

The Waterdown Review

THE BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN ONTARIO

VOL. 6.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1923

NO. 34.



For Sale in Waterdown by
W. C. LANGFORD

FOR SALE—About 40 Barred Rock Pullets, bred-to-lay. Apply to Chas. M. Flatt, Phone 21 r 12.

FOR SALE—Seven Young Pigs. Apply Miles Markle, Phone 33 r 5.

FOR SALE—Pure Bred Wyandotte hens and pullets, good laying strain. Stanley Bowen, Waterdown.

CARD OF THANKS

John Flintoff and brother and sister wish to thank the members of Grace Church choir, and also friends for their kindness in their recent sad bereavement.

We desire to express appreciation for our pleasant business relations with all in 1923, and wish our friends a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

WEAVER'S

EAGER'S

Thank one and all of our customers for their patronage during the past year and solicit for the future as much of your trade as possible. Our sincere wish for you all is that the coming year may be as free of troubles and as full of prosperity as possible.

MORTGAGE SALE

Under and by virtue of the powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale there will be offered for sale by Public Auction on

Tuesday, January 15th, 1924 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, at the premises, by S. Frank Smith, Auctioneer, the following property namely:—

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Nelson in the County of Halton, being composed of Village Lots Numbers Ten and Eleven on Frederick street and Village Lots Numbers Ten and Eleven on the northeast side of Rebecca street in the Village of Kilbride which lots above described are according to a plan of said Village surveyed by Samuel Peters, Esquire, Provincial Land Surveyor, on part of lot number nine in the Second Concession, New Survey, of the Township of Nelson.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

Terms—Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within fifteen days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to

THERESA CHERRIER

4 Hughson Street South
Hamilton, Ontario
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated at Hamilton this 20th day of December, A. D., 1923.

Subscriptions to MacLean's Magazine may now be left at the Review Office. We can supply you any paper or magazine published. Send your wants to us.

Public School Christmas Report

The following report is a summary of the examinations held during the Fall term. Parents will find details of these examinations in the monthly report cards, and should consider this report in conjunction with the monthly reports. A number of pupils missed many of the examinations while confined to their homes during illness. It would be impossible to give these pupils a reasonable standing, therefore their names appear at the end of their class as absent.

Senior Fourth

Bobby Harvey 87, Billie Harvey 85, Vera Spence 84, Wilhemine Slater 84, Rachel McKay 82, Russell Thompson 81, Marian Shaidle 79, Isabelle Underwood 78, James Newman 78, Margaret Shaidle 76, Jack Davidson 76, Gladys Feilde 73, Mary Metzger 72, Harold Langton 72, Stanley Bowen 69, Hilda Flatt 69, Cecil Wilkinson 67, Ellwood Sheppard 60.

Junior Fourth

Mary Henderson 81, Jessie Sinclair 76, Loreen Sinclair 76, Bernice Fallis 73, James Douglas 71, Catharine Connon 70, Gwennie Waters 70, Vernon Stetler 69, Jack Sheridan 67, Wilbert Copp 66, Winnifred Park 65, Peter McKay 64, Bertha James 64, Charles Mitchell 61, Ethel Stock 57, Muriel Hood 57, Charles Thomas 54, Ruth Mitchell 53, Harold Liddycoat 50, Wesley Bowen 48, Lloyd Buchan 44, Harold Ribson 41, Lorne Robson 39.

R. A. Riddell, Teacher

Senior Third

Cecil King 84, Ross Cameron 77, Clinton Spence 77, Lucile Nicol 76, Dorothy Binkley 76, Lorne Newman 75, Ellis Dougherty 72, Wallace Park 71, Evelyn Harvey 69, Herbert Brigger 68, Margaret Metzger 67, Max Bowman 65, Kenneth Guenther 53, Jessie Cooper 45, Geo. Shank 45.

Junior Third

Blanche Anderson 83, Myrtle Smith 80, Helen Berry 80, Helen Henderson 80, Eva Gordon 75, Elsie Allen 75, Agnes Murdock 73, Laura Higginson 70, Eila Hopper 70, Hector Duncan 64, Glen Bowman 62, Robert Woodward 61, Violet Underwood 59, Tim O'Connor 59, John Lyons 57, Pearl Atkins 55, Marjorie Bowen 54, Delbert Liddycoat 50, Percy Rutledge 46.

R. E. Redding, Teacher.

Senior Second

Nettie McKay 93, Earl Stock 92, Jack Hopper 88, Della Thompson 87, Winnie King 86, Willie Timmins 82, Harold Lyons 80, Frank Spence 69, Harry Raynor 65, Eugene Griffin 48. Absent—Alice Rankin, Keith Harvey, Ervine Lillycropp, Dorothy Gordon, Joe O'Connor, Ethel Thwaites, Charles Robbins, John Cooper, Victor Repta.

Junior Second

Helen Fleetham 94, Dorothy Fleetham 91, Lillian Rankin 91, George Hayes 75, Kenneth Rayner 70. Absent—Harold Shelton, Muriel Springer, Margaret Morden, Hester Spence, Jim O'Connor, Allen Lillycrop.

B. I. Haddock, Teacher.

Senior First

Rena Berry 88, Patricia Nanson 86, Eric Guthrie 86, Douglas Hopcott 85, Jack Wylie 79, Anna Burns 79, Edith Thompson 79, Edna Stetler 75, Wilma Sheridan 70, Alfred Guenther 70, Phyllis Thwaites 58. Absent—John Repta.

Junior First

Eloise Anderson 90, Jean Rutledge 89, Mary Condon 89, Leta Sawell 88, Isabel Spence 88, Jessie Hopper 84, Bert Henderson 83, Ethel Duncan 80, Willie Underwood 79, Vernon Hood 77, Ruby Cowie 76, Althea Goodale 76, Kathleen Broadbent 72, Alex Best 72, Florence Guenther 69, Wesley Morden 66

Edgar Featherston 65, Jean Carey 65 Absent—Henrietta Lyons.

L. G. Morgan, Teacher.

Senior Primer

George Horning 78, Morley Binkley 75½, Arthur Brigger 69½, Richie Lillycrop 69, Herbert Lovejoy 67. Absent—Santa Della Siega, Walter Cooper, Joe Hayes.

Junior Primer

Caroline Truesdale 83, Hazel Featherston 76½, Erna Newman 74½, James Crusoe 74½, Eileen Gordon 71 Absent—John Forth, Alfred Cooper.

Kindergarten—Primary Sr.

Bobby Terry 82, Norman Best 79, Annie Harvey 75, Muriel Waters 73, Russell Newman 70, Elmer Springer 67, Vera Sinclair 57. Absent—Alex Cowie, John Morden.

Kindergarten—Primary Jr.

Vera Buttenham 80, Ronald Thompson 80, Shirley Davidson 78, Doris Featherston 75, Willie McKay 69, Bartie O'Connor 69, Lloye Bowen 52, John Goodale 46. Absent—Annie Siega, Ward Spence, Zelta Greene.

M. H. Lyons, Teacher.

Carlisle

Harold Ferde had the misfortune last Sunday to have three of his fingers blown off.

We regret to report the death of Mr. Richard Gastle, of Burlington, on Friday, December 21. The news was a shock to all his friends, as he was sick but a few days. The funeral service was held at Carlisle church on Sunday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Hamilton of Burlington preached, and Rev. Mr. Hendershot assisted in the service.

The Sunday School entertainment held on Thursday last was very interesting, and claimed by many to be the most enjoyable they had ever heard. Congratulations are due Miss Stella Cairns and Miss Edna Eaton who were the committee in charge of the program.

The entertainment given at the Victoria school by the school children was a very fine one and enjoyed by all who attended. All the pieces showed very good preparation.

The League service next week will be held on Monday evening and will take the form of a watch night service.

Millgrove

Mr. and Mrs. C. Sparks of Buffalo were visiting in the village a few days ago.

Rev. F. J. Fydel is installing a radio in his home.

The Public Hall is being renovated, much to the satisfaction of the people in the neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Allison of Copetown visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Allison, on Christmas.

Mrs. Smith of Winoma, visited friends in the village last Sunday.

Miss Eileen Pepper is visiting friends near Greenville.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Griffin spent Christmas at the Beach.

Mr. Thomas Eaton, our genial storekeeper is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

The Millgrove correspondent wishes all readers of the Review a Happy New Year.

Bids Farewell to Father Becker

The congregation of St. Thomas church assembled in the hall of the church on Thursday evening to bid farewell to their faithful pastor, Rev. Father Becker, who is leaving the first of the year to take charge of the parish of St. Clements.

The occasion was observed by a banquet, the hall being beautifully decorated in Christmas colors and the large tables bountifully laden with all which the inner man could desire, was supplied by the ladies.

The farewell address was delivered by Mr. F. J. Shaidle, after which the Reverend Father was presented with a substantial purse of gold. Short addresses were given by Rev. Father Lyles of Hamilton, Magistrate Vance, and members of the village council, who were guests of the evening. Mr. Peter Ray acted as master of ceremonies.

In leaving the Waterdown parish Father Becker carries with him the good wishes of his entire congregation which is also shared by a large number of villagers who knew him personally and highly valued his friendship. He leaves behind him a monument of memory in the fine church building which was erected in the village during his pastorate here.

Locals

Austin Tudor, of Detroit, spent Christmas at his home here.

Elgin Featherston, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent Christmas at his home here.

Mr. Halford Carson of Ottawa spent a few days last week with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Brown of Buffalo, visited over Christmas at the home of A. E. Alton.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Institute will be held in the Community Hall on Wednesday, January 2nd, at 2.30 p. m. An address will be given by Mrs. J. M. McDonald of Dundas. The report of the annual convention will be given by the delegate. A special musical program has been arranged. A prize will be given for the best sandwiches and cookies. Competition open to Institute members.

Greenville

Mr. J. Slater and Miss Edna Slater of Toronto, spent Christmas here.

Mr. H. Robbins of Buffalo spent the week end here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Medwin spent Christmas in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Main and little daughter, of Dundas, spent a few days this week at Mrs. W. Taylors.

Mr. A. Jarrett and Mr. S. French of Hamilton, were holiday visitors in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Robinson of Hamilton are spending a few days here.

Mrs. Carl and Mrs. Lovell of Hamilton spent a few days here.

The school meeting of the rate-payers was held at the school house Wednesday morning. Mr. W. B. Hyslop was re-elected trustee.

When You Try

"SALADA"

THE H478

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just 'ea."

THE PERIL OF BAD COMPANY

Jim is not a sheep-killing dog. In fact so scrupulous is he, owing no doubt to his training and to his coming from a long line of sheep-herding ancestors, that he will not eat mutton even though his master offers it to him. Yet for several days Jim has been limping on a bandaged foot—shot as a sheep killer.

It was a stray half-breed hound that started the trouble, Jim was under a tree asleep on the lawn when the stranger appeared. A few minutes later the two were crossing the meadow together; then they were in the woods, parking. Before long they had treed an opossum. Jim was enjoying himself; you could tell that from the way he barked.

Later a neighbor saw the two dogs in a stretch of woodland two miles from home; three other dogs had joined them. Before long two more joined the band, which was led by the irresponsible hound.

Five miles from home the leader led his pack into an open field where sheep were grazing. Straight for the innocent creatures he rushed. Jim stopped, and the other dogs swept by him. It was wrong for him to kill sheep. It was wrong for any dog to kill sheep!

In a flash the strange dog had a lamb down. Then Jim ran straight at the cur and, springing, seized him by the throat. At that instant a rifle cracked near by, and the mongrel went limp in the sheep dog's jaws. The rest of the pack scattered, and Jim started for the woods. He had almost reached cover when the rifle cracked again, and he lurched sidewise. Fortunately, the undergrowth was thick, and he managed to escape.

It was a dejected and humiliated dog that returned home late the same day. But it was not the pain in Jim's foot that caused his head and his tail to droop—no, it was the way in which he had received the injury; shot at as a sheep killer! There is no doubt that the faithful dog had learned his lesson: to "shun evil companions."

A Scared Heron.

Lon Holey and Alvin Plummer were hunting ducks on the Scarborough marshes. They had walked several miles without seeing a single bird when they discovered at some distance a big flock of ducks feeding on a shallow salt pond. They approached cautiously and for the last four or five hundred yards crawled on their stomachs through the tall grass and bayberry bushes. At last they reached a bird cover, where they hastily concealed themselves. The little shack was completely covered with bushes and seaweed; the back was open, and inside were a seat and places to rest guns.

The hunters had just got comfortably settled in front of the peepholes when a gigantic heron that had been feeding on the edge of the pond strolled toward the shack and prepared to take a nap in the lee of it where the sun shone warmly. After looking carefully round, he tucked his head under his wing and, drawing up one foot, went to sleep.

When he was settled Alvin leaned forward and said in a low voice, "You are too near!"

The heron looked up quickly but, seeing nothing, went to sleep again. Again Alvin spoke, this time more loudly. "You're too near!" And again the big bird awoke and looked about and then went to sleep again.

First one hunter and then the other repeated the words until they had the old fellow fairly dancing on his long legs; but he would not leave the place, because he could see nothing to be afraid of! Just then something startled the ducks, and with a great flutter and whirring of wings the whole flock took to the air. Both shotguns spoke at once, and the second barrels blazed forth later.

The guns were pointed directly over the heron's head, and the shock was too much for him. Closing his eyes, he sank down on the sand, apparently lifeless; his wings drooped and his long legs stretched out.

The hunters rushed forth to secure their game, and presently, talking and

laughing, they started back, carrying four or five fine ducks apiece.

When the heron heard them he slowly opened one eye and then got reluctantly on his feet as if he were astonished at finding himself still alive. He shook himself, and as the hunters came nearer he slowly spread his great wings and sailed away. He had had a narrow escape!

Stopping the Mouth of Gossip.

The new boarder had just been introduced to a group of boarders on the front porch after dinner and immediately began to chat. "I am a widow," she divulged in the course of the conversation, "my husband has been dead two years and I do not intend to marry again. I have two children. The girl is with me and the boy is staying with his grandmother this summer because his lungs are weak and the doctor said he ought to live on a farm all summer."

"I broke up housekeeping last year and I am going to board for a year or two. I make all my own clothes and trim my own hats. My husband left us independent; but with two children have to be careful of expenses. The reason I came here was because a friend who lived here last summer recommended the place to me. We have two rooms and I'd like to get hold of a good washwoman who will do your waists recently and not hold you up for it."

"What on earth did that woman tell us her family affairs for like that?" said one of the boarders, when the newcomer had left the group.

"Because she's wise," said her husband. "She has evidently boarded before and she knows that her best plan is to explain herself to everybody the first day. Any woman who comes in to a boarding house and doesn't seem to be willing to talk about her affairs immediately becomes an object of mystery and of gossip. You women who don't have anything to do but to sit around the house all day and comment on the newcomers wonder who she is and how much money she has and if she has no husband you wonder what she does for a living. Now you know all about that woman. She's given it to you straight."

"I wish she hadn't," sighed his wife. "Now we haven't got a thing to talk about until the next new boarder comes."

Diseases Registered by Your Finger Nails.

All serious diseases and accidents are recorded on your finger-tips.

If you have a dangerous illness a plain straight ridge will show itself across all your nails. Some weeks elapse before it is visible, because the growth of the nail is affected at the root, which is invisible. But when it does show it takes many months before it grows to the top. These marks may remain for years, and the more acute the illness the more prominent are the ridges.

Break your wrist to-day and it will probably be 1925 before the resultant ridges have vanished from your nails. In this case, however, only the nails of the broken arm are affected. The other hand remains normal.

Sudden diseases stop all nail growth in the same way as they often affect the hair, and the fingers then look as if the nails had been cut straight across with scissors.

Nervous afflictions cause deep grooves across the nails. They also assume a patchy appearance and will be very brittle for some time.

After the attack the new growth will be very thin and finger-tips will be exceedingly painful. The thin new growth gives the impression of a deep dent over the "moon" of the nail.

To Test the Oven.

Try your oven by means of a piece of white paper. When the paper becomes the color of meat pie crust, the oven is suitable for small pastry. When the paper turns light brown, the oven is ready for pies, etc. When dark yellow, you can bake bread or large pound cakes. If the paper is just tinged the oven is suitable for meringues and sponge cake.

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion.—Thoreau.

The Lone Baby of the Loneliest Island.

"Britain's loneliest island" is what the Rev. H. M. Rogers, in the London Times, recently called Tristan da Cunha, that little island midway between South Africa and South America, which possesses neither trade nor manufactures, and which is rarely visited by vessels. The inhabitants used to be certain of a visit once a year from an official gunboat with stores, mail and a doctor and a minister on board; but the tiny colony did not warrant the expense, and after due warning and after the people had been given an opportunity to leave the place, the boat was withdrawn. Despite certain hardships and the chance of famine most of the people elected to remain on the island, for they are simple folk who dearly love their homes.

"An opportunity for a gala day came to them in October," records Mr. Rogers, "for there was a unique christening; the first and only English baby ever born on Tristan was baptized in the tiny island's church room. At day-break all the union jacks on the island some five of them, were hoisted at various flag poles and on the roof of the tinest parsonage in the world—the missionary resides in a small two-roomed wooden hut. The day was fine and the people had put on their smartest clothes, which, having been procured from passing ships years ago, were curious and wonderful. Soldiers' and sailors' uniforms, dress suits, corduroys, dungaree and early Victorian ladies' garments gave the impression that a fancy-dress ball was going on. The people like bright colors, and most of them wore a rosette of colored ribbon or carried a bouquet."

"The little school room at St. Mary's Church was decorated with flowers, and at three o'clock every one who could squeeze in to it entered to watch the missionary baptize his own baby. Leading Tristanites stood as sponsors. The whole population was eager to act in that capacity, but it was decided to limit the number to six—four for Tristan and two for England. As soon as the service was over there was tea drinking, and about a hundred people shook hands and gave the health in tea. A cake had been made, but, owing to the shortage of flour and raisins and the difficulty of getting milk, it was so small that it sufficed only for the sponsors and the parsonage folk. Every one else was promised a piece of cake when the next ship comes."

"Those who could find anything to give made us presents for the baby, and he was soon the possessor of almost half the money on the island—namely, an English half-crown and a sixpence. He received also several pairs of Tristan socks, some colored 'picture' handkerchiefs and several strange articles of headgear known as Tristan 'cappies,' worn by the children there. A metal teaspoon and an egg cup of elaborate pattern completed the collection."

The baby was named Edward, after the Prince of Wales, who is extremely popular on that forgotten dot of British soil.

Cutting It Short.

A butler always annoyed his mistress by announcing her visitors separately. For instance, instead of saying, "Mr. and Mrs. Kilkelly and the Misses Kilkelly," he would call out, "Mr. Kilkelly, Mrs. Kilkelly, Miss Nora Kilkelly, and Miss Kate Kilkelly," mentioning each member of the family by name.

His mistress told him on her next "At Home" day to make the announcement shorter.

As it happened, a Mr. and Mrs. Penny, with their grown-up son and a little daughter, were the first to arrive, whereupon the butler electrified his mistress by throwing open the door and shouting, "Threepence-halfpenny."



Couldn't Fool Him.

Dealer—"This coal, sir, is first class!"

Customer—"Don't believe it—you can't fool me!"

China's new President is 60 years of age. Thirty-eight years ago he was a common soldier.

The sun, it is estimated, can go on supplying heat at the present rate for 1,000,000,000 years.

Some of the tongues of fire which dart out from the surface of the sun reach amazing heights. One instance is recorded at Mount Wilson Observatory, California, where a flame reached the height of 352,000 miles.

The Same Boat.

One who crosses the Atlantic on a great modern steamship can hardly fail to be impressed by the community of interest among the passengers, whether they admit it or not. There are social distinctions observed by the separate classes to which the varying rates of fare have established a title. There is supposed to be luxury on high and Spartan simplicity, if not actual discomfort, in the steerage. In the floating city or palatial marine hotel there is a reproduction on a small scale of the communal existence on the land. It is recognized that in certain hands authority is placed, and there are laws by which the entire ship's company must abide.

When it is plain sailing in fair weather, existence is simple enough and contentment is general. In time of storm many are the victims of a malady which is no respecter of persons and does not ask how much the passenger has paid for his accommodations. When actual disaster occurs and the voyagers must take to the boats or wait precariously while the wireless summons aid, the distinctions between shipboard neighbors vanish like the crests of the waves. Then it is no longer asked who is rich or poor, who is proud and who is humble.

On the sea of human life we are fellow-passengers, faring from the same port to the same haven. We are "all in the same boat" for a little time together, and bound to show each other the kindness, the generosity, the mutual respect and tolerance that make life bearable for the feeble, the timorous, the less fortunate.

There are two monuments in the world erected to birds, one in Italy and the other in Salt Lake City.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the six-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the school, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

His Busy Season.

A man with all the earmarks of a laborer was smoking thoughtfully and watching a large building in process of construction. A foreman approached and asked:

"Hey, want a job?"
"Yes," was the reply, "but I can only work mornings."
"Why can't you work all day?"
"Every afternoon I gotta carry a banner in the unemployment parade."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The giraffe does not thrive in captivity in America.

EDDY'S MATCHES
First in Safety
First in Convenience
First in Economy
ALWAYS BUY EDDY'S MATCHES
EVERYWHERE IN CANADA ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

\$2.00 Weather Prophet—only \$1.25

WILL IT BE "RAIN OR SHINE" TO-MORROW?

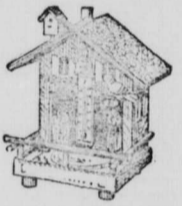
This wonderful prophet tells you the answer today. It's a beautiful miniature house, stucco finish, size 4 1/2 x 7 1/2, decorated with deer head, top thermometer, and on perch, etc.—all a top, but a scientifically constructed instrument working automatically—reliable and everlasting. The witch comes out to foretell bad weather and the children for the weather, right to twenty-four hours in advance.

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED—This perfect Weather Prophet will prove to you its superior worth over cheaper models.

Sent postpaid to any address for only \$1.25, or two for \$2.20. Agents Wanted

Tell your neighbor. Don't miss this chance. Order to day.

GRANT & McHILLAN CO., Dept. W.V.L.L., 337 Clinton St., Toronto



Mount Royal Hotel
MONTREAL
Eleven hundred rooms, each with private bath, from \$3 a day up. Famous cuisine serving variety of restaurants, from Main Dining Room to Grill Room and Cafeteria. Centre of the city's social life. Comfort and hospitality.
Vernon G. Cardy, Manager
Director: United Hotels Company of America

Order Your Farm Help Now
IN VIEW of the great demand for farm help existing in Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway will continue its Farm Help Service during 1924 and will enlarge its scope to include women domestics and boys.
THE COMPANY is in touch with large numbers of good farm laborers in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Switzerland and other European countries and through its widespread organization can promptly fill applications for help received from Canadian farmers.
In order to have the help reach Canada in time for the Spring operations farmers needing help should arrange to get their applications in early, the earlier the better, as naturally those applications which are received early will receive first attention.
Blank application forms and full information regarding the service may be obtained from any C.P.R. agent or from any of the officials listed below. THE SERVICE IS ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE.
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY
Department of Colonization and Development
WINNIPEG.—M. E. Thornton, Superintendent of Colonization
T. S. Acheson, General Agricultural Agent
SASKATOON.—W. J. Gerow, Land Agent
H. F. Komer, Special Colonization Agent
CALGARY.—T. O. F. Herzer, Asst. to Supt. of Colonization
EDMONTON.—J. Miller, Land Agent
MONTREAL.—J. Dougal, General Agricultural Agent
G. La Rue Norwood, Land Agent
E. G. WHITE, Assistant Commissioner.
E. S. DENNIS, Chief Commissioner.

The Little House By the Road

A New Year's Story

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

Martha Lowe met Henry at the side door.

"Any news?"
Henry Lowe was thick and short, and clambered out from behind the wheel of his little car with difficulty. Everybody in East Lebanon, except Martha, his wife, called Henry fat, but Martha loved him. Her tender glance refused to linger on any of his suburbs, but went straight to the pleasant residence streets of his eyes, where Henry dwelt.

She always asked, "Any news?" when he came back from town, but to-day—if he had noted—there was a difference. You might say she was in a hurry for him to get through his news.

"M-m—why, they're paintin' the parsonage a primin' coat. Pliny Sleeper's got a new car—ticked to death! They're goin' to have the church social that was put off last week 'count of the rain, this week—want you should carry a meat pie, Marthy. Lessee—oh, yes! an' butter's riz' again."

He was through now. Martha had barely waited.

"Well, I've got some news for you! Sophia Cox has been here. Angeline Perry's coming home, Henry."

"No! Not to the old Perry Place? There ain't much old Perry Place left to come to—"

"I know. That's the heartbreaking part. Henry, I've had a good cry! After Sophia Cox went, I slipped over there. I counted just three whole panes of glass, Henry! An' every last thing that could sag, sags, an' the roof looks an'—every last thing's the matter. Poor old Miss Angeline's coming home to that!"

Henry's face, too, was grave.
"Angeline Perry won't find much sympathy in Lebanon," he said, simply.

"I know—oh, I know! That's another heartbreaking part. If she'd only been a little mite neighborlier, Henry—kind of kept in her feelings about being superior to the rest of us. If she'd only written just one letter back. She never did, never. An' she never even seemed to care anything about the old place, Henry."

"Let it run down somethin' terrible," nodded Henry, soberly. He had never approved of Miss Perry's airs.

"An' now to be driven to coming back. Against her will—you needn't tell me it ain't against her will, Henry! She hates it. An' there's the house, a wreck an' nobody to be sorry for her—you can't expect 'em to be sorry, Henry—"

Henry did not expect them to be. He shook his head over this dolorous news of Martha's. Curiously enough, these good people did not reflect on their own sorrow for poor Angeline. It did not occur to them as anything remarkable. They were thinking of the rest of East Lebanon.

"Suppose folks know about it, generally, Marthy? I mean that the news has got round?"

Adorable little crinkles spread round Martha's eyes. Martha Lowe's smile was a lovely thing to watch coming on.

"Sophia Cox—" She advanced merrily. Just that.

"Then everybody knows," laughed Henry. Sophia Cox was the East Lebanon News.

"Your dinner's ready, dear. Parsnip stew! While you eat, I'll tell you all Sophia told me. I guess she got it straight enough. Here, dear. You haven't kissed me yet!"

All Lebanon lovers were lovers. Young Lebanon knewers took lessons of them.

"Sophia says Angeline's lost all that money—every last cent, Henry! Just got her original little mite of income left. Had to sell her nice city house she was so set up over an' her car an' every last thing. The proceeds all go to her creditors. Sophia didn't know just what it was that happened."

"If she had, she'd told you!"

"Yes, she would. But Miss Angeline's got to come home—she knew that. Henry, don't you wish she'd done one little thing for Lebanon with some o' her money, like a—watering trough? Or, anyway, wrote just one letter back? So folks'd be sorry for her now. You can't really blame folks, Henry—"

Henry did not blame folks.

"It's hard to be old an' lose everything an' nobody care," still beautifully unconscious of her own and Henry's caring. "I tell you I had a good cry over it, dear. If nobody loved me—"

Henry's big laugh rang through the cozy room, but ceased as abruptly as it had begun. It was more than funny—Marthy's saying that. He stumbled in his eagerness to get out of his chair quickly and to get Marthy into his arms.

"The world'll stop goin' round when it stops lovin' you, dearheart! All of it loves you." He strove for sweeter

words but those were all that came. And suddenly, in his own great love for his wife, there was born a greater pity for that old, unlovely woman who was coming home.

"Poor Angeline!"

"Oh, yes; poor Angeline, Henry!"
The Perry Place had once been, although small, smart and "kept up." In Lebanon, keeping things up was ranked as a duty, and the opposite as a sin. Day by day and month by month, the disintegration of the Perry Place had offended the sight and principles of Lebanon. Old Miss Angeline had "come into" her money six years ago and gone away to more luxurious living in the city. In six years, much may happen to a little house beside the road. Especially, to a little house on the way to a school. The curious, innate fascination of snapping, breaking window panes had not escaped the youth of Lebanon.

Angeline Perry, plunged in utter melancholy, bereft suddenly of all her beloved luxuries—driven back to a loveless, empty home—remembered many things. She hated—she hated so to remember! She hated so to go back!

"They'll all of 'em crow over me behind my back. They'll hate me worse than ever—I hate them! 'Look! they'll point, 'there goes Angeline Perry—poor as a rat. Let her put on airs, now!' For that was one of the things she hated to remember—that she had put on airs."

She had a mental picture of what the "Perry Place" must be now. Angeline was of a quick intelligence. Oh, she knew—she knew! It would stand there beside the road, a bleak horror—a wreck as pitiable as her own wrecked life. Yet she must go back there to it. Fate drove her back with things that cut into her bleeding pride.

And no one cared.

"How could they care? I never cared," she thought in her sorry musings. The world was a cruel place.

Martha Lowe, on the evening of her talk with Henry about Angeline, might have been seen slipping quietly down the frozen roadway, curiously encumbered. She had taken advantage of Henry's absence, almost as if she did not want Henry to see her go. He had done his chores and gone down to the "stores," as he often did.

It was very near to the tip-end of December, but the snow had held off so far. The roads were crisp with frost and a keen wind buffeted Martha as she walked. The moonlight was nearly as bright as day.

"I could almost've got along without the candles," she thought. "I never saw brighter moonshine!"

She was glad that she met no one and particularly glad that the back door of the little forlorn house by the road, farther down, was so easily forced. Inside, she lit her candles and set to work. Martha was a quick worker.

"Queer how sweeping—just sweeping—takes the edge off o' desolation!" she smiled to herself. "To-morrow night I'll bring some paste an' stick all the wall paper up that's hanging loose. That'll take another edge off! I'm glad the kitchen stove ain't all rust. Blacking'll go a long ways. I'll put some nice white papers on the pantry shel—hark!" She stiffened, listening hard.

Tap—tappity—tap. She heard it distinctly now. It seemed to be in the front part of the house. There it was again: Tap—tappity—tap! Tap—tappity—tap!

"Well, good thing I ain't scared o' ghosts! If there's anybody but a noise there I'll find out!"

She went carefully, inwardly laughing at her own sleuthiness. It was growing into a good, able-bodied noise. Then she saw it.

"Henry!"

"My goodness, Marthy! How you scairt me!"

"Well, you didn't scare me! Henry Lowe, you're setting glass!"

"Caught!" he chuckled. "But honest, Marthy, there was all those extra panes in our barn chamber an' I always was an A-one glazier. I'm goin' to finish up the front windows hand runnin'. To-morrow night—"

"To-morrow night we'll make things hum! I've got the most plans. Oh, Henry, you're a dear an' I'm going to kiss you if there's no putty on your nose! There's nobody looking but the man in the moon!"

She went back to her sweeping. At nine they went home together.

"Henry," Marthy whispered, snuggling close, "isn't it a beautiful moonshiny world? Isn't it nice that you love me an' I love you? Old lovers are best! Oh—oh, Henry, think of being all alone like the Miss Angelines. An' nobody to be sorry for you! I've just thought of something this minute. Sophia Cox said she was coming back the first day o' the year! Henry, the first day o' the year is Happy New Year!"

A home like that to come back to on Happy New Year's day!

"I'm going to cry again," whispered Marthy, jerkily. "It's coming on."

The next evening they went again to the Perry Place. They were a little belated, having made rather elaborate preparations, and traveling slowly under their loads. The moon was under clouds. Martha extricated a hand with difficulty from her bundles and nudged Henry, in soft mirth.

"Ghosts!" she murmured. "See 'em? There, just gliding away from the house! I can see 'em, anyhow. I've got good—ghost-sight!"

But, although they laughed, they wondered. Prowlers around the Perry Place were unusual. They did not remember that they themselves were prowlers.

Martha had been in the kitchen but a moment before she made her discovery. She went rushing away to Henry.

"What do you suppose I've found, Henry? Glasses of jelly on the pantry shelves! Ghost jelly! An' there is a crock of butter, too—"

"There's a new plank in this porch floor, an' I've found a saw," contributed Henry, excitedly. "An' look a—here, will you, Marthy—quick, before the moon goes under again! See that corner post that holds the porch roof up? Well, sir, that post was all lean over last night! Straight enough now!"

"Hullo—hullo!" a voice called from the front path. A figure loomed into faint sight. "My hat, if 'tain't my folks! I'm constable of this town—I arrest all suspicious prowlers!"

"What you doin' here, Pliny Sleeper—prowlin'?" demanded the laughing voice of Marthy.

"Me? Oh, I had my new car out, exercisin' it. Just kind of brought along a few little things on the back seat—aful lot o' room in that car! Say, you folks—" Pliny's voice sobered. "Lebanon's kind o' worked up over Miss Angeline's comin' back. It's all over town. My wife's worked up. I've got some fixin's—paint cans an' things. I don't know what's the use of being a painter if you don't paint somethin'! An' I brought one o' my ladders along, on the runnin' board—"

"You're going to paint this house!" cried Marthy, joyously.

"'Twon't take so terrible long. It's a little house, an' the boys'll help. Well, start right in, in the mornin'."

"Henry! Henry, do you hear?"

Henry had heard.

"An', say, they's a lot o' little carpenterin' jobs—Ern Libby wants to know what's the use o' bein' a carpenter—"

"Henry! Henry!"

It was a good kind world, Lebanon was sorry—listen to what Pliny was saying now!

"Everybody's worked up. I tell you it's hard lines on the o' lady. Losin' out like that, an' the old place not fit to come to—"

"We'll make it fit! Henry, Pliny—listen! Let's have a 'bee—a Busy Bee! Everybody that's sorry come to

it an' do somethin'! The children, too, to help clear up an' run errands—"

"Sure—the children. Make 'em sorry they smashed the windows—good thing!"

They were all excited now; Marthy had company. Another neighbor had mysteriously appeared, mysteriously laden. They all talked at once. The Busy Bee was launched on a vigorous flight before they separated and went their ways.

"I can hear its wings buzzing a'—ready!" laughed Marthy with that jerky, soft little laugh that moved them like tears. The heart of Marthy was deeply touched. She was ashamed a little, too, that she and Henry had had so little faith in Lebanon—in human sympathies. What had they been thinking of? Who were they to say that no one would be sorry?

"All the world's sorry!" Marthy cried and snuggled up to her Henry. There were five more days to Happy New Year. In five days, a Busy Bee may accomplish a great deal. And when nature herself takes a hand and helps along—oh, the beautiful "drying" days nature sent to Pliny Sleeper! Not gradually, but speedily, the Perry Place put on orderliness and cleanliness and actual beauty. Even in the bleak winter month, unsoftened by the artistry of snow, the old place, the little old house, blossomed into humanness and became something pleasant to come back to. More than pleasant—friendly.

Martha loved it all. Henry said it fed her like nourishing food. She grew plump and rosy on it. Love had widened for Marthy and taken in all Lebanon.

Then, because there was no more excuse for staying, December ended and the new year was born at midnight under the stars. And at mid-day of its coming, old Angeline came home. Feeble, lonely, unhappy old Angeline, with nothing very worth while behind her and nothing worth living for ahead. She sat upright and rigid on the car seat and dreaded hearing the brakeman call out, "East Lebanon!" The very soul of old Angeline was rigid with dread.

"If just Peter was there to meet me—just Peter!" she thought wistfully. But she had not cared very much for Peter when she had him, or she would not have left him behind, at the call of wealth and luxury. Peter had been her cat—her only companion—and she had left him behind with one of the neighbors. That was how much she had thought of Peter! But now, she thought of him—now she longed for Peter.

"He'd purr," she sighed. "He'd love me enough for that." No one else in all the world would purr. But, of course, in six years, Peter would be dead.

"East Lebanon! East Lebanon!" the brakeman was intoning, and old Angeline had got home. Someone on the little station platform was shouting "Happy New Year!" to someone who was getting off the train. It must be pleasant to hear that shouted to you. Miss Angeline caught sight of the answering face. A young girl was springing down into the arms of a youth. So there was love in the world—Miss Angeline had forgotten.

The rattling little station car received her and her few belongings—all she had retrieved from the wreck of her life. Sitting rigid and straight here, as on the train, she was rattled away. She would not look on either side of her. There was nothing—there was nobody—she wanted to see. Thus she lost the pleasant nods and greetings of a few on her way. She went on solitarily to the Perry Place by the side of the road.

Then she looked.

It was early twilight only, but a light glistened dim in the remaining daylight—in one of her windows. A light! She saw a spiral of smoke curling out of her chimney—her chimney! She saw a painted and a straight and comely little house.

She saw Peter.

He greeted her with a soft, purring rumble against his furry sides. He was glad to see her! He was there—Peter was not dead.

The station car had rattled away and left her. She went almost shyly into her warm, little shining house. It was cleared and beautiful. On the polished stove the teakettle was singing its welcome-song—on the immaculate little white table, supper was ready!

It could not be—but it was! The homely cheer and warmth and friendliness were there. She could not rub the lovely vision out of her eyes. When she rubbed the tears away it was still there. The very heart of her went out to that sweet friendliness. She caught up Peter and talked to him for very need of talking.

"Peter! Peter! do you see? Look, Peter, all around! Everywhere—look at the jelly on the shelves, and the supper! And how swept and—and shined up it is, and geraniums!"

Someone had done it all. Many someones—for her! Then—there was love in the world for her! Nothing but love could have worked this sweet and

Don't let your past spoil your future. Don't let the old year spoil the new. No matter how many mistakes or failures you have made, or what misfortunes have overtaken you, even though you have lost everything you had in the world—family, money, friends, property, make a new start. Success does not depend upon the distance you have traveled, but the way you are headed no matter how discouraging the outlook, keep headed toward your goal. A stout heart, an indomitable will and unwavering faith in the power that sustains you will win out in spite of the most unfortunate and discouraging conditions.—O. S. Marden.

gracious miracle, for pity was love. They had been sorry—

"Oh, Peter, look!"
For now she saw the loveliest miracle of all, and it caught her and swirled her in a little old heap onto the nearest chair. All her bitterness and dreads seemed to slide from her round old shoulders like Christian's pack.

"Happy New Year!"
Painted in clear letters, it hung there before her. It made its cheery appeal to her—it smiled at her—shook hands with her. And sitting there with Peter rubbing at her skirts, old Angeline began her happy new year.—New Success.

A Year's Pennies.

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
What shall we buy in the breezy spring time?

Buy us a kite to fly up to the sky.
Over the steeples and ever so high;
A beautiful kite that will fly like a bird.

With a green-and-red body that's simply absurd.

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
We'll buy us a kite in the breezy spring time.

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
What shall we buy in the warm summer time?

Buy us a hammock to hang by the brook.

Buy us a sunbonnet, buy us a book.
Buy us some lemonade, buy us an ice
Buy us a fan with a funny device.

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
We'll keep ourselves cool in the warm summer time.

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
What shall we buy in the brown autumn time?

Buy us a basket—away to the woods,
Where the chestnuts are breaking
their bristly brown hoods;

Buy us a line and buy us a hook
(We know where the minnows have
found a dark nook).

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
We're off to our sports in the brown autumn time.

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
What shall we buy in the gay winter time?

Rosy red apples and gay-colored toys;
Dolls for the little girls, knives for the boys;

Candies and cookies and trumpets and tops—
All the bright things in the Christ-massy shops.

Hi penny, ho penny, dollar and dime!
We'll spend all our pennies in gay winter time.

—E. P. Morrison in Youth's Companion.

The New Calendar.

Days three hundred sixty-four,
Like fair, uncut pages are
In the volume, yet unread.

Of my New Year's calendar—
One continued chapter they,
Starting in afresh to-day!

Though this selfsame calendar
Serves us all throughout the years,
Hours which make your joy, for me
May be fraught with grief and tears

Those my happiness which bring,
Will find others sorrowing.

Days that stretch on far ahead,
I must live them one by one,
Bearing what may be in store
Till the year's long tale is spun.

What is written there? I turn
One page at a time—and learn!

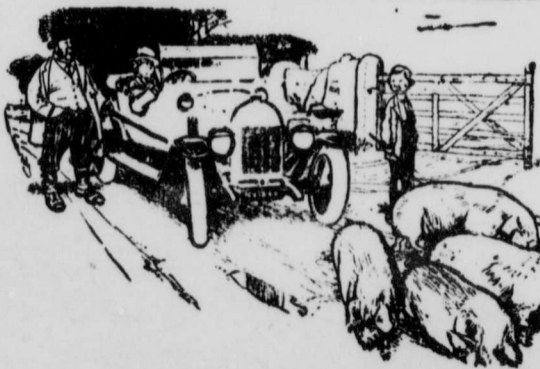
Falls my lot in pleasant ways?
Will death interrupt my task?
All is hid from mortal eye.

But, Life, just one boon I ask:
Let me meet courageously
Whatever fate may be!

—Mazie V. Caruthers.

My hands have never been chapped or cracked in the winter time since I used a mop wringer. It seems as if I couldn't keep house without it now.

—Mrs. E. V. V.



Doctor (on urgent call)—"Which is the nearest way to Stockton?"
Farmer—"Follow them pigs; they be goin' there!"

—From the Passing Show.

About the House

A VERY ATTRACTIVE HOUSE FROCK.



4302. Blue or black sateen with white dots, and with trimming of white linene, would be pleasing for this style. It is also nice for percale and gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 40-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 7/8 yard of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

"SUCH A GOOD BABY."

He is such a good baby—just lies and sucks his thumb." How often have you heard that remark? And the poor little fellow, who substituted his thumb for the want of proper nourishment or simply contracted the habit through neglect, grows into a child with a will of his own and a habit that his parents have a terrible time breaking him of.

All babies do not contract this habit because they are being undernourished, but a great many of them do, and wise mothers who find their babies sucking their fists or their thumbs will investigate the babies' weight records to see if they are getting enough to eat. If they are gaining nicely then it is simply a habit or maybe the lack of water.

The evils of thumb sucking are not always realized. In the first place, the mouth is very frequently deformed in this way, and the teeth are unsightly, pushing out from the lips. Then the thumb which goes into the child's mouth may not always be clean—is apt not to be, in fact.

Babies and young children may be broken of this habit by having muslin mittens pinned over the hands and fastened to the clothing in such a way that they cannot be removed. The mitten should be of thin material so that the freedom of the hands is not interfered with. An egg-shaped aluminum cover for the hands, with tapes that tie round the wrists, is sold for this purpose. Two weeks is usually long enough to break the most stubborn case.

With older children, however, some other method must be used, as they can remove the mittens. The using of bad-tasting medicines seldom helps, since the effect is soon gone, and it is doubtful if anything except an appeal to a child's sense of pride will have any effect. Bribes are effectual at times, but are a bad thing to start with children. The best way to overcome any bad habit with children is to nip it in the bud and never let it take root.

Given his own way, it is quite likely that a child would choose candy as the principal part of his diet. And it must be confessed that many parents seem to be of the same mind. Such a condition is deplorable, because sweets are hard on the teeth as well as the digestion and spoil the child's appetite for nourishing foods. Sweets should form a part of his diet, of course, but a piece of candy or two given to a child after meals each day is much better for him than to buy him a sack and let him sit down and eat the contents in a half hour.

His love of sweets may be satisfied also by giving him raisins, dates or figs when he asks for candy. Dates are especially high in food value, and all three fruits may be given to chil-

dren past three in moderate quantities. It has been noticed that the child who eats plenty of fruits and vegetables seldom has the doctor's thermometer in his mouth.—Velma West Sykes.

MY MEAT CHOPPER—AN ECONOMIC TREASURE.

I look on the meat chopper as my most valued kitchen pet. It is truly a friend in need. It has helped me out of many a tight place and enabled me to serve quickly and in appetizing forms the odds and ends of meats that otherwise would have gone to waste.

This almost indispensable utensil can be quickly set up in some convenient part of the kitchen and is ready for business immediately and at all times. Scraps of meat, tough or tender, can be readily converted into the most appetizing forms of hash, delightful croquettes or meat balls of varying size.

One can thus utilize every particle of meat down to the last scrap.

So, too, crackers, dry toast or stale bread can be quickly turned into crumbs, and in this form utilized for dressings, gravies, stuffings, scallops, etc.

Nut meats run through the chopper are neatly and expeditiously prepared for cakes and salads. Quinces run through are in good condition for marmalade, also the ingredients for chopped pickle. It is, indeed, the greatest help for all forms of table waste, and saves for the careful housewife a great big percentage of the cost of food for the family.

It can be purchased for about a dollar, is fool-proof, rarely gets out of order and can be thoroughly, easily and quickly cleaned.

To me, it is an economic necessity and as such a part of the menage as the home itself.—J. J. O'C.

CHILDREN'S TASK TIME.

I have a schedule of tasks for the children that works very well, writes a contributor. My children used never to have spare time to do all the things they wished, but now they play for an hour after school, after which they know comes task time, when they are expected to do the evening chores and whatever else may be necessary. Task time comes again on Saturday morning, when they are occupied with home duties, for each child helps to clean his own room.

A very important thing is that I have purposely taught my girls and boys what seems to me to be an important thing—to exchange duties; then when one is ill or away the work goes on just the same. There are times in everyone's life when son or husband must help to do a woman's work, and the other way round.

Just as regular as task time is playtime. Saturday afternoon is an established half holiday for us all, including my husband. Then we all go on a jaunt, either on foot or in the motor car, to a picnic with a camp fire and a meal cooked out of doors. The boys help to prepare the luncheon with as much enthusiasm as the girls. Tasks become habit and should have

their allotted time. Children called from play to do an errand will complain about it, for it upsets their reasonable plans and they revise the old adage, "Work while you work and play while you play," until it reads:

Play while you work and work while you play;
That is the way to grow grouchy and gray.

Possession.

I say I own a mountain,
Having bought it fair and square,
Oh I own its cool green waters
Tumbling down through maiden hair
And its secret, perilous pathways
strewn with leaves
That autumn and sunlight pattern there.

I own the earth with its warm brown loam
Giving birth to a million living things,
And the friendly trees where the twilight brings
The little, sleepy, winged things home.

But I do not own the arching sky
Or the great, soft winds that whisper by
When shadows purple my hill at night,
These and their brother things, the stars,
God owns, not I.

My Love I own in his white, white youth,
For he gave unto me his heart of fire
And fiercely my two frail hands shall keep

His suddenest desire,
The swift, unsmiling lips he bends to me are mine,
And mine the hands that never tire,
But oh, his singing self goes free!

I do not own my lover's scar,
And all his furtive dreams I can but dimly see
Inviolate within a crystal bowl.

The beauty I am unhungred to possess
Through empty hands slips lightly by,

All hidden and intangible earth loveliness,
My wind, my stars, my Love's young soul,
God owns, not I.

—Kathryn Worth.



Biggest One He Knew.

"We're gonna have a big gobbler for dinner at our house on Christmas."
"I know who he is. It's Fatty Burns."

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured by common sense.—Frances E. Willard.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

Dr. Middleton will be glad to answer questions on Public Health matters through this column. Address him at Spadina House, Spadina Crescent, Toronto.

Good health is the greatest thing in the world. Without it life means little to anyone. Up till very recently we have accepted our state of health almost as a gift from God, but now we are beginning to see that it is to a large extent of our own making. A new philosophy of life is taking hold of us, and as education spreads we begin to see how much we actually can do to keep ourselves well and to avoid those excesses and habits of life that tend to break up our physical machine, so to speak, and bring on infirmities. A whole lot of forces are at work to help us in our efforts to keep well. There is the increasing interest being taken in Child Welfare, and I would like to impress on everyone who reads these lines the value of Child Welfare work to the whole community. If we get a good start in life, if we are brought up through infancy and childhood under intelligent supervision, if any little physical defects we may develop are corrected early, if we are privileged to have in our early years common sense methods used in our upbringing, there is no doubt but that we will be the better for it and that we will grow up healthier men and women. Think what child welfare work has done in New Zealand and other countries where it has been given a fair and reasonable try-out. The infant death rate has been more than cut in half, and those who survive are being given medical and nursing supervision as never before. Little ailments, little defects of teeth, eyes, ears, tonsils, etc., are being attended to before they become chronic and are allowed to poison the system, thus bringing on heart disease, rheumatism, delirium and other troubles later on in life. In this Dominion the work of Child Welfare has only just beginning. The ground has hardly been scratched. If a large proportion of the physical defects found in men and women had been corrected in early life, instead of growing up into adult life handicapped, they might have been normal healthy human beings, able to do a man's or woman's work in the world, and enjoy the blessings of good health and full vigor.

The world's record for a grain train is held by the Canadian Pacific Railway, on which a train a mile long, comprising 125 cars, with a total weight of 7,946 tons, was hauled by a single engine.

A Mender in the Dark.

"M.D." he signed and stifled a quiver of regret;
In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet.

The little life on Granite had quickened with the dark,
Lit, like a star of twilight, a tiny glowing spark;
And in the awe-filled silence a birth-night can but keep
The doctor left the little rude home-stand to its sleep.
The broken arm at Banock's was mending steadily;
The bandaged eyes at Campbell's with caution, soon might see.
So down the rough-hewn roadway the weary doctor went
On the old endless circuit where all his days were spent.

Down in the night-held valley, against the freight red,
Isolated against the window, shone Tony's curly head;
Burrowed among his cushions, trail in his cavern chair,
And smiling through the cruel grim pain that held him there.
"Hi, doc," his half came floating, "I knew you'd not go by."
I saw your light on Granite so high—oh, very high!
Weave down the twisty roadway, a thread all goidly bright;
I played you were a shuttle a-mending up the night
From Blair's to Terrance Campbell's, from Banock's to McNair's,
Just in and out and over as mother stitches tears.
When I grow up and after my leg is not so bad
I'd like to mend the darkness and make the people glad.

In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet.

Then in his eyes, toil-weary, there shone a love-bright spark.
"M.D." he signed and chuckled: "A mender in the dark."

—Gertrude West



"DOUG. HAINS" PALS UP WITH LEADING CHATEAU FRONTENAC DOG TEAM.

Quebec will this year be the winter sport centre of the world. During the past four or five years its equable climate and exceptional sporting facilities have attracted even those who in previous years were wont to winter in Switzerland and Norway, and during that season, the capital of French Canada is perhaps the most cosmopolitan and fashionable of cities in the Dominion. The great International Dog Derby, on February 21, 22 and 23, will enter for the gold cup which was won last season by Jean Lobell of the Brown Corporation.

For the Boys and Girls

THE MISSING LINKS.

On one of the summer afternoons which strayed into last October, the Rugby teams of St. George's College and Hillsdale School met for the first match of the season.

The air was almost oppressively warm and it might have been a July day but for an occasional golden leaf floating to the dry turf from the elm trees overhead. Football seemed almost out of season on such a day but the games had begun and the teams were ready for the contest.

Jim Carter, Captain of St. George's, strolled down to the field with his roommate, Gordon White.

"Darn bad luck that Brent can't play," observed Gordon, "but he's got such a sore boil on his leg that the matron won't let him out of bed. It's saved my buying new stockings, though; I'd lost one of mine and Brent lent me his."

"I only hope it won't lose us the match. Brent is by far the best drop-kick we have on the team. I don't wonder that they won't let him play though. I had a boil on my neck last winter and it was poisoned somehow, and they thought I was going to have blood-poisoning. I wonder why so many chaps have boils when they are in training. You'd think they should be free from all those diseases, and yet every year, one or more of the team is taken ill like this."

"Yes," replied Gordon, "young Bill Davis told me that he has two small ones on his neck, not enough to stop his playing but they're pretty sore."

The game was a fast one. The teams were evenly matched and at the end the players in their heavily padded clothes, were dripping with perspiration. There was a general stampede in the direction of the pail of water provided for their refreshment.

Young Bill Davis was the first to reach the pail and take possession of the sponge. The boils on his neck were inflamed and the cool water was most soothing. He dipped the sponge more than once into the pail after he passed it over his head and neck. The next player contented himself with taking a big mouthful of water and rinsing his parched mouth.

Jim Carter, however, followed Bill's example, bathing his head and neck and carefully squeezing the sponge out over the pail before handing on the sponge to Gordon.

"Lend me your towel, Billy," he called out, as Billy stretched himself

luxuriously on the grass. "How's your neck? Gordon says you have some boils on it."

"Oh, they're nothing; just a little sore, but I'm not worrying. I'll have to get Matron to put another piece of plaster on after the game. The piece I had on came off while I was playing."

"Come on, Gordon, if you're ready; I want to speak to Archer," said Jim, moving in the direction of the College.

But Gordon was not quite ready; he had to wait while the boy ahead of him sponged his face; and then Gordon, more thirsty than hot, lifted the pail of water to his lips and took a long and refreshing drink.

Is it possible that the sponge and the pail and the water and the towel were the missing links between the football team and the mysterious cause of the outbreak of boils?—A. M. P.



Wife—"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Hubby—"I sure do."

Wife—"Well I've fallen in love with a beautiful set of Russian Sables, and—"

Mixed Conclusions.

It was Robert's first visit to the Zoo. "What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied, "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."

The human body generates enough heat during the day to melt 44 lbs. of ice and raise the liquid to boiling point.



By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH.
New Batik Designs Worked on Velvet.

Just how to apply batik designs to interior furnishings confuses many of the readers of this department. That these modern decorations have established themselves cannot be denied, but that they are many times misapplied is as obvious a truth.

Batik is primarily decorative. When they are harnessed to utilitarian articles the effect is not always happy. In our opinion they appear to their best advantage when used as wall hangings. When so placed they offer much of the charm found in old tapestries, but through their lightness of treatment are more suited to a modern room.

Soft silk was the material on which they first found re-creation, but now velvet is proving a more satisfactory medium through which the artist expresses his ideas in soft or brilliant dyes. Where also they were unlined before now borders lining and even insulating make of them more substantial decorations and allow them to hang in straighter folds. The one pictured in the accompanying illustration is lined and has a border design at top and bottom. Its lines are particularly pleasing for a wall which lacks height.



Satisfaction—or Money Refunded.

James Whitecomb Riley always enjoyed a joke even if it were on himself. An amusing anecdote of the poet which Mr. Marcus Dickey tells in the "Maturity" of James Whitecomb Riley, occurred when Riley once lectured in the town of Delphi, Indiana.

The night of his appearance, we read, Riley slept at the office of his friend, Dr. Smith, in a little room separated from the main office by a thin partition that ran halfway to the ceiling. The next morning a woman called at the office while Riley was still sleeping. She had a biting tongue and was prejudiced against all forms of entertainment, and the doctor knew it. Here was his chance to get even with the poet for some joke that Riley had played on him!

After prescribing for his patient he said as she rose to go: "By the way, did you hear Riley last night?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Did you ever waste money so recklessly before?" asked the doctor.

"I never did!" was the reply. "The Hoosier poet comes up here to our

town, sponsored by Billings, Mark Twain and Longfellow. Burdette says he is pure gold; I say he is pure gable! If I had my money back—"

Scarcely had she uttered the words when flip over the partition came a silver half dollar and landed on the floor at her feet. In their joint astonishment the doctor picked it up and snatched it to her; she left the office, wondering where it had come from.

In a few moments Riley appeared. "Well, well," said the doctor smiling, "I did not know you were awake."

"I was not awake," drawled Riley wearily, "but there are times—there are times—when suffering from nightmare—that I reach my trousers—and my pocketbook—in my sleep."

Eggs of the dinosaur, laid 10,000,000 years ago, were found in Mongolia by an American scientific party, who are taking them to Peking.

Life is short—too short to get everything. Choose you must, and as you choose, choose only the best—in friends, in books, in recreation, in everything.



With The Boy Scouts

Patrol Leaders, Lead.
The chief work of every Scoutmaster should be to see that his Patrol Leaders are able to lead their patrols. Very often P. L.'s complain that they are not given the opportunity, but I am afraid that this is frequently only an excuse, and would suggest four Watchwords from the word LEAD, which may help some Patrol Leaders in their task of spreading the Patrol system, which can be worked if only given a chance.

Loyal.

A Patrol Leader must be loyal. The second scout law states that a Scout is loyal to the King, and to his officers, etc. Remember you must always be leading your patrol.

Some P. L.'s may not agree with the methods by which his Scoutmaster controls the Troop, either in work, competition, games or general routine. Prove your loyalty by sticking to your Scoutmaster, and if you have definite plans, and can prove by your own example that your ideas are better, and perhaps more scouty, in time you will "win through."

Lead your own patrol first, then the other patrols will want to follow, while the Scoutmaster will not ignore any reasonable proposition which has the united support of all the P. L.'s. Unity is strength, and loyalty is a Scout virtue which must stand out prominently, especially with Leaders.

Enthusiasm.

This sounds a nice word, but only a few P. L.'s can keep enthusiastic for a decent period. The slacker can be dealt with in various ways, but one of the chief obstacles to the patrol system is the Patrol Leader who is not slack, neither is he very keen. A "luke warm" Scout is not going to accomplish much for his patrol or troop, if a Patrol Leader is not keen, he cannot expect his patrol to be enthusiastic. A boy cannot hope to be a successful Leader unless he possesses something of that peculiar quality, that personal magnetism, or enthusiasm, which attracts all the other members of the patrol, both in work and in play.

The Scouting spirit wants doctoring if you are not keen, so roll up your sleeves afresh, and put some ginger into your own patrol.

Ambition.

It is very necessary for the Patrol Leader to have greater Scout knowledge than the remaining Scouts in his patrol. The Leader should be able to give instruction in the second class tests, while he should constantly help to revive the Tenderfoot work. The principal object of the Patrol Leader is to make his patrol work interesting. He will, therefore, try to vary his routine as much as possible.

Under the heading of Ambition, one must think of the word self-improvement, which means the ambition to progress in life by all fair means. A useful motto is "Aim High."

Diligence.

Another jaw-breaker, but boiled down it means work hard and stick to your guns. Remember it is a privilege to be the Patrol Leader of a patrol of jolly boys. On your part it means self-sacrifice. Often you will be asked to give up your own desires and pleasures for the benefit of the other boys in your patrol. I can imagine some saying that it is easy to talk about these ideals, but what about the crowds of difficulties which Patrol Leaders have to face? The only answer is

Cannot do it, scorn the thought,
You can do whatever you ought,
On yourself and God rely,
Trust and try, trust and try.

In conclusion, no Patrol Leader can ever hope to lead until he has learnt a reverence for religion. A Leader should believe in God, and God's word. In the olden days knighthood when it was bestowed, was a religious ceremony, and a Knight not only considered himself a servant of the king, but also a servant of God. Try to imitate the Knights of old, and let all Leaders pass on to their boys the Scouting spirit—a spirit which can only be given out by those who have cultivated it themselves.

Setting Her Right.

Mother—"Come in this minute, Archie! How often have I told you not to play with those tough little boys?"

Archie—"I wasn't playing with them. I was getting ready to show 'em they aren't half as tough as you think they are."

There is no defeat except from within. There is really no insurmountable barrier save your own inherent weakness of purpose.—Emerson.

Can the World be Spared a Second Ice Age?

A second Ice Age threatens the world!

Or so, at any rate, Captain Donald B. MacMillan, noted Arctic explorer, believes, backing up the sincerity of his belief by organizing another expedition to the polar regions in order to make a record of how far encroaching glaciers have advanced since observations were last made.

A little band of determined men, under MacMillan's command, set sail in June from Wiscasset, Me., for the Arctic in quest of data concerning what appears to be a possible end of the world. It is to be brought about, says science, by the slow, relentless, southward march of the great polar ice cap, that with relentless might is moving downward toward civilization at a speed often as great as ninety feet in a single day.

"There has been tremendous glacial activity all along the coast since 1850," he says. "The land is fairly buried in ice, which is flowing over and around the headlands and filling all the floods. On my expedition last year I obtained good sight for longitude, latitude and azimuth at all call-out points."

The advance of the polar ice cap is apparently invincible, according to MacMillan's previous observations. While great masses of ice break off and disappear into the warmer seas, still the main body of the ice pack moves majestically southward undisturbed by such trivial losses.

"There is a sheet of ice covering an area of 500,000 square miles, rising to a height of 9000 feet above sea level in some places and moving southward at the rate of from one inch to ninety feet a day," says the captain.

"Entire valleys have been filled—and mountains engulfed by the ice," Captain MacMillan points out, "while groups of islands once known to explorers have been absorbed into the pack. Actual comparison of observations has shown that where in 1850 there was a valley, to-day there is a glacier twenty-five miles wide.

In many places in the Arctic where previously there was no ice, to-day one finds huge glaciers frequently ten

Is the world again to be encrusted under a ponderous mass of ice as it was in the pre-historic days many thousands of years ago? Science says a second Ice Age is inevitable, unless some means can be devised to thwart this crushing climatic catastrophe. More than fifty thousand square miles of the earth's surface already is covered by the huge ice pack of the north. In some places it towers to a height of 9,000 feet above sea level. It is moving southward at the rate of 90 feet every day.

In the glacial period ice extended over Canada and the northeastern part of the United States. The mountains of the West still speak of its ravages. The old world was equally hard hit. All of England was buried, in some places with ice 2,000 feet thick, while 800,000 square miles of northern Europe were buried under millions of tons of ice.

The first Ice Age lasted approximately 500,000 years. Is a second Ice Age impending? That's what MacMillan is attempting to find out this summer.

miles in width. And all are moving steadily southward, and each year sees the ice cap advanced."

The polar glacier is an enormous cap, or cupola, rising above the surrounding lands; it is the dominant feature far and wide. Whether or not it has been augmented or diminished in area has concerned physical geographers for more than twenty-five years. No definite information with regard to this question has yet been obtained, though general conclusions have been reached.

For instance, there is good evidence to show that in the Arctic regions in the eighteenth century and in part of the nineteenth an important extension of glaciers occurred. In Spitzbergen, harbors which whalers had often visited in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries were filled later with glaciers, so that they could no longer be used by shipping. The advance of glaciers in Iceland is said to have covered places that had formerly been the sites of farms and churches.

It is a little hard to realize that at present glaciers cover about 4,485,000 square miles, or about one and one-half times the area of Canada.

According to scientists, man at present has no adequate means of coping with such a return of the ice, should it occur.

What would we do if the invincible mass continues its formidable advance?

In the glacial period the climate had

grown to be essentially arctic. With in the continental areas enormous ice sheets formed, which moved southward, filling river and lake basins, covering mountains and burying lowlands beneath a vast sea of ice.

One field of ice extended over Canada and the northeastern part of the United States. Its northern limits have not yet been defined, but on the east it reached the Atlantic Ocean, and southward it advanced well into New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the States between the Ohio and Missouri Rivers, New England, New York, and the region of the Great Lakes were completely covered by the ice sheet. In the White Mountains the rocks bear evidence of having been striated and polished almost to the summits of the highest elevations, and the same phenomena have been recorded for the Adirondacks and Catskills, showing that the ice in places was several thousand feet thick.

The mountains of Western North America were also the scenes of great glacial activity, of which the snow fields of the present day are but wasted relics.

The Old World seems to have been hit as hard as the New in that first Age of Ice. An ice sheet covered the whole of Northern Europe; it filled up the basin of the Baltic on its way from Scandinavia to the plains of North Germany, and it crossed the North Sea to the Scottish highlands, whence it moved northward and westward into the Atlantic. The whole of England,

north of the Thames, as well as Scotland and Ireland, was buried beneath the ice, which attained a thickness in some localities of 5,000 feet.

On the Continent the sheet spread over Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland and parts of Germany, Belgium and Russia, and comprised an area of about 800,000 square miles.

South of the limits of this ice cap were smaller snow fields and glaciers. The present Alpine glaciers are shrunken remains of the field that covered Switzerland during this period.

In the Southern Hemisphere the glaciers of Patagonia were once enlarged so as to extend across the peninsula to the Atlantic shores, and New Zealand was overrun by the ice.

This generation, therefore, need have no immediate concern about the second Age of Ice that may be advancing slowly and steadily, but unless some one interests himself in the matter, there is at least a chance that our great-grand-children may find themselves facing a peril that cannot be overcome.

So thinks the dark-eyed captain of the gallant Bowdoin, now out upon his adventure for humanity.

Man cannot live upon the polar ice cap, "Mac" insists, as he stresses the importance of the expedition—even the Eskimos are not found in those snowy wastes.

"You must remember," he says, leaning against the newly polished brass rail of his tiny ship, "that the soil up there is but seven inches in depth. Below that is nothing but rock. There is no oil, no coal, nothing of any commercial value. The summers are very short, and the winters long and intensely cold."

And yet the lure of the North has laid its magic hand upon this adventurer. No matter how often he suffers frozen feet in that cruelly cold country, no matter if the bitter winds cut through his furs and turn his face black with frost, though he has been lost in desolate waste places, and wanted for food and fire many a time—MacMillan loves it.

"It is fascinating. Living in frozen fields," he says. "Every day is interesting, and there is no monotony even in the long winter months."

KING GEORGE II. OF GREECE ABDICATES THRONE AT REQUEST OF GOVERNMENT

Queen Elizabeth and Small Retinue Accompanied Sovereign Into Exile — Return Depends Upon the National Assembly's Decision Respecting Form of Government Best Suited to the Country.

A despatch from Athens says:—George II, King of the Hellenes, who succeeded his father, King Constantine, on that monarch's abdication, has been requested by the Government to withdraw from Greece, temporarily at least, but whether he will be permitted to return depends upon the national assembly. Accompanied by the Queen, who was Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, he departed from Athens for Bucharest.

The Official Gazette publishes a decree appointing Admiral Coundouriotis, regent. He took the oath before the Cabinet on Thursday. The Government has informed the diplomatic representatives that the departure of the King and Queen is only temporary, pending settlement by the constituent assembly of the question of the regime. It is understood that a decree will be promulgated prescribing as a formula for the deputies' oath "faith in and devotion to the interest of the country," instead of "devotion to the constitutional king," as heretofore.

The departure of the sovereigns from Athens was without incident. They traveled by automobile from the palace to the point of embarkation, the route being guarded at intervals by cavalry. The King wore civilian dress and maintained perfect composure; the Queen was attired in mauve with a large picture hat and carried a bouquet of flowers. She seemed upset at the leave taking and

tears came to her eyes as one woman after another darted from a group of her friends, and in tears, and with trembling lips uttered, "God be with you."

The King's turn to shed tears came when a guard in picturesque uniform clasped the monarch's hand, fairly shouting "A safe voyage and a speedy return."

Premier Gonatas was among those who said farewell to the King and Queen at the landing stage.

When the party embarked there were no cheers; the crowd waved farewells and the King responded by waving his hat as the Daphne steamed away.

The day passed in absolute calm in Athens. It was the name day of Col. Plastiras, one of the leaders of the revolution, and thousands visited head quarters to present congratulations.

A despatch from Paris says:—It was learned that nothing in the news coming out of Greece has caused former Premier Venizelos to modify in any way the attitude he has held since the beginning of the recent agitation there resulting from the election. The former Premier is still waiting until the situation growing out of Sunday's balloting has been made entirely clear, and the belief is still expressed in quarters close to him that he will not accept the invitation to return unless there is a united call from the Greek people for him to do so.



Ex-Premier Venizelos

Who has been watching keenly the progress of events in Greece, to which he may return as first president of the republic, though he has advised against the deposing of the monarchy. He will not return to Greece unless he knows that his power will have some permanence.

The New Year.

Yesterday now is a part of forever, Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight, With glad days and sad days and bad days, which never Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight, Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot re-live them— Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in His mercy receive, forgive them, Only the new days are our own— To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning, Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain, And spite of old sorrow and older sinning, And puzzles forecasted and possible pain, Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

Saskatchewan labor bureaux are not only filling the forests of their own province with laborers for the winter, but contributing substantially to the needs of their Eastern neighbors. Of the 1,796 men sent out to lumber camps from Saskatchewan labor bureaux since the beginning of the season, 327 were for Ontario camps and 116 for Manitoba. The remaining 1,353 went into the forests of Northern Saskatchewan.

In Borneo the superstitious pearl fisher preserves carefully every ninth pearl he finds, puts it in a bottle with two grains of rice for each pearl, and stops the bottle with the finger of a dead man, in the belief that these pearls will reproduce others.

Threshold of the New Year

We stand upon the threshold, we are in the opened door, We tread upon a border land we have never seen before; Another year is opening, and another year is gone, We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn;

We have left the fields behind us, over which we scattered seed; We pass into the future which none of us can read. The corn among the weeds, the stones the surface mold, May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty fold, Then hasten to fresh labor, to thrash and reap and sow, Then bid the new year welcome, and let the old year go— Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight, And let this be your motto, "For God and for the Right."



FOOD KITCHENS FOR DISASTER VICTIMS

Floods in Italy, resulting from the bursting of a dam on an artificial lake at Glenco, caused the deaths of over five hundred people. Of one village of 400 inhabitants, only seventeen escaped death. The picture shows soldiers preparing food in open-air kitchens for the homeless.

Dominion News in Brief

Kelowna, B.C.—The Occidental Cannery this season put up fifty-one thousand three hundred cases of tomatoes and ketchup; twelve thousand cases of vegetables, and five thousand cases of fruit. The Broder Cannery put up eighteen thousand, six hundred cases of tomatoes. The pack of the Dominion Cannery this year was about two-thirds of that of last season.

Wainwright, Alta.—Three buffaloes are being sent from the Buffalo Park here to Auckland, New Zealand, where they will be placed in the Zoological Gardens in that city.

Saskatoon, Sask.—Black Lorraine, owned by the University of Saskatchewan, was awarded the reserve grand championship for Percheron mares at the Toronto Royal Stock Show, held recently. The University also secured the reserve grand championship of the steer class with Linda Gray Lad, a pure-bred Hereford steer.

Winnipeg, Man.—Canada scored a clean sweep in the hay and grain division of the International Livestock Exposition. Major H. G. L. Strange, winner of the sweepstakes for wheat, won first for yellow field peas. John W. Lucas, of Cayley, Alta., came third in the yellow peas class, while Frank Grisdale, of Olds, Alta., took fourth. In red clover seeds the Neunmaker Bros., of Brooks, Alta., scored first, while William Roth, of Fisherville, Ont., took eighth. Canada took three of the thirteen prizes in the alfalfa seed. Nick Chjelta, of Brooks, Alta., took second, and Alex. Garrow, also of Brooks, took sixth. In sweet clover,

Arthur Vance, of Forest, Ont., took a second, and Joseph North Grave, of Viscount, Sask., captured fourth place.

Toronto, Ont.—That 50,000 teen age boys will be brought to Canada in 1924, is the expectation of Major M. J. O'Brien, representing the British Immigration and Colonization Association. He stated that after sufficient training, these boys could be given farms of their own, and the vast areas of Northern Ontario could be filled with desirable settlers.

Montreal, Que.—The locating of American branch industrial plants in Canada continues in a marked manner. The Hollingsworth and Whitney Co., of Boston, has begun the construction of a pulp and paper plant at St. Stephens, N.B. The Albany Perforated Wrapping Paper Co. has secured 60,000 acres of timberland at Sheet Harbor, N.S., where a pulp mill is to be built. The D. S. Barnard Co. of New York has taken over the tile plants near Toronto and will begin the manufacture of underground conduits. It is also understood that the International Harvester Co. has made preliminary arrangements for the building of a binder twine plant in Hamilton large enough to produce all the binder twine Canada needs.

Woodstock, N.B.—The New Brunswick potato yield this year will total 4,666,000 centials, according to statistics gathered by the Federal Department of Agriculture. According to the latest report 45,522 acres were sown in potatoes in New Brunswick this year and the yield per acre exceeded that of all the other provinces except British Columbia and Nova Scotia.

Fish Reported by Radio Aid to French Trawlers

A despatch from Paris says:—Even the poor fish of the deep is no longer exempt from the horrors of the radio, for his presence, if he travels in schools as is his wont, is to be broadcast by wireless on detection, even though he swim 100 miles from dangerous land.

Such are the instructions issued by the French navy and the merchant marine. Messages bearing tidings of herring or other sea delicacies will be picked up by Government radio stations at St. Nazaire, Brest, Cherbourg, Havre and Boulogne, whence they will be relayed to the fishing centres. In this manner twelve schools have been located in a day, whereupon fishing snags set out for the banks and returned with gunwales almost touching the water.

British Labor Denounces Use of Certain Hymns

A despatch from London says:—The Town Council of Bath, in which Labor members predominate, has protested against the day school hymn books which have been in use many years in County Council schools. There are hymns saying Providence has defined the status of the rich and the poor. The Bath Councillors object to a stanza in one hymn especially, as follows:

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate;
God made them high and lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The Councillors say the hymn is out of keeping with present tendencies in Great Britain, when Labor is on the threshold of assuming government. It is expected other town councils having a heavy labor membership will follow suit.

Radio Exchange Between Canada and England

A despatch from Toronto says:—E. B. Rogers carried on a radio conversation with a London station and established what is believed to be the first amateur radio voice communication between Canada and England.

F. L. Hogg of 87 Bishop's road, London, was the amateur with whom Rogers carried on the conversation. Hogg asked Rogers to relay a message to the Bowdoin, in which Donald McMillan is exploring the Arctic regions, asking whether the ship's wireless operator had been able to receive messages from English amateur stations.

Mme. Curie, Discoverer of Radium, Given Pension

A despatch from Paris says:—The Chamber of Deputies has unanimously voted a pension of 40,000 francs yearly for Mme. Curie, professor of the University of Paris, as the nation's tribute to her work in the discovery of radium and its development, covering a period of twenty-five years. The pension reverts to Mme. Curie's two daughters upon her decease.



W. C. Noxon

Ontario's Agent-General in England, who says that it has cost Great Britain £200,000 to send 27,000 people as emigrants to the overseas Dominions during 1923. He suggests that the money now issued in doles be applied to settling the surplus British population in communities in Canada, Australia and the other Dominions.

Three Peersess Sit in British House of Commons

A despatch from London says:—As a result of the election three peersess will sit in the House of Commons when it convenes January 8 and will have the company of their husbands, who sit in the House of Lords, when returning from late sessions.

One of these is the Duchess of Atholl, wife of the Lord Chamberlain, who will represent the Kinross and western division of Perth and Kinross, Scotland. She was Katherine Marjory Ramsay, daughter of Sir James Ramsay. It the last election her constituency returned a national Liberal unopposed. The Duke of Atholl also heads a British syndicate which is to invest \$3,000,000 in a sugar factory in Jamaica.

Lady Terrington, the wife of Baron Terrington, as a Liberal, was elected in the Wycombe division of Buckinghamshire. She was formerly the wife of Guy Ivo Sebright, who died, and became Lady Terrington five years ago.

Lady Astor, Conservative, is the third of the group of titled women whose husbands sit in the upper house.

In Ireland, where the people have a very exclusive taste in tea, few shopkeepers will buy tea which has been blended by machinery.

Progress and bright prospects in the development of sodium sulphate in Saskatchewan is reported by the Bureau of Labor and Industries. Sodium sulphate recovered from Saskatchewan deposits is now being used in the manufacture of glass at Redcliff, and six deposits so far have been investigated by the Federal Department of Mines. Other deposits not yet investigated by the department number close to twenty.

The Week's Markets

TORONTO.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.05 3/4.
Manitoba oats—No. 3 CW, 43 1/2 c.
No. 1 extra feed, 41 1/2 c.
Manitoba barley—Nominal.
All the above, track, bay ports.
Ontario barley—61 to 68c.
American corn—No. 2 yellow, 91c.
Buckwheat—No. 2, 69 to 72c.
Ontario rye—No. 2, 72 to 74c.
Peas—Sample, \$1.50 to \$1.55.
Millfeed—Del. Montreal freights, lags included. Bran, per ton, \$27; shorts, per ton, \$30; middlings, \$36; good feed flour, \$2.05.
Ontario wheat—No. 2 white, 92 to 94c, outside.
Ontario, No. 2 white oats—38 to 40c.
Ontario corn—Nominal.
Ontario flour—Ninety per cent. pat., in jute bags, Montreal, prompt shipment, \$4.60; Toronto basis, \$4.60, bulk seaboard, \$4.25.
Manitoba flour—1st pats., in jute sacks, \$6.10 per bbl.; 2nd pats., \$5.60.
Hay—Extra No. 2 timothy, per ton, track, Toronto, \$14.50 to \$15; No. 2, \$14.50; No. 3, \$12.50; mixed, \$12.
Straw—Car lots, per ton, \$9.
Cheese—New, large, 28 to 23 1/2 c.; twins, 23 1/2 to 24c; triplets, 24 to 25c; Stiltons, 25 to 26c. Old, large, 28 to 30c; twins, 29 to 31c; triplets, 30 to 32c.
Butter—Finest creamery prints, 44 to 45c; No. 1 creamery, 42 to 43c; No. 2, 40 to 41c.
Eggs—Extras, fresh, in cartons, 70 to 74c; extras, storage, in cartons, 45

to 47c; extras, 48 to 44c; firsts, 88 to 39c; seconds, 80 to 32c.

Live poultry—Spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 28c; chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 22c; hens, over 5 lbs., 22c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 15c; do, 3 to 4 lbs., 15c; roosters, 15c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 20c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 18c; turkeys, young, 10 lbs. and up, 28c.

Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 30c; chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 25c; hens, over 5 lbs., 28c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 24c; do, 3 to 4 lbs., 18c; roosters, 18c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 28c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 25c; turkeys, young, 10 lbs. and up, 30c; geese, 26c.

Beans—Can. hand-picked, lb., 7c; primes, 6 1/2 c.

Maple products—Syrup, per imp. gal., \$2.50; per 5 gal. tin, \$2.40 per gal.; maple sugar, lb., 25c.

Honey—60-lb. tins, 12 to 13c per lb.; 10-lb. tins, 12 to 13c; 5-lb. tins, 13 to 14c; 2 1/2-lb. tins, 14 to 15c; comb honey, per doz., No. 1, \$3.75 to \$4; No. 2, \$3.25 to \$3.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, med., 26 to 27c; cooked hams, 37 to 39c; smoked rolls, 21 to 23c; cottage rolls, 22 to 24c; breakfast bacon, 26 to 27c; special brand breakfast bacon, 30 to 33c; backs, boneless, 30 to 35c.

Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 60 to 70 lbs. and up, \$13.50; lightweight rolls, in barrels, \$36; heavyweight rolls, \$33.

Lard—Pure tins, 17 1/2 to 18c; tubs, 18 to 18 1/2 c; pails, 18 1/2 to 19c; prints, 20 to 20 1/2 c; shortening tins, 14 1/2 to 15 1/2 c; tubs, 15 to 15 1/2 c; pails, 15 1/2 to 16c; prints, 17 1/2 to 18c.

Heavy steers, choice, \$8.50 to \$7.25; butcher steers, choice, \$6 to \$6.50; do, good, \$5.50 to \$6; do, med., \$4.25 to \$5.25; do, com., \$3 to \$4; butcher heifers, choice, \$6 to \$6.50; do, med., \$4.25 to \$5.25; do, com., \$3 to \$4; butcher cows, choice, \$4 to \$4.25; do, med., \$3 to \$4; canners and cutters, \$1.25 to \$2.50; butcher bulls, choice, \$4 to \$4.50; do, com., \$2 to \$3; feeding steers, good, \$5 to \$5.50; do, fair, \$4 to \$4.75; stockers, good, \$4 to \$5; do, fair, \$2.50 to \$4; milkers and springers, \$80 to \$110; calves, choice, \$10.50 to \$12; do, med., \$8 to \$9.50; do, com., \$4 to \$5; do, grassers, \$2.75 to \$4; lambs, choice, \$10.50 to \$11; do, bucks, \$8.50 to \$9.50; do, com., \$7.50 to \$8.25; fat, heavy, \$4 to \$5; do, culls, \$2 to \$2.50; hogs, fat and watered, \$8 to \$8.25; do, f.o.b., \$7.75; do, country points, \$7.50; do, selects, \$9.05.

MONTREAL.

Oats, No. 2 CW, 52 1/2 c; No. 3 CW, 50c; extra No. 1 feed, 48 1/2 c. Flour, Man. spring wheat pats., 1sts, \$5.10; 2nds, \$5.60; strong bakers', \$5.40; winter pats., choice, \$5.55 to \$5.65. Rolled oats, bag, 90 lbs., \$2.95. Bran, \$27.25. Shorts, \$30.25. Middlings, \$36.25. Moullie, \$40 to \$42. Hay, No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$15 to \$16.

Cheese, finest westerns, 18 to 18 1/2 c; finest easterns, 17 1/2 to 17 1/2 c. Butter, No. 1 creamery, 40 1/2 to 41c; No. 1 pasteurized, 41 1/2 to 42c. Eggs, fresh, special, 85c; fresh extras, 65c; fresh firsts, 50c; extras, 39 to 40c; No. 1 stock, 34 to 35c; No. 2 stock, 28 to 30c. Calves, \$10; lambs, \$9 to \$11; hogs, thick smooths and good quality butchers, \$8.40; poor quality, \$8 to \$8.25.

The lumber operations in the Province of Quebec are progressing exceedingly well with the continuation of the fine weather, stated Gustave C. Piche, chief forester, and one of the biggest cuts ever recorded in the province is expected for the season of 1923-24. In all, there will be about 30,000 men working in the various lumber camps during the winter, if the different companies obtain all the help they require.

Man is an unfinished article, and far from perfect.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

SIR HENRY THORNTON'S MESSAGE TO EMPLOYEES

Appreciative of Year's Work and Has Confidence in Future.

The following signed message from Sir Henry W. Thornton, K.B.E., President and Chairman of the Boards of Directors of the Canadian National Railways, to officers and employees of the System, is published in the December issue of the Canadian National Railway's Magazine.

To Officers and Employees: I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. For twelve months we have been engaged in a joint enterprise and any success we have met with has been largely due to the fine spirit and efficient service rendered by officers and employees.

I thank you one and all for the way you have responded to the demands upon you and for the excellent service you have given the Company. Especially, I wish to thank those employees who come in contact with the travelling public for the courtesy they have displayed. They have, indeed, treated every passenger on our railway as a guest of the Company, with the result that not only have our men found satisfaction in their work but they have materially added to the good opinion of our undertaking existing in the minds of the public.

We will face the oncoming year with enthusiasm, courage, and a determination to establish still higher our standard of service.

With your continued co-operation and support, I am confident the day is not far distant when we shall justify the wisdom of those who were responsible for our National Railway System and make that System a source of profit and pride to the people of our Dominion.

(Signed) H. W. THORNTON, President.

Gray Roofs o' Gloucester.

There may be lanes in Devon half hid among the downs
And hedges rank with roses in little Breton towns,
But never was so brave a sight since all the world begun
As the gray roofs o' Gloucester a-glimmer in the sun!

The gray roofs o' Gloucester and all the world a-dream,
And every sail a glint of gold upon a scarlet stream,
And wharves and streets a glory as the crimson sun went down
To make a magic city of a little seaport town.

And still will I remember when all the springs are old
And all the sails are tattered and all the winds are cold,
When all the tales are ended and all the yarn is spun,
The gray roofs o' Gloucester a-glimmer in the sun!

—Gordon Malherbe Hillman.

MONEY ORDERS.

It is always safe to send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

While jam is an excellent breakfast dish, marmalade is much better because of its laxative properties.

Spanish bull fights last year were responsible for injuries to 22,000 horses.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds Headache
Toothache Lumbago
Earache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

EASY TRICKS

No. 50

The Cards You Selected



This is a mystifying card trick that any amateur can perform without skill.

Four persons select four cards each and remember the cards. If they have difficulty in remembering, they may make notes to help their memories. The performer now gathers the cards. Taking the pack of sixteen cards in his hands (holding the cards face down, of course) he deals the cards into two heaps. The heap on which the top card was placed, is put on the other heap. The sixteen cards are again dealt into two heaps and taken up as before. This is done twice more (four times in all). The cards are now dealt into four heaps, dealing the first four cards on one heap, etc. The first heap is the cards selected by the first man, the second heap selected by the second man, and so on.

A more effective finish is for the magician to hold the cards behind his back and take out the cards as requested by each of the spectators. This is just as easy as the other method as the cards are in the exact order that they were in after the cards were gathered from the spectators.

(Clip this out and paste it, with other of the series, in a scrapbook.)

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Constipated children can find prompt relief through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are mild but thorough laxative which never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach, thus driving out constipation and indigestion; colds and simple fevers. Concerning them Mrs. Gaepard Daigle, Domain, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great benefit to my little boy, who was suffering from constipation and indigestion. They quickly relieved him and now he is in the best of health." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cts. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Only Fit for a Pig.

Tramp—"Hey, mister, kin I have some o' them persimmons on that there tree? Guess they're only fit to feed a pig with, anyhow."
Farmer—"That's all—help yourself!"

PAIN IN THE JOINTS

Is An Indication That the Blood is Thin and Watery.

The first sign of rheumatism is frequently a pain and swelling of one of the joints. If this is not treated through the blood, which is the seat of the disease, the poison spreads—affecting other joints and tissues—sometimes rheumatism attacks the heart and is fatal.

A remedy that has corrected many cases of rheumatism is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills enrich and purify the blood so that the poisonous rheumatic matter is driven out of the system as nature intended. Miss Gertrude Denne, Washago, Ont., was attacked with rheumatism and found relief through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says:—"About a year ago I was attacked by rheumatism and for two weeks was confined to my bed. The trouble was so painful, affecting the joints of my limbs so that I could not stand alone. Mother had a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house and thought they might help me. I began taking them, and when I had taken these pills got a further supply, with the result that the rheumatism vanished and I was a well girl. I may add that my mother and two of my sisters have also used the pills for various ailments with equal success, and now we are never without them in the house."

If you are suffering from any condition due to poor, watery blood, or weak nerves, begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now, and note how your strength and health will improve. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sunset and Wild Turkeys.

Unlike the sportsman with a gun, the man who "hunts" with his eyes alone is never disappointed. Mr. Archibald Rutledge, writing in Field and Stream, gives this pleasing description of a pretty and unusual sight that he once saw:

I was walking down a trout stream one October afternoon when the sun was low. On either side the laurel and rhododendron bushes so overhung the water that further progress was difficult, and I had almost given up trying and was stepping from a stone to the shore, when I saw an unnatural sheen coming from some object thirty yards downstream. Crouching on the rocks, I peered through the laurels. There, being either side of the stream and taking their sunset drink, were thirty-two wild turkeys! I could count them readily. They drank in peace and departed in peace, for I never showed myself.

One such glimpse of wild life as that is worth many a day of effort. You can remember such a picture with pleasure long after you have forgotten things that are far more "important."



The Magic Touch.

"In the old days whatever King Midas touched turned into gold."
"Yes; but in these days whatever King Gold touches turns into anything you want."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Home and the School

Earnest parents, who would appreciate the problems of the school department, and who really want to assist the work of education, may find some of the following suggestions helpful:

Don't expect the teacher to control your child if you have failed at home. Habits of obedience and respect for authority must be learned first at home.

Fathers, know your sons. Mothers, know your daughters. Children who have been taught always to confide in their parents can be trusted anywhere. Find some daily home duties or chores for your boy and girl to do, and they will come to appreciate in some degree the sacrifices you are making for them.

Don't give children much spending money. Let them earn it; otherwise an excellent opportunity to acquire the habit of thrift is lost.

Where children are far enough advanced to have home study, be sure that they regularly set aside the same time for it every day. Regularity is a good habit to acquire.

Don't believe every report your child brings home. Children do not all lie, but most children have a strong imagination which tends to operate in their own favor when they are guilty. Don't take the part of your child against the teacher before hearing

both sides. In nine cases out of ten you will find to your embarrassment that your child was wrong; and in the tenth case it is better to suffer a slight injustice than to destroy the teacher's influence over him.

If you have a complaint to make, go first to the principal of the school, not to the superintendent, a board member, or the editor of the newspaper. The principal knows the facts best and can give the readiest relief. By giving the principal the first opportunity to answer your complaint you help to preserve cordial relations between the home and school. That helps your child, and that is the main thing.

Don't expect miracles. Not all children are equally apt. The school trains minds, but doesn't furnish them.

Don't apply the adult standard to the work of your children. Don't upbraid your boy because he can't do sums as well as you or your book-keeper can. Try to remember how many times the teacher made you stand in the corner for blundering over the same sums when you were a boy.

Don't criticize every new thing that the schools are attempting. Consider where your business would be if you still used the same methods and the same equipment that were used "when you were a boy."



GETTING A TRIFLE STALE

—From the New York World.

Tracks.

Snow covers up the tracks of furry things,
That helter skelter run across the wood,
Never a fox goes through the neighborhood,
But snow obliterates his prints and flings
A wall of white between each tree and shrub;
Never a ferret hurries from his lair,
A mink or rabbit lures out of air,
But in the dark the frost begins to rub.

There is a time when there is no ground seen,
And fields are covered and no river's sound
Drones in the night, only some wind between
The leaning bushes whispers to the ground.
Now the swift deer may run, the squirrels lean
And safe as moles that bore
—Harold Vinal.

Bible in Translation.

The Bible is far in advance of any other book in the number of its translations, for it has actually been rendered in whole or in part into 770 languages and dialects and the end is not yet in sight. The translation is still progressing at the rate of one complete book of the Bible in a new language every six weeks, a speed record which has been maintained for over twenty years.

Many races of mankind are exceedingly susceptible to intoxicants, among them being Red Indians.

Mother! Give Sick Child "California Fig Syrup"

Harmless Laxative for a Bilious, Constipated Baby or Child.



Constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels acting without gripping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits! Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.

Improve Your Appearance

More Phosphate if you want your complexion to clear, eyes to brighten, and skin to become soft and smooth. Thin, nerve-exhausted people grow strong on Bitro-Phosphate and druggists guarantee it. Price \$1 per pkge. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

HOARSE

Gargle several times a day with Minard's in water. It cuts the fungus and gives relief.



The Dignity of the Beadle.

All the old-fashioned beadies in churches have not been merged into the modern "church officer." It was only some two years ago, writes Mr. David Cuthbertson in Revelations of a Library Life, that I visited one of the city churches in Scotland, and when I asked the beadle at the entrance whether I could be shown to a seat he replied: "Just gang your way inside, sir, an' tak a look roun', an' when you see a seat whaur you think you would be comfortable just step inside!"

We have another view of the beadle in the case of a minister who, wishing to show his approbation, told that official that his office had a dignity of its own, as well as that of the elders.

"That's what I ayot think o'," the beadle replied, "when I see the elders on the Sabbath mornin' forby there's several o' them, but wha ever heard tell o' mair than a beadle? And wha's mair, I had rather be a door-keeper in the Lord's house than dwell in tents o' sin. Them's Davvit's words and they aye come back to me when I compare myself w' the elders!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Playing Safe. The stock salesman, after painting a beautiful word picture, said: "Now, Mr. Jones, you know this company hasn't got a dollar's worth of watered stock in it. How much are you going to buy?" "Young man," he said, "the next stock I buy is going to have four legs, and I will water it myself."



INDIGESTION, GAS, STOMACH TROUBLE

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness, or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief. Correct your stomach and digestion now for a few cents. Druggists sell millions of packages of Pape's Diapepsin.

SUFFERED FROM SEVERE PIMPLES

On Face. Caused Intense Itching. Cuticura Heals.

"I suffered great annoyance from severe pimples on my face, which I attributed to the use of poor soap. The pimples were hard, red and rather large, and festered. They were scattered all over my face and caused intense itching and burning. My face looked unattractive. This condition lasted about two months."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased some. I could see an improvement, and in two months I was healed." (Signed) Miss H. P. McArthur, Miscouche, Prince Edward Island.

Beautify your skin by daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Lymnae Limited, 244 St. Paul St., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Gordon & Son

**CUSTOM
TAILORS**

PHONE 153
WATERDOWN

**"Our Home"
Tea Room and Shop**

Wishes one and all a
very Merry Christmas
and a bright and
Happy New Year

W. G. SPENCE

Phone 121
Mill Street Waterdown

We extend
to all our Customers
the
Season's Greetings

W. C. Langford

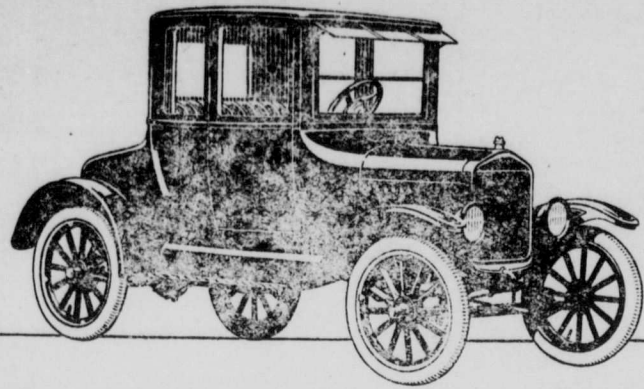
Waterdown

**Season's Greetings
To One and All**

The Sawell Greenhouses

HEMINGWAY'S

Wishing all our friends
A Very Happy and
Properous New Year.



The New Ford Coupe

An entirely new body design of remarkable beauty as well as practical utility, is the distinguishing feature of the new Ford Coupe. The body lines follow in one graceful sweep from the new high radiator to the "Turtle-back" curve of the rear deck, which has been enlarged to conveniently accommodate bulky grips and packages. Upholstering is luxuriously deep both in the seat and back, the covering being of rich brown broadcloth with mahogany stripe. A recess shelf is provided behind the seat, for parcels. Interior fittings include revolving window regulators, and door locks and handles finished in nickel. The large rear window is fitted with silk poplin shade in dull silvered mountings. The windshield is surmounted by a broad sun-visor, which protects the eyes from glare. As a handsome and practical all-weather car for town or country, the new Ford Coupe cannot be surpassed.

New Ford Prices

Coupe, \$665 Fordor Sedan, \$895
Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment Standard on these models.

Touring Car, \$445 Runabout, \$405 Truck, \$495
Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment \$65.00 extra.

All prices f. o. b. Ford, Ontario. Government Taxes extra.

All Ford models may be obtained through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

Ford

CARS • TRUCKS • TRACTORS

THOS. E. MacKEEN

Waterdown, Ontario

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Gordon Johnston Hutton, of the City of Hamilton, in the County of Wentworth, Province of Ontario, Architect, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from his wife, Edna Louise Springer (Gage) Hutton of the City of Hamilton, on the ground of adultery.

Dated at Hamilton, in the Province of Ontario, this Seventh day of December, A. D. 1923.

BELL, PRINGLE & YEATES

43 Sun Life Building
Hamilton, Ont.

Solicitors for the above named
Gordon Johnston Hutton.

E. L. Richardson, manager of the Calgary Stampede of 1923, held under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and Governor-General Byng, announces that, owing to the enormous success of the great rodeo July 9-14 it will be staged annually instead of at intervals of several years, as heretofore. The recent Stampede was attended by 137,300 people.

Only once in the history of Canada was the gold production record set in 1922 exceeded, and that was in 1900, when the Yukon placers reached the peak of their yield. During 1922, 1,253,364 ounces of gold were mined in the Dominion. The value is set at \$26,116,050, an increase of 36% over the previous year's figures. In 1900, 1,350,657 ounces of gold were mined and the value was \$27,908,153.

Canada's trade is climbing ahead. Total trade in the three months ending June was \$462,544,438, an increase of \$110,841,056 over the corresponding three months of last year. For June alone total trade was \$179,720,516, an increase of \$44,944,732 over last year. Domestic exports in the three months increased approximately \$50,000,000 and imports approximately \$61,000,000.

You Will Find It Here

FOR SALE—Good Sideboard in first class condition with mirror. Owner has no room for it and will sell very reasonable. Apply at Review Office.

FOR SALE—White Plymouth Rock Cockerels, bred-to-day strain imported from F. A. Schwegler, Buffalo, N. Y. Apply to Frank Johnstone, Waterdown.

FOR RENT—Two Front Business rooms. Apply to Mrs. A. L. Featherston, Mill street.

LOST—On Saturday afternoon in the village of Waterdown, a lady's gold wrist watch. Reward at Review Office.

ROOMS TO RENT—Apply to Mrs. Mary Church, John street.

FOR SALE—Beech and Maple Hardwood cut in stove lengths. Apply to Robson Bros. Phone 35 r 2.

FOR SALE—Ford Coupe in first class mechanical condition, yale lock, accelerator, shock absorbers, etc. Apply at Review Office.

FOR SALE—Good team of work horses, 9 years old, 3000 lbs. Also full teaming equipment. Apply at 614 King St. East, Hamilton, or to Fred Poole, Phone 38r13 Waterdown.

WANTED—Doll's Buggy. Apply at Woodward's, Main street.

Miss Muriel Feilde

Teacher of
Piano and Theory
(Leschetizky Principals)

R. J. VANCE

DENTIST

Phone 105

Mill Street Waterdown

Dr. P. F. METZGER

DENTIST

Phone 177 r 2

Mill Street Waterdown

Gladiolu Bulbs

The past season has been a most successful one for growing bulbs, and in order to relieve the spring rush I will allow a 10% reduction on all orders received up to December 10th. Send for price list and description sheet to

Len. Fortune

Aldershot Ontario

THE PUBLIC

Will save a large percentage in purchasing their watches from

N. Zimmerman

And also by having him do repairing for them.

Main Street opposite Weaver's

Fresh Meat

Choice quarters and half-quarters of fresh meat Fridays and Saturdays Stanley H. Hill, Phone 25 r 14.