

# THE OUTLOOK

VOLUME XXXI.

P. E. BLACK, Publisher. Member C. W. P. A.

MIDDLETON NOVA SCOTIA, THURSDAY FEBRUARY 26, 1925.

Subscriptions: Canada \$1.50, U.S. \$2

NUMBER 21

## This is the Open Season for Coughs, Colds and Grippe

We have a number of Remedies that We CAN Recommend with confidence. Come in and see us. A stitch in time saves nine.

OUR STOCK OF DRUGS, HOT WATER BOTTLES, TOILET GOODS, STATIONERY, AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES, CANDY, TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES HAVE ARRIVED ALL FRESH AND NEW AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES, CONSISTENT WITH HIGH GRADE GOODS.

Try the Drug Store First when you require the above articles.

OUR SPECIALTY—MORRIS' CHOCOLATES, 35, 50 70c. per pound. —Fresh every week. Try our Milk Caramels at 50c per lb.

Store Open Every Night. All the Latest Magazines on Sale

## Middleton Pharmacy

Temporary Quarters, Theatre Block, Main St. C. A. Mumford, Prop.

### DALHOUSIE WEST

February 21st—Mr. Karl Smith, of Bridgewater, is spending a few days at his home in this place.

Mrs. Chas. Marshall, of Parkland Ridge, was the weekend guest of her sister, Mrs. W. O. Wright.

Mr. Jas. Franey, of Aylesford, was a recent guest of friends here.

Mr. C. F. Wilson is spending a few days in Aylesford in the vicinity.

Misses Minerva Smith and Marguerite Baker, of Maplewood, are weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Smith.

Mr. Karl Smith and Miss Gladys Nixon spent Friday in New Germany.

### MYRTLE REBEKAH LODGE "AT HOME"

Myrtle Rebekah Lodge entertained Kingston Rebekah Lodge on Thursday evening, Feb. 19th, in the L. O. O. F. Hall. After the regular business was concluded a short program consisting of music and readings was rendered. Group games were enjoyed till a late hour, when refreshments were served.

A jolly evening was brought to a close by the joining of hands and all singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Bro. Wm. Wright of Covenant Rebekah Lodge, St. Peter's, C. B., was among the guests.

### "DIAMONDS AND HEARTS" GOES OVER THE TOP

"Diamonds and Hearts" was the title of the play given recently in the Armada Theatre by the "Middleton Players" under the direction of Mrs. Owen Wheelock. The players were gratified by a large and appreciative audience, who witnessed this charming play, well performed. All the characters were good. Bernice, the persecuted heroine, stood up very bravely under her trials. The two girls were charming. Dr. Burton made one feel quite sympathetic with the heroine's need of being sick in order to meet him. Nero (the dog) could not have been more natural. Sammy, the coloured man, kept the house highly amused. Dwight Bradley was a very disagreeable villain, which is, after all, just what a villain ought to be. The attorney and the sheriff were distinctly impressing, but nothing could have surpassed the acting of Abraham and Hannah, the old couple with whom Bernice boarded while teaching school.

Great praise is due Mrs. Wheelock and to all the company for their untiring efforts. Particularly to Dr. Thurston for his vigorous interest. One instance of which was the wonderful programme.

Last but not least was the dancing of Miss Jean MacDunn. It was light, graceful and talented. Her costumes were most tastefully selected and the incident was very much enjoyed.

Below is the list of players.

Bernice.....Mrs. W. H. Star  
Amy.....Marguerite Cunningham  
Inez.....Margaret Dodge  
Nero....."Himself"  
Dr. Burton.....Hilbert Parson  
Sammy.....Dr. E. C. Thurston  
Mrs. Halstead.....Mrs. W. G. Parson  
Dwight Bradley.....Mal. Bridge  
Abraham.....Martin  
Hannah.....Mrs. O. Wheelock  
Sheriff.....Earle Mumford  
.....Fred Hoy

### COTTAGE COVE

Mrs. Janet Ramsay spent Monday 16th, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Ben Barreux, Mt. Hanley.

Mrs. Augustus Spilour was a visitor at Mrs. J. N. Hines on Monday 17th.

Messrs. J. N. Hines and George Wilson were on a business trip to Port Lorne on the 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Hines spent the 19th at Mt. Hanley with her father, Mr. Z. Elliott and other friends of that place.

Mrs. J. L. Hines and Mrs. Maritta Knaptrick were guests of Mrs. Avery Hines on the 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hines were guests of their daughter, Mrs. Aubrey Nelly, Brooklyn, on the 22nd.

Mr. J. N. Hines is at present in the lumber business and has choppers in the woods cutting logs.

Ralph and Roger Tooker were visitors at the home of Mrs. Emma Mar- geson on the 20th.

Those who attended Rev. Mr. Rankin's service at Port George on Sunday the 22nd had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent and helpful discourse.

### OBITUARY

William G. Craig, of Victoria Vale, one of the landmarks of this vicinity, died at his home, on Sunday evening last. Although 86 years of age, he retained his faculties and was active, almost up to the day of his death which took place after an illness of only a few days.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Augusta Reagh; two sons, Adelbert and Milton of Victoria Vale and a granddaughter, Hazel, who has kept home for him for several years.

The funeral services were held from the home on Wednesday, conducted by Rev. J. G. Hockin and Rev. W. R. Turner. The interment was held on Tuesday, in the Pine Grove Cemetery, at Lower Middleton.

### WILMOT

A Young People's Society was organized at the home of John Whelan on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18th. The following officers were elected: President—Miss Egan; Vice President—Miss G. Troop; Secretary—Conn. Todd; Treasurer—Mrs. A. L. Wiswall.

The Society is to meet every Friday evening at different homes in Wilmot and South Farmington.

Miss Gertrude Power of Grafton spent Saturday with her friend, Miss Carrie Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallett Bowby were the guests of Mrs. Lottie Craig on Friday.

### POLITICAL RALLY

at ASSEMBLY HALL, MacDonald School, MIDDLETON

Thurs., February 26 at 8 p. m.

To be addressed by MR. W. L. HALL, K. C. Leader of the Provincial Opposition

MR. O. P. GOUCHER and MR. HARRY T. MACKENZIE The Opposition Candidates in Annapolis County

This is the first public appearance of Mr. Hall in this part of the County and it is expected that he will be greeted by a bumper audience. Seats will be reserved for the Ladies.

EVERYBODY INVITED

### LAWRENCETOWN

February 21st—Miss Eileen Shankel and Frances Whitton, of Acadia Seminary, are at home for a short vacation.

Mrs. Donald Chase, of Port Williams, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Bancroft.

Professor Marie Bancroft, of Acadia staff, Wolfville, gave a very instructive and interesting lecture on the "Wonders of the Sea." Professor Bancroft was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Hall while in town.

We are sorry to report a number of cases of the "flu" among whom on the sick list are Mrs. John Stoddart, Mrs. A. H. Whitman, Mrs. Warner and Miss Jean Shaffer.

Miss Hilda Bishop is spending the week-end out of town.

The Bridge and Tea held at the home of Mrs. Warwick last Wednesday was a great success. The sum of \$20.00 being realized for the hospital.

The ladies of the Women's Institute gave the Short Course boys a dainty luncheon after the debate was held on last Wednesday evening.

### TREMONT AND KINGSTON VILLAGE

Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Gullison were weekend visitors of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Baker. Mr. Gullison assisted Mr. Finney with the services here on Sunday.

Arthur Bowby of the Academy, Wolfville, spent the week end at home.

Sorry to report Miss Hilda Saunders on the sick list.

A number from this vicinity attended the play "The Veiled Woman" at Middleton on Friday evening.

Miss Marion Dodge has returned from Wolfville.

Mrs. Gullison gave a very interesting address on Monday to learn of the sudden death of Deacon A. Stanley Brown. Much sympathy is extended to Mrs. Brown and family.

### OBITUARY

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Keith Craig, took place Saturday evening, Feb. 21st, at her home in Victoria Vale, after an illness of long duration. She was the widow of Eugene Craig, who predeceased her about fifteen years ago. She leaves a grown-up son and daughter, and a number of sisters and brothers, nearly all of whom live in this vicinity.

The funeral service was held on Tuesday, in the Pine Grove Cemetery, Lower Middleton.

### "THE VILLAGE LAWYER" AT LAWRENCETOWN

"The Village Lawyer" a four act drama of conscience and comedy, which is to be produced at the Demonstration Building, Lawrencetown, Wednesday, March 4th and Aradale Theatre, Middleton, Thursday, March 12th, cannot fail to meet with popular approval, as the Lawrencetown Theatre Guild is bending every effort to make it a big success.

The various parts have been well cast and are in efficient hands, while the musical parts of the production is under the guiding hand of Mrs. A. H. Whitman, who, with her sunswet maidens and merry around girls made such a hit last season.

The vaudeville between acts is of strictly top notch variety and no energy has been spared to put them across in the Big Time way.

Carrie Whitman and her Sunswet Maidens are positively captivating in the headliner, "Swing Me in the Moonlight." The pretty Merry-go Round Girls will offer something new and out of the ordinary in "Mr. Radix Man."

The mirth provokers, Whitman and Porter, prove to you in their infectious fun producing sketch "A Splash of Ink," plenty of wit and good humor and with Harry Kackham's song and dance, making the vaudeville line up, you will have enjoyed a evening of superlatively high grade entertainment.

The prices are within reach of all, for indeed is "The Village Lawyer" an aeroplane show at submarine prices.

### TORBROOK MINES

Grippe colds are prevalent here in some cases the entire family has been laid by with it.

Mr. Robert Thompson is suffering with his eye. On Monday he went to Middleton for medical aid.

Miss Hilda Saunders had to go to her home last week due to illness.

Mrs. A. M. Spinney spent last week at the home of Mrs. E. S. Spurr, Middleton.

Mrs. Gullford Payson and two children, Barbara and Frances spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Payson. On Saturday last they went to Margareville where they will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson.

Miss Dorothy Bishop of Lawrencetown is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Banks.

Our Community was shocked and saddened on Monday to learn of the sudden death of Deacon A. Stanley Brown. Much sympathy is extended to Mrs. Brown and family.

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The funeral service was held on Tuesday, in the Pine Grove Cemetery, Lower Middleton.

### NORTH KINGSTON

Mrs. Huntley, who has been ill for several weeks, is slowly recovering.

Miss Edna Armstrong returned last week from Aylesford.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bishop and Mr. Leslie Bishop of Greenwich spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Robertson.

We are glad to report Mr. T. Hill and Corey Foster able to be out again.

Mrs. Hallett Armstrong spent last week in Melvern Square.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Rogers of Canby were the guests of his brother, Harold Rogers on Sunday.

Mr. Perley Acker is recovering from an operation for appendicitis in Berwick Memorial Hospital.

The Methodist Ladies Aid Society was entertained at the home of Mrs. E. W. Reid on Thursday. This being the regular business meeting of the year, new officers were appointed. President—Mrs. Ezra Reid. Vice President—Mrs. W. T. Nelson. Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Edgar Foster.

Cutters for the year—Mrs. Leslie Howell and Mrs. Beulah Foster. Buyers for Circle—Mrs. E. Woodbury and Mrs. Jas. Robertson.

The Treasurer's report for the year 1924 was very encouraging; a large sum being raised in various ways for church purposes. There is talk of a Clan Supper in the near future.

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### Reagh's Warehouse

We have all kinds of Flour and Feed Cotton Seed Meal 41 and 36 per cent SPECIAL PRICES

### G. N. Reagh & Sons

MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA

### Public Debate

to be held in KINGSTON HALL

### Thurs., Feb. 26

at 8 o'clock

SUBJECT: Resolved: "THAT WOMEN'S TRUE SPHERE IS IN THE HOME"

The Speakers are: F. M. Munroe, H. J. Nelly, J. W. Robertson, L. E. Dewart, A. H. Hilton, F. W. Foster

Admission 25c.

### Have Your PAINTING and DECORATING

Done before the Rush of the Spring Season begins. I will be willing to inspect and quote price on any job in the Valley.

### JOHN L. CARTER

Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

### Parish of Wilmot

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

SUNDAY, MARCH 1st

(1st in Lent)

Services: 8:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.

SERMONS:

"The First Commandment"

FRIDAY at 7:30 p. m.

A Cordial Invitation To All

### UNITED Baptist Church

MIDDLETON

SUNDAY, MARCH 1st

Services 11 a. m.

Subject:

"Two Debtors"

Sunday School at 12 o'clock sharp.

Evening Service 7:30 o'clock.

Subject:

The Third of the Series of Deadly Sins

"Anger"

The Pastor, Rev. W. D. Wilson, will preach at both services

MIDDLETON

### United Church

Methodist and Presbyterian

SUNDAY, MARCH 1st

The Minister will Preach:

11 a. m.

"Expediency"

12 noon: Sunday School.

7:30 p. m.:

"Let us Sing the Old Songs"

The Choir will lead in the Singing of Old Hymns.

Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Enter into His Gata With Thanksgiving and into His Courts with praise

## AUTOISTS !

ALL READY FOR BUSINESS: Our New Garage is now completed. It is situated just off Main, east of Commercial Street. Come and see us.

YOUR CAR MAY NEED REPAIRING: If your car is in need of repairs, we advise bringing it in at once while the roads are in good shape, so that you can have it overhauled and ready when the roads open again.

YOU SHOULD KNOW THE COST: We can give you a price for the work before we start. In this way you know exactly what the repair bill is going to be. This is of vital importance to every car owner, and it is one thing he is entitled to. It is only fair.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED: We stand behind every job we do. It is our aim to give every customer satisfaction in the minutest detail.

REPAIRING ON ALL MAKES OF CARS: When you bring your car to our garage, you don't have to wonder whether we know anything about your particular car. We have had a wide experience on all makes of cars, and our experience and knowledge is at your service.

IGNITION and ELECTRICAL WORK: It is very important that the electrical end of your car be in tip-top shape. We specialize in this department of repair work and we'll be delighted to tell you what your car requires for the season's run.

REMEMBER: We do work on all kinds of automobiles and tractors, so let us know your requirements. You will find us ready to give you every service.

## THE GENERAL GARAGE

JOE CLEMENTS, PROPRIETOR

MIDDLETON NOVA SCOTIA

## ARMDALE THEATRE

MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA

Friday and Saturday

FEBRUARY 27th FEBRUARY 28th

## "The Fool's Awakening"

From Wm. J. Loke's Story: "The Tale of Triona," with Harrison Ford, Enid Bennett, Mary Alden, and all Star Cast. BIG THRILLING PICTURE. STORY OF PRISON LIFE IN RUSSIA.

17 cents 27 cents

## Tuesday March 3rd

JOHN M. HURTLEY

TENOR SOLOIST

Medalist Ontario Musical Festival will give a Musical Recital in the ARMDALE THEATRE assisted by:

MISS ELLINOR NELSON, Pianist.

MISS DOROTHY HURTLEY, Accompanist.

MRS. THOMAS HURTLEY, Reader.

KINGSTON ORCHESTRA

PRICES: 25 cents, 50 cents. NO TAX.

RESERVE THURSDAY, MARCH 12th FOR

## The Village Lawyer

A 4 ACT COMEDY DRAMA. SEE POSTERS.

## Our Entire Stock

Must be Reduced. To Do So the Following Lines

## WILL BE SOLD BELOW COST

Lumbermen's Rubbers. Underwear. Men's all Wool. Larrigans. Men's Fleece Lined. Overshoes. Men's Merino. Boots and Shoes. Sweaters. Men's and Women's Slippers. Hats and Caps. Overalls and Pants. Gilets. Horse Rugs. Collars. Buffalo Robes. Neckties.

## All Other Goods Not Listed 10 Per Cent Discount.

(GROCERIES NOT INCLUDED)

WITH EVERY DOLLAR PURCHASE YOU WILL RECEIVE A TICKET ON THE AUTO TIRE WHICH WILL BE DRAWN FOR AFTER THE FIRST 100 TICKETS ARE GIVEN OUT.

## K. M. Marshall

GENERAL MERCHANT. KINGSTON, N. S.

## Town Topics

Tid-bits on the Tip of Everybody's Tongue

VOL. 1, NO. 39. MIDDLETON, FEBRUARY 19, 1925. FREE

## Ribbons or Chocolates?

First business man: "Where do you buy your typewriter ribbons?"

Second business man (absentmindedly): "I don't—I buy her chocolates instead."

Mrs. have what is considered the finest box making plant in Canada, manufacturing boxes and shocks not only for themselves, but a dozen other important firms. Still, considering the quality of XXX Chocolates, there may be a little exaggeration in what one manufacturer said: "I hear you have a very fine box plant and that you manufacture shocks as good as your XXX Chocolates."

## MOSHER'S CORNER

Mrs. Albert Balser was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Bent on Saturday. Mrs. Joseph North was also a guest at the same home.

Mr. Edward Bent is home for two weeks. Mr. George Bent taking his place in Kentville.

Dr. M. W. Brown preached in the Church Sunday afternoon.

M. and Mrs. John Clark and daughter, Mrs. George Bent, and Mrs. Jane Bent spent Friday evening the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bent.

Miss M. Alcorn is spending the week end in Berwick.

Mr. Enos Swallow of Springfield is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. H. Roush.

There is to be a social in the Church Thursday evening. Music and Readings; Pies Candy, etc. Proceeds for Church purposes.

Mr. E. B. Rafuse spent a few days this week calling on friends here and in Port George.

E. M. COX, R. N., Supt.

## NOTICE

The ILLUSTRATED LECTURE on "Some Points in Christ's Teaching" by REV. ROBT. MILLER

Will be given in The PARISH HALL MIDDLETON

on Tuesday, March 3rd at 8:30 p. m.

after the Community Club meeting.

The Rector hopes that the Lecture will appeal to all Christians.

"What can be done with the by-products of gasoline?" asks a contemporary. Usually, they are taken to the nearest hospital.

YOUR NEW SUIT ?

WINTER UNDERWEAR

How about that New Suit? We would like you to look over our samples. We can make up your suit in any style you wish, and guarantee fit, the quality of goods and our price will be reasonable.

A full stock of winter underwear, a good line of sweaters, overcoats, trousers, hats, caps, etc. in fact anything in the furnishing line.

Prompt, efficient and courteous treatment always; and you will find shopping at our store a distinct pleasure.

S. H. Morrison

MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA

How's Your Coal Bin ?

The winter is sliding on, but have you got enough Coal and Coke to carry you through? If you have not, our advice is to get your supply replenished right now. You don't know when a tie-up of some kind may occur and a coal shortage be the result. ORDER YOUR COAL AT ONCE.

R. S. McKay

MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA

Fruit Growers Attention

SPRAY is the most natural way to fertilize your FRUIT TREES in order to prevent and kill PESTS. THIS SEASON, I will place before you the latest and most up-to-date equipped MACHINE that is manufactured in the world today. FOR APPLYING YOUR SPRAY.

The largest machine is

A REAL TWO GUN OUTFIT

Self Oiling, Sand, Dust and Dirt Proof, Automatically Controlled. Pressure from 150 to 400 lbs. 10, 12 and 14 gals. per minute. Tanks, 150 to 600 gals. These machines are a new departure, having been thoroughly tested and manufacturers guarantee goes with them.

One Gun Outfits are along the same lines

I am not offering the public OBSOLETE sprayers, but can supply same in any quantity if needed, and at prices such as any fruit grower can afford to have one.

OUR NEW LINE consists of TEN DIFFERENT EQUIPMENTS

These goods are manufactured by F. E. MYERS & BRO., and represented in the Maritime Provinces by

G. N. REAGH & SON, Agents J. W. HARVEY, Manfg. Agent MIDDLETON, N. S. PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

Manufacturing and Repair Shop

You already know that I have a well equipped machine shop and in a position to take care of all your needs in any line of machinery. Get out your old Power Sprayers if they are worth repairing. This is the place. Don't leave it too late.

HARVEY'S

PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

The Lawrencetown Theatre Guild

PRESENT ORCHESTRA

CAST. As you Meet Them

DAN BRIGHT, learning to be a lawyer. CARMAN MARSHALL MRS. SAM DILL, not afraid to speak her mind. HAZEL RITCHIE ANGIE BARRITT, sister of Seth Barrett. GLADIS BISHOP DAVID CONANT, a political boss. C. V. WHITMAN SETH BARRITT, the lawyer. R. C. BISHOP SAM DILL, a much married man. A. H. WHITMAN HELEN CONANT, David's daughter. ELLEEN PRINCE JAMES FERGUSON, Conant's right hand man. C. MERRY ISABEL UNDERWOOD, from 43 Broadway. GEOGIE FELTUS ALAN SPENCER, a summer boarder. E. L. PORTER LOBELIA, a household factotum. HELEN PORTER

TIME. The Present. SYNOPSIS OF SCENES ACT 1: Seth Barrett's Office, on an afternoon in August. ACT 2: Same as Act 1 - About a week later. ACT 3: Home of Seth Barrett, the next evening. ACT 4: Same as Acts 1 and 2 - The following day.

SPECIALTIES Musical Directors. W. H. Rackham and Mrs. A. H. Whitman Scene Entitled "SWING ME IN THE MOONLIGHT" Sunswest Maidens Scene Entitled "MR. RADIO MAN" The Merry Go Round Girls "A SONGLOGUE" WHITMAN and PORTER "A SPLASH OF INK" WHITMAN and PORTER The Sunswest Maidens and Merry Go Round Girls MARJORIE PHINNEY, JESSIE PHINNEY, LILLIAN SHAFFNER, HELEN SHAFFNER, JEAN WHITMAN, MABEL STODDARD, HELEN GRAHAM, FLORENCE ARCHIBALD.

AT THE

Demonstration Building

LAWRENCETOWN

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4th

GET YOUR RESERVED SEATS AT BISHOP & RITCHIE'S or H. H. WHITMAN'S. PRICES 50c. and 35c.

OBITUARY

Mr. George M. Foster, a well known and life-long resident of Port George, passed away on Wednesday, the 11th inst., in the 76th year of his age.

Mr. Foster is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Ella Baker, six sons: Harry and Walter in Boston; Wilbert in Kentville; Howard in Victoria; Vale; George residing near by; Charles and Sumner at home; one daughter, Mrs. Bernard Swallow residing at Port George; and two sisters: Mrs. Elizabeth Rafuse and Mrs. Jane Gates, both in the U. S. A.

The funeral service was held from the residence on Friday afternoon, conducted by Rev. W. H. Rackham and Rev. M. W. Brown. Among the floral tributes were: a wreath from the family; roses from Mrs. Fred Hiltz, Kentville; spray from Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Foster of Kentville and spray from Mrs. G. N. Reagh, Middleton.

OBITUARY

At Somerville, Mass., January 22, 1925, Mr. Samuel W. Armstrong passed away at the age of 73 years at his home on 78 Beacon St. He was born at Mt. Hanley, his parents being the late Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong. At the age of 17 years he went to the U. S. A. and has been there ever since only on occasional visits to his native home. He was an Expressman for about 45 years and feeling as well as usual he had gone into Boston to his office and about 10 o'clock, he and one of his men were standing outside the door watching the men shovel the snow when his man saw that Mr. Armstrong was falling. A taxi was called Mr. Armstrong was taken home where he was well cared for, but no loving hands or medical skill could help him. He passed away the following day at 3.30. He was laid to rest in the Cambridge Cemetery. The Pall Bearers were his three brothers and one nephew, T. H. Balsor, Brighton, Mass.; W. P. Balsor, Arlington, Mass.; Fred Balsor, New York City; F. S. Balsor, Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. Rider, from Greenwood Temple, spoke very comfortable words at the house. The Oddfellows service was then held as he was a member. The solist at St. Paul Cathedral sang "Abide With Me." "My Faith Looks up to Thee" and "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." He leaves to mourn a wife, three brothers an aged step-father and two sisters.

To the bereaved wife we would bring the comforting words: "Thy Maker is Thy Husband." May He who came to heal the broken hearted speak words of comfort to her and give her the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, showing the high esteem in which he was held by his many friends from New York, Boston, Lynn, Brighton, Medford, Concord, Cambridge, Somerville, Hudson East Boston, Reading and Waterfield Mass.

PROF. LIDDY LECTURES

"Crime, Its Cause and Prevention" was the subject of the lecture given by Prof. Liddy of Mt. Allison, on Friday, the 13th, in McDonald School; it being one of the courses of the Extension Lecture Series under auspices of the Macdonald School Board.

The speaker stated that statistics showed that crime was on the increase, and that crime was much more prevalent in the United States than in Great Britain, giving some reasons for this.

Prof. Liddy then went on to state that the causes for crime were usually divided into three classes: the defective and objective. Among the first, probably feeble-mindedness was the greatest single cause. Among the latter causes were defective courts, unwise legislation, poverty, unemployment, harmful amusements, demoralization of family.

Knowing these causes, it was possible to remove some of them and thus decrease crime, although the absolute prevention of crime is probably in the distant future. The speaker stressed the fact that the absolute prevention of crime is probably in the distant future. The speaker stressed the fact that the absolute prevention of crime is probably in the distant future.

In his treatment of the criminal, the punishment should be made to fit the criminal rather than the crime - substitute prison farms for jails, give indeterminate sentences rather than set lengths of time, and in the treatment keep the education of the criminal in mind. Imprisonment is almost useless if the criminal is to repeat the offense as soon as he is at liberty.

PORT GEORGE

(Crowded out of last week's issue) February 16 - Our community was saddened by the death of two of our oldest residents, Mr. Geo. Foster on the 11th and Mrs. Mary Ann Hamilton on the 12th. Glad to report Dr. M. W. Brown able to take his appointment at Mt. Hanley on Sunday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hinds were guests of Mr. Hinds' daughter, Mrs. Guy Craig on the 16th.

Sorry to report Ernest Baker ill at the time of writing. Mr. Bernard Swallow and Clyde Foster left for U. S. on the 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Elliott were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. Elliott's father, Mr. John Fritz. Mrs. David Rafuse is caring for Mrs. J. McAndrews who is improving slowly.

I Am Photography

NOT PURSE-PROUD, I AM WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

The photographic profession has found it well-nigh impossible to standardize prices for photographic portraits. A comparison of prices charged by different studios will reveal nothing to the layman unless he understands the extent to which workmanship and materials enter into figuring the cost of a dozen photographs. The knowledge of the cameraman when making the sitting, the cleverness of the retoucher's pencil, the ability of the printer to produce a pleasing print. The quality of the paper on which the portrait is printed. Style of the mounting. Judged by these factors, we believe our prices to be eminently fair. Surely DILL portraits, from five-fifty a dozen upward, are

"NOT PURSE-PROUD, BUT WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL"

Your photograph will gladden the heart of someone. W. H. DILL, Photographer, Middleton, N. S.

KINGSTON VILLAGE and TREMONT

(Crowded out of last week's issue) Mrs. Outhit Palmer was a recent visitor of Mrs. John Palmer. Mrs. Celia Neely is visiting her sister, Miss Milford Banks. Miss Hilda Saunders of Torbrook Mines spent the week end at home.

Sorry to report Miss Nettie Bowby laid up with a lame foot. The B. Y. P. U. have appointed their officers for this year. Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, President; Kizbro Dolliver, Vice President; Helen Neely, Secretary and Elsie MacGinnis, Treasurer. Mrs. J. Alton Banks spent Monday with her daughter, Mrs. George Woodbury.

For Mothers of Young Children

Mothers are quick to praise anything which brings health and comfort to their little ones - any medicine that will make the baby well and keep him well will always receive hearty recommendation from mothers, throughout the country, not only use them for their own little ones but are always delighted to be able to recommend them to other mothers. Thousands of mothers have found relief from their children's ailments. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal laxative - easy to take, but clear the bowels, relieve constipation and simple fevers; expel worms and make the teaching period a happy one. Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BEAUTIFY HOME AND HOLD THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Lawrencetown, Feb. 16 - Prof. W. S. Blair, Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farm, Kentville, gave a lecture at the Demonstration Building, Friday evening. The lecture was under the auspices of the Annapolis County Farmer's Association and was held in connection with the Agricultural Extension School. C. S. Bohmy of West Paradise presided and the lecturer was greeted by a good sized and attentive audience.

The subject of the lecture was "Beautifying Home Surroundings" and the need and value of making more beautiful and attractive the surroundings of our homes, in order to attract and hold the young people. Certain things were absolutely essential, he declared for success; and one of these was to develop a spirit of interest in the home and its surroundings, in which the young people should share an important part. They should be taught to do, and to do well.

Prof. Blair urged first the necessity for a nice spacious green lawn in front of the house, in which should be planted not many shade trees, and a few flower beds, more attention to be given to the borders, and the setting the example. There was far too many slovenly surroundings in both country and town.

In addition to the care to be given to the town, he recommended the institution of a kitchen garden, in which could be grown raspberries and strawberries, greatly stimulating the interest of the young, and making even the premises in the rear of the home more attractive. In this, as well as in other things, one must go on to perfection and ability to do must be won by doing.

LIKE MANY MORE Because she is the daughter-in-law of a former British prime minister, Lady Cynthia Asquith might be expected to be a keen politician - and she is. Here is a story she tells. A woman was asked whether her husband was a Liberal or a Conservative. "Well," was the reply, "when he's with a Liberal he's a Liberal, and when he's with a Conservative he's a Conservative."

"Yes, but what is he when he's at home?" "Oh," said the woman, "when he's at home he's merely a nuisance."

To grow in knowledge every day. To learn to heed what others say. To practice what my conscience preaches. To try to do what wisdom teaches. To seek the truth - strive for the right. And gain my ends by love, not by might.

TORBRÖOK

(Crowded out of last week's issue) February 17 - On Friday evening about eighty friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Brown and gave her a genuine surprise party. The evening was very pleasant, all in social in character, and the simple Lent Mission Band of Torbrook Mines, a very pretty linen table runner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Barrie, of Deep Brook, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Aubrey Sandford. About forty of the members of the B. Y. P. U. spent a very pleasant social evening in the vestry on Saturday evening. We are sorry to report Mrs. I. J. Whitman has been confined to the house with a cold since her return from Mass.

Miss Olive Banks accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Robinson motored from Kentville on Sunday and visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Banks.

FALKLAND RIDGE

(Crowded out of last week's issue) On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. John McMullen entertained her sister, Mrs. Joseph Whyte and son, Stanley, of New Germany. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Marshall visited at S. Measers' last Friday. They were accompanied by E. H. Marshall, who went to Halifax with Mrs. Meisner and Miss Amy. The latter has been falling in health for some time and has gone to the hospital for treatment.

Beatrice Woodbury is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. James Sproule. Scarcely a home in our community has escaped the Flu epidemic and many are unfortunate enough to be suffering from a second attack, which is variously worse than the first. Among the most serious cases were little Willie Sproule and Norman Weaver, who are still quite ill, having been attacked the third time with the epidemic.

Miss Florence Marshall made a business trip to Middleton last week. Aubrey Marshall spent Sunday at home. James Sproule was called home last week by the serious illness of his little daughter, Willis, who is now convalescing. Miss Iona Marshall is visiting her sister in Aylesford at present. Mr. Richard Delong, of Bata's business last week.

Miss Eva Marshall entertained her young friends very pleasantly at a party on Saturday evening. It is becoming quite the popular thing to visit the genial cook, Fred Balcom, at the mill cook-house, North End.

GREENWOOD

(Crowded out of last week's issue) Feb. 15 - Miss Laura Spinney spent the week end at her home here. Miss Zella Spinney is at home, illness causing her to leave her studies at the Maritime Business College, Halifax. We are glad to report Mr. Zella Spinney recovering from a very serious illness.

MT. HANLEY

(Crowded out of last week's issue) Feb. 16 - Mr. H. W. Fisher is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Slocum. A number of the young people attended the pictures given by Mr. H. Rackham in the Brooklyn Hall on "The Life of Peter". Mr. and Mrs. George Rafuse were visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Rafuse of Douglastown on Feb. 15th.

Sorry to hear of the death of Mr. G. Foster and Mrs. Hamilton, both being old residents of Port George. Weather not permitting the "Mite Party" was held Friday night (last week) instead of Thursday at Deacon and Mrs. S. A. Barteaux's. A good sum was raised. Mrs. Gusta Spior is visiting at the home of Mr. M. Slocum's.

We were glad to see Dr. Brown out again after his recent illness. Messrs Gordon Ervin and Howard Martin of Sheffield Mills are visiting at the home of Mr. Isaac Ellis. Mr. Harland Bent of North Williamston spent Feb. 15th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Tooker. Miss Hazel Barteaux and friend spent Sunday at the home of Miss E. Bruce of Brooklyn.

Messrs. Walter and Everett Laney of Centreville motored to the home of their sister, Mrs. Lloyd Ella on Sunday last. Mr. Aubrey Slocum picked several full blown strawberry plants on Feb. 12th. Does this denote an early Spring?

Miss Vera Elliott has returned home after spending the past fortnight at the home of her brother, Mr. Stewart Elliott of Clarence.

Practice Makes Perfect A barber reported to work two hours late. "What's the big idea?" demanded the boss. "I'm sorry," replied the barber, "but while I was shaving I talked myself into a shampoo, haircut and massage."

Time for Prayer The custom officer eyed the bottle suspiciously. "It's only ammonia," stammered the returning passenger. "Oh, is it?" said the custom officer, taking a long swallow. "It was."

Colors in Grease Lady (to clerk) - "I want to buy some lard." Grocer - "Pall!" Lady - "I didn't know it came in two shades."

Their Poor Choice Pearl - "Mamma, if I get married, will I have a husband like papa?" Mother - "Yes, dear." Pearl - "Ah, if I don't marry, must I be an old maid like Aunt Jane?" Mother - "Yes, dear." Pearl - "Mamma, we women don't get many chances in this world, do we?"

A recognized favorite with Everybody, when once tried. ORANGE PEKOE. A TEA OF UNUSUAL FLAVOR.

Rubbers Assure Warmth and Comfort. It will pay you to buy First Quality Rubber Footwear. We stock a complete line of "LIFE BUOY" Products each pair guaranteed. Low Rubbers Lumbermen's Rubber Boots. Our prices are the LOWEST POSSIBLE FOR FIRST QUALITY GOODS. SHAFFNER'S SHOE STORE. Store opened Saturday evenings only.

Just Arrived... New Stock. ROBIN HOOD FLOUR and FEED, WESTERN GREY BUCK-WHEAT, WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR, PEACH PASTRY FLOUR, GRAHAM FLOUR, PORRIDGE WHEAT. 1 lb. can Egg-O Baking Powder for 30 cents. (no better baking powder on the market.) Extra Good Molasses, now 80 cents per gallon (best in town) 50 lb. Bags Best Granulated Sugar \$3.90. South Shore Salt Herring, Cabbage and Sauer Kraut. P. H. REED

MIDDLETON GRANITE & MARBLE CO. C. M. HOYT, Jr. Manufacturers of Every Description of Monumental & Building Work. NICTAUX GRANITE a Specialty. Middleton, Anns. Co., N. S.

CREAM WANTED SHIP YOUR CREAM TO MCKENZIE'S CREAMERY, MIDDLETON, N.S. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. The price paid to Patrons for the month of December cream was 39 1-2 cents per pound butter fat, Special Grade and 37 1-2 cents First Grade. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

Boston & Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd. FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE. Fall and Winter Schedule. TWO TRIPS WEEKLY - FARE \$9.00. S. S. Prince George. Leave Yarmouth Tuesdays and Fridays at 6:30 p. m. (Atlantic Time) Return leave Boston Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P. M. Apply to Stations and other information apply to J. E. KINNEY, Supt., YARMOUTH, N. S.

At Your Service. Now is the time to place an order for that Pipeless Furnace or if you prefer Hot Air Pipe, we can fix you up too, as well as for a Steam Heating Plant. You don't want to let another winter go by without having a Modern Heating Equipment. We do Plumbing of every description, and will be pleased to hear from you at any time. Plumbing and Heating Plants of all kinds is our business, and you will be sure of a job well done if you give us the work. Our experience is at your service any time. LET US HEAR FROM YOU. G. W. CROWE. PLUMBING - and - HEATING. Before you go shopping always read the advertisements.

# SEVENTEEN

A tale of youth and summer time and the Baxter family, especially William. —Copyrighted. By BOOTH TAKINGTON.

were eleven people married that were only seventeen, and this boy in Iowa got a full beard and got married too. An' he said Mr. Genesis was only sixteen when he was married. He talked all about gettin' married when you're seventeen years old, an' he said how people thought it was the best thing could happen. So I just know he's almost married."

"You haven't any other reason, have you, Jane?" the mother asked.

"Yes'm," said Jane promptly. "An' it's a more reason than any. Miss Pratt calls you 'mammy' an' if you were her mamma, she does it when she talks to Willie."

"Jane!"

"Yes'm; I heard her. An' Willie said, 'I don't know what you'll think about mother.' He said, 'I don't know what you'll think about mother,' to Miss Pratt."

Mrs. Baxter looked a little startled, and her husband frowned.

"Yes," went on Jane, "an' when they were walkin' they stopped an' talked to me, an' Miss Pratt said, 'It's our little sister.'"

"Did she really?" Mrs. Baxter asked gravely.

"Why, you can ask Willie! She said it that funny way, 'Our little sister' that's what she said. An' Miss Pratt said, 'Everybody would love our little sister if mamma washed her in soap an' water.' You can ask Willie."

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Baxter. "All this doesn't mean anything at all, especially such nonsense as Willie's thinking of being married. It's your bedtime."

"Well, but, mamma—" "Come along, Jane!"

"He certainly seems in a queer state," said Mr. Baxter when his wife returned.

At this his wife's tone became serious. "Do you think he would do as crazy a thing as that?"

Mr. Baxter laughed. "Well, I don't know what he'd do it on. I don't suppose he has more than a dollar in his possession."

"Yes, he has," she returned quickly. "Day before yesterday there was a secondhand furniture man here, and I was too busy to see him, but I wanted the storeroom in the cellar cleared out, and I told Willie he could have whatever the man would pay him for the junk in there if he'd watch to see that he didn't take anything. They found some old pieces that I'd forgotten underneath things, and altogether the man said Willie \$9.85."

"But, mercy me," exclaimed Mr. Baxter, "the girl may be an idiot, but she wouldn't run away and marry a boy just barely seventeen on \$9.85!"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Baxter. "At least I don't think so. Of course girls do as crazy things as boys sometimes in their way. I was thinking—she pouted. "Of course there couldn't be anything in it, but it did seem a little strange."

"What did?"

"Why, just before I came downstairs Adella came for the laundry, and I asked her if she'd seen Willie, and she said he'd put on his dark suit after dinner, and he went out through the kitchen, carrying his suit case."

"He did?"

"Of course," Mrs. Baxter went on slowly, "I couldn't believe he'd do such a thing, but he really is in a preposterous way over this little Miss Pratt, and he did have that money."

"By George!" Mr. Baxter got upon his feet. "The way he talked at dinner, I could come pretty near believing he hasn't any more brains left than to get married on \$9.85! I wouldn't put it past him! By George, I wouldn't!"

"Do you think we'd better go down to the Factory?" We'd just say we came to call, of course, and if—" "Get your hat on," he said. "I don't think there's anything in it at all, but we'd just as well drop down there. It can't hurt anything."

"Of course I don't think—" she began.

"Neither do I," he interrupted frantically. "But with a boy of his age crazy enough to think he's in love how do we know what'll happen? We're only his parents. Get your hat on!"

But when the uneasy couple found themselves before the house of the Parchers they paused in the darkness and presently decided that it was not necessary to go in. From the porch came the laughter of several young voices, and then one silvery voice, which pretended to be that of a tiny child.

"Oh, same! Same on oo, big Bruvva Joste-Joe! Mus' be polite to Johnny Jump-up, or tant play wiv May and Lola!"

"That's Miss Pratt," whispered Mrs. Baxter. "She's talking to Johnnie Watson and Joe Bullitt and May Parcher. Let's go home. It's all right. Of course I knew it would be."

"Why, certainly!" said Mr. Baxter as they turned. "Even if Willie were as crazy as that, the little girl would have more sense. I wouldn't have thought anything of it if you hadn't told me about the suit case. That looked sort of queer."

And when they came to their own house again there was William sitting, alone and silent upon the steps of the porch.

dew is falling, and it rained so hard today, I'm afraid it might be damp."

"Ma'am?"

"Come on," Mr. Baxter said to his wife. "It's down on the Parcher's porch, not out in front here. Of course he can't hear you. It's three blocks and a half."

But William's father was mistaken. Little he knew, William was not upon the porch of the Parchers, with May Parcher and Joe Bullitt and Johnnie Watson to interfere. He was far from there, in a land where time was not upon a planet floating in pink mist, and uninhabited, unless old Mr. Genesis and some Hindu princes and the diligent Jews may have established themselves in its remotest regions—William was alone with Miss Pratt in their own home. And after a time they went together and looked into the door of a room where an indefinite number of little boys, all over three years of age, were playing in the fire-light upon a white bear rug. For in the rosiest of a room that boys' dreams are made of William had indeed entered the married state.

His condition was growing worse every day.

It was the morning of the great day when a trolley ride and picnic were to be given in honor of Miss Pratt. Willie had a spirited argument with his mother on the time honored subject of taking an overcoat and finally submitted to her arguments.

She hung the garment upon his arm, kissed him, and he departed in a desperate manner.

However, having worn his tragic face for three blocks, he halted before a corner drug store and permitted his expression to improve as he gazed upon the display of "My Little Sweetheart All Tobacco Cuban Cigarettes, the Package of Twenty For 10 Cents."

William was not a smoker—that is to say, he had made the usual boyhood experiments, finding them discouraging—and, though at times he considered it humorously man about town to say to a smoking friend, "Well, I'll tickle one o' your ole coffin nails," he had never made a purchase of tobacco in his life. But it struck him now that it would be rather deplorable to sport himself with a package of Little Sweethearts upon the excursion. And the name! It thrilled him inexpressibly, bringing a tenderness into his eyes and a glow into his bosom.

He entered and managed to make his purchase in a matter of fact way, as if he were doing something quite unemotional, then he said to the clerk:

"Oh, by the bye—ah, there's something I wanted to 'tend to, now I happen to be here. I was on my way to take this overcoat to—to get something altered the tailor's for next winter. 'Course I wouldn't want it till winter, but I thought I might as well get it done." He paused, laughing carelessly, for greater plausibility. "I thought he'd probably want lots of time on the job—he's a slow worker, I've noticed—and so I decided I might as well go ahead and let him get it done. Well, I was on my way there, but I just now got about six minutes more to get to a mighty important engagement. I got this morning, and I'll like to leave it here and come by and get it on my way home this evening."

"Sure," said the clerk. "Hang it on that hook inside the prescription counter. There's one there already. 'Long as you're in here, let me tell you, I'm in here awhile ago and said I wanted to leave his because he didn't want to take it to be pressed in time for next winter. Then he went on and joined that crowd in Mr. Parcher's yard, around the corner, that's goin' on a trolley party. I says, 'I better mother make carry it,' and he says, 'Oh, no! Oh, no! He's honest, I was goin' to get it pressed! You can hang yours on the same nail!'"

It was with a lighter heart and he left his overcoat behind him and stepped out of the drug store. That brought him within sight of the young people, about thirty in number, gathered upon the small lawn beside Mr. Parcher's house. Miss Pratt stood among them in heliotrope and white, Flopfit nestling in her arms.

She saw him, the small blond head and the delicious little fuffy hat above it shimmered a nod to him. Then his mouth fell unconsciously open, and his eyes grew glassy with the intensity of meaning he put into the silent response he sent across the picket fence and through the interstices of the intervening group.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### The Big, Fat Lummeux.

R. JOHNNIE WATSON and Mr. Joe Bullitt met him at the gate and offered him a hearty greeting. All hickering and dissension among these three had passed. The lady was so wondrous impartial that as time went on the sufferers had come to be drawn together rather than thrust asunder by their common feeling.

Johnnie Watson had with him today a visitor of his own, a vastly overgrown person of eighteen, who at Johnnie's beckoning abandoned a fair companion of the moment and came forward as William entered the gate.

"I want to introduce you to two of my most int'mt friends, George," said Johnnie, with anxious gravity. "Mr. Baxter and Mr. Bullitt let me introduce my cousin, Mr. Crooper. Mr. Crooper, this is my friend, Mr. Baxter and my friend, Mr. Bullitt."

The gentlemen shook hands solemnly. Mr. Crooper became more informal. "Johnnie, write me some lines for this shindig, so I thought I might as well come." He laughed loudly. "Yes," he added, "cause I'm pretty apt to be on hand if there's anything shindig."

"Well, that's right," said William, and while they all laughed again Mrs. Crooper struck his cousin a jovial blow upon the back.

"Hi, ole sport," he cried. "I want to meet that Miss Pratt before we start! The car'll be along pretty soon, and I got her picked for the girl I'm goin' to sit by."

The laughter of William and Joe Bullitt, designed to express cordiality, suddenly became facetious and died. The careless loudness—almost the notoriety—with which he had uttered Miss Pratt's name, demanding loosely to be presented to her, regardless of the well known law that a lady must first express some wish in such matters—these were indications of a coarse nature sure to be more than unbecoming to Miss Pratt. Both William and Joe Bullitt began to wonder why on earth Johnnie Watson didn't have any more sense than to invite such a big, fat lummeux of a cousin to the party.

This severe phrase of theirs, almost simultaneous in the two minds, was not wholly a failure as a thumbnail sketch of Mr. George Crooper. And yet there was the impressiveness of size about him, especially about his legs and chin.

At seventeen and eighteen growth is still going on, sometimes in a sporadic way, several parts seeming to have sprouted faster than others. Voices, too, often seem misplaced. One hears outside the door the bass rumble of a stroller going, and a wild boy, thin as a cricket, walks in. The contrary was George Crooper's case. His voice was an unexpected piping tenor, half falsetto and frequently girlish, as surprising as the absurd voice of an elephant.

His chin had so distanced his other features that his eyes, nose and brow seemed almost babylike in comparison while his mountainous legs were the great part of the rest of him. He was one of those huge, bottle shaped boys who are always in motion in spite of their cumbersome bodies.

"When do I get to meet that cutie?" he insisted to Johnnie. "You intruded me to about seven I can't do much for, but I want to get the howdy at her now. Well, I always was a good feelin' nigger, the feelin' I went with. I dunno why it is, but I was always kind of quicker, too, as it were, and the strongest in any crowd I ever got with. I'm kind of munched bound, I guess, but I don't let that interfere with my quickness any. Take me in an automobile, now—I got a racin' car at home—and I keep my head better than most people. An' he were. I can kind of handle myself better. I dunno why it is."

"My brains seem to work better than other people's; that's all it is. I don't mean that I got more sense or anything like that. It's just the way my brains work. They kind of put me at an advantage, as it were."

"We'd better be getting ready for the party if it'd been livin' here in this town and joined in with the crowd to get up this party—well, it would've been done a good deal different. I won't say better, but different. That's always the way with me—if I go into anything, pretty soon I'm running the whole shebang. I dunno why it is. The other people might guess you don't know your way for a while, but pretty soon you notice 'em step out of the way for good ole George. I dunno why it is."

"For us," Miss Pratt corrected him humbly. "Bofe strangers—party for us two 'ole bofe!" And she gave him a look of her looks.

Mr. Crooper flushed with emotion. He was annexed. He became serious. "Say," he said, "that's a mighty smooth way to put it. An' he touched the dusty rim of it with his forefinger. His fat shoulders leaned toward her rearly."

"Well, if I'd been running this party I'd of had automobiles to go out in, not a trolley car, where you all got to sit together, and I'd of sent over home for my little racer, and I'd of taken you with me myself. I'd like you to see that little car. Well, anyway, I bet you'd of seen something pretty different and a whole lot better if I'd of come over here to get up this party for you!"

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glimpse" she cried, for that was now the gentleman's name. "If Johnnie McCormack heard Uncle Georgiecum he go about himself dead—bang!" She looked round to where three figures hovered morosely in the rear. "Tun so, sin' chorus, Big Bruvva Joste-Joe Johnny Jump-up an' Ickle Boy Baxter All over adeln, Uncle Georgiecum Boys an' diris all sin' chorus. 'Tum-mence!"

And so the heartrending performance continued until it was stopped by William's cry.

"My brains seem to work better than other people's; that's all it is. I don't mean that I got more sense or anything like that. It's just the way my brains work. They kind of put me at an advantage, as it were."

"We'd better be getting ready for the party if it'd been livin' here in this town and joined in with the crowd to get up this party—well, it would've been done a good deal different. I won't say better, but different. That's always the way with me—if I go into anything, pretty soon I'm running the whole shebang. I dunno why it is. The other people might guess you don't know your way for a while, but pretty soon you notice 'em step out of the way for good ole George. I dunno why it is."

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"Well, if I'd been running this party I'd of had automobiles to go out in, not a trolley car, where you all got to sit together, and I'd of sent over home for my little racer, and I'd of taken you with me myself. I'd like you to see that little car. Well, anyway, I bet you'd of seen something pretty different and a whole lot better if I'd of come over here to get up this party for you!"

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CHAPTER XIII.

WILLIAM wished only to die in some quiet spot and to have Miss Pratt told about it in words that would show her what she had done wrong. He followed the others in the wake of the Swedish lady named Anna, and as they stood in the cavernous hollow of the great barn he found his condition suddenly improved.

Miss Pratt turned to him unexpectedly and placed Flopfit in his arms. "Keep p'eshus Flopfit cozy," she whispered. "Flopfit love ole friends best."

William's heart leaped, while a joyous warmth spread all over him, and, though the execrable lummeux immediately propelled Miss Pratt forward, by her elbow, to hear the descriptive remarks of the Swedish lady named Anna, William's soul remained uplifted and entranced. She had not said "like," she had said, "Flopfit love ole friends best!" William pressed forward valiantly and placed himself as close as possible upon the right of Miss Pratt, the lummeux being upon her left.

When the party came out of the barn William beheld Miss Pratt, not walking at his side, but, on the contrary, sitting too cozily with George Crooper upon a fallen tree at the edge of a peach orchard just beyond the barnyard. It was Miss Parcher who had been walking beside him, for the first couple had made their escape early in the Swedish lady's discourse regarding the farm and the various animals.

In vain William murmured to himself, "Flopfit love ole friends best!" Purple and black again descended upon his soul, for he could not disguise from himself the damnable fact that George had flitted with the lady while he, wretched William, had been permitted to take care of the dog! He strode to the barnyard fence and dropped Flopfit rather brusquely at his mistress' feet. Then, without a word, even without a look, William walked greatly away.

In the shade of a great walnut tree he gave way, not to tears certainly, but to faint murmurs and little heartings under impulses as ancient as young love itself. Alas, he considered his sufferings a new invention in the world.

William's final mood was one of beautiful resignation with a kick in it—that is, he nobly gave her up to George and added irretrievably that George was a big, fat lummeux. William said himself a sad, gentle bachelor at the family fireside, sometimes making the sacrifice of his reputation so that she and the children might never know the truth about George, and he gave himself the solace of a fierce scene or two with George— "Remember, it is for them, not you— you bing!"

After this human little reaction he passed to a higher field of romance. He would die for George, and then she would bring the little boy she had named William to the lonely headstones. Suddenly William saw himself in his true and fitting character—Sydney Carton! He had lately read "A Tale of Two Cities," immediately re-reading until, as he would have said, he "knew it by heart." And even at the time he had seen resemblances between himself and the appealing figure of Carton. Now that the sympathy between them was perfected by Miss Pratt's preference for another, William decided to mount the scaffold in place of George Crooper.

The scene became actual to him, and, setting one foot upon a tin milk pail (Continued Next Week)

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Bound to Work

"Why do you want hamburger cheese packed in your lunch?" asked the grocer.

"Because, papa," answered his truthful little son, "I want the teacher to send me home."

—oo—

You remember the story of the Scotchman who was not feeling as well as usual and called on his family doctor, who looked him over and gave him a me pill to be taken at bedtime. A bottle of whiskey was also prescribed for his stomach's sake—a small glass to be taken after each meal.

Four days later Sandy called again on the doctor and said he was feeling no better.

"Have you taken the medicine exactly as I instructed," the doctor inquired.

"Well, doctor," said Sandy, "I may be a wee bit behind w' the peels, but I'm about a weeks ahead w' the whiskey."

—oo—

Common Disease

"Why do you call your flivver Fyrrone?"

"Because four out of every five have one."

**"Exhausted Nerves and Palpitating Heart"**

Mrs. L. Whiting, 292 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes:

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the fit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I tried several doctors, but it seemed nothing they gave me helped. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I tried it, and can say it certainly has done wonders for me. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes."

**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**

60 cts. a box of 60 pills, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

**Aims of Olympic Games**

DOCKETS

Bronchitis Mixture

ACTS LIKE FLASH!

for COUGHS COLDS BRONCHITIS

Results Guaranteed

Sold in Middleton by C. A. MUMFORD

**GRENELL'S GOAT PLAN GETS ISLANDS "ANGORA"**

Newfoundlander Are Duly Grateful to the Famous Medical Missionary But There's a Limit to Paternal Generosity.

ST. JOHN'S KNOWS ALL TO... BE KNOWN ABOUT GOATS

Even Ate the Billboards and Discovered They Were So Numerous They Gained Garage Service.

By H. M. Mosdell, St. Johns, Nfld.

Benefactions are not infrequently rather more embarrassing than welcome. To Dr. W. T. Grenfell, Newfoundland's chain of modern mission hospitals in its northern section and along the Labrador coast, he introduced the goat into the country and founded and fostered co-operative trading societies among the fishermen. For these and many other godfatherly Grenfell public undertakings and their attendant general benevolent Newfoundlanders are duly appreciative and grateful. But Newfoundland and particularly the St. John's section thereof, is not generally enthusiastic about the latest Grenfell proposition to stock the island with goats.

The well-known medical missionary writes enthusiastically to the Newfoundland papers about the great advantage of the goat. It is cheap and abundant fresh milk, much cheaper and abundant fresh milk, which time the Grenfell goats for the hillside and the blazes there of chase solitude from his liars. Such glowing optimistic predictions leave the people "cold."

St. John's once numbered the gay and giddy goat amongst its most popular and aggressive inhabitants. And that bit of civic history is anything but ancient. The days when the city's goat population numbered very little less than half a thousand are still fresh in the minds of the present generation. Some of the memories are painful to this day, despite the passage of years.

The family goat was accorded the freedom of the highways at the behest of St. John's long before the dawn of the era of the "cow acre" movement in other places. The goat was with the city and was an important factor therein from the earliest days of settlement. The goat, it is said, was a mere fringe of fishing huts between the water's edge and the playing of games. The goat, it is said, was a mere fringe of fishing huts between the water's edge and the playing of games. The goat, it is said, was a mere fringe of fishing huts between the water's edge and the playing of games.

Generations passed and St. John's grew in size and in population, covering the old goat pastures and enveloping and retaining the Billy and Nanny goats and their numerous progeny. They were treated as having acquired disputable vested interests and the fullest civic rights by virtue of long residence. They were picturesque and useful, and their ornamental nor desirable. They were admirable in their adaptiveness to the circumstances of their environment. Two factors which are recognized as fostering the sporting ideal are, first, public opinion, which governs the conduct of the game, and secondly, the manner in which the human desire to excel, to take football, as an example, public opinion insists that a player shall keep his temper, shall take a beating and a referee's decision in the right way, shall shake hands with his opponent with all that this action implies—and shall play fairly. The desire to excel forces a player to acquire pluck, to make his decisions quickly and accurately and so on. The result is a sound moral training, and a sound moral training in precisely those qualities which are of service to the community. It entails the sacrifice of personal interests and inclinations—whether for the sake of the team, the community or the nation.

What results, then, in this direction, have been attained by the Olympic Games after thirty years' work? Primarily two: At the present moment, to all intents and purposes, there is scarcely a nation in the civilized world in which the movement has not found strong and ever-increasing support, and in many cases the governments of the nations have taken up the question and introduced games and sports into the official curriculum of their educational institutions and their armies. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

How She'd Find Out

Tommy was a pugistic youngster. "Ah!" he sneered to the little boy next door, "you're afraid to fight, that's what you are."

"No, I'm not," was the reply. "But if I fight you my mother will punish me."

"How will she find it out?"

"She'll see the doctor going to your house."

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No Smoke—No Sprays—No Snuff

Just Swallow a RAZ-MAH Capsule

Restores normal breathing. Quickly stops all choking gasping and mucous gatherings in bronchial tubes. Gives long nights of restful sleep. Contains no injurious or habit-forming drugs. \$1.00 per box at drug stores. Send for generous trial. Templetons, Toronto.

**RAZ-MAH**

GUARANTEED RELIEF

Nobody objected to forages for the where-withal of life, but everybody grumbled over city cleaning expenses caused by the most part of the necessity for brooming streets, over which the heedless goats had scattered the varied contents of hundreds of receptacles. The "anvil chorus" next recruited the green grocers and produce dealers. What protection was there, could there be, against a horde of goats that butted over potato barrels and cabbage crates and scattered to the four winds their contents?

Still, despite these multitudinous and vociferous complaints and denunciations, the years of the goats might have been much longer in the land had they not had the hardihood to assail the privileges of the press and defy civic authorities.

It was a common sight to see billboards and city hoardings obscured by goats which, standing on their hind legs, ripped off notices and proclamations until not a shred remained and then proceeded to lick from the boards every vestige of flour paste.

Such an assault at the very roots of our civilization could not long be tolerated.

The weeks that followed the posting of the anti-goat decree proved a time of excitement for officials of the council and of unalloyed delight for the juveniles of the town. Many a street arab scored a record of feistiness of foot and for skill with the lasso as he chased the nimble goat from liar to liar until he ensured its capture and earned the official reward. The goats were not without their champions, however, and many a pitched battle took place in the streets, with broom handles and pokers and an occasional kettle or jug of hot water handled vigorously as weapons of defense of the household live stock. But all in vain. Batch by batch, the Billies and the Nannies were captured and haled to the railroad station, whence they were taken to the remote interior and abandoned to reconstruct life anew.

Make ye editor smile, cough up a dollar or two of what you owe this great family journal. A hotel is the place where men kick about things they are afraid to kick about at home. It often happens that the chip a man carried on his shoulder fell from his head. One good turn deserves another, but it won't start the flivver on a cold morning. The man with a bona fide sense of humor is the fellow who can laugh at his own expense and then pay the war tax to boot.

**PEEVISH RESTLESS CHILDREN**

OFFENSIVES ARE SUFFERING FROM THE HARASSMENT OF WORMS, AN EFFICIENT CURE IS THE SYSTEM OF THESE PARASITES, WHICH WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS.

THAT RELIABLE MEDICINE

**MILLER'S WORM POWDERS**

**Indians Massacred the Garrison**

NEW UNION STATION, CHICAGO.

WHEN FORT DEARBORN WAS CHICAGO 1837

NEW CHICAGO HOME OF CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

If one were to address a letter to-day to "Chicago," even a clever post-office official would be puzzled, but that was the great French explorer, La Salle, spelled Chicago 241 years ago. Chicago was only a name when Joliet, Pere Marquette and the Sieur de La Salle camped there on their way to the Mississippi. Chicago was then a part of Canada—New France, it was called. Joliet and Marquette visited it 251 years ago, or ten years earlier than La Salle. Even then Chicago was a great transportation centre for Indians and French explorers, for it was on the line of march westward from Quebec, to the Great Lakes, to the Mississippi and southward to the Gulf of Mexico. La Salle actually went from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico and back again, and was murdered somewhere in Mississippi by his own followers. When the canoe and the prairie schooner of the pioneers were succeeded by the railway train, Chicago became one of the world's greatest transportation centres, being on the same old line of march from the east to the west, and vice versa. Fort Dearborn was built in 1803 and, for three decades was Chicago. In 1812 Indians massacred the garrison, but the old fort was rebuilt and in 1826 the first railway train entered Chicago from the east. To-day Chicago is a great railway hub, the spokes of which run north, south, east and west. Her new Union Station, now nearing completion, will be one of the finest terminals in the world and will be used by the Pennsylvania, Burlington, St. Paul and Alton railways.

Another new and important rail development in Chicago is the move of the Canadian Pacific's rail and steamship passenger offices and those of the Soo Line to the new Straus Building, corner of Michigan Avenue and Jackson Boulevard, a very attractive and imposing 32 story building not far from the site of historic Fort Dearborn. Following the route of the early explorers of 250 years ago, the Canadian Pacific enters Chicago via its own lines and the Michigan Central westward from Montreal and places the eastbound Chicago traveller aboard ship for Europe in Montreal in less than 24 hours. Westward over the Soo Line and Canadian Pacific, the traveller reaches Vancouver in 81 and a half hours from Chicago and in only 90 hours from Montreal. What would La Salle, Joliet and the good Pere Marquette think of such transportation feats now?

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Why import Nitrate of Soda from the United States when you are now able to secure supplies of Sulphate of Ammonia (unfertilized) the same element, namely, Water Soluble Nitrogen, produced in your own Province of Nova Scotia and available to the Maritime Farmer at a lower cost per unit. Eight thousand tons of Sulphate of Ammonia are produced in Sydney yearly, four thousand tons of which are shipped to Barbadoes in the West Indies and the balance to Japan and other foreign countries and practically none is used by the Maritime Farmer. Nitrate of Soda contains 15 1/2 per cent Water Soluble Nitrogen and Sulphate of Ammonia 20 1/2 per cent and as both are equally good and one can be substituted for the other the farmer should use the article which works out cheapest per unit of Nitrogen. If you are, in any doubt as to the wisdom of substituting Sulphate of Ammonia for Nitrate of Soda we ask you to refer to Professor Blair of Kentville, Dr. Cumming of the Agricultural College, Truro, or if you prefer you might write The Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. Sydney Sulphate of Ammonia is put up in nice handy bags of 125 lbs. each.

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The raw material produced at the Steel Works, Sydney, N. S., from which Sydney Basic Slag is manufactured has been improving steadily for some time back and is now equal in Phosphoric Acid to anything turned out in the first days of our manufacturing. Dr. Cumming made a personal investigation of the whole matter of Slag produced at Sydney early in the season and is now in a position to satisfy the farmers on this point. It is being offered at the minimum cost of production and as output increases the cost of over-head goes down and the farmer will get the benefit of same in reduced prices.

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### Here and There

Tourist business throughout Canada has been remarkably productive this year and it is estimated that its total value for the Dominion will exceed \$100,000,000. This places the tourist traffic high among Canada's industries.

The "Princess Kathleen", one of the two fine steamers under construction for the Canadian Pacific Railway's British Columbia coastal service, was launched at Glasgow, Scotland, on September 27th. Lady Mount Stephen, widow of Lord Mount Stephen, former president of the company, performed the launching ceremony.

As an indication of how plentiful wild game has become of recent years in the Province of Quebec comes a report from Montreal, which records the recent appearance of a full-grown bull moose in Rosemount, a suburb of the city. It is thought to have strayed into the neighborhood from the forest to the north. The animal was quite tame and was easily captured.

The Duke of Alba, who, with other Spanish grandees, recently completed an extensive tour of Canada, purchased a number of very valuable furs for gifts to be presented to his friends, including the King and Queen of Spain. The furs were acquired while the Duke was sojourning at Banff, the popular mountain resort on the Canadian Pacific main line.

So greatly has the turkey industry grown in Saskatchewan that marketing pools have now been arranged by the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture and the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association for the marketing of both dressed and live turkeys this fall. Inspectors will be furnished for grading and giving killing and dressing demonstrations.

So heavy was the movement of grain from the lakes to the port of Montreal recently that serious congestion was feared. The storage capacity of the port is 10,100,000 bushels and the grain in sight was greatly in excess of this figure. But skilful handling quickly reduced the amount in hand to 7,956,442 bushels, relieving the situation completely. No further possibility of congestion is anticipated.

It is expected that before the season closes, the work of re-laying the main lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Quebec District between Montreal and Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto and Montreal and Quebec will be completed. The latter section requires only a few miles to be finished, while the other portions of line referred to have already been finished. As a result, the Canadian Pacific will have in these lines a road-bed which is not excelled by any other of this continent.

Just the Thing Assistant Editor—"This new story of Chamberlain's is horribly mushy." Editor—"Well, run it as a cereal."

The Courteous Comeback Mrs. Cobb—"Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again this morning when you telephoned your order?" Maid—"Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixed him this time. I sez, 'who in h—l do you think you are talking to?' This is Mrs. Cobb at the phone talking."

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F. W. FOSTER, Mgr

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## Blazing Barriers

James Oliver Curwood's fascinating western picture of the great outdoors and a love tale amid the North Wood Pines.

ALL STAR CAST Tickets 25 Cents

### When the Nerves Are Out of Order

They Need New, Rich Blood to Restore Their Tone

Men and women with nerves out of gear become irritable and fretful and are blamed for ill-temper; whereas the fault is not theirs. Their poor health is the cause. The tired, over-hasty wife or mother whose household cares have worn her out; the breadwinner whose anxiety for his family has worried him until he is thin and ill, are the nerve sufferers who become run down. Their nerves, like all bodily organs, need healthy red blood; worry tells on their digestion and their nerves are affected. In such cases a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is necessary, for these pills make new blood and tone up the nervous system. The patient becomes full of energy and happiness for themselves and others returns. Mrs. Wm. Hughes, Coldwater, Ont., has proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and does not hesitate to say so. She says:—"Two years ago I suffered untold agonies with my nerves. The pains in my head and the back of my neck were unbearable. I was depressed and cranky all the time. All the rest I took and best of medical attention did me no good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking them for a time felt much better. I continued their use with great benefit and before my baby was born they were the only tonic that helped me nurse her. I found them a splendid blood enricher, and cannot recommend them too highly. You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Good Worker Husband—"Telling lies is not one of my failings." Wife—"No, dear, it's one of your few successes."

Easy "I wish I could find a way to stop my wife from spending so much on gloves."

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### EXAMINATIONS

Following are the averages:

- GRADE VI Agatha Dodge 81, Fred Whitman 81, Margaret Beals 80, David Landers 80, Isabel Marshall 80, Victor Daniels 80, Annie North 79, Bertha Potter 79, Sydenham Gates 75, Katheryn Harnish 75, Ronald Chesley 76, Clyde Gates 68, Cyril Arts 66, George White 65, Florence Power 64, George Cummings 64. GRADE V Lillian Goudge 78, Miriam Landers 74, Reginald Saunders 74, Robert Stevenson 73, Howard Hoyt 70, Ula Greene 69, Orlay Halsey 68, Donovan Doucet 64, Laura Stark 64, Elnora Whitman 63, Evelyn Carey 59, Alice Kelly 59, Orlay Whitman 59, Paul Roof 58, Harold Greene 57, Beatrice Phinney 57, Mary Amour 56. GRADE IV Winnifred North 80.8, Earle Marshall 79, Kathleen Spurr 78.8, Lewis Haley 78.6, Vernon Kenney 77.8, Beatrice Phinney 77.8, Ella Eddy 76.5, George Johnson 75.9, Althea Doucet 74.5, Naomi Artz 73, Arthur Johnson 71.6, Fulton Gates 70.1, Nellie Potter 69.3, Elnora Durling 69.3, Kathryn Beals 68.1, Robert Amberman 60.4, Jean Penny 59.6, Hazel White 51, Percy Miller 48.3, Raymond Morse 49.8. GRADE III Helen Power 82.5, Althea Doucet 78.3, Ethel Johnson 77.1, Harold Whitman 76.5, Blanche Miller 74.3, Eunice Simm 74, Douglas Marshall 73.1, Donald Whitman 72.3, Kathleen Cummins 69.4, Gordon Becksted 69.3, Pauline Boyle 68.6, Ella Kenney 67.5, Warren Roof 66.4, George Greenough 63.7, Mary Marshall 63.4, Wilbert Barton 61.9. GRADE II Lewis Hatt 87.8, Joyce Eubank 87.3, Anne Elliott 87.3, Bentley Wilson 83, Margaret Robinson 82.5, Rena Caldwell 80, Harold Hockin 76, Mary Pilon 74.2, Anna Vye 70.7, Jean MacPherson 70, George McGill 69.5, Helen Connolly 68.5, Margaret Miller 66.3. Passing from Grade I to Grade II Lillian Payne 79.8, Ernest Binman 79, Jackie Doucet 73.5, Lorantine Johnson 73.3, Freeman Hatt 72.7, Glen Penny 70.2, Walter Eddy 70.

GRADE I Lillian Beals 84.2, Bevefely Starr 83.3, Dorret Johnson 82, Ruth Phinney 81.8, Alex McKenzie 80.3, Muriel Roof 71, Bessie Kelsey 70. GRADE I Sammie Johnson 82, Gerald Phinney 80, Leola Stillman 80, Bonnie DeWinter 80, John DeWinter 79, Grace Penny 72, Leslie Boyle 70, Pearl Clements 68, Albert DeWinter 66.

### IF A WOMAN IS A MONKEY THEN A MAN'S A SUPER-SHEEP

Batteries of typewriters thundering in bitter battle over boyish-form figures—An Acid Counter Attack

Just when women have won freedom from unwholesome fashions and customs that held them back from leading the life of normal and natural human beings, along comes Sir Archibald Lane, a British surgeon, and says: "Modern woman is a poor, badly nourished thing. She is degenerating in size. The vast majority of them are puny and insignificant." He says that in a medical review. When the London reporters rush to ask him to elucidate he stands his ground and adds: "In spite of the boasted superiority of the modern girl over the woman of the past, I have only to ask you to go to any dance today and you will see that my charges are true. Instead of the beautiful feminine lines which the girls of my boyhood shared with the women of savage races, you will see a poor creature sheathed from throat to hips in rubber. This craze for the silhouet figure is a grave danger not only to the women themselves but also to the future of the race. A thousand voices resort to offering: "Is any one more imitative than man? Is anyone more abjectly the slave of fashion? Would men wear red waistcoats? Wouldn't they? Or pink ones—or none, for that matter, or garlands of flowers in their hair? They would even plait their beards if such a thing were the latest word in 'gent's' outfitting. If woman is a monkey, then man is a super-sheep!"

Regiments of woman journalists dash to their typewriters and tell Sir Archibald that rubbers sheaths are worn only by the old and the fat, and that girls he sees in the ballroom wear none. They reprove him for lamenting over the free and untrammelled boylike figure of today, which is the natural result of the campaign against steel corsets. And they ask him where he has ever found savage tribes whose women's contours bore the slightest resemblance to the late Victorian monstrosities of his boyhood's day.

### Canadian Big Game For Austrian Alps



Here are seen some fine specimens of mountain sheep, photographed near Banff, Alberta, in a westernmost part of the range of the fine gun of camera trophies show like game animals provide. At Banff railway station recently a small official gathering bade goodbyes to six worthy members of Nature's Own Alpine Club. They had never before been passengers although from their lofty home in the Canadian Pacific Rockies they had watched and heard the trains that day by day shuttle smoothly to and fro on the world's greatest highway. In deed so close to the railway track did they oft times venture that the people in passing trains had the unique pleasure of seeing these hardy mountaineers ascending and descending the cliffs and crags of their native haunts. For they were the famous "Big Horns," the wild sheep of Canada's great mountain region. Lodged in upholstered crates, accommodated in a roomy Dominion Express car, they were consigned to a large estate high up in the Alps of Austria where they will have liberty to roam in a congenial environment and where, it is hoped, they may in course of time multiply and become as abundant as the flocks that feed on the Alpine meadows near Lake Louise and that wander upon the sunny slopes of Yoho Valley. Count Hohenloe, an Austrian nobleman, who had travelled in the Rockies and who had seen the wild sheep of that region, believed that vast and unspoiled land of sportsman's opportunity they would easily become acclimatized and would thrive well in the highlands of his native country. Anxious to put his theory to the test he entered into negotiations with the Canadian Government and succeeded in securing two rams and four ewes for export to Austria. In the Canadian Pacific Rockies where "Big Horn" sheep are increasing enormously in numbers there is yet a great plenty of other large game animals. The territory westward of and convenient to Lake Winemere Camp is noted for Grizzly Bear. A comparatively short trail journey northward from Lake Louise brings one into a region where white goats clamber on the cliffs and crags. In the open valleys south of Banff there are many elk and moose a-browsing. Too, out there the Spray Lakes sparkle in the sunshine, the finest trouting water in New West Canada. And whether you hunt with rifle or with camera the sportsman will find trophies worth the winning in this vast and unspoiled land of sportsman's lure.

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