

He referred to those youths
who flew around all night in motor
cars all over the country.

The evidence before the court was
of an extremely conflicting nature.

The two of them, previous to the
burglary had been to Guelph with an
Elora girl. They had purchased a
can of alcohol there and started home.

They dropped the girl at her home in
Elora on the way back to Drayton. When
they arrived at Drayton they pro-
ceeded to a farm in Peel Town-
ship where a party was in progress.

They stayed there until the gathering
broke up and after giving sev-

eral of the guests rides home, pro-
ceeds to the village, and Walton
according to the statement made
by the prisoner committed the burg-
lary.

When Kelly denied all active par-
ticipation in the crime, the judge was
inclined to look with suspicion on
him.

"You are pretending too much in-
nocence," he said. Continuing his
remark: "Whether Walton's story is
true or not about your part in the
affair, you were guilty of a crime,
and if it is true, it is a worse one.
I don't imagine that Walton through
moral depravity would attempt to
drag you into the mire which he is
in himself. This sort of stuff must
be stopped."

"I'm through with it," the prisoner
interjected.

Stanley Walton the alleged ring-
leader in the burglary was sentenced
to from 12 to 24 months in the On-
tario Reformatory early last week
when he pleaded guilty to his part in
the crime.

LETTER FROM JOHN D. MILLER

Wiste, Alta., Nov. 18, 1925
Editor Mildmay Gazette
Dear Sir:

I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but always put it off, like Felix, who waited for a more convenient time. This has been a very busy and disagreeable fall. The weather was fine during harvest, but when threshing started wet weather started in. Some weeks we got in two days threshing, the most we got was four days, and some weeks we only threshed one day. Lots of outfits went in the hole. Those who had cook cars had to feed the crew, and nothing to do. Now we have splendid weather. The boys are still out threshing. They finished stock threshing yesterday. The ground is frozen and is very rough to haul the bundles, and very hard on wagons and horses.

This was the worst fall we had since we came to the West. In October we had it 24 below zero, with snow flurries off and on, but these last few weeks the weather is fine, and threshing went along fine. Hope this fine spell will continue, as it will surely shorten the winter. We had a little winter here in September and October, but not much snow. About two inches was the most we had so far, and there is no snow here now. The roads are as smooth and hard as pavement. Your paper gave reports from nearly all parts of the West except Wiste. The crops here were fairly good. Wheat went from 10 to 35 bushels per acre. The threshing will be done this week. Most of the outfits have pulled in, but southwest of here, in the Calgary district, they say there is a lot of threshing yet to be done, as they had from 15 to 24 inches of snow. In fact, they had snow there before the crop was cut, and the grain was flattened to the ground, and some had to be cut with the mower, and raked up with the horse rake.

We are all well here, and hope you and all the Mildmay friends are the same. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. John D. Miller

After a lapse of forty years, the
hige, soft, brown buffalo robes that
provided the bold pioneer of Can-
ada's Western plains with luxurious
protection from the biting winds of
winter, are again available and were
being offered for sale at the Royal
Winter Fair last week.

Last spring says the Orillia Pack-
et, a young farmer in the Township
of Caledon, offered Blacksmith Ken-
neth Kearns 20 bags of potatoes in
exchange for a single walking plow,
the potatoes to be delivered in the
fall. The agreement was signed and
now the blacksmith realizes that he
received \$46 for his plow. The plow
was worth probably from \$20 to \$24.

Poultry stealing is becoming a very
popular pastime in Carrick.

Ke-reunion—
After Years of Separation

Some ten or eleven years ago
Mrs. H. cherished fine plans for her
family's future. Her four girls were
bright, clever, and seemed
destined to travel through life without
a single handicap.

But that was not the end. The
other sisters, except the youngest,
also fell ill in the early subse-
quent years, making the same progress
that their sisters made.

The father, the husband and
the son all died within a few years
of each other.

Contractions may be sent to Hon.

W. A. Charlton, President, 222 Col-
lege Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Government and Municipal

BONDS

THE TORONTO BOND EXCHANGE

LIMITED

Successors to

G. A. STIMSON & CO.

LIMITED

Established 1888

The Oldest Bond House in Canada

300 Bay Street

6% with Safe

To the Toronto Bond Exchange, Ltd.

PEOPLE'S STORE

Produce Prices

EGGS—Extras	43c
Firsts	39c
Seconds	30c
<hr/>	
CREAM PRICES	
Cash	42 cts.
Trade	44 cts.
<hr/>	
SET ONIONS	
8½ cts. a lb.	

Bring in your
Produce

THE STORE OF REAL ECONOMY

POTATOES WANTED

TURNIPS WANTED

ONION SEED WANTED

Terms :
Cash or Produce

Weiler Bros.

Terms :
Cash or Produce

BUY YOUR FLOUR NOW

Prices have gone up 50 cts. per barrel. Get your supply at the old prices.

NEW LAID EGGS WANTED

We want them at once and will pay a good price for same. Now is the time to get your hens started to lay before the extreme cold weather comes by feeding Pratt's Poultry Regulator and Dr. Hess' Panacea. Sold under a guarantee to do the work, or you get your money back.

We have a good assortment of all the newest Meals and Cereals. Also, Graham Flour and Whole Wheat Flour, Standard Rolled and Hungarian Process Oatsmeal, Rye Flour, Corn Meal, Farina, Rolled Wheat, Energy Barley, Roman Meal and other Breakfast Cereals.

Good Fancy Oranges and Grape Fruit, Spanish Onions. Get your Christmas Groceries here.

Eggs, Good Dairy Butter, Dried Apples, Lard, Tallow, Onions, Wheat, Oats and Barley taken in exchange for goods.

GEO. LAMBERT.

FLOUR FEED & GROCERIES

PHOT. 36

GIVE HOME MERCHANT A CHANCE

Communities grow only in proportion to the support they receive from the people who make up the community. Mildmay has no chance to improve in quality and size by the inhabitants investing their money or buying the necessities of life in other localities. People who cling to the misguided policy of "doing better" away from home often lose dollars in trying to save pennies.

The home merchant is honest and offers honest values. He can't afford to be otherwise, though he might be inclined to. He depends for his living from the community which he serves and he must give the community what it wants at a fair price.

When you are tempted to trade outside and buy something "just as good" at lower prices you should think twice before acting. If you are disappointed in merchandise purchased at home, you can always get an adjustment. The merchant himself may have been cheated and he is generally willing to take the loss rather than have a dissatisfied customer. But the out of town merchant is not personally interested in you. His only hope is to sell you once and he does not have to take precautions to preserve your good will.

More than owing it to your community to trade at home, thus keeping your money in circulation at home you should give the home merchant the first opportunity to serve from a sound economic viewpoint.

CARRICK'S HIGH TAXES

Editor of the Gazette : This is an appeal to the ratepayers of the County of Bruce, and especially to those in the Township of Carrick, whose tax rates are exceptionally high. I think it high time the people took interest in what I believe to be the unnecessarily high and unwarranted amount we are asked to pay in taxes. I believe that there are those who are dipping too deeply into the public pocketbook, not to satisfy public claims, but an overduing amount for their services. I therefore call upon my brother ratepayers to put on their thinking caps and to ask for a general reckoning. Why are we called upon to exceed so great an amount other counties culture.

and townships in taxes, and I also protest against ten per cent. being asked for overdue taxes. It is an imposition, to say the least, for any municipality to set such an unreasonable percentage, as a poor man who has not the ready money to pay his taxes and may not be able to borrow, is forced to sell his grain at a lower price to make up his payment. By way of comparison, take for instance, we pay \$23.60 per thousand of our assessment while in Huron they pay a fraction less than \$19.50 per thousand. I am assessed \$900 more than my neighbors across the line, and I am asked \$42 more in taxes, and this sort of affairs has existed for years, so it seems.

Is it not high time that we asked why, as it means an additional burden to those who have a mortgage, and hinders to a large extent his progress. There is reason, you will see, for belief that something is wrong, at any rate an explanation will give those whom we hold responsible an opportunity to exonerate themselves to the public. This they should welcome, if they have been honest and faithful.

I have taken time to write in the interest of myself, and also the public. I now appeal to the individual. Don't think these matters will be righted without you. Others may think the same, so let all act and stand as one, as division only means defeat. So be up and doing, for the good of our country. Other papers please copy, is the request of the writer.

A Dissatisfied Ratepayer

The ratepayers of Carrick and Mildmay are hereby notified that taxes for 1925 are now due and payable. Prompt settlement is requested.

Did you ever hear of a farmer buying a binder, and then finding fault with the dealer because it did not go out and cut his wheat? No. He hitched on to his binder, and guides and directs it, and the job is done. It is just so with your co-operative organization. It will serve you just so far as you hitch on to it and give it the benefit of your thought and co-operation. The amount of personal interest that the farmer gives the co-operative organization to which he belongs will be the measure of the benefits which whom had been absent from the city, returned for the meeting.

General election talk has been in

TELEPHONE MAN BADLY INJURED

With a cry that startled everyone within hearing, Mr. Thos. Porteous, trouble man on the Bruce Telephone System, fell from a pole up which he had climbed at the town hall, to test some of the lines, on Saturday morning at 8:30. He had come in contact with a wire charged with a strong electric current. He succeeded in freeing his hands, but not having his belt fastened around the post, lost his balance and fell backwards. The drop was about 20 feet to the cement sidewalk below, and he sustained very severe and excruciatingly painful injuries. Only two or three persons witnessed the accident, but in a few seconds a number were on the scene, doing what they could to alleviate his suffering. He was carried on a bill board across the street and taken into the General Hotel, where Dr. Gage and Dr. Tucker rendered first aid. The thigh bone of the right leg was very badly fractured, broken ends protruding through the flesh; the left knee cap was cracked into three pieces, and there were cuts on the face and head. Blood flowed from his mouth when, in response to his cry that he was choking, his body was turned over to ease him. The sight of his mangled limbs and bloody face was so shocking that at least two persons—a man and a boy—fainted and fell on the street after viewing it. After having bandaged up the injured man as well as they could, the doctors accompanied him to Kincardine hospital. Mr. S. F. Ballachey and Mr. F. S. MacLachlan taking them over in their cars. It took between three and four hours work by the doctors to get the fractures properly set and bandaged.

The accident was the result of a "messenger" wire—the bare-wire from which are suspended the loops that carry the telephone cable or insulated wires—coming in contact with an electric wire on Goldie St. and wearing the insulation off the latter. The "messenger" wire is grounded at the end up Goldie St., but not at the other end.

We are glad to be able to report that Mr. Porteous, although in a very serious condition, is doing as well as can be expected.—Paisley Advocate.

PROVINCIAL ELECTION EXPECTED NEXT YEAR

A meeting of the Ferguson Cabinet, which was held on Tuesday and lasted several hours, failed to result in any pronouncement upon the several seats which are vacant in the Provincial House. The question of by-elections was said to have been mentioned, but only incidentally. Whether they are to be held before the House meets or withheld, presumably in anticipation of a general election after another session, was not decided.

There was no statement forthcoming from Premier Ferguson after the council meeting, beyond the intimation that the legislative program for the coming session of the House had been one of its topics and that the question of by-elections had been given incidental mention.

There was a general belief, however, that the meeting was not simply a routine one, but that important matters of policy were under discussion. Strength to this view was lent by the fact that Hon. Charles McCrea and Hon. George S. Henry, both of whom had been absent from the city, returned for the meeting.

General election talk has been in

the air at Queen's Park for some time past. The coming session of the Ferguson Government will be its third, and general opinion is strongly inclining to the belief that it will be its last before an appeal to the people.

No announcement has as yet been definitely made by the prime minister upon the matter, nor has he stated what, in the event of an appeal would be the issue upon which the Government would ask for the people's mandate.

A DREADFUL DISEASE

Dr. Hastings says:—Cancer, next to heart disease, is responsible for the largest number of deaths in Toronto every year, and I regret to say that this death rate is increasing to the extent of approximately two and a half per cent annually. Just why this increase is occurring is rather difficult to say. The most reasonable explanation probably is that a larger number of people are now enabled to reach the cancer period as the result of more energetic health activities.

After 40 years of age more deaths occur in Toronto, and in fact all over the continent, from cancer than from tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever and diseases of the digestive organs combined, in fact recent statistics show that one person out of every ten after 40 years of age dies of cancer.

The appalling death rate from this disease is largely due to the fact that in its early stages it does not usually give rise to any alarming symptoms, not even of pain or discomfort. It comes on very insidiously, and while there has probably been more consideration given to the study of this disease during the past ten years than to any other, yet we know but little as regards its cause.

The world's worst dentist has been discovered near Springfield, Illinois. He is a man who refused to pay \$35 for a plate and whittled himself a set of choppers from a hickory log. He said it took him eight months to make the set, using a pocket knife and a piece of glass. John is rather proud of his handiwork. Apart from the color the teeth look like a real set.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to section 56 of the Trustees Act that all Creditors and others having claims or demands against the estate of Joseph Schickler, contractor, deceased, who died on or about the 17th day of September A.D. 1925, are required on or before the 12th day of December A.D. 1925, to send by post prepaid, or to deliver to Mrs. Amelia Schickler or to Edward Schickler, Mildmay P.O., Ontario, the executors of the last will and testament of the deceased, their names addresses and descriptions with full particulars in writing of their claims, a statement of the accounts and the nature of the security they hold, if any, duly verified.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice; and the said executors will not be liable for any claims, notice of which shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated this 17th day of November, 1925.

Mrs. Amelia Schickler,
Edward Schickler, Executors

PEOPLE'S

Produce

LARGE TABLE ONION

2½ cts. a lb.

CHOICE LARD

Will pay 20 cts. lb.

DRIED APPLES

Well dried. 9 cts. lb.

TURNIPS

Purple Tops. 20 cts. bus.

POTATOES

We pay the highest market price

our product is below the average quality. In cheese products it is first and there is no second. Ontario won out first place in the box and the 50-box apple classe, though British Columbia carried off the sweepstakes for the best box of apples. The West won handsomely in Percheron horses but in Clydesdale honors were divided. In dairy cattle Ontario, Quebec and Scotia had all the best. Beef cattle Ontario led in the grand championship as in sheep and swine. Horses well distributed between West in the seed classes. Winter Fair promises to be as well finished as those of former years.

The troublesome hole in the swamp east of here is again to the front. The water is inches deep over the road, and during the past week two teams and five men have been piling gravel on the road. They are a little above the water now, but next spring it will require more gravel.

Adam Hutchison, tax collector, will be at the store here on Wednesday, Dec. 2, from 9 to 4 o'clock, taking in the taxes. This is something new for tax collectors, and no doubt the farmers will appreciate Mr. Hutchison's thoughtfulness in making matters so easy for them.

The D. R. O.'s who made the mud-hole of the ballots in the North Huron election should have the sympathy of the people. They were Liberals, no doubt, and of late years they have had so little practice that it is little wonder they omitted tearing off the counterfoil. Some think there may be another election in this Riding. In that case, we will run a Grit and leave both Spottow and King at home.

LAKELET

Jas. Barton, who did such an extensive business buying and selling horses last summer, is working in a factory in Elmira and likes the job well.

There was quite a number from here down at Wm. Roberts' sale on Saturday afternoon. Jno. Dettman, of the Clifford-Lakelet road, bought a good work horse.

Sangster Bros. and Burnett Bros., the great cattle feeders west of here, got their supply of cattle from Ben Kerwin this fall. Sangsters have 20 head and Burnett's about 12. No doubt, by next spring they will be as well finished as those of former years.

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The Automobile

BATTERIES FREEZE. It is very important that the battery on a car be kept as charged as possible, else it will not start. This means that after reading should be kept as near the 1280 mark as is practical. However, after a battery has been in six months or a year this may be impossible, because part of the electrolyte or liquid contents may have spilled and replaced with water, or some of the active material dropped on the plates and lies in a jar as sediment where it holds a part of the acid so it cannot be returned to the electrolyte when the battery is recharged.

Consequently, if a battery has been charged until it gasses freely for two hours and the electrolyte remains to come up to 1280, it is well to add sufficient acid so that as the battery is used its specific gravity will not drop low enough to allow it to freeze.

This can be done by removing some of the electrolyte and adding sufficient sulphuric acid to bring it up to required strength, or by mixing acid with distilled water, a mixture reading about 1400, and using this instead of distilled water when the electrolyte becomes low. In mixing, always add or pour slowly the acid into the water—never the water

into the acid or an explosion is likely to result.

CINDER AND CEMENT FLOORS.

For my cellar and garage I have laid a good dry floor which ought to serve equally well for a henhouse or other farm building.

Excavate ten to twelve inches below the top of the finished floor, level off and tamp.

If the house sets so that the ground slopes away from it, slope the excavation to a low point and from this lay a drain a short distance from the house, terminating in a pit filled with broken stone. Put a strainer over the pipe and a few broken stones on the inlet end. Fix in six to eight inches with engine cinders and tamp. For the top four inches mix six parts of engine cinders and one part of cement, add water and turn again until the mass is thoroughly wet but not sloppy. Then spread over the cinders and tamp. A good way is to place screeds and level with a straight edge, drawing the straight edge over the screeds. This must be tamped until solid but not so hard as to cause the concrete to disintegrate.

Finish the top with one part cement and two parts clean, sharp sand, working the mixture under the trowel until the top surface is smooth and the moisture has been brought to the surface.—R. C. N.

How Long is a Day?

If you met a man, and he casually remarked that he ate \$15 meals yesterday, you would either be amazed at his appetite or take him for a hardened scoundrel. But the man may be a Norwegian, where they have a three and a half month in length. On the whole it would be wise to undertake to do certain things to receive so much a day in pay, understand just where the work to be done, or one might have eighteen and a half hours at home, if it happened to be the first day of the year, or all the time from May 21st to July 22nd if in some part of Norway.

In Petrogard the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. In Finland there is a twenty-two-hour day. In London and at Bremen the longest day is sixteen and a half hours; at Hamburg and Danzig seventeen hours, and at Washington about fifteen hours.

Too Much Economy.

Tom—"You got engaged last week, old chap, didn't you?"

Fred—"Yes, but that's all off now."

"Why—incompatibility of temper?"

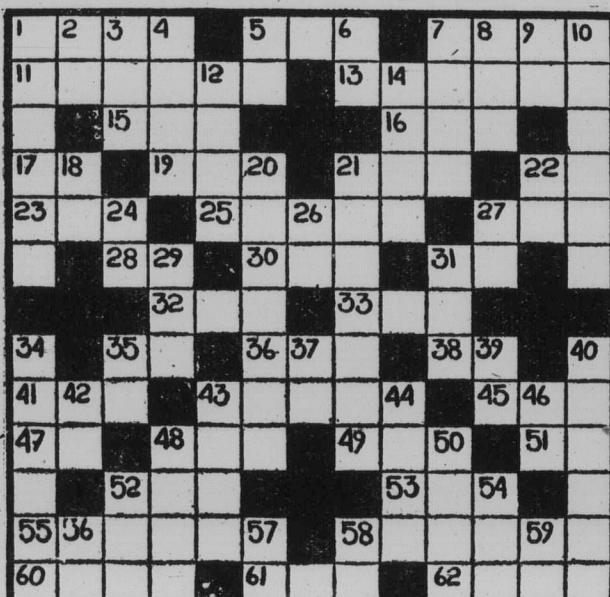
"Not at all—rather the reverse. She suggested my practicing economy, and I started by getting her an imitation gold ring."



Free Verse.

"He's a writer of free verse, you say?"

"Yes, he's never been paid for a poem yet."



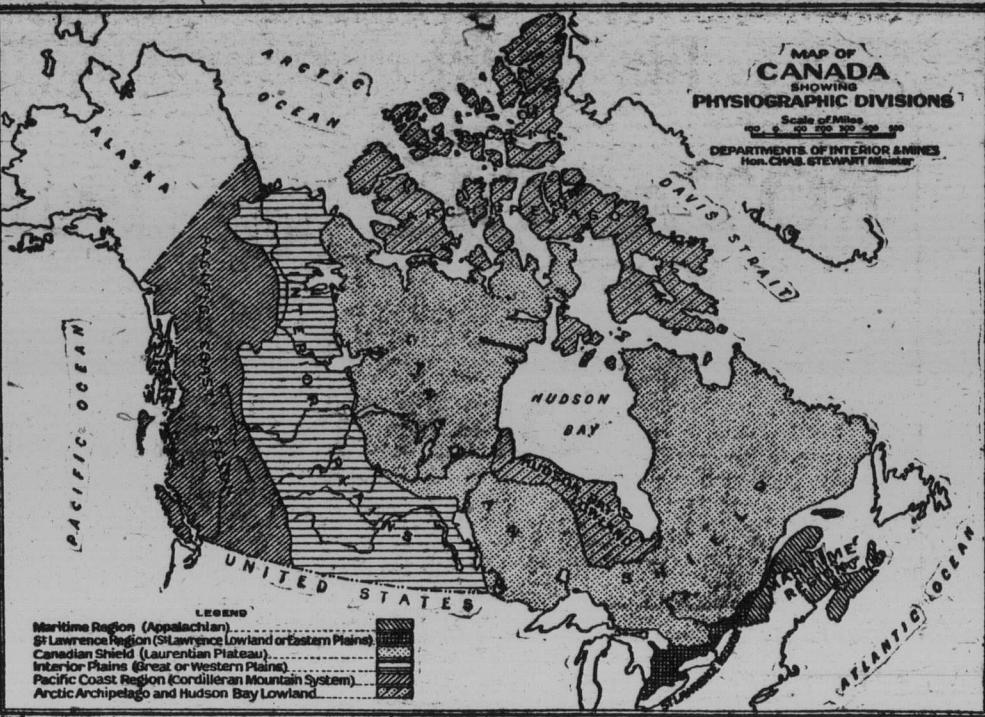
CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Every number in the form represents the beginning of a word, reading either horizontally or vertically. If there is a black square to the left of the number, the word is horizontal; if above it, the word is vertical. The same number may of course begin both a horizontal and a vertical. The definitions for the correct words to fill the form are found below, with numbers corresponding to those on the form. Run through the definitions till you find one that you recognize, and put it in its proper place on the form, one letter for each white square. This will lead you to another, and so on, till the words linking with it are right. Continue in this manner till the form is completely filled. If you have solved the puzzle correctly it should read both horizontally and vertically with words corresponding to the definitions.

Vertical.

- To cultivate, as land
- A pot name for "Margaret"
- Dregs
- Place where bees are kept
- The East
- To raise or move with a lever
- A period of existence
- Credit (abbr.)
- A pronoun
- Spit
- An exclamation of triumph
- To bring forth
- A track worn by passage through a wilderness
- To soak up
- A place famous for a certain wizard (Fairy story)
- A light carriage with one pair of wheels
- A preposition
- Brewed water
- A wooden tray or trough for carrying bricks
- Above
- A negative
- To perform
- A quadruped
- To utter harsh rebuke
- A negative connective
- Forwards
- A plaything
- To utter quickly like a bark (slang)
- A point of the compass
- A French coin
- An enemy
- In a tidy fashion
- Atmospheric disturbances
- Pigeons
- To deviate from the right course
- A fist (Scotch)

- A fixture for drawing a liquid from a container
- Associated Press (init.)
- To tear
- A girl's name
- Belonging to me
- To move
- A ferocious animal
- Even (poetic)
- Half the width of an em
- Strips of leather used as handles
- An Indian peasant
- Actual
- An ancient sun god of Egypt
- Pressure as of necessity
- Properly
- A cry of surprise
- A negative
- A three-toed sloth
- Street (abbr.)
- A sudden sharp hissing or sibilant sound such as that of a flying bullet
- To increase
- A writing securing to an inventor the sole right to use his invention
- You and me
- A Hawaiian bird
- Upon
- Part of the body
- In such manner
- The amazement or essential part of a human
- Idiot
- A bone (anatomical)
- Small children
- A reservoir for water
- The juice or fluid of a plant
- Before
- Each (abbr.)
- An old form of "you"
- Senior (abbr.)
- A pronoun



Studying Canada Geographically.

Unfortunately, to most readers the term "geography" has but an academic meaning. As a matter of cold reality, however, our national geography is the largest single factor affecting Canadian development. It is about as little academic as a mortgage. It is a bigger and more important business fact than the public debt. It is a permanent, fundamental factor touching our national development at every turn. To study and make known the physical property which the Canadian people own and have to develop is the general object of the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior.

Great credit is due the Geological Survey Branch of the Department of Mines for the work it has pursued in studying the physical geography of the Dominion. The accompanying map is a product of that work. It shows Canada in the light of its basic physical divisions—the only light in which one can intelligently study our economic geography or make any sound appraisal of the physical value and commercial possibilities of our national property.

The geography of Canada is the bedrock factor which fixes the value of

the Dominion as a national property—as our means of national support and growth. And the intelligent development of the country requires above everything else a clear, broad grasp of its geography, of its physical nature and layout.

Canadian development has been and will continue to be greatly advanced by dozens of different forms of constructive public action. Railway building, immigration, industrial research, technical education, the collection of adequate data—these and countless other lines of public activity enter into the work of widening, strengthening, guiding or illuminating the course of national growth. But underlying all such constructive enterprise is the one basic fact that our national progress rests finally and always upon the geography of our national property. A thorough knowledge of the geography of the country is the cornerstone of any true appreciation of Canada's development possibilities and problems, and of any broad-visioned development policy for the Dominion as a whole.

Yet it is a fact that geography, as it affects the business life of the Dominion, is about the only feature of Canada which has not been studied in a broad-gauge way. Not one Canadian out of a hundred has anything more

than a hodge-podge idea of the true character and real development value of Canada as a national property. Canadian geography has been studied along narrow, superficial lines. The study has been too much confined to showing just the artificial or the most obvious natural features of the country—the locations of railways, cities and towns, political boundaries, lakes, rivers, mountains and so on. This is, of course, one necessary phase of geographic work. But it does not touch the supremely important work of portraying the economic geography of Canada—the fundamental physical features which control the productive capacity of the property.

The narrow lines which the study of economic geography has followed in Canada has succeeded in giving almost everyone a fair superficial idea of the Dominion. Probably nine educated Canadians out of ten could sketch a fairly good, rough map showing the political divisions of the country by provinces and territories. Few Canadians, however, would ever recognize a map showing the great geographic regions which not only shape the whole course and character of the Dominion's economic development but actually create our transportation tariff and most of our other major political questions.



Not There Yet.

"There's a man I'd like to see in jail!"

"Why don't you go see him then?"

"He hasn't done anything he could be jailed for yet."

Keep Tab on Fish.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries has marked a considerable number of Atlantic salmon, by attaching silver tags to their dorsal fins, for the purpose of tracing the movements of these fish. A salmon that was marked and liberated at Burnt Point, Port Maitland, Yarmouth county, Nova Scotia, on June 11 of this year was killed in the Moose river, Quebec, in the early part of July. If this fish took the most direct route it travelled about 800 miles, but if it followed the larger indentations of the shoreline it travelled over 1,200 miles.

Spiders Lit Up.

Spiders that glow like fire-flies have been discovered in Central Burma.

HAVE AN IDEAL

An ideal in life is a wonderful asset to success. It is quite believable that a man who always thinks great thoughts about his life's work is almost beyond the possibility of failure.

The people who never seem to make good are those who try to get through in a slipshod fashion. Anything slipshod is an impediment and keeps us back. The people who have won through are those who have decided on the thing for which they will live and work; and, having decided, never permit that goal to be far out of sight.

A boy determines he will pursue a certain course in life, and he begins, say, to study for engineering. He will have to face many a setback; but if he is wise he will plod on, determined that, come what may, he will nothing to discourage him. He will study everything possible about his chosen profession and go forward with enthusiasm towards the prize he has in view. To such a youth there can be no failure; he will face the music, come what may. This is so throughout the whole world. The men who count are those who are wedded to their ideals and leave nothing undone that will help to gain their end.

Have you ever thought what it has cost to produce the world as we see it? What hurtlings and earthquakes and catastrophes and shocks have been experienced in order to make this world so beautiful? And we are given to understand that even in this matter the best is yet to be! The finale of Nature's wonder is not yet. She still holds in her secret sway the wonders our children will come to look upon as commonplace.

And so in morals, ever believe that the world of men is getting worse. Let others speak of "the good old days" as they may, it still remains a fact that the best days any of us know are those that make up our lives to-day. If past days were good, let us rejoice with those who lived in them; but we must never believe it is true that there were better days than our own. Better people than ourselves may have lived, but the best, even in this matter, is yet to be.

Some people refer to the newspapers and suggest by the contents that men are no better than before. But remember, the papers record the unusual and extraordinary and that which is newsworthy and out of the way. People are better in living than formerly, and every discovery and effort to uplift men is another aid to the one increasing purpose that flows through all things.

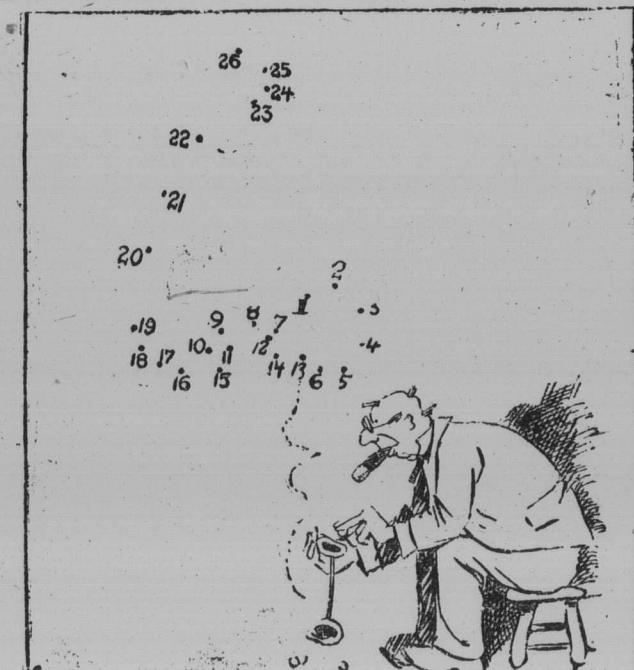
In the walk of life we are called to do our best towards furthering the cause of a perfect and wholesome world; and the best way to do so is calmly and patiently to follow the gleam from the ideal that we have set for ourselves or others have set for us. Character is the factor that counts most in life.

We are here to laugh and be jolly! So long as we have the joy of life in us, we shall plod our way and every step will lead forward. The fluctuating life is dangerous. To be spasmodic is to degenerate. Discover the right road; then keep on keeping on!

Answer to last week's puzzle:

BEST	ORA	EGGS
ART	ABODE	LIE
GRAND	ILOQUENT	S
ROD	E USES	R DEL FAN F
LOT	RATAL PRO	LOT RATAL PRO
EYES	BET YOUR	EYES BET YOUR
TAX	MEDAL TIE	TAX MEDAL TIE
L PAL	LUZ T	L PAL LUZ T
W SIR	B ROE F	W SIR B ROE F
INTERNATIONAL	NEE YOKED THO	INTERNATIONAL NEE YOKED THO
SOPH	BEAR DEAR	SOPH BEAR DEAR

A judge may be a man of few words but he is not always a man of short sentences.



It's a sure sign that winter is coming when you see Dolby taking the moth balls from his ear muffs. His flappers are very sensitive to the frost and his

loyalty and fitness for military action.

His career he commenced as a private in a Russian Cossack regiment. Yet Reza Khan must have shown exceptional abilities since he rose continually in the esteem of his superiors and his comrades. That was the reason why he succeeded in keeping together a handful of men after imperial Russia collapsed and his regiment was disbanded.

In February, 1921, Reza Khan, together with his soldiers, overthrew the government, appointing a prime minister, and selected himself as the minister of war of Persia. In October, 1923, he discarded this civilian cabinet and, with the aid of a second coup d'état, assumed the premiership. Since that time he has been Persia's prime minister.

Reza Khan possesses much of that

RICH BLOOD MEANS GOOD HEALTH

Also it Means Bright Eyes, Red Lips and Rosy Cheeks.

The lack of sufficient red, health-giving blood does not end merely in pale faces and listless eyes. It is much more serious. Bloodless people are the tired, languid, run-down folk who have no enjoyment in life. They have heart palpitation, headaches and backaches, no appetite, sometimes fainting spells, and always nervousness. Just a little more rich, red blood and these troubles vanish. To get this new, rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just the thing you need. That is why these pills have a world-wide reputation as a blood and nerve tonic. Among those who have proved the truth of these statements is Miss Annie M. Blonski, Woodbridge, Mass.—"I became very weak and nervous, had pains in my side and back, and suffered from frequent sickness. I was hardly able to do anything about the house and would have a start at night, with my heart pounding violently. If I walked upstairs I would be breathless and my heart would flutter rapidly. I used doctor's medicine but it did not do me any permanent good. Then I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them, and I can only say that they did wonders for me. I am now well and strong again and able to do all my work, and this is all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have recommended the pills to others who have taken them with equally good results."

You can get the pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Other People's Good-Byes.

To grasp and shake vigorously one another's necklaces before parting is etiquette in the South Sea Islands, where the men as well as the women wear these ornaments.

The Turks cross their hands on their breasts and bow.

With the Fijians saying "good-bye" is quite a ceremony. Men and women carry red feathers, which they produce before parting and place in the form of a cross. The significance of this is that, although they must now tear themselves away from each other's presence, their paths having once crossed, their hearts will forever be in union.

The Japanese way of bidding adieu is to flourish a slipper in the air. In certain South Sea Islands the lover's method of expressing a farewell consists of clasping his sweetheart's ankles; while in Otaheite a man taking leave of a woman twists her skirt till it becomes like a piece of rope.



She Was the Limit.

She—So you think it would be unwise for me to marry a man with less brain than myself?"

Her Chum—"Quite impossible, my dear!"

No Halo.

The patient saleswoman brought out the seventeenth hat. The customer seemed impressed, but her doting husband spoke up with decision.

"That hat does not become you, my angel."

The saleswoman showed another.

"And that, certainly, is not worthy of you, my angel!"

"I fear we cannot suit your angel," said the saleswoman finally. "We have nothing in the way of a halo."

Chinese Expert in Jade.

The Chinese, as a result of many generations of experience, are the most expert jade carvers in the world.

WE WANT CHURNING CREAM

We supply cans and pay express charges. We pay daily by express money orders, which can be cashed anywhere without any charge.

To obtain the top price, Cream must be free from bad flavor and contain not less than 30 per cent. Butter Fat.

Bowes Company Limited,
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For references—Head Office, Toronto, Bank of Montreal, or your local banker.

Established for over thirty years.



Fine Hunters From the Emerald Isle

Ireland is quickly being adapted to pursuits of peace. Agricultural fairs and stock shows are the order of the day, and recently Irish bred cows were announced among the finest in the world.

But there is another thing which is due to bring the little Island to the attention of every country in the world where the thrill of the chase and the claxon call of the horn on still, cool countrysides in autumn have a place in the heart of the people.

When the trees are bare, days begin to get shorter and the long grasses covered profusely with brown and russetted leaves, and an atmosphere of contentment seems to settle down. The hurried frenzy for summer sports is allowed to subside. There is a universal desire for "something different."

Hunting seems to be exactly the thing, and in Canada this sport is becoming more popular each succeeding year. Strong, powerful horses, known as Irish hunters, are being brought here for that purpose.

These horses are noted for their stamina, speed and beauty. Long slim bodies, wiry tapering legs, there is in them the heart of the hunter who never gives up. Thomas Lawton of Cork, has shipped four specially selected horses recently by the Canadian Pacific line. Metagama, the second shipment to Canada within the last few months. These horses were purchased by Hugh Wilson of Oakville, Ontario, one of the largest importers in Canada.

It is understood that more orders are to be placed by Mr. Wilson and other Canadian importers in the near future. (1) Shows hunters out for an airing before being led to the sheds. (2) Horses being loaded on board the Canadian Pacific liner Metagama in special boxes.



Surnames and Their Origin

TAYLOR.

Variation—Parmentier.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An Occupation.

Here are two family names which are the sole surviving forms generally met with in this country of a group which at one time embraced a great number of variations.

There are two sources for the name of Taylor, and one for that of Parmentier. Originally the name of Taylor was descriptive of the occupation of the person to whom it was applied, the calling being either that of the tailor or that of the "tayler," the latter word being now extinct, though strangely enough the industry, or rather, process in the textile industry which it represents, is carried on to-day by means of the same sort of thistle or burr from which the occupation took its name. The "tayl," "tayler," "teaser" or "tased" was used to scratch the surface of cloth in order to produce a nap. It is still used to-day, though machinery is used in the application.

But as family names developed the spellings of "Taylor" and "Tayler" became confused with the many variations of Taylor, of which "Tayler," "Tayleur" and "Taillour" were examples.

The "Parmentier" was simply another name of Norman origin, for the man who made cloths out of cloth, old spellings of which were "parmitier," "parmentier" and "parmitar."

There is a branch of the Clan Cameron of Scotland which uses the name of Taylor, but in the form "Mac-Man-taillear" (descendants of the "tailor") from "Talllear-dubh-naughtaig" (The Black Taylor of the Axe—17th century). This, of course,

merely traces back to the English word.

O'KANE

Variations—Kane, Kean, Keane, Keen, Kyan, O'Cain, O'Calne, O'Care, O'Canane, O'Carhaine, O'Carhan, Cain, Calne, Cahane, Cahalne, Gahan, Gethan.

Racial Origin—Irish.

Source—Given Name.

It looks like an index to a whole encyclopedic of family names; but it's just one surname, in its many variations. There are few Irish clan names which have given rise to so many variations of spelling, and even pronunciation, when translated into English, as that of "O'Cathein."

Of all the Anglicized forms, probably the one that strikes the closest to the Gaelic pronunciation of "O'Cathein" is O'Caheine or O'Caheane.

But the tendency of the English-trained tongue and throat is to slur, and since it is the second syllable of "Cathein" that is accented, most of the Anglicized versions simply slur out the first vowel sound and the aspirate, and make one syllable of it. Whether spelled with a "C" or a "K," or an "a" or an "ai," the usual pronunciation is "cane" in English, though that of "keen" is not unusual; in which case, the spelling "eau" is used. As a matter of fact, however, this change of "cane" to "keen" is a development in English of comparatively modern times, and it was probably first pronounced in English as "cane."

The clan is an offshoot, an ancient one, of the O'Neills, of Tyrone, founded by a chieftain named "Cathan" (meaning "warrior") in the twelfth century.

It is an excellent silver cleaner. Stand the silver in hot water with two or three teaspoonsfuls of borax for two hours, then rinse and wipe dry. It will add to boot polish or blacklead, improve the lustre greatly, and, of course, a teaspoonful added to the starch on washing days prevents the iron sticking and puts a beautiful gloss on collars and cuffs, etc.

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