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Volume 49.--No. 52.

The Glencoe Transcript.

GLENCOE, ONTARIO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1920.

Whole No. 2550

FARM FOR SALE
175 acres of lot 8, con. 2, E.R. 17; frame house, frame barn and other improvements; good sugar beet land. For particulars apply to Thos. Howe, Route 2, Appin.

FOR SALE
Professor Berry's breaking harness, instruction books and stock list. \$25.—Apply Wm. Randles, Wardsville.

FARM FOR SALE
100 acres; near Glencoe; good buildings, fences and water. Half cash, balance mortgage. Apply by letter to Box 23, Transcript.

FARMERS, ATTENTION
Make money in your spare time during the fall and winter months in selling for the "Old Reliable Fertilizer Nurseries." This is the reconstruction period of orchards and a time for big business in fruit and ornamental nursery stock, seed potatoes, etc. Liberal commissions, handsome free outfit, experience not necessary.—Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont.

STALLION FOR SALE
Registered Clydesdale stallion, four years old, weight 1,700 pounds, with two imported crosses in him, and is nicely marked with three white feet and small white face; color, bright bay; is broke to work. Will sell cheap for quick sale. For further particulars apply to Fred Sullivan, Cairo P. O., Lambton county, Ont.

GLENCOE LODGE, No. 133, meets every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock sharp in the lodge room, opposite Royal Bank building, Main street. All brethren of the Order cordially invited to attend.—Fred. Gough, N. G.; Ross McEachern, R. S.

Great War Veterans' Association of Canada (Incorporated)
Glencoe Branch meets every Saturday evening at 8.30 in I. O. O. F. rooms, Main St. All Veterans Welcome.—W. A. Currie, Jr., President; J. Tait, Sec.-Treas.

Farmers and Dairymen
Get our proposition re cream; highest prices paid. Wagon always on the road. We pay cash. Phone us if you want us to call.

D. R. HAGERTY, Glencoe
House, 30-2. Store, 89.

Geo. Highwood
Purveyor of all kinds of FRESH AND SALT MEATS
Deliveries from 8 to 10 Saturdays all day
Highest prices paid for all kinds of Fowl, live or dressed.
Agent for Tanahage for feeding pigs.

JAMES POOLE
Fire, Life, Accident and Plate Glass Insurance Agent, representing the greatest fire insurance companies of the world and the leading mutual fire insurance companies of Ontario. Office at residence, first door south of the Presbyterian church, Glencoe.

INSURANCE
The Ontario Farmers' Weather Insurance Mutual Co., Grand Valley, and the Great-West Life Assurance Co.—Mac, M. McAlpine, agent, Glencoe, Ont.; Box 41.

INSURANCE
H. J. JAMIESON
District Manager of CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO. at GLENCOE
Also the leading Companies in Fire and Automobile at low rates.
Office, Main street Phone, 16-3

DELCO-LIGHT
The complete Electric Light and Power Plant
The Delco-Light storage battery is dependable, durable and efficient.

M. C. MORGAN, DEALER
Kerwood, Ont.

J. B. COUGH & SON
Furniture Dealers
Funeral Directors
MAIN STREET - GLENCOE
Phone day 23, night 100



Johnston's Drug Store
Phone 35 Glencoe

"Who sows no seed, no harvest reaps"
The BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT
—An Independent Future
A small monthly payment, or a lump sum, paid in advance, will assure to young and old a Canadian Government Annuity of from \$50 to \$5,000
a year for life payable monthly or quarterly. May be purchased on a single life, or on two lives jointly. Employers may purchase for their employees.
Apply to your postmaster, or write, postage free, to S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information required. Mention age last birthday and sex.

Real Values in Dry Goods
Prints, Shaker Flannels, Towelling, Cretónnes.
A splendid stock of Men's Underwear, Working-shirts, Smocks and Socks of first-class quality at reasonable prices.
Special reductions in Millinery.
Remember our lines of Staple Groceries.
KEITH'S CASH STORE

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
Capital and reserve \$35,000,000
Total Assets over \$587,000,000
Protect your Valuable Papers and Documents by renting a Safety Deposit Box at a small annual rental. Apply to the Manager.
GORDON DICKSON, Manager, Glencoe

LUMBER! POSTS! SHINGLES!
We have a full stock at present and can fill your requirements. It will pay to buy now.
McPHERSON & CLARKE
PLANING MILL LUMBER DEALERS
GLENCOE, ONT.

Central Garage, Glencoe
Battery Service Station

MR. CAR OWNER.
Here we are again. Last year we passed a few reasonable tips on battery care to our customers. Now this is to remind you that cold weather will soon be with us, when you must take proper care of your battery. We can assist you in the following way:

WINTER STORAGE
Wet Storage.—Your battery will freeze if allowed to become discharged. Storing a battery under a wet process simply means that your battery will have our individual attention throughout the winter months, inasmuch as we will keep it active and in a charged condition.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Batteries of all makes repaired.

We are prepared to store Batteries for the winter at reasonable rates.

Snelgrove & Faulds

DISTRICT AND GENERAL

There were 67 court houses destroyed in Ireland the past year.

The G. T. R. station house at Forest was broken into a few nights ago, but nothing was taken.

J. H. Mahon has been engaged as principal of the Watford public school at \$3 salary of \$1,300.

Wages of lumber jacks in the Port Arthur district have dropped from \$70 per month minimum to \$45.

Magistrate Hunt, of the Elgin county police court, has increased his fine for ordinary drunks from \$15 to \$40.

A frame house owned by Charles Harriott at Stratford was destroyed by fire a few nights ago. The loss is about \$1,000.

The ratepayers of Dutton will be called on early in the new year to sanction an expenditure of \$18,000 for a community hall.

Marrill Ecker, M. C. R. engineer, was struck by a yard engine at St. Thomas and fatally injured. He was formerly of Dutton.

The next annual session of London Methodist Conference, opening on the first Thursday in June, will be held in Askin street church, London.

A suitcase of "millinery samples" sprang a leak in a pullman coming into Chicago and caused the owner's arrest for transporting liquor.

Of the 45 petit jurors summoned for the Elgin county court last week 30 are farmers, and the entire 12 men composing the grand jury this session are farmers.

Before the Stratford Presbytery, the call from North Mornington church to Rev. G. F. N. Atkinson of Motherwell was sustained, and his induction set for January 6.

The Dominion Government will be petitioned to prohibit that Thanksgiving Day and Armistice Day fall simultaneously on Nov. 11 and be a national holiday.

The average yield of wheat in Manitoba for the year 1920 is fifteen bushels per acre, according to the final report of the Department of Agriculture for that province.

Owing to high price of paper and other costs there are now only 599 newspapers published in Ontario against 745 before the war.

It will take more than a divorce court to separate a couple married in Kentucky the other day. The groom's name was Willie Wax and that of the bride Martha Gum.

Weather forecasts for months ahead will be possible within a few years, as a direct result of solar observation, according to the Dominion Observatory.

Mrs. E. Wilson, Longwood; Mrs. F. Smith, Glencoe; Mrs. J. Gough, Appin; John, Alvinston; Peter, Walkerville; Nath, Glencoe; Hiram, Longwood; George, Stratford. Also fifty-four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, and two sisters, Mrs. Will Baker of McKaydo, Mich., and Mrs. Westbrook of Alvinston.

LEFT 54 GRANDCHILDREN

The Alvinston Free Press says:—The death took place in Alvinston on Tuesday, December 7th, of another old lady of the village, in the person of Mrs. J. Cushman. She deceased was the mother of Mrs. Geo. Hornblower of this place and came to live with her about two months ago. About six weeks ago she was taken seriously ill and had been confined to her bed since, and her death was not altogether unexpected by her immediate relatives.

She was born in West Wilkes township in the year, 1848. She leaves to mourn her loss six daughters and five sons: Mrs. Geo. Hornblower, Alvinston; Mrs. A. Groombridge, Walkerville; Mrs. F. Butler, Stratford; Mrs. E. Wilson, Longwood; Mrs. F. Smith, Glencoe; Mrs. J. Gough, Appin; John, Alvinston; Peter, Walkerville; Nath, Glencoe; Hiram, Longwood; George, Stratford.

Also fifty-four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, and two sisters, Mrs. Will Baker of McKaydo, Mich., and Mrs. Westbrook of Alvinston.

METCALFE COUNCIL

At the meeting of Metcalfe council on Dec. 15, after passing a large number of accounts for payment, the following business was transacted:

Moved by Denning and Hawken that the rent of hall be \$7 per night, \$2 to be returned when hall is left good and clean.

Moved by Hawken and Denning that councilors get \$75 each and clerk \$250 for 1920.

Resolved from G. W. Denning \$11.55 to pay Metcalfe part of costs, Metcalfe and Gardiner.

A by-law appointing deputy returning officers and nomination was passed. The following were appointed: D. R. O'S.—Polling division No. 1, John Callaghan; No. 2, John McNeil; No. 3, Arthur Field; No. 4, Ed. Warml; No. 5, Colin Munro.

CITY REST ROOMS

Calgary retail merchants have subscribed \$5,000 to open a rest room in that city. It is felt by the merchants that a rest room will be of benefit to their trade, as country visitors can make it a rendezvous, and leave their parcels, etc., while shopping in the city. The rest room will also encourage farmers to have their wives accompany them when attending the market, as they will be assured of comfortable quarters. Rest rooms are a valuable addition to the social service which towns may render to the neighboring farmers, and the cost will no doubt be amply repaid by the increased number induced to visit the town to trade.

A Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year to all our Friends and Customers

C. E. DAVIDSON
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Marriage Licenses Issued

DAMAGE SUITS FAIL

The action brought by George Routledge to recover damages from Wm. Marr, as the result of an auto accident in which the plaintiff's buggy was damaged, failed in the Middlesex County Court Sessions when the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant. A verdict for the defense was also given in the case of J. J. Whaley, who sued Wm. Morgan for \$800 damage which he alleged was done to his car by a bull owned by the defendant, as Whaley drove his machine along the road.

USEFUL STOCK CHART

One of the finest stock charts that has been published has been put out by the Merchants Bank here. It gives fine illustrations of standard bred beef cattle, standard bred dairy cattle, standard bred sheep, standard bred swine, and on the back of each is a printed chart. Farmers may have one of these for the asking. The information is compiled by experts and should be of a most valuable character. The illustrations are very fine. The Merchants Bank is featuring their rural service department.

BECHILL-PARISH

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, December 15, at the home of Pearl and Russell Parish in Glencoe when their sister, Lydia Jean, became the bride of Harold Lloyd Bechill in the presence of their immediate relatives.

Rev. R. J. Garbutt performed the ceremony. After a dainty luncheon the bride and groom left for Hamilton and other eastern points.

The bride travelling in a navy blue broad cloth suit with picture hat. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Bechill will reside in Glencoe. The gifts were numerous and beautiful. Guests were present from Oil Springs, Petrolia, St. Thomas, Windsor, Hamilton and Detroit.

TURN DOWN FARM JOBS

Toronto, Dec. 16.—"So much talk about the public works that are to be begun to relieve unemployment is demoralizing," asserts a well-known physician.

Last Friday he advertised for a man to go to his brother's farm, about 29 miles from Toronto. A comfortable 2-room house, use of a quarter-acre of land, two quarts of milk a day, two pounds of butter a week and \$55 a month in wages were offered. Out of twenty applicants, ten were being considered; two of these have been offered, and refused. The physician says, it looks so good for lots of work in the city from now on.

"In 1913 that farm supported fourteen persons, including eight children. If my brother turns it into a sheep pasture next year, which is not unlikely, it will support three," said the doctor. "Meanwhile, though, he is trying his luck with another advertisement."

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

—Miss Florence Mitchell of Detroit is home till after Christmas.

—Mrs. R. Carlton of Petrolia is visiting her sister, Miss Ann Parish.

—Miss Marion Huston is home from Toronto University for the Christmas holidays.

—Miss Christena Sutherland of Chatham spent the week-end at her home here.

—Ross Lethbridge, who is attending Toronto Dental College, is home for the holidays.

—Robert Dymock and family of British Columbia are at Cranran to spend the winter.

—Angus McKinnon of Regina is visiting Mrs. McKinnon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Lumley.

—The Misses Harris are spending a couple of weeks with their brother Thomas in Snyder, New York.

—Warren McAlpine of Knox College, Toronto, is spending the Christmas holidays at his home here.

—Miss Jessie Humphries, who is attending St. Hilda's College, Toronto, is home for the Christmas holidays.

—Mrs. C. W. Davidson and children of Woodstock are visiting Mrs. Davidson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Lumley.

—T. Murray Steele spent a week with his sister, Miss K. Steele, on his return home from Toronto University. Miss Steele will accompany him to spend the Christmas holidays at their home in Stratford.

Official opening of the new community hall in Mount Brydges will take place on the afternoon of Thursday, December 23. The building will be dedicated by Hon. Manning Borthwick, minister of agriculture, and a memorial tablet, bearing the names of all Caradoc boys who served and of those who fell in the late war, will be unveiled by Rev. (Major) Graham of London, who was chaplain of the 135th Battalion.

Magistrate Gundy of Windsor fined a young man by the name of Swannan \$10 for using foul language on the street. Imposing the fine the magistrate remarked:—"The remarks are a disgrace to the young men who use them, and to the community. I would like to impress on these young men, and on others as well, that the vile language heard on the street is something that has to be discontinued. It is a disgrace that young girls can't go up the street without hearing such language."

ADVERTISING

The Transcript has a large and constantly growing circulation and is read in the best homes of the community. Make your announcements in its columns.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT WARDSVILLE 101 YEARS AGO

John Howison, an English traveller of the haw haw variety, whom nothing in the country seems to have pleased, visited Ontario (then Upper Canada) in the former part of the last century, making his way as best he could on horseback from Delaware westward along the "road leading through the long woods," and spent the Christmas night of 1819 at the hostelry in the long woods then kept by George Ward, the first settler in the township of Mosa. This stopping-place was then known as "Ward's Station" (now Wardsville), and at this road-house the proprietor provided a register for recording the adventures of his guests while passing through or during their stay in the long woods, in a column of the book set apart for this purpose. Howison had himself an interesting experience there, which can perhaps best be related in his own words:

"When it was midnight I walked out and strolled in the woods contiguous to the house. A glorious moon had now ascended to the summit of the arch of heaven and poured a perpendicular flood of light upon the silent world below. The starry hosts sparkled brightly when they emerged above the horizon, but gradually faded into twinkling points as they rose in the sky. The motionless trees stretched their majestic boughs towards a cloudless firmament, and the rustling of a withered leaf or the distant howl of a wolf alone broke upon my ear. I was suddenly aroused from a delicious reverie by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection disclosed an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me. However, on his waving his hand and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and notwithstanding his injunction to silence I inquired what he was doing there. 'Me watch the deer kneel,' replied this 'Christmas night' and the deer fall on their knees to the Great Spirit and look up." The solemnity of the scene and the grandeur of the idea alike contributed to fill me with awe. It was affecting to find traces of the Christian faith existing in such a place, even in the form of such a tradition.

Moravian missionaries settled in this wilderness in 1792 far from the Thames at what is now known as Moraviantown, and the Indians frequently grafted their own peculiar pagan ideas on the lessons of the truths of Christianity as taught them by these emissaries of the Cross.

By the aid of contemporary documents, the site of this extravaganza can be located with rather more than tolerable exactness. Roughly speaking, it stood near the southeast angle of the present Longwoods Road and the rivulet then known as Paup Creek.

—J. I. P.

Sheriff's Office, Watakwinn, Alber. st. Dec. 15th, 1920.

SCHOOL RATE WILL JUMP

The new act passed by the Ontario Government making the township grants to the schools double that of years gone by is making an increased burden upon all townships, and the result is that, in most instances, the township rate for 1921 will be higher. According to the old act, schools with one teacher were allowed a township grant of \$300, for each additional teacher, \$100. The new act doubles that grant, making it compulsory for the township to pay \$600 for one teacher and \$200 for each additional one.

CIVILIZATION VANISHES AT TERRORS OF JUNGLE

If a group of effete civilized people were suddenly dumped down upon a desert island or into an uninhabited jungle, without food, clothing or shelter, would the self-protective instincts of their progenitors come to their rescue in their struggle for existence, or would they perish ignominiously because of lack of skill in jungle-craft? Theories varied and numerous have been propounded on this question, but the most that can be said, after a consideration of the arguments put forth by both sides, is that "some do and some don't."

Primitive instincts, however, are usually uppermost, and "The Revenge of Tarzan," the thrilling photoplay that comes to the Opera House, Glencoe, on Wednesday, December 29th, furnishes an interesting demonstration of that fact. The story tells of the adventures in civilization of the ape-man, "Tarzan," and his eventual return to the tropical wilderness where he was born and reared.

A fire on a pleasure yacht on which they were sailing from Capetown to England sends a whole party, including English, Americans and one Russian, to the lifeboats, which are finally carried ashore on the African coast, to a portion apparently uninhabited except by wild beasts. Dramatic situations arise, and real character is revealed. Here, where civilization is almost impotent in the face of nature, Tarzan, the ape-man of the jungle, is in his element. For two years he has dwelt in civilized countries, and outwardly had conformed to the customs and conventions of civilization; but fundamentally he remained unspoiled, unchanged.

"The Revenge of Tarzan," a Numa picture, which Goldwyn is handling, is one of the most thrilling jungle stories ever pictured—the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes."

The Finest and Purest Tea Sold

"SALADA"

There is genuine and unmistakable pleasure in its daily use.

Black - Green } Try a packet from your grocer, or Mixed } but be sure it's "Salada" 2516



Follow the Doctor's Directions.

"The new medicine the doctor sent for the baby is the best stuff," said the little mother who had worried through a bad winter with her small, delicate son.

"It's pink, and it smells so familiar—like some kind of candies I used to buy when I was a little girl. And it's so sweet and nice, the baby just loves it. He sleeps all the time, too," she added, unconcernedly. "Sometimes I can hardly wake him at all when it is time to feed him."

A middle-aged woman who had dropped in to call, and was staying to visit, said: "Are there no directions on the bottle?"

"Oh, dear, yes! It says only half a teaspoonful, when required; but baby likes it so well I always give him a teaspoonful and he goes right off to sleep."

"How often does he have it?" asked the other woman. Her expression was quite lost upon the little new mother.

"Oh, about three times a day. That reminds me the bottle will soon be empty, and I must ask the doctor to have it refilled."

"May I see the medicine, my dear?" said the visitor. As she took out the bottle and sniffed at it, she said anxiously:

"This is paragon. No wonder the baby sleeps so well. The poor child is probably drugged. And the directions say very plainly that the medicine is only to be given upon occasion," she added, a little severely, for it was almost unbelievable that the little mother should have no suspicion of the nature of the medicine.

"I'm sure it must be all right or the doctor would never have ordered it. I'll just ring him up and ask him about it."

"The baby's medicine?" said the doctor, half puzzled. Then he remembered the prescription and said quickly: "The bottle isn't empty yet, is it?"

"The baby likes it. I have been giving him a spoonful three times a day," said the little mother, her voice full of tears and a hint of fear in her eyes.

The doctor wasted no time in explanation by telephone, but as he stepped quickly up the village street he indulged in some caustic inward comment on the follies of very young and foolish mothers.

The baby was sleeping when the doctor stepped into the room. The little mother's eyes were very wide and blue as she met the doctor at the doorway.

"I'm sorry you didn't understand the directions," said the doctor, not unkindly. "But you know, Mrs. Lane, that if doctors intended medicines to be given by the spoonful or the cupful, we would never spend years studying materia medica."

He had the baby in his arms, and as he carried him to the light he called the mother to his side.

"Look at his eyes," he said, gently raising the tiny eyelids and revealing an eye pupil that had contracted to a tiny pin-point.

"Listen to that breathing," and the mother ear, for the first time, listened and understood that there was something wrong with the long, shallow regularity of the child's breath.

"I'm glad you called me. As matters stand, I think there is no great danger. Throw away the medicine."

The mother had learned her lesson. Now she reads the directions on the bottle—and follows them.

Renew the Mustard in the Pot—Daily

The use of KEEN'S D. S. F. MUSTARD makes your dinner tasty and digestible.

Its delicious tingle enhances the flavor of your food, and its essential oils and its warmth, are incomparable aids to health and vigor.

For the enjoyment of your meals, and for better digestion, replenish the mustard pot with Keen's D. S. F. mustard every day.

MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited
Montreal Toronto
Canadian Agents



The Revolt From Four Walls

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Oh, well," Smith took a more optimistic view of the situation, "it will have to be a case of every man for himself. I've got a few debts to pay, so I'll be responsible for more than my share."

"It's the agitators we want," Guy explained. "The hired help are not to blame."

"Don't let any of the other crowd slip through your fingers. Personally, I want to get a crack at the fellow with the face like a ferret."

"They had reached a strip of stony beach, almost opposite the maple grove by this time and further conversation was dangerous."

The ferret-faced man was talking and occasional shouted words came to them. "Thief," "Liar," "Strike," "Rights."

Grouped near him, as if constituting a background, were the two of the men that Guy had seen in the house on the Island, three he did not recognize, the man that Guy had come to call "the fat man" and to whom he had a place near town. Guy knew him to be of foreign parentage, a Canadian by birth. That he should be there was as a stain on the community. In a flash it came to Guy that this was the man who had driven the team the night he had gone to the island.

"Hump!" he said under his breath. "Some people are sure fools. Born and bred in this country and now trying to throw it over for a crazy idea."

A movement in the bushes near them, caused them both to be on the alert. It was John Baker, who had been in the crowd, and he was now coming forward, his face as white as a sheet.

"Thought you must be up here," he whispered. "We're going in a minute. Never mind the rest of the crowd but get the fellow with the ferret face, as you call him. I know who sent your letter."

For five minutes they waited. Then a sudden yell split the morning air. It was the signal.

"There really had been no fight if the raiding party had been better organized, if it had closed in on the little group of leaders and held them captives. As it was, however, the motley audience of the day, and most of the raiders and the audience, feeling itself attacked, suffering from a guilty conscience, and being frightened—proceeded to 'mix it up.' It was more or less of a one-sided battle, with the raiders on the one side and the audience on the other."

There was one who ran faster than the others. Wardell jumped the lot and crouching low, hurried himself through the underbrush. His adversary had been a hundred feet before he had seen him. He turned, saw who was pursuing him and stopped suddenly. A knife flashed. Wardell pulled the trigger of the gun he carried in his coat pocket. The bullet tore away the material, and the man, who always played a big part in adventure, directed the bullet, for it also tore the blade of the knife from its hilt. The man with the ferret face was uninjured. He dropped the knife and opened his great bony hands so that the fingers spread like talons. Then with a low tense cry, he attacked.

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From Vimy Ridge

Breathe deep, dear Land! From Vimy's ridge a fragrance rare
Thrills glorious o'er the seas. Our Canada is there!
The Splendid sons Thy wide-flung winds have proudly bred,
Keep well the cause for which their sires so gladly bled.

Think long, dear Land! Can't measure yet the burning love
Enshrined within their hearts? Or have they failed to prove
To him a strange Fate left behind, that Time—nor Fame—
May not outlive this deathless joy—or deathless shame?

Drink deep, dear Land! The cup fair glory lifts to thee
Brims high. Each drop is poured in crimson ecstasy.

Time was when ancient gods were crowned with laurel wreaths,
But see! Thy maple bowl is rimmed with living leaves!

Live true, dear Land! These first rare fruits were dearly given,
Earth bears no aftermath that shall not feel their leaven.

Pray then, dear Land! Thy destiny on sacrifice
Of Love is built. Hast gift of Thine that may suffice?

excitement we've had and how much prettier you are and how strong we both are. You know, Madeline, I thought last night that I had no more business to have walked out that day, than these men around here have. I thought last night that I belonged back there where I could take the place that I was trained for."

She nodded. For a minute there was no sound save the drone of the summer insects.

"When will you go?" she asked quickly.

"When you are ready."

"That can be very soon." Then, after another silence, "McTee must think a lot of you, Guy. You must be a very good man." There was in her

voice that note a mother uses when her son is praised.

He jumped to his feet and took her in his arms.

"The revolt is over—Madeline—over. We've cured it here. I'm going back to the office, to the work that I can best do to help my fellow-men. And our revolt, the bitterness that we used to hold toward one another—that's over, too, isn't it?"

Tears sprang to her eyes. She nodded her head and lifted her lips for his kiss.

And on a fence post near the garden gate a song thrush caroled of happiness.

(The End.)

SOME ROMANTIC TREASURE CLUES

HAVE LED TO RICH DISCOVERIES.

Buried Hoards of Gold and Silver and Precious Jewels Still Await the Seeker.

Talk to the average man about buried treasure, and see the cynical smile that curls his lips.

Yet if you come to think of it, it stands to reason that the world is full of buried treasures. Take a country like India, where the people, for centuries, were at the mercy of invaders and plunderers, and where every family has for ages been in the habit of hiding its savings underground. Or Russia, where, in the past five years, untold wealth must have been buried in the fashion, to save it from the rapacity of the Bolsheviks.

Again, think of North America, where early white settlers had no banks, so hid the treasures which they had wrested from the soil.

You may take it, too, that a great deal more of this buried treasure is recovered than is ever reported in the papers. When a man uncovers a hidden hoard he does not go to hunt for the nearest reporter. His chief idea is to keep the whole thing dark, and get away quietly with the gold.

Still, stories of treasure finds do sometimes come to light, and some of these are most interesting because of the strange and romantic clues which have led to such discoveries.

Charles McLeod, of Edmonton, in the year 1909, organized a party to prospect for gold in Northern British Columbia. Marching through the forest, one of his companions stumbled upon two headless skeletons lying under a tree. The breast-bone of one was shattered by a bullet.

Search revealed a watch and a ring. Imagine the grief and surprise of McLeod himself when he recognized those articles as having belonged to his own brothers who had gone prospecting three years earlier, and whose fate had been, till then, unknown.

The Carved Inscription.
He and his party searched the woods all round, but found nothing else, and were giving it up when one noticed a blazed mark on a tree. Following this, they found another tree, and on this a carved inscription. The murderers had hacked the words, but enough was still legible to put McLeod on the track.

Following the directions, he came upon a shaft from which gold had evidently been dug, and, not far away, the hiding-place where the murdered men had secreted the gold which they had won from the mine.

More than once storms have been the means of revealing hidden treasure. In the year 1906, two brothers named Stewart, who lived near Johnsville, New Brunswick, were going to their work, after a night of storm, when they noticed that a big tree growing on a cliff-side had been blown out by the roots. Where the roots had been ripped from the ground a small hole was visible in the cliff-face.

Climbing up, they found a narrow passage which they enlarged, and presently came upon a flight of twelve steps descending into a square apartment. Here lay a dry and crumbling skeleton, and near it a massive gold ring inscribed, "John Long, December 4th, 1778."

Near by was an iron pot, and in it, wrapped in bark, were several old books and maps. Some of these books dated back to 1667. But mere interest changed to excitement when the Stewarts examined the maps and found names and marks on them, relating to the hiding-place of the treasure.

McLeod's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

Refuse to be Conquered.

A young man, having met with business losses and disappointments, writes:

"I have always been optimistic; but I must confess, that now, for the first time in my life, I am downright discouraged, and were it not for the fact that I owe my friends and creditors some money, and for the love and ambition I have for my sisters, I would take the shortest course out of it all."

This young man is evidently ambitious, honorable, and unafraid of work, but he says an over-confidence in his ability often leads him to make a too-quick decision in important matters. Without thorough investigation he has plunged into things that have worked out disastrously for him, and he is now disappointed and disheartened. In debt, and hard pressed by his creditors, he does not know what course he should pursue.

While this young man's position is very distressing, the mere fact that he realizes his weak points ought to be of great service to him in overcoming his difficulties. Experience is truly a dear teacher, but the sooner we learn her lessons the better for us. Wendell Phillips once said, "What is defeat? Nothing but the first steps to something higher."

No matter how discouraging things look around you learn to dominate your environment, to rise above the depressing influences. Resolve that whatever comes or does not come to you, whether you succeed in your particular undertaking or fail, whether you make money or lose it, you will keep cheerful, hopeful, optimistic.

It is a very difficult thing to be an optimist and to use good judgment in our decisions when hope is shut out of our vision, when everything looks dark and discouraging, but it is under such circumstances that we show of what stuff we are made.

When you are at your wits' end and do not know which way to turn you are in danger, for you are in no condition to plan anything or to do the best thing. We should do our planning when we are cool and calm.

When we feel discouraged the mental forces are scattered and we are not capable of vigorous concentration. Calmness, poise, balance, mental serenity are absolutely essential to effective thinking.

Perhaps the past has been a bitter disappointment and the outlook is very discouraging to you; yet in spite of any misfortune, if you refuse to be conquered, victory is awaiting you farther on the road. There is no failure for a man whose spirit is unconquerable.

The Top of the Earth.

Much interest is felt among geographers and travelers in the proposal to scale the world's highest mountain, Everest, in the Himalayas. The difficulties are not minimized, and they are of several sorts. Nobody has climbed to this great height—29,002 feet—except in aviation; and there is no landing for a plane on such a summit. The weather at the top of this distant and difficult pinnacle is most treacherous, and the extreme rarefaction of the air will make an extra supply of oxygen necessary. The country which must be traversed to reach the peak is beset with tribal strife and political machination, and the mountain's manila rope may succumb to the breaking-strain before the rope is used.

Edward Whymper, conqueror of the Matterhorn and of Chimborazo, wanted to ascend the mountain many years ago, but the British Government discouraged him because of possible complications in Nepal. That was before Tibet was entered. To-day, with the Royal Geographical Society, the Alpine Club and the Indian Survey co-operating, the prospect of overcoming both the physical and the political obstacles is far brighter. The practical value of a trip to the greatest altitude on the earth's surface may not be any greater than that of the attainment of the Poles, but the fulfillment of such a project helps to keep alive in the world the spirit of exploration, and of daring that is fired to great accomplishments.

Buoy-Laying in the St. Lawrence.

Laying gas buoys along a course of 340 miles, a great part of the way in a current running at a speed of over 10 miles an hour, is the difficult task performed each spring by Canadian Government steamers in the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Father Point, the latter the point where the "Empress of Ireland" sank in the summer of 1914 after collision with the collier "Storstad." Throughout the winter months the entire length of the St. Lawrence is icebound. All marine traffic is suspended. Prior to the breaking up of the ice in April, all equipment is made ready. The buoys are charged with several months' supply of gas; the lanterns, including the flashing mechanisms and burners, are adjusted, and mooring cables are cut to lengths and conveniently placed.

Each buoy, with lantern, mooring cable, and anchor, weighs about four tons, is from 5 to 8 ft. in diameter, and from 10 to

H. R. H. LIBBY-ANN

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Out of the Swirl of Snow and Blackness of Night Her "Prince Charming" Came, and on Christmas Eve, Too, With Jangling Bells to Find the Princess Waiting for Him

"And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold, and the ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the princess. . . . Libby-Ann read it slowly, savoring each romantic sentence. To-night there was no one to laugh at her for taking pleasure in so childish a book; and that fact was the comfort of the situation. For the solitude was dreadful, and the snow had even crept in under the door; Libby-Ann could see it from her crouched position on the hearth. It had filtered through the chinks of the east window, too, cutting the blackness of the night beyond into fresh silhouettes at every new drive of the jeering gale. The house was full of strange, untoward noises; of cracklings and creakings, and of ghostly footsteps, worse yet—of trespassing human feet.

"Did not dare to keep the princess. . . ."

A shudder banged distantly, and Libby-Ann started from her seat trembling. Then she pulled herself together.

"Of course it's nothing!" she said aloud. "I know it's nothing. None of the noises are anything but noises! Still . . ."

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder as the lonely little building trembled from attic to cellar. It seemed the very heart of a maelstrom, whose malignancy was centered upon herself. Libby-Ann defied it with a laugh that had a sob of sheer loneliness and terror perilously close behind it. Then, crossing to where the supper lay spread upon the red-and-white checked cloth, she turned the dull flame of the swinging lamp above it a trifle higher, glancing at the clock, whose solemn face told that the hour was well past 10, and then gazed mournfully at the untouched food.

"He won't be home to-night!" she said. "Tisn't possible now. Something must have happened! Oh, isn't it just awful to have such a Christmas Eve!"

A log flared in the grate, and Libby-Ann jumped. Est? Impossible! As well put the things away and be done with the pretense! Picking up the butter-dish and the cake, she started boldly for the kitchen. It seemed a mile away, a mile terrifyingly full of treacherous shadows. But she kept bravely on until, just as she reached the door sill, there came a lull in the wind, and over vague distances of snow-muffled, silent lands a faint sound. Doubtful of her overstrung imagination, she stood still, rigid with listening. Silence. Then it came again, between long meanings of the gale; a faint tinkle of little bells, distant as yet, and hardly perceptible except to anxiously straining ears, but of blessedly human significance. Libby-Ann set back the cake and the butter hurriedly, and took down the lamp.

"Father!" she exclaimed in a tone of relief that was a confession of all the agony of nervousness which, for hours past, she had been denying to herself. "Father! He's managed to get back after all!"

And then she shuddered involuntarily, the grim atmosphere of her difficult parent seeming to move into the house ahead of him at the mere mention of his approach. Yet it was better, far better, than this being alone with the terrifying nothingness which women find in a house at night.

She placed the lamp at the unshaded east window, tapping away some of the snow that he might see the light the better, and then went about straightening the things on the table, listening—but vainly, now.

"He must have been in the hollow when I heard him," she murmured. "I'll just put the coffee back on the hob."

As she did so, the book of fairy-tales lying open on the hearth-rug caught her eye. With a swift gesture she gathered it up, listening again and holding on to the book as to a friendly hand that soon must be relinquished. Again the bells! Nearer now. They were coming up the hill-road; they were turning in at the lower gate. In another instant he would be there!

"Where was I?" Libby-Ann breathed anxiously. "Oh, yes! And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold. . . . That was it!"

She slipped a marker-between the pages, and closing the volume with a snap, hid it under the cupboard by the hearth. A faint "Rulo!" came from without, almost inaudible through the storm, which had increased again. The call was utterly unexpected. What could it mean? Father never called. He would simply stifle Bess and come stamping in, silent and morose and hungry. Again came the call: something about "What ho! the castle!" At least that was what it sounded like.

Libby-Ann looked at the clock. Close to eleven! What on earth could the call forebode? Never before in all her nineteen years had a stranger visited the lonely mountain farm at such an hour. Something must have happened to her father! In an agony of fear she crossed to the side door, undoing the bolts with trembling fingers. As she opened, a fierce blast of

icy air entered joyously scattering the ashes on the hearth and playing havoc with the lamp-flame, which promptly danced to its piping. And with the wind came the words, unmistakable this time:

"What ho! The castle!"

Libby-Ann looked cautiously around the edge of the door, her heart beating furiously with a terrible (yet lovely) sense of something tremendous about to happen. And there in the stable-yard was an incredible sight.

The prince had arrived in his golden carriage of state!

At any rate, it was a golden carriage. Of that there could be no vestige of doubt. It was about the size of a small house, and square, and its sides, even under their heavy burden of snow, glittered with gold. A pair of huge white horses, caparisoned in crimson and little silver bells, drew the coach, the reins by which they were guided passing through an aperture in the front to the warmly lighted interior, in which sat a wonderful young man. He smiled at her, showing a gleam of very white teeth. It was a splendid smile, and it set her heart beating anew, in a strange, expectant sort of way.

Behind him, and around him in the interior of the car, or whatever it was, were innumerable objects, forming a sort of decorative background; little shelves, boxes, glass cases, on which the light of the lantern that swung from the ceiling shone glitteringly. Indeed, the whole thing glittered and swam before her eyes, as she stood rooted to the spot, unmindful of the cold and the snow that eddied in about her feet.

"Snow princess, is the barn-door open?" shouted the young man.

Libby-Ann could only nod, speechless.

All right, then! the young man cried, gathering up the reins with a beautiful, sure gesture. "I'll put 'em up, and be right in. Come on now, Pegasus; come on, Phoenix! Oh, my brave steeds—one more pull, and then a feast, and blessed sleep!"

The horses, who had stood like statues, figures of fatigue, pricked their ears at the command of his silver voice, and the whole gorgeous affair lunged forward through the encumbering snow. As it vanished around the corner of the house, Libby-Ann caught a fleeting glimpse of an illuminated sign which said something about popovers; but it was meaningless to her dazed eyes.

Then through cons of magical time she waited, dumb and motionless, once the door was mechanically closed. Finally the sound of his approach, stamping on the porch, electrified her into action, and, flying to the mirror above the mantel, she snatched one fleeting, despairing glance at her white little face and smooth hair, so lightly brushed back. It was dreadful—dreadful! The prince had come at last—and caught her in calico! If only she were not so plain, so unbecomingly, so hopelessly unattractive! Of course no one ever noticed her—but perhaps, if only she had thought to rush upstairs and put on her lilac silk with the sprigged pattern. . . . Well, it was too late for that now!

Flung the door wide, brushing off the snow from sleeve and breast, shaking his woollen cap, and baring his yellow head, on which the curls grew rough and vigorous. Then he came in and closed the wild night out, shooting the bolts with care. Something the sight of it sent thrills of delightful terror up and down her spine. Then he made her a grave bow of salutation, his twinkling blue eyes taking her into his confidence and challenging her imagination, her sense of play, her capacity for finding life a great, wonderful, joyous game.

"Dear princess of this lonely stronghold," said he, "is the lord of the castle at home?"

"He—he is not!" she stammered, smiling and blushing. "The storm—he must have stayed in Middletown for the night."

The stranger gave a low whistle. "Middletown!" said he. "That's where I was bound for when I lost my way in the snow—and, incidentally, the trade I might have had at the shopping-centre to-night, along with it."

"It's twelve miles over the mountain," said Libby-Ann.

"Then it's plain I can't get there to-night!" he exclaimed, making a very face. "Great Scott! And tomorrow is Christmas! I promised my mother, too, that I'd be home for sure. But the horses are dead beat, and so

am I; the Ark is pretty heavy. . . . Lovely princess, is your royal mother visible?"

Libby-Ann shook her head. "My mother is dead," she said simply. "There is no one here but me."

Instantly his manner changed.

"Forgive me!" he said, gravely and sweetly. "Here I come rushing in with my fooling and nonsense, never dreaming that you were alone. Please forgive me—I only talk that way to keep the world as beautiful and gay as I'd like to have it. I'm not crazy, really. I—I apologize!"

"Oh, don't!" said Libby-Ann, suddenly, breathlessly. "Go on that way, please! I understand!"

"You do?" he exclaimed, coming a step nearer. "You don't say! Good! Now about my staying. . . . Maybe the horses can go on. . . . Why, I never thought of there being only a lone girl!"

"Of course you'll stay," she replied, her hands twisting nervously under her apron in fear lest he vanish into the night as mysteriously as he had come.

The stranger seemed to hesitate, advancing doubtfully from the door toward which he had instinctively taken a few steps.

"Well, if you really don't mind," he began, smiling again.

"A Wilton never turned away a guest yet!" he assured him, proudly, innocently. "Of course you can have the best chamber. And—and you must be hungry, too. There's supper, and coffee all hot," she added timidly.

He laughed his silver laugh that was like Christmas bells for gladness.

"You are a royal princess, for sure!" he cried, slipping out of his great coat. "I knew it at first sight—indeed, as soon as I saw your castle on the hill, with the light beaming in the window! Coffee? With pleasure, your highness!"

He drew up the chair which she indicated, making a delightful grimace over the food like a pleased boy, as she uncovered it. He seemed perfectly at home and at his ease once more, the slight shadow of his hesitation wholly vanished.

"I'm fiercely hungry," he confessed, "but not so hungry that I'm going to turn cannibal and begin on you, so you needn't look so scared, child! Cheer up, and smile at a poor wanderer. Honest, I'm a perfectly desirable citizen; a good, respectable merchant, though not exactly what you might call steady, seeing that I move about a good bit, shop and all. But otherwise in good standing. I can tell you truly. So don't be afraid, princess—smile a little!"

She brought him the coffee from the hob, holding the hot handle with her apron; her gray eyes wide, her timidity melting. For he was irresistible as the west wind in summer, so full of romance and gentle sport.

"Feast well, O prince!" she said shyly, half-shamefacedly, scarce knowing herself. "Feast well; the ogre will not be home to-night!"

He dropped his fork in surprise, and his laugh rang out again, full of delight and encouragement. "Well! I'm blessed if you don't really understand!" he cried, springing up to help her. "Here! Let me pour that! Aren't you going to eat, your highness?"

"I guess maybe I will," he answered. "I wasn't hungry before, because the house is so—so alone, with father not getting back, and all, but now . . ."

"I know!" he nodded. "House all creaks and groans, and your heart jumping up and down! He arranged a chair for her. "Now you sit here, and let me do the waiting."

"But that's the woman's work!" she protested, though feebly. He had such a queer yet charming way of sweeping matters along, and making the oddest things seem all right. . . .

"Not in my world, it isn't!" he said firmly. "In my world the prince serves his lady, always, and the meanest task is an honor when it is performed for her!"

"How lovely!" sighed Libby-Ann.

"But—but . . ."

"But what?" he asked. "Go on. Say it! You have got to get the habit of saying things. That's half the fun of thinking them. Go on—But what?"

"But are you real?" Libby-Ann burst out.

"Am I real?" he retorted gallily. "Just watch me get after this wonderful pie!"

"Is it really wonderful pie?" she

asked solemnly. "I—nobody ever said anything nice about my cooking before."

"They didn't!" He seemed astonished. Then he took a swallow of coffee, set down the cup, and regarded her almost seriously. "It's magnificent pie!" he declared. "And I'm a good judge, too, for my mother is some cook. But what makes you ask if I'm real? Was it my appearing so suddenly?"

She nodded. "Partly," she said.

"And what was the rest of the reason?" he wondered, very frankly, with simple curiosity. "Please tell me!"

She could deny him nothing. If he had asked for the sun, she would have gone after it. Slowly she got up and went to the cupboard, from beneath which she drew the red-bound fairy book. Somehow she could not help doing it. She did not, exactly want to, but yet she felt so sure that he would understand! Opening it at her marker, she placed it before him on the table.

"And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold," he read aloud; and the ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the princess. . . ."

With a sudden blush she snatched the book back, holding it tightly to her breast, as the crimson mounted her burning cheeks.

"Hello!" said he, as though all at once he beheld her through new eyes. With the color in her face she was as nearly pretty as her tightly bound hair permitted.

"I was reading it when you called," she stammered.

"I see!" he nodded, that new consciousness still burning in his eyes. She was perfectly well aware that he was really seeing her for the first time, and vaguely wondered why. He held out his hand for the book. "Let's have it back," he begged. "It looks like a pretty story! I'd like to know how it ends."

"Oh, no!" cried Libby-Ann, hastily. "That is, the end is no matter. I was just trying to show you how I came to wonder if you could be real, and how it was that I could understand the 'game'!"

"Because you live just in fairy-tales!" he said, softly. "Poor little girl!"

"You have to live that way up here on the farm," she murmured.

"Yes, I suppose so," said he. "But then, you have to anywhere. Life is a little dull, you know, unless you make it interesting!"

"Dull?" cried Libby-Ann, dropping the last vestige of her self-consciousness. "Not your life!—wandering about from place to place. Why, it must be wonderful, seeing the gay towns and the happy people, and the theatres, and everything! I'm sure it must be different from anything here!"

"I'm not so certain," said he, slowly. "I've seen a lot of places, that's a fact; and I haven't seen your nearest village. But I'd see to bet that it's no different from the rest."

"Oh, but it is!" she assured him. "Middletown Corners, five miles on—the nearest place—is awful! The people are so—so prim and disapproving, and never have a good time. It's an awfully mean little town. Nobody could be really happy with only Middletown Corners!"

He pushed back his chair from the ravished supper-table, a light shadow of seriousness over his fine eyes. "Just the same, it's probably very little different from the rest of the towns!" he declared. "For the people in them are much the same the world over. It's only that there are fewer of each sort of people in the small places. And people like you and me are in the minority everywhere; there are only a few of us, and never enough, even in the big cities, to make us feel the strength of a majority. We're always the odd lot, and—in a way, we're bound to feel it. But that doesn't matter. Believe me when I tell you this: it isn't the place you live in that makes for happiness—it's the way you live! The town doesn't matter. Think! Why, if you were to move away from here tomorrow, you'd take yourself along. And your inside life would still be your real life! What folks really mean when they say they want to leave a place where they couldn't succeed in living happily is that they want to run away from themselves. They want to leave themselves behind, and it can't be done!"

"I expect that's true," said Libby-Ann. She looked across at him as though in a dream, and somehow in

that instant her fear of her father, of her lonely life, of that dreary round of housework, melted into nothingness, and a new, brave feeling flooded her veins like wine.

"I, too, used to have the idea that roving would help," he went on after a little pause; "that if I went away things would be better with me. I had a good start in life; the opportunity for a college education. And I made a bad mistake. I didn't make good, as I should have done after all the sacrifices mother made to give me my chance. I was always dreaming, loafing, and I couldn't study. Somehow the idea of the university and a profession didn't interest me. And when the time came, I couldn't pass the examinations, and there was no more money for tutoring. . . ."

And later, when I saw how disappointed mother was in me, and how the friends and neighbors talked, I thought I'd get away, that the town was no place for me, and that I'd have to go to some better place to make a decent happy life for myself. Well, I've succeeded pretty fairly. I made a good living, too, and can take care of mother now. But it wasn't because I took my body away from home that I succeeded. It was because I learned to live inside my body. And by doing that the very best I could—I got along."

He finished off with a sigh and, rising from the table, went closer to the hearth, piling on new logs. Spell-bound, Libby-Ann followed. And when he found a seat close to the blaze, she took a place opposite him on a cushion. The lamp had flickered and burned out, leaving the room with only the firelight, but neither of them noted the fact. The corners filled with shadows, crouching and mysterious, and across the low ceiling other shadows of a gayer sort danced in company with the flames. The air was sweet with the warm odor of the crackling pine and the smooth smoke of dry applewood. The glow of the fire was reflected on Libby-Ann's cheeks, and her gray eyes were very wide. Some mystic and tender spirit had crept into the room, inclosing the two of them as though in a mist. Her heart beat so that it almost pained, and yet she would not have had it otherwise! Presently he spoke again:

"I'd like you to know my mother," he said dreamily. And the words seemed to increase immeasurably their intimacy. "She is so dear, so wonderful and patient. She is like one of the wise women of the Bible—'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' Often I see her in my imagination, when I'm driving my shop over the quiet roads, and there is no sound but the birds, and the rustle of hidden creatures in the woods, and the tinkle of my horses' little silver bells as they pull me along in my 'state carriage of gold.' And there she is, waiting for my return, always so glad to greet me with her quiet 'well, son!' . . . I'd like you to know her!"

Libby-Ann said nothing, but leaned a little closer to the fire, a queer, tight feeling in her throat. A strand of her hair came unfastened, and falling over her shoulder, curled along the curve of her flushed cheek. With a quick gesture she tried to replace it; but instantly his hand was on hers.

"Don't!" he begged, in a husky voice. "It is beautiful like that. You are beautiful!"

"No, no!" said Libby-Ann, faintly. Then the rest of her hair followed the first strand, so that her face was enveloped in a surprising cascade of little curls.

And Libby-Ann, looking into his eyes, saw that she was a woman. That strange, intoxicating mist was enveloping them closer now. He bent near, taking both her hands in his, his face very grave, his silver voice low and vibrant.

"Oh, lovely little imprisoned princess!" said he. "How strange that I should have traveled so many roads, and never found true happiness before! I thought that I was looking for success, for peace, for a thousand different things, while all the time I was really searching for—you!"

She felt herself being drawn toward him, very slowly, nearer and nearer, into those great, strong arms. And then, sudden and terribly beautiful as a lightning bolt, their lips had met.

For an incalculable period the world spun under her, and the raging storm without seemed a puny thing in the storm within her. At last he put her away, almost roughly, and arose. Trembling, she watched him, feeling transformed, glorified. With a heavy movement he passed a hand over his eyes. "No!" he muttered, placing the table between them, as if he feared to touch her. Then he spoke to her. The room was almost in darkness now, the red coals on the hearth serving more to shadow than to reveal his face. "It is late," he said, sharply. "You must go to bed."

She was stunned, jolted heavily back to earth. But bravely, though wonderingly, she faced this sudden change. "But your room—I must make up the bed . . ." she began.

"Never mind me—I will sleep here!" he replied briefly. "But please, will you go now, at once—I please!"

"Very well," said Libby-Ann, deeply wounded and terribly confused.

She lit a candle, and went to the door with leaden steps. He followed, opening the door for her. Then he stopped her with a gesture, and by the candle's light she saw that though his lips were set, his eyes were miraculously tender still. "Little princess!" said he. "What is your name?"

"Libby-Ann," she told him; the homely sound of it seemed to typify all her drab existence.

"Elizabeth-Ann!" said he, smiling now. "Two of England's queens!"

"And what is your name?" she asked.

"My name is Freedom Day," said he.

Then he kissed her hand, just in the manner of the courtly prince he looked, and shut the door behind her softly. . . .

The Christmas dawn was clear and cold as Libby-Ann, her curls caught up beguilingly in a snood of blue ribbon, crept quietly down the stairs. Far off in the East the crimson sun was sending advance rays over the glistening fields of snow, tinting the heavy-laden branches of the trees with rose hues, gleaming on icicle eaves and frosted hedgerows. The world was intensely still, intensely glad, as though the whole universe laughed for holy joy.

Very softly Libby-Ann entered the kitchen, bending swiftly and silently over the soon cheerily crackling stove and the preparations for breakfast.

Then, when all was ready, she tapped upon the door of the living-room, smiling to herself the while. There was no response. With apprehension creeping over her like an icy cloud, she waited a breathless moment, and knocked again, louder. Still the intense quiet, broken only by the snapping of the kitchen fire. Then, with a desperate movement, she opened the door.

The living-room was empty! Despair swept over her like a storm. Gone! He was gone! Impossible! After last night, after the beginning of life for her!

Stumbling feet she managed to reach the east window, and looked out.

There on the smooth new snow lay the evidence, damning, irrefutable—a heavy wagon-track, and the mark of horses' hoofs, breasting the sparkling surface, leading away—away over the brow of the hill, clean-cut and clear, into the distance, into the shining, unknown world. With a heavy sob she buried her face in her arms, and kneeling there by the frost-ed glass, the cold light shining full upon her, she wept as though her heart would break. Time passed, unreckoned, hideous. She could not live, she could not! But at length she gathered her miserable little body from the floor and turned to the mirror above the cold hearth. From it her tear-stained face stared back at her out of a tangled mass of curls.

"No use for them now!" she murmured, gathering them up and unmercifully twisting them into their accustomed sleekness.

Resolutely she turned away and, choking back a sob, set about clearing the disordered table. The dreary monotony of her life had begun again. There was the butter and the cake. There was the plate of cold meat: there was . . .

Amazed, she picked it up: a huge round box with a pattern of holy on it and tied with a great crimson satin ribbon which held in place a pair of little gilt tongs. Candy! A box of candy of a size and beauty beyond belief. And, better still, a little note. With shaking fingers she opened it and read.

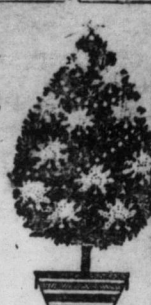
Dear! I have gone off early so as surely not to disappoint my mother. Merry Christmas, and my best box of candy to you. I will be back on New Year's Day, to face the ogre and to finish the fairy-story. I love you. FREEDOM.

After a moment the world began going around again. Suddenly the sun came over the hill, and laughed in at the window. Marvelling, Libby-Ann lifted the gorgeous box to her breast, crushing the lovely crimson ribbon all unheeding. And there beneath it lay the book of fairy-tales, open at her story, the end of which had been lightly underscored with pencil.

"And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold," she read. "And the ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the princess." (Over to the next page—oh, quickly!) "And so they were married and lived happily ever after!"

"Oh!" said Libby-Ann. And all at once she set down the box of candy and the note, and began fluffing out her hair!

Rita's... surprise



BY ETHEL WHITE

The day before Christmas is a strange time to be unhappy, yet Rita Reynolds was almost in tears. With every turn of the screw the big steamer was carrying her and her parents to far-off South America. That very night they would anchor, and an hour after landing they would be on their way to the gigantic mountain where Uncle Ted Morrow lived.

Rita loved her uncle, and she liked to travel. The reason she was sad was because of something that she had learned that morning.

"Do they have open fireplaces in South America?" she had asked her mother.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "That country is so warm that people spend most of the time in their gardens. Fireplaces are not needed at all. There are roses all the year round."

Rita was silent for a while. Then she asked, "What kind of trees shall we see? O course there'll be spruce and pine and hemlock?"

"Not evergreens," her mother said, laughing. "You will find trees that you have never seen before; cocoanut and other palm trees and whole groves of orange trees. Think of that!"

Rita did not smile. What were oranges, palm trees and roses all the year round compared with a real Night-before-Christmas? Without fireplaces, how could stockings be hung by the chimney? Without evergreen trees, how could there be a Christmas tree? She turned away without a word.

It would never do to spoil her mother's trip, and so she tried to keep her mind off twinkling candles, strings of pop corn, and knobby stockings hung beside a big fireplace. But every time she shut her eyes she saw South America.

"I don't think I shall like South America," she said to herself.

When they walked down the gang-plank that evening there stood Uncle Ted, waving his hand. In the crook of one arm he held a branch of an orange tree.

"Allow me," he said, presenting it to Rita. A buttonhole bouquet for my niece."

Up, up, they went in the train, over mountains and through clouds, until Rita wondered if her Uncle Ted's home were on a star.

When they reached the house at last she was very sleepy but not too sleepy to see that, as her mother had said, there were no fireplaces; the air was warm and fragrant instead of being crisp and cold and scented with spicy cedar and hot wax and other Christmas smells.

She could not help giving one or two sorrowful sniffs into her pillow after she went to bed; then she fell fast asleep.

The next morning she was awakened by the sound of Christmas greetings. Presently Uncle Ted burst into her room dressed in a bathrobe and a paper cap and blowing a bright horn.

"Put on your bathrobe and come out, Rita," she heard her mother call. "Don't dress."

Something in the happy voice made Rita's heart bound with hope. Perhaps it was going to be a real Christmas, after all. Uncle Ted tossed her to his shoulder, and away they went.

To Rita's surprise he did not stop in the sitting room, but kept on toward the front door. It seemed queer indeed to be going outdoors in a bathrobe Christmas morning. She was most astonished that ever when she found that the door led out to a wide-paved court full of palms and flower beds. In one corner there was a splashing fountain, and roses were everywhere.

But the sight that made Rita cry out with joy was a Christmas tree—yes, a Christmas tree standing there in the midst of all those flowers! It looked as if it had been there always.

Instead of candles red, yellow and pink roses were tied here and there. Strips of candy wrapped in silver paper took the place of pop corn; mysterious white parcels tied with red ribbon took the place of ornaments. There was a golden star at the very top, and all the dark branches were sprinkled with tufts of cotton that looked like powdered snow.

"Snow on roses doesn't sound very real, but it looks all right," said Uncle Ted.

Rita was almost crying with delight. "But I thought mother said there wouldn't be evergreen trees in South America!" she cried.

Uncle Ted laughed. "Sometimes we change things, down here, to suit North Americans," he said. "That tree came straight from Canada, roots and all—and just in time."

"I'm almost too happy to take the presents off," sighed Rita. "But anyway, let's begin."

Birds are good friends of the farmer and the gardener. When the glory of the Christmas tree is past encourage the children to set it up in the yard and fix it up as a feeding station for the birds.



25 Years

25 Years

Twenty-fifth Anniversary

The Spirit of Cheerful Service
Pervades this Store

Our helpers are your helpers. It is their wish and their desire to be of assistance to you—not in the purely commercial sense, but rather with the spirit of unselfish assistance. Let them help, let them suggest, let them direct you, let them answer your questions. In other words, they are ready and willing to do all they can in the service of "Real Helpfulness."

Season's 25 Years Greetings

We again have the opportunity and gladly avail ourselves of the privilege of expressing to our many friends and customers the season's greetings.

We thank you for the business with which we have been favored, and hope to serve you acceptably and to continue to enjoy your patronage as we have during the last twenty-five years.

This being our 25th anniversary in business, it gives us added pleasure in extending our "Greetings" and "Thanks"; 25 years of steady progress, each year showing splendid advances in volume of business and added list of new customers.

J. N. CURRIE & CO. AND STAFF

Store open every evening this week for the convenience of shoppers. The streets are well lighted; our store is brilliantly lighted; avoid the daytime rush.

Nearly every article in the store marked down; 1921 prices today, saving 20 to 50 per cent. Selling best of most desirable seasonable merchandise right now when goods are wanted. Let us show you what each week's change in prices does.

We replace no goods. We cannot replace at our selling prices, so take advantage of present opportunity.

J. N. CURRIE & CO.

25 Years

25 Years

AN OLD FABLE

Once upon a time two frogs fell into a jar of milk. One of them, being well frightened, croaked at the top of his voice for assistance. He did this until he was exhausted, then sank and was drowned. The other frog, seeing his friend's predicament, paddled until he had churned the milk into butter. Then he got on top of the butter lump and sat there until he got rested, and then hopped off.

MORAL—Stick to it and keep your courage up.—Ex.

AN ENIGMA

There is a young captain who lives in our town. Who thinks that his pips are the cause of renown. He's the boss at all dances wherever he goes. And he wears a soft hat and theatrical clothes. The first of his name he wears on his feet. The second he uses when taking a seat. Now all GLENCOE readers, please guess if you can. The name of this self-esteeming wonderful man.

The Transcript

Published every Thursday morning from The Transcript Building, Main Street, Glencoe, Ontario. Subscription—In Canada, \$2.00 per year; in the United States and other foreign countries, \$2.50 per year. Advertising—The Transcript has a large and constantly growing circulation. A limited amount of advertising will be accepted, at moderate rates. Prices on application.

Job Printing—The Jobbing Department has superior equipment for turning out promptly books, pamphlets, circulars, posters, blank forms, programs, cards, envelopes, office and wedding stationery, etc. A. E. Sutherland, Publisher.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1920

Over a thousand delegates attended the seventh annual convention of the United Farmers of Ontario held in Toronto last week. Secretary Morrison prefaced his annual financial report with an appeal to the delegates to realize their tremendous growth in recent months. If every member were to pay his dues he said the membership would reach sixty thousand.

There are some people always looking out for a slight. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot even receive a friend, they cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance on the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indignation makes them see impertinence in everybody with whom they come in contact. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offence have their momentary tactlessness mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take a more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, life takes its hue, in a great degree, from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men soon learn to be cold and cautious in their dealings with us.

Fresh Supplies in Demand—Wherever Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has been introduced increased supplies have been ordered, showing that wherever it goes this excellent Oil impresses its power on the people. No matter in what latitude it may be found, its potency is never impaired. It is put up in most portable shape in bottles and can be carried without fear of breakage.

Owing to unemployment in centres of population there are many men available for farm work. A large number of these men have had farm experience and their services are now available at moderate wages with board. Farmers who can usefully employ one or two of these men at this time will be rendering a service to the community as well as to themselves. Many farmers have repairs and other odd jobs which have been put off for years on account of the high cost of labor. This might be a good time to get caught up with work of this nature.

Farmers desiring help please communicate with your local Representative and state the nature of the work and wages you are willing to pay.

HONORABLE MANNING W. DOHERTY,
Minister of Agriculture.

R. A. FINN,
Agricultural Representative.



consists chiefly of Assam teas, the richest and strongest in the world—is full flavored and very economical. Never sold in bulk.

Farm Help

PREDICTS HORSES WILL YET OUST AUTOMOBILES

Calgary, Dec. 16.—Looking for a steady increase in the horse industry of Canada to such an extent that it would seriously affect the automobile and truck business of the country, and asking on behalf of the Dominion Department of Agriculture for expressions of opinion as to the use of horses from an economic standpoint as against motors, H. S. Arkell, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, voiced the opinion that the horse industry is one which is likely to come back to real prosperity in his address here before the annual meeting of the Western Canada Live Stock Union.

ADVERTISING AUCTION SALES

A farmer friend dropped into the office of an Ontario weekly newspaper, the other day and remarked that the auction sales which were advertised in the newspapers were much better attended than those where no such publicity was given. "The object of having an auction sale," he said, "is to sell as many articles at as high prices as possible and it stands to reason that the larger the crowd the greater the competition and the more the articles being under the hammer, and probably 100 persons will read the list of articles in the paper for the one who reads bills. Certainly one should insert the sale in the paper. It does not need any argument and the money is well spent if it only attracts one extra buyer."

MOTHER'S WORK

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.
Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only hush away;
Nobody pained by naughty idios,
Nobody—only mother.
Nobody knows of sleepless care,
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.
Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another.
Nobody knows of patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.
Nobody knows of anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.
Nobody kneels at the shrine above
To thank the heavenly Father
For the sweetest girl—a mother's love,
Nobody can—but mother.

In order that an amicable settlement may be reached between the county of Middlesex and the city of London, respecting the portion that each should bear of the cost of a new College of Education in the city, the county council appointed a committee to confer with the local board of education with a view to the adjustment of their relations which were strained when action was contemplated by the council and burning of county students from London schools was predicted.

EKFRID STATION

Mr. and Mrs. John Lee of London were recent visitors in the neighborhood.

W. R. McDonald is installing a chopping mill in his garage.

J. E. Campbell is able to be at work again after being laid up for a few days.

At the U. F. O. meeting on the 20th Bernie Galbraith gave an excellent report of the proceedings of the convention in Toronto last week. A sparrow match has been arranged, the losing side to provide the oyster supper. Lorne Eaton and Murray McCallum are captains.

Lorne Eaton has returned home after a lengthy visit with relatives in Toledo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunc. McTavish visited with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Black on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Switzer motored to London one day last week and report the roads in fair condition.

Harry Cornell is improving nicely after having broken a leg, and will soon be able to be around again.

Christopher McCallum attended the funeral at Strathroy of his aunt, the late Mrs. Ferguson.

STRATHBURN

The annual meeting of the South Ekfrid U. F. O. Club was held on Friday evening, Nov. 19. A large and very enthusiastic audience was present. The main feature of the evening was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: President, James McKee; vice-president, A. A. Berdan; secretary-treasurer, Alex. Coulthard; directors—J. S. McAlpine, George Thomas, R. D. Coad, D. A. Dobie, Peter Duncan; directors to Moss and Ekfrid co-operative, James Trevelyan and John Tait; delegates to Strathroy convention, Crawford Allan and Bert McEachern; delegate to Toronto convention, R. D. Coad. It was decided to hold a literary in connection with the club, to meet after the business part of each regular meeting. At the conclusion of the business part the ladies served lunch which was much enjoyed by all present.

No More Asthma. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy sounds the death knell of this trying trouble. It stops the awful-choking and painful breathing. It guards against night attacks and gives renewed ability to sleep and rest the whole night long. Much is claimed for this remedy, but nothing but what can be demonstrated by a trial. If you suffer from asthma try it and convince yourself of its great value.

"Dead" business men tell no tales. They don't advertise.

Unreasonable

"Daddy, I don't think mother knows much about raising children," said little four-year-old Dorothy.

"What makes you think so?" asked her father.

"Well, she makes me go to bed when I am wide awake and she makes me get up when I am awfully sleepy," was the reply.

Try a little advertising!

OPERA HOUSE

GLENCOE

Wednesday Night

December 29th --- 8.15

THE MOST SENSATIONAL FILM
OF THE SEASON

The Revenge of Tarzan

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan, back from his soft life in Europe and America, finds in The Jungle a series of adventures that will send thrills tingling down your spine.

SEE

The ape man call the beasts of the jungle
The wreck and explosion of the yacht
Tarzan swim miles to safety
Hundreds of wild beasts in their native haunts
Tarzan kill a full grown lion bare-handed
Tarzan hunt his food in the jungle

Stirring scenes in the Underworld of Paris
Also a 2-reel Christie Comedy

Special prices, 37c and 55c. This includes war tax.
Plan now open at Lumley's Drug Store.

SHIELDS SIDING

Remember our Christmas tree and entertainment on Thursday, Dec. 23. We are glad to see Mr. McBride home from the hospital.

The death occurred on Wednesday of last week of Miss Maggie Dewar, at the age of 85 years. The funeral was held on Friday to Kilmarin cemetery. Service in Kilmarin church. Sympathy is extended to her sister, Mrs. Hall, and other members of the family.

The U. F. O. held their meeting in the school house and chose R. L. McAlpine as delegate to the convention which was held last week in Toronto.

The U. F. O. shipped two carloads of hogs, cattle and sheep from here last week.

We are glad to say Ward Leitch is a little improved in health. His U. F. O. friends of No. 12 society remembered him in his trial by sending him a beautiful bouquet of pink and white chrysanthemums.

The Winningsdale Club U. F. O. held their social evening on Friday, Dec. 10th. A good program, consisting of songs, recitations, speeches, readings, a dialogue and violin and accordion selections, was enjoyed by all present.

The guessing contest on the pumpkin grown by J. D. McBride and donated by him to the Needle Club closed on Friday, Dec. 10. No one guessed the correct weight, which was 33½ pounds. Proceeds, \$7.70.

D. C. McTavish has purchased a new driver.

Dan McEachern of Flint, Michigan, visited his sister, Mrs. D. H. McLachlin, last week.

Willmore and Chester Anderson are spending a few days at their home here.

KILMARTIN

The death occurred at the home of Thomas Hall, Moos, on Monday, Dec. 13th, of his sister-in-law, Miss Margaret Dewar, aged 85 years. The funeral service was held in Burns' church on the following Wednesday. Interment was made in Kilmarin cemetery. Alex. Dewar of this place is a brother.

Misses Christina Little and Mary Munroe spent the week-end with friends at Glenholm and Ridgetown.

Miss Margaret Little is home from Ridgetown for the holidays.

John McGregor spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. McAlpine, at Alliance.

DAVISVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Armstrong spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. F. Watterson.

Plewis Hillman spent a few days in Toronto last week with the U. F. O. people.

The many friends of Miss Pearl Robinson were sorry to hear of her death which occurred Friday morning. Daniel King is not improving very fast.

APPIN

Mrs. Peter McArthur presided over last week's meeting of the Appin Women's Institute, which took place on Thursday evening and at which Miss Susan Blackburn of London was the speaker, giving a most delightful account of her year's stay in Japan. A brief musical program included a vocal solo by Mrs. McCollinghe, piano duets by the Misses Macfie and piano solos by the Misses Galbraith and McMaster. Charming little songs were also sung by Miss Olive Black and Master Earl Edwards.

Miss Nettie Whaley is home from the Normal school, London, for her holidays.

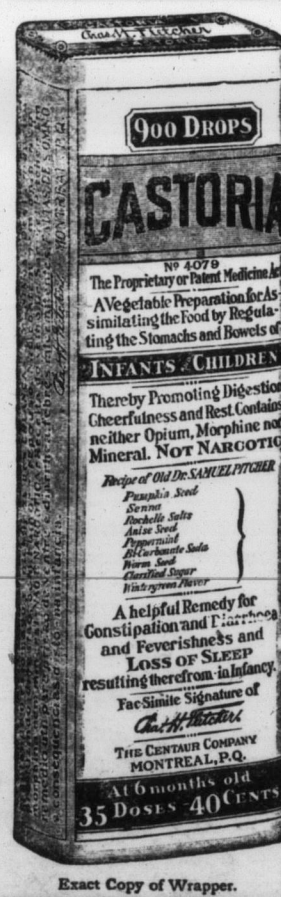
Miss Gertrude McGill is spending the Christmas holidays at her home here.

Miss Anna Farrell has been engaged as teacher in the junior room of S. S. No. 13 in the place of Miss Jean McLachlan, who has resigned.

A very large crowd attended the union Sunday school Christmas entertainment in the town hall here on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Glanfield of Jarvis returned to her home last week after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dan Galbraith.

Charles Black spent the week-end in London.



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature
of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Approachable and Considerate



134

THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal. OF CANADA Established 1864.
GLENCOE BRANCH. R. M. McPHERSON, Manager.
BOTHWELL BRANCH. H. R. LEWIS, Manager.
NEWBURY BRANCH. C. E. STEVENSON, Manager.
Safety Deposit Boxes to rent at Glencoe Branch.

Opera House

Saturday (Christmas Day) Afternoon and Night.
Don't miss the Special Matinee, 2.30. Children 11c, adults 16c.

JACK DEMPSEY

The picture they are all talking about, in DAREDEVIL JACK.
Chapter 6. EXTRA—

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

IN THE RINK. Don't fail to see Charlie on roller skates.
You will laugh till your sides are sore.

TEX of THE TIMBERLANDS

A red-blooded story of the great out-doors. Also a HAROLD
LLOYD COMEDY.

Don't miss this big double program. Night prices—adults 27c,
children 16c. Two shows—7.15 and 9. Come early.

See opposite page for particulars of Big Special Show Dec. 29th.

CHRISTMAS 1920

The President, Directors and Officers of

The Royal Bank of Canada

desire to offer to the Customers and Friends
of the Bank their Best Wishes for a Happy
Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

The Independent Garage

CHEVROLET SERVICE STATION

Now, wouldn't it be disgusting
to start that motor up next spring
and hear that same old knock!

Why not have it attended to
now? Our work is first class and
our prices are right.

We are in a position to supply
you with all the necessities which
you may require—oil, anti-freeze,
parts and accessories.

DOTTERER & EASTON
Phone 19

SUITER & McALPINE

Successors to
J. D. McKellar

Dealers in Highest Grade
of Bread and Pastry Flour,
Mill Feed, Seed and Pro-
duce, and all kinds of Grain
for Chicken Feed

Solicit a Share of Your Patronage

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

between
MONTREAL
TORONTO
DETROIT
and
CHICAGO

Unexcelled Dining-car Service.
Sleeping Cars on night trains and
Parlor Cars on principal trains.
Full information from any Grand
Trunk Ticket Agent or C. E. Horning,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
C. O. Smith, Agent, Glencoe; tele-
phone No. 6.

Chas Dean
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
LICENSED EMBALMER
Horse and Motor Equipment
Appin - Ontario

Born
MUNROE—On Sunday, December
2, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Mac, Munroe,
923 Tarriff Ave., Windsor, a son.

TOWN AND VICINITY

Tuesday was the shortest day of the
year.

Those who write it "Xmas" should
be made to pronounce it as they spell
it.

Too late now to do your Christmas
shopping early—but better late than
never.

The Glencoe Hockey Boys are giv-
ing a dance at the town hall on New
Year's eve.

D. R. Hagerty made a big shipment
of turkeys to London last week for the
Christmas market.

Only another week of leap year.
girls. Have you found out yet if
"Barkis is willing"?

The North Ekfrid boys have invita-
tions out for a dance at the town hall,
Appin, on Monday, Dec. 27.

Rev. Dr. McCrae of London preach-
ed in Glencoe Presbyterian church
Sunday morning and evening.

John Dalziel, the venerable clerk of
Lambton county, died at his residence
in Sarnia on Monday, in his 88th year.

Now that Santa Claus uses an aero-
plane it does not make so much differ-
ence whether there is snow for Christ-
mas or not.

Bruce McAlpine has taken over the
grain and coal and wood business
which he recently purchased from
Alex. McAlpine & Son.

The final meeting of the town coun-
cil for 1920 was held on Wednesday
evening. No business was transacted
other than passing a number of ac-
counts for payment.

Four freight cars were derailed in
the G. T. R. yards here last Wednes-
day morning, delaying traffic for a few
hours. The auxiliary was called to
straighten things up.

If you want to order a daily paper,
or renew a present subscription, let
the Transcript do it for you, and save
yourself the paper and envelope, post-
age stamp and postal note charges.

The ladies of the Tait's Corners W.
M. S. waited on Mrs. J. G. Lethbridge
recently and presented her with a life
membership in memory of her daugh-
ter Sadie, who died at Honan, China,
last July.

In the grouping of the O. H. A. In-
termediate series Glencoe is with
Strathroy, Sarnia and Watford. The
convenor is Reg. Brown of Watford.
The Glencoe games will be played at
Alvinston.

How is your supply of counter
check books? Let the Transcript fur-
nish you with these. Any style you
want at the traveler's price. Keep
your money at home; it will then
come back to you.

A large crowd attended the Method-
ist Sunday School entertainment, held
on Monday evening. The program,
which was creditably rendered, con-

sisted of drills, dialogues, recitations,
songs and violin and piano selections.

The marriage took place in Brook-
lyn, N. Y., of Florence, eldest daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Malone, Brook-
lyn, to Lachie, eldest son of Mr. and
Mrs. John L. McKellar, on Nov. 22nd.
The young couple will reside in De-
troit.

A number of young girls and ladies
gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
John Cowan last Friday evening 19 to
honor to their daughter Bessie, prior
to her marriage. During the evening
Mrs. W. Stuart, on behalf of the
gathering, presented Miss Cowan with
a silver tea service.

The Presbyterian Sunday school en-
tertainment held on Tuesday evening
proved to be a great success. An in-
teresting program, consisting of songs,
recitations, dialogues and violin and
piano solos, was highly appreciated.
John Strachan, superintendent of the
Sunday school, was chairman for the
evening.

The call from the Presbyterian con-
gregation to Rev. D. D. Paton of Dun-
fermline in the Presbyterian of Barrie
has been accepted and approved by the
Presbyteries interested. Mr. Paton's
induction will take place here on
Thursday, Dec. 30. After the induc-
tion ceremonies, the ladies of the con-
gregation will hold a reception in the
Sunday school hall and serve supper.

Anyone who owns Victory Bonds
should hold fast to them. This is the
worst possible time to sell them. If
you hold them they are worth to you
as much as ever they were; it is only
if you go selling now that their value
drops. Their value is down at pres-
ent because so many are selling these
bonds—so they are passing from the
hands of the many into those of the
few, which is a pity.

On Monday evening the Presbyter-
ian Young People's Guild held its first
meeting since reorganization. Splen-
did addresses were given by Miss K.
Steele on "Influence of Music on
Young People," by W. M. Leonard on
"Utility of Public Speech" and by
Warren McAlpine on "Religious Edu-
cation." An instrumental duet by
Misses Fern Graham and Jean Suth-
erland was well rendered. The next
meeting will be held on Monday, Jan.
3rd, for which a musical program is
being prepared.

The Daughters of the Empire have
awarded prizes to pupils of the Glen-
coe public school for the best essay
on "The Union Jack and What It Rep-
resents to Canada." The prizes were
awarded yesterday as follows:—4th
class—1st, Fred McRae; 2nd, Mabel
Wright; 3rd, Jack Hillman. 3rd class—
1st, Irene McCallery; 2nd, Gordon
McDonald; 3rd, Della Squire. 2nd
class—1st, Florence Hills; 2nd,
Katherine Leonard; 3rd, Mervia Stur-
art. The essays are reported to be
most excellent, and it is intended to
have the first prize essays published
in The Transcript at an early date.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Oranges, nuts, candies, peel, etc., at
Mayhew's.

Carload of coal expected this week.
—Bruce McAlpine.

Buy your Christmas candies, fruit
and nuts at George's.

Small square cook stove for sale.
Enquire at Transcript office.

Toys, fancy dishes and glassware at
reduced prices at Mayhew's.

Renew your daily paper subscrip-
tions at the Transcript office.

Chopping mill running daily. Corn
shelled.—R. E. Laughton, Glencoe.

For sale—used brick. Apply to
Clarence Nixon, Route 1, Glencoe.

Shoes, rubbers and overshoes are
acceptable Christmas gifts.—George's.

Candies, nuts, oranges and oysters
offering at close prices.—W. A. Currie.

Am still buying wheat at North
Glencoe.—J. D. McKellar; phone 623
ring 23.

A large assortment of slippers, suit-
able for Christmas presents, at
George's.

Pyrex transparent ovenware. See
our complete assortment.—Wright's
Hardware.

Found—purse containing small sum
of money, near English church corner.
—R. A. Eddie.

Grapes, oranges, lemons and can-
dies now offering at moderately low
prices, at W. A. Currie's.

Sum of money lost in Glencoe, on
street or in post office. Liberal re-
ward at Transcript office.

Highest prices paid for all kinds of
poultry. Call Bruce McAlpine or W.
Muirhead; phone 1673, or 73.

The annual Christmas entertain-
ment of the Tait's Corners Sunday
School will be held on Dec. 23.

For sale—celery, onions, cabbage
and a quantity of corn. Apply to Da-
vid Squire, Glencoe, phone 1411.

The Maggie Gray brick residence
and property to rent. Hydro con-
veniences. Apply at W. A. Currie's, 03.

For sale—rectory barn and lot on
Victoria street. Separately or to-
gether. Apply at Wright's store.

The North Ekfrid Pleasure Club will
hold an informal dance at the Town
Hall, Appin, on Monday, Dec. 27th.

For sale—baseburner, in first-class
condition; good as new; cheap for
quick sale.—Chaplin F. Bardwell, Appin.

See our display of electric irons,
toasters and grills. Prices right.—
Wright's Hardware.

For sale—one choice roan 18 mos.
old registered Shorthorn bull in good
condition.—William Switzer, Route 2,
Appin.

Currants and raisins at 25c per lb.;
shelled walnuts, almonds and pecan-
nuts, etc., for Christmas cooking, at
W. A. Currie's.

A Christmas tree and entertainment
will be held in S. S. No. 17, Mossa, on
Friday, Dec. 24. Good program. Ad-
mission, 25c and 15c.

Cut glass, Community silver and
1847 Rodgers' goods make useful
Christmas gifts. See them at Wright's
Hardware.

For sale—one 6 h.p. kerosene en-
gine, in good running condition. Come
in and make us an offer. Apply Chev-
rolet garage or phone 49.

Store open every night. Special
prices make quick selling. Prices 20,
30 and 50 per cent. off on goods you

RHEUMATISM FOR OVER 16 YEARS

No Return Of The Trouble
Since Taking "Fruit-a-lives"

108 CHURCH ST., MONTREAL.

"I was a great sufferer from Rheu-
matism for over 16 years. I consulted
specialists; took medicine; used
lotions; but nothing did me good.

Then I began to use "Fruit-a-lives",
and in 15 days the pain was easier
and the Rheumatism much better.
Gradually, "Fruit-a-lives" overcame
my Rheumatism; and now, for five
years, I have had no return of the
trouble. I cordially recommend this
fruit medicine to all sufferers."

P. H. Mc HUGH.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At all dealers or sent postpaid by
Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

want.—J. N. Currie & Co.
Skates, sleighs, flashlights, kiddie
cars, pocket knives and safety razors
make useful Christmas presents. Get
them at Wright's Hardware.

Having taken over the grain, seed
and produce business formerly carried
on by Alex. McAlpine & Son, I solicit
a share of your patronage. —Bruce Mc-
Alpine.

A meeting of the Beet Growers' As-
sociation will be held at the McKellar
House, Glencoe, this (Thursday) even-
ing at 8 o'clock. All beet growers are
requested to attend.

Having purchased and refitted the
large McAlpine House stables, I have
them open for public accommodation
for single or double teams, at moder-
ate charges.—Smith & Son.

Lost—between Melbourne and Glen-
coe, a brown paper parcel containing
articles of woman's apparel. Finder
please leave at Transcript office, or
phone John W. Mitchell, Glencoe.

The members of the Junior Auxil-
iary will give a national social in cos-
tume on Monday, Jan. 3rd, at 8 p. m.,
in St. John's school room. Readings,
recitations, dialogues and songs. Ad-
mission—adults, 25c; children, 15c.

The young people of S. S. No. 17,
Mossa, are putting on a play, "The
White Shawl," in the school house on
Friday evening, Dec. 24. This play is
being given in connection with the
Christmas tree being held there on the
same evening.

Lost—a valuable white and blue
beaded purse containing a sum of
money, between Tait's Corners and G.
T. depot, on Longwoods Road.
Valued as a keepsake. Liberal re-
ward if returned to Mrs. W. G. Poole
or left at Transcript office.

The next regular meeting of the
South Ekfrid U. F. O. Club will be
held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29.
The literary part of the program will
consist of reports of the delegates to
the convention at Strathroy and Tor-
onto, and good musical selections.

Having disposed of my interest in
the grain and produce business in
Glencoe to Bruce McAlpine, I take
this opportunity of expressing my
thanks to the public for the very lib-
eral patronage extended to me, and
bespeak for my successor the same
kindly treatment. I will be at the old
stand for a few days for the purpose
of settling outstanding accounts. Par-
ties indebted, please call.—Alex. Mc-
Alpine.

Whiskey is a great lubricant if you
happen to be going down hill.

Many a man fails in his business be-
cause he tried to construct long sen-
tences before he had learned the A.B.
C. of that business.

In order to provide employment for
idle men in the vicinity of London the
Department of Highways may under-
take at an early date the construction
of concrete pavements on two or
three of the principal highways enter-
ing the city. It is intended to pave
the Wharncliffe road as far as Lam-
beth and the Pipe Line road from the
city limits to Springbank. An effort
is being made to have the county
council join with the city council in
paving the latter road. That would
be a municipal undertaking, but a
government grant would be paid.

Miller's Worm Powders will clear
the stomach and bowels of worms, so
that the child will no more be trou-
bled by their ravages. The powders
are sweet to the taste and no child
will object to taking them. They are
non-injurious in their composition, and
while in some cases they may cause
vomiting, that must not be taken as a
sign that they are nauseating, but as
an indication of their effective work.

For 10 days only we are offer-
ing French Ivory, Watches, Dia-
monds, Clocks, Jewelry, Umbrel-
las, Silverware, Cut Glass, Hand
Painted China and Ladies' Hand
Bags and Purses at 10 per cent.
Discount. Buy at this store and
save money.

DAVIDSON - THE JEWELER

CREAM AND EGGS WANTED

Cream received, tested and paid for
daily at the Glencoe Butter Factory.
Phone 73 if you want our delivery
truck to call.

LAMBTON CREAMERY CO.
Alex. McNeil, Local Manager.

Lumley's Drug Store

is headquarters for the greatest assortment of Christmas goods ever shown in
Glencoe. Let us show these to you and we are sure you will agree with us
that for quality, general usefulness and daintiness nothing can excel them, also
the prices are right. Let us help you decide on that particular gift by giving
you a few suggestions:

When dancing
is delightful!



When you have a
Victrola to play for you
and can dance whenever
you want.
Come in and hear the
newest dance music on the

Victrola

We'll gladly play it for
you at any time.

A real
Christmas gift



For the Family
that prince of gifts, a
Victrola
and Victor Records,
which constitute the last
word in good music.

For Dad

Pipe, Cigars, Safety Razor,
Military Brushes, Shaving
Brushes, Travelling Sets, To-
bacco Jars, Shaving Mirrors,
Cigar Holders, Cigarette
Holders, Fountain Pens, Tie
Racks, Hat and Clothes
Brushes, Shaving Lotions.

For Mother,

Anything in Ivory or Ebony
such as Combs, Brushes,
Trays, Mirrors, Candlesticks,
Talcum Holders, Manicure
Pieces and Trays, Hat Brus-
hes, Photo Frames, Perfume
Bottles, Jewel Boxes, and
Clocks. Also solid silver
Nut Bowls, Card Trays, etc.
Bottles of Perfume, Note
Paper, Hot Water Bottles,
Toilet Sets in Mavis, Djer-
kiss, Zeta, Dreams and Ma-
halia, and boxes of Choco-
lates, and a good book.

For Him

Military Brush Sets in Ivory
or Ebony, Gold and Silver
Cigarette Cases, Cigars,
Pipes, Tobacco Jars, Cigar-
ette and Cigar Holders, a
good Book, Hat and Clothes
Brushes, Safety Razors,
Travelling Toilet Sets, Tie
Racks, After a Shave Toilet
Sets, and Flash Lights.

For Her

Ivory or Ebony Toilet and
Manicure Sets, Manicure
Rolls, Mirrors, Brushes,
Combs, Trays, Jewel Boxes,
Clocks, Talcum Holders,
Purses, Toilet Cases, Boxes
of Candy, Boxes of Note
Paper, Perfume and Toilet
Waters, Picture Frames, and
Ivory Candlesticks and
many other beautiful and
useful gifts.

For the Kiddies

Dolls, Rattles, Picture
Books, Books of Adventure,
etc.; Games, Steam Engines,
Steam Fire Engines, Electric
Motors, Old Mills, Pile Drivers,
Sands, Andys, Electric
Elevators, Trains on Track,
Alabama Jiggers, Automob-
iles; Toy Dogs, Horses,
Banks, and other toys too
numerous to mention.

P. E. LUMLEY

Phone 64-77

John Barleycorn is officially dead,
but his funeral expenses stagger hu-
manity.

We Carry
A Full Line

**Tin, Enamel and Galvanized
Ware, Sinks, Bathtubs, etc.**

Plumbing, Furnace-work, Roofing,
Eave-troughing, Repairing, etc.,
done by a Practical Mechanic.

J. M. Anderson
GLENCOE

Tinsmith Plumber

TOWNSHIP OF EKFRID
NOMINATION MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a meet-
ing of the municipal electors of the
Township of Ekfrid will be held in the
Town Hall in the Village of Appin at
the hour of one o'clock afternoon of
Monday, the 27th day of December,
1920, for the nomination of the candi-
dates for the offices of reeve and coun-
cillors to serve in the year 1921.
All persons interested will take no-
tice.

Dated at Ekfrid the 15th day of De-
cember, A. D. 1920.

A. P. McDougald, Township Clerk.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS
TOWNSHIP OF METCALFE

Notice is hereby given that a meet-
ing of the municipal electors of the
Township of Metcalfe will be held in
the Town Hall, Napier, on Monday,
the 27th day of December, 1920, at
the hour of one o'clock afternoon, for
the purpose of electing fit and proper per-
sons to serve as members of the mu-
nicipal council for the year 1921. And
further notice is hereby given that if
required a poll will be opened at 9 o'-
clock a. m. and kept open until 5 o'-
clock p. m. on Monday, the 27th day
of January, 1921, in the several polling
subdivisions within the said municip-
ality.

Dated this 13th day of December,
1920.

HARRY THOMPSON,
Clerk of the Township of Metcalfe.

Suitable Gifts

For the Season of Goodwill

Christmas Suggestions:

Right now our store is full of useful
Christmas gifts for any member of the
family.

Our stock of Silverware is now com-
plete, including Commu-
nity Plate in Adams
pattern, also Rogers 1847
in Old Colony pattern.

See our assortment of Casseroles, Pyrex Cooking-ware,
Flashlights, Pocket-knives, Gloves and Mitts, Skates and
Sleighs.

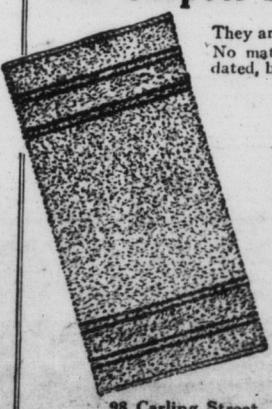
JAS. WRIGHT & SON.

STOVES AND RANGES PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

COUNTER CHECK BOOKS

Order your next lot of these at the Transcript Office

The Carpets You Throw Away!



They are the ones we want to save for you.
No matter how old, how dirty, how dilapi-
dated, by our process they can be woven into

**Velvety
Reversible Rugs**

that are good enough for the most
elaborate home.
You won't realize how good these
rugs really are until you see their
beauty and feel their softness under
your feet.

Send us this advertisement with your
name and address for a free booklet
with full information.

Tie a rope around the old carpet and
send it to



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS



Holiday Parties.

For the children's party, let's have an old-fashioned candy pull. We'll buy a gallon of molasses, a small quarter-pound candy box for each child, a package of oil paper and we're ready. Boil the molasses slowly for half an hour, then add one-half teaspoonful (level) of baking soda for each quart of molasses used, let boil until a sample turns brittle when dropped in cold water, pour into well-oiled pans. When cool enough to handle, take up in the hands, which must also be well oiled, and pull until light yellow in color; then twist in long strands, cut with

scissors into "drops" and pack them into the boxes, covering each layer with the oil paper. If sprinkled lightly with dry corn starch before packing, the pieces will be less apt to stick together.

Serve the children:

Thin Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Ginger Bread
Cut the sandwiches in fancy shapes, they are doubly attractive.
At the young people's evening party serve:

Celery and Nut Sandwiches
Fruited Ice Cream
White Cake
Cocoa

Celery and Nut Sandwiches—Mix finely chopped nuts and celery with salad dressing. Spread on very thin rounds of bread and put together as sandwiches.

Fruited Ice Cream—Sprinkle each serving of vanilla ice cream with a mixture of finely chopped candied orange peel, citron and pineapple.

In all parties given in the home, the decorations, flowers, pretty candle shades, attractive china and shining silver, give to the very simplest menu a seeming elaboration which, with the real hospitality always present at Christmas time, makes such a gathering long remembered.

she complained to him once, came back to her as she climbed into bed. "I've noticed young ones allus does about as you let 'em, and grown-up humans aren't so much different." Well, she was going to see that they all did differently in "Burton Twp. Dist. No. 3," from now on. And the "all" included the teacher.

A Christmas Carol.

The gates of Heaven were opened, And choristers came forth To sing the wondrous anthem Of "Peace, good-will on earth"; To frightened shepherds, watching, Came tidings, strangely true, That Christ was born in Bethlehem— And Christ was born for you.

A star shone in the heavens— A brightly glowing star To lead the wise men safely To Bethlehem, from afar. How humbly there they worshipped, Their starlit dreams came true— For Christ was born in Bethlehem— And He was born for you.

Since lowly men and sages Gave homage to the King, Shall we in later ages A meager tribute bring? We offer now devotion— While angel voices call— To Christ, Who came to Bethlehem, Who came to save us all.

Yuletide Gifts.

Shall I pass heedless on my way, Because I lack the rich man's store, Or halt, with mournful face, and say, "I cannot give, for I am poor"?

No! God forbid! What can I give? A thousand kindly words, a smile, That glows as gold may shine and live To cheer a brother's weary mile.

And I can give respect, and true, Strong praise to him who strives in vain. Oh, I can give forgiveness, too— And call my lost friend back again!

above all the others when time for singing rolled round.

"Well, you know, Will just loves music," Martha explained. "He hummed tunes before he could talk, mother says. And he only has to hear a tune once to whistle it. Once when father had a good year and was feeling happy he drove us over to the Newton Christmas tree. Willie learned the tunes there, and an organ peddler who got dinner here last summer gave him an old hymn book. He found the words in there. Didn't he sound fine?" Martha's tone held a wistful note.

"He was wonderful." Teacher's honesty was unmistakable. "It was better than the boy soloist at home." "There's mother calling me," Mar-



My Gift.

When Santa Claus is hitching up
The reindeers to his sleigh,
I'm going to bring a great big bag
Of love to him, and say:

"Dear Santa Claus, please take this bag,
And on each Christmas tree,
Tie just a little bunch of love
Fast with a memory."

To you, dear friend, I wish the best
Of all good gifts that are,
Good health, and wealth, and fame, and love,
The last most precious far.

So search ye closely every branch
When candles bright the tree,
And you will find my bit of love
Tied with a memory.



The Shepherd King.

Shepherds watching their flocks by night
Saw a strange star shining bright,
Sent to guide them away to the spot
Where the dear child Jesus was born to His lot.

There with His mother in a manger
Of hay
Pure as the dawn the sweet infant lay;
Angels, rich blessings had brought
Sent down from God to the Infant of Love.

Lowly His dwelling and lowly His birth,
Born to bear sorrow and shame on this earth;
Bearing His burdens and bearing the cross;
Counting the riches of this world as dross.

High in the heavens this Child hath a place
The throne of God the Father to grace;
Meekly and gently He watches his sheep;
Blessed are those whom this Shepherd doth keep.



Novel Ways of Distributing Gifts.

If Santa Claus and all the Christmas trees should go on strike this year and refuse to have anything to do with presents, there are any number of other ways to distribute them, jolly and original ways too, that are not much trouble or expense.

How delighted the family will be on Christmas morning, especially the children in the family, to see the big living-room table apparently snow-bound. The whole surface is covered with a layer of white cotton batting sprinkled with artificial snow, and rising out of the snow are just as many sparkling snow-covered mounds as there are members of the family. On each snowy hill a tiny white-clad Eskimo sits or slides, and each hill is likewise marked by a ray red-lettered sign bearing the name of the owner.

Lifting the imaginary blanket of snow—in reality a blanket of sheet wadding be-sprinkled with artificial snow—each person discovers a cache of gifts.

If there is a dog in the household you can plan a fine surprise for the children. Christmas morning he may come trotting in wearing a wee red jacket and a collar of tiny jingling bells. He makes the rounds, and each person is entitled to one bell, but must pick out the one tagged with his or her name. The other side of the tag mentions the place where that person's gifts are concealed. One label may state, "The lowest shelf of the china closet," another will say, "Under the hall table," and so on.

A very simple way which makes the presents last a long time is to put them all beforehand into a big clothes basket, decked with ground pine or other Christmas greenery. When it is time to have the presents the basket is brought in to occupy the centre of the room, and the folks all sit in a circle around it. One at a time, in turn, draws a package, looks at the name, and hands it to the proper owner, all watching while it is opened.

This makes the opening of the parcels a long-drawn-out sweetener, and everyone shares in everyone else's joy.

The kiddies will love a Christmas ship, its decks loaded with golden packets. If there is a toy ship in the playroom or among the gifts of the day, it is not difficult to arrange it on a table, trim it with a bit of holly, and heap its decks with the Christmas presents tied up in gilt and silver paper to seem more treasure-like. A small boy in his sailor suit may be chosen to help unload it, or a real sailor uncle or cousin among the grown-ups.

Almost every family has a toy express cart, and this can be easily be made effective as the centre of the occasion. To each corner of the cart, fasten upright a tiny evergreen tree, or merely a branch decked with a few shining ornaments or colored balls. Spread the centre of the cart with a yard or so of scarlet paper or cloth to hang over the edges. On top of it in the cart, sheltered by the four little corner trees, pile the presents.

Quite a pretty way to have the presents on Christmas Eve is to arrange in a burning row, on the mantel, a candle for each person, corresponding to age or size. Thus, Baby may have one of those very wee ones, the older children may have graduated sizes—Father may have a very tall one, Grandma, who is portly, may have one of those plump bedroom candles, and so on. Each candle has on it a ribbon bow of distinguishing color, and all the presents that can be found about the room, tied with that particular color, belong to the owner of the candle.

Some time ask each member of the family to do his or her own packages up in a distinctive way. Maybe Aunt Mary will tie hers all in green; Cousin Jane may use yellow raffia to tie hers; Mother may choose gray paper and orange ribbon; some joking brother could use newspapers.

A very simple and happy plan is to assign each person a chair with a green wreath hung on the back, from which a gay red holiday balloon sways cheerily in air. On the seat of the chair arrange the gifts that are coming to its assignee.

Took Her at Her Word.

"What was his present, dear?" asked a chorus of female voices on Christmas Day. "Was it a pearl brooch or a bracelet, or was it a diamond tiara?"

The fair fiancée's eyes, which lately had glittered with glowing anticipations, grew moist.

"It was—something!" she replied. "Not anything?" cried her friends. "Oh, the brute! How did it happen?" "Well, you see," explained the bitterly disappointed one, the tears now burning through their barriers, "he asked me what I wanted, and I told him I'd love him just as much if he didn't get me anything—and so he—he d-didn't!"

She Knew What She Wanted Anyway.

One man said to another in the first weeks of December, "What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present?"

Around the Christmas Table

Christmas Holidays are looked forward to for a year, looked back upon for at least six months—often for a life time. These are festive days and every gathering of family and of friends can bring delight to the soul of each one present. Properly planned meals unobscure the bars and open up each period of the day to the spirit of joyousness. And at this more than any other time in the year, for physicians claim that after the holidays they have a heavy rush of business due to troubles following or accompanying indigestion. Teachers dread the first week in the New Year, for children go back to school heavy and listless.

When the children come home, we plan a host of festivities, the little children's party, the young people's party, the meeting of the Farmers' Club, the afternoon "coffee" when old friends unite; from Christmas Day to New Year's Day, a round of reunions.

Do not put all the gifts on the Christmas tree. Save a small joke for each one at the breakfast table. Give Father a small Holstein cow, for he just will have thoroughbred stock you know; a china pig bank, for Donald who joined the pig club last spring; a little rolling-pin for sister who loves to cook; and for mother, a beautiful blossom.

Christmas Breakfast. The Christmas breakfast should be attractive and simple, the table set with the prettiest dishes. There are so many things to talk over and the children are so excited and happy, we need only simple food, so we'll just have this:

Baked Prunes
Cereal with dates
Toast
Coffee

Baked prunes require no sugar so they are first washed carefully, then put to soak over night, and the next day put in a covered casserole or earthen baking dish and baked slowly in the water. When done, they are soaked for a few minutes in a little sugar and water. All when it is cooked this way is developed. Cereal cooked in milk is delicious. Use one-fourth water and three-fourths milk and cook the cereal as you always do. A few dates cut fine and cooked with it give it an ideal flavor and you will not have to coax Bobby to eat it.

After breakfast, each one clears his own place, for mother and the girls have dinner to prepare, and we want them all to share in the pleasures of the day.

Christmas Dinner.
Clear Tomato Soup
Dressing
Roast Goose
Apple Rings
Mashed Potatoes
Celery and Onion Puffs
Pickled Beets
Jellied String Bean Salad
Graham Wafers
Thousand Island Dressing
Pumpkin Custard with Whipped Cream
Coffee
Salted Nuts
Raisins

Christmas evening, when the family come in from sledding and skating and everyone is happily tired, nothing tastes better than a lunch of

Cream of Potato Soup
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Cookies
Hot Baked Apples
Perhaps you will like to have these recipes:

Clear Tomato Soup.—Cook together half an hour, one can of tomatoes, one and one-half quarts of soup stock, one tablespoon chopped onion, one-half bay leaf, six cloves, one teaspoon celery seed and one-half teaspoon pepper corns. Strain and serve with

Bread Sticks.—Cut stale bread in strips four or five inches long and one-half inch wide. Spread with melted butter and brown in the oven.

Apple Rings.—Pare, core and slice one-third inch thick, some tart apples. Place the slices in the oven in the pan with the goose about twenty minutes before serving. They should not be too well cooked.

Celery and Onion Puffs.—Cook one quart diced celery and small onions until tender. Mix with a pint of white sauce. Add two tablespoons chopped pimiento. Serve in puffs made like this: ½ cup butter, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup flour, 4 eggs. Put butter and boiling water in a saucepan; when boiling hard add the flour all at once. Stir until the mass leaves the sides of the pan and clings to the spoon in a ball. Take from stove, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Drop from the end of a spoon in rounds on a greased baking sheet or oiled paper, about two inches apart. Bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Cut off tops of puffs, fill with the creamed vegetables.

Jellied String Beans.—Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one-half cup of cold water. Add one pint of boiling water, three-fourths cup of sugar, one-half cup of lemon juice. Pour grapes, string beans in a mould. Pour gelatin over. Chill and serve with dressing.

A Sermon on Christmas.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon," with that famous paragraph beginning "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less," is known to all readers. If any criticism can be against it, it is that it is not a sermon on Christmas, as the name would seem to indicate, but merely a sermon originally preached at Christmastide. Below is a little sermon on Christmas which was written by that master of English prose the late Hamilton W. Mabie. It forms part of an introduction once prepared by him for a volume of Christmas pieces:

The long line of Christmas fires glows like a great truth binding the fleeting generations into a unity of faith and feeling. When we light our fire we are one with our ancestors of a thousand years ago; we evade the isolation of our time and escape its provincial narrowness; we rejoin the race from whose growth we have unconsciously separated ourselves; we open long-unused rooms and are amazed to find how large the house of life is and how hospitable. It has heart room for all experience and for every kind of emotion; for the thoughts that move in the order of logic; for the emotions that rise and fall like great tides that flow in from the infinite; for the vigor that is born of will, and for the power evoked by discipline. It is when the different ages, with their diversities of interest and growth, send their children to sit together before the Christmas fire that we realize how wide life is and how impossible it is for any age to compass it. The faith against which one age shuts the door stands serene and smiling in the centre of the next age; the joy which one generation denies itself lies radiant on the face of a later generation; the imagination which the reign of logic in one epoch sends into the wilderness returns with full hands to be the master of a wiser period.

Before the Christmas fire that for two thousand years has sunk into embers to blaze again into a great light at the end of the twelfth month, men are not only reunited in the unbroken continuity of their fortunes but in the wholeness of their life in their power of vision as well as of sight, in their power of feeling as well as of thought, in their power of love as well as of action. This large hospitality of the Christmas fire, before which kings and beggars sit at ease and every human faculty finds its place, makes room for every gift and grace; for reason,

with severe and wrinkled face; for sentiment, tender and reverent of all sweet and beautiful things; for the imagination, seeing heavenly visions, and the fancy catching glimpses of quaint or grotesque or fairylike images, in the flame; for poetry, singing full-throated with Milton, or homely, familiar and domestic with the makers of the carols; for the storyteller, spinning their fascinating tales within the circle of the embracing glow; for humor, full of smiles or filling the room with Homeric laughter; for the players, whose mimic art shows the manger, the shepherds and the kings to successive generations crowding the playhouse with the eager joy of children or with the sacred memories of age; for the preachers, to whom the season brings a text apart from the disputes and antagonisms of the schools and churches; for companies of children, impatiently waiting for the mysterious noise in the chimney, and for greybeards recalling old days and ways—Yule logs, country dances, waits singing under the frosty sky, stage-coaches bearing guests and hampers filled withainties to country houses standing with open doors and broad hearths for the fun and frolic, the tenderness and sentiment, the poetry and piety of Christmastide.

The Christmas Candles.

The Christmas candles burn and glow, And scatter starlight, every one; They never thought that they would have

Such fun.
They waited, lying white in rows In a tight box upon the shelves, Frightened a bit perhaps (who knows?)
Themselves;

Until at last, like cherrybloom, They blossomed on our Christmas tree, And, looking out around the room, Saw me!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within, Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin, Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right, Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light, Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

To You and Yours.

May Christmas Day
A blessing prove
To you and yours
And all you love.

May Christmas Day
A blessing prove
To you and yours
And all you love.

The Poison of Poison Ivy.

Chemical experts have discovered that the poison of poison ivy is one of the most powerful known in the vegetable world. People have been known to die from too liberal a contact with it. It is present in all parts of the plant, and if taken internally is extremely dangerous. Children are sometimes poisoned by eating the ripe berries.

It is described as a violent irritant poison—an oily substance, the slightest trace of which on the skin will produce severe inflammation. Some persons are more sensitive to it than others, but nobody is immune.

Ivy poisoning may be contracted by touching shoes or clothing that has been in contact with the plant. Dogs or other animals may in like manner convey it. Even fire does not destroy the poison.

Often it happens that people gathering autumn leaves in the woods bring home with them branches of poison ivy or poison sumac and stick them around in vases. A whole family may thus become afflicted. The ivy and the sumac, by the way, are closely related, and both have the same poison.

No sooner is the character of the plant discovered—perhaps a day or two later, when symptoms develop—then, very likely, haste is made to throw them into the fire. This may make matters worse than ever, if any body is exposed to the smoke, because the latter will carry the poison.

The usual symptoms of ivy poison are itching and burning, with the formation of blisters. It is very distressing when severe. The thing to do, when exposure is suspected, is to wash the skin with a thick lather of laundry soap and hot water. The finger nails especially should receive attention, lest they transfer the poison to other parts of the body. But don't scrub lest the poison be rubbed in. This is hard advice to follow.

Cold and Colors.

It is not a matter of fashion, or—as some think—that girl should not show so easily, that for winter wear dark colors are chosen.

Experience, quite apart from scientific color knowledge, has proved to us that dark clothing is the warmest. Black will absorb all the heat possible from the sun's rays, and will not, like white, throw off the heat.

Next to black in point of warmth comes violet or purple, then blue, green, and red. Yellow and white are at the bottom of the list.

If two pieces of cloth, one white and the other black are laid upon snow, the curious effect can be observed that in a few hours the snow under the black cloth will have melted, while there will have been little or no change under the white.

The psychological effect of wearing white in winter has also been noted. A football team wearing white jerseys look colder and feel colder than a team which is wearing dark colors. Cricketers don't wear white flannels because they look nice or afford a pleasant contrast to the green sward, but because white is a cold color, and keeps the sun's rays off.

It might be thought that black underwear would be ideal for the winter, but not so. The black would absorb so much heat from the body that we would shiver and feel that effect very much. White, being a bad conductor of heat, is the best for winter underwear, and next to it comes the "natural" colors—grey, etc.

Air Freight Lines.

England is credited with now being the nation in the front rank as to aviation, and is not only leading all the rest in the development of military craft, but passengers and express as well. In 15 months, the record shows 82,000 passengers and 200,000 pounds of freight travelled 1,000,000 miles in 48,000 flights. The package rate is comparatively low, and also a great saving in time can be shown. For I recall sending a suitcase in 1913 from Rome to London by the fastest rail express, and the surprise I caused by demanding an investigation when it had not reached its destination after 29 days en route.

In fifteen months the fatalities are reported to be only one for every 1,500 flights.

The trans-ocean passenger schedule, which was so confidently predicted as almost ready several years ago, is ill remote. It will doubtless come some day, but it is yet a long way off, in spite of the fact that a round trip from London to Paris (574 miles) can be made in six hours instead of 24, at a cost of about \$90 for plane, against \$40 by rail. The aero company which is operating a passenger service between Key West and Havana charges \$150 for one passenger one way from New York to Boston (260 miles).

The British Aircraft Ministry is quoted as saying, "There is a wonderful future for aircraft," to which the average man will heartily agree.

Work is the grandest cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—Carlyle.

When you see an idle young man you see a needy old man in the making.

Before the war Belgium was the third shoe-making country in the world, producing about 200,000 tons of unmanufactured shoe per year, of which 70 per cent. was exported.

A STYLISH COSTUME



No. 9733—Ladies' Waist. Price, 30 cents. Back and side accented pleated or plain; two styles of sleeve. In 7 sizes, 34 to 46 ins. bust. Size 36, with accented-pleated sections, 3 1/2 yds. 36 ins. wide, or 3 yds. 40 ins. wide; with plain sections, 1 1/2 yds. 36 ins. wide, or 1 1/2 yds. 40 ins. wide.

No. 9675—Ladies' Camisole Skirt. Price, 30 cents. To be worn with overdress; 37 or 35-inch length from waistline. In 7 sizes, 34 to 46 ins. bust. Size 36 requires, 37-inch length, 2 1/2 yds. 36 or 40 ins. wide; 35-inch length, 2 1/2 yds. 36 or 40 ins. wide. Width, 1 1/2 yds.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer or from the McCall Co., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Dept. W.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS

The ailments of childhood—constipation, indigestion, colic, colds, etc.—can be quickly banished through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which instantly regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach. They are guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs and can be given to the youngest baby with perfect safety. Concerning them, Mrs. Alcide Legasse, Ste. Beatrix, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets were of great help to my baby. They regulated her bowels and stomach and made her plump and well." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

According to Paris manufacturers, embroidered hand-woven fabrics are to be the chief characteristic of the fashions next spring. Flounces, frills, cuffs and collars will be adorned with the beautiful handwork beloved by the women who lived in the middle of the last century.

Minard's Liniment For Dandruff.

We do willingly nothing that is troublesome. But consider the converse of that remark: Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

It is really hard to believe how little some people know about the most elemental matters of health, and about ordinary precautions that should be taken in maintaining health and preventing the spread of disease.

At the Toronto Exhibition this fall, a woman visiting the Provincial Board of Health's Exhibit, noticed the windows raised in one of the sections where child-welfare was being demonstrated. "Now, that would just cause a draught," she exclaimed to a friend, "and it is the way one catches colds." But fresh air is absolutely necessary to good health, and even in the coldest weather draughts can be avoided while admitting fresh air. This may be done by having double windows, or one or more double panes, and providing an opening at the bottom of the outer and at the top of the inner one, so as to admit fresh air in an upright current. Another method is to place a board beneath the lower sash, propping it up and filling in the space below while providing a way for an upward draught between the two sashes.

I was recently in a house where there were several children as well as the father and mother, and on coming in from the fresh air to the kitchen, where the greater part of the time was spent, it felt like an oven. Double windows were used, but they were both tightly closed and no fresh air was being admitted. A sick baby was in a cradle beside the kitchen stove, and wrapped up in blankets like an Arctic explorer. The baby was perspiring freely, but the mother thought she must not let any fresh air into the house lest the child should catch cold. Some people seem to have a deep-rooted objection to fresh air, one of the most powerful agents in existence for maintaining health, and restoring the sick when they fall ill.

Tuberculosis is unfortunately a common disease, world-wide in its prevalence, and one which has directly or indirectly brought sickness and bereavement to many homes. Yet how often do we find instances even in this enlightened land of Canada, where the danger of allowing it to spread is not understood or appreciated. One of the Provincial Health nurses

GUNS

A special lot of used guns in good condition at very low prices. Send for List.

THE D. PIKE CO., LIMITED

123 King St. E., Toronto.

Initiative.

Opportunity is looking for the man with initiative. She needs him even more than he needs her. And who is the man with initiative? Simply the man who can do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, without being told. He is the man who does not wait upon his "boss" to tell him how, when and what—to do. He relies on his "boss" to tell him what, but not to make his plans.

If you follow instructions, and follow them well, you are above the average; there will always be a place for you in the world of affairs. But, if you can exceed your instructions in doing the things that ought to be done, then you are among the chosen minority. Destiny has picked you for special preference—you have initiative.

Initiative is the power to create, all else is but the ability to imitate. And for every man who can create an idea, there are a thousand who can skillfully imitate it. For each person who can move forward on his own impulse, there are scores who can go ahead only if some one else will supply the impulse. This is the same as saying that real initiative is very rare; therefore it is in great demand.

We need in this world the men who can "carry the message to Garcia," but still more do we need the man who can furnish the message.

Cultivate, therefore, the habit of being a self-starter both in thought and action. I give you a simple test: think of one new thing, to-day, which you can do for your company's interests. Then do it.

That will be initiative; and you will find that it is made up of about one part superior ability and three parts superior determination. Repeat, the test to-morrow, the next day, and the day after, until it becomes the habit of your thought and life to explore new fields and break down old ones. That will make of you a success as your own taskmaster, which is the first great stepping-stone to other successes beyond.

Books Hold Their Own.

We who live more or less among libraries, public and private, wonder what we would have done in our mental provender in those bygone ages of action when any one who wanted a book was forced to get a clerk or a monk or a slave and have it copied out by hand. A book then was an almost priceless possession; and we do not highly regard what is committed to paper in this era of comparative plenty and of quick-action presses. But if the physical valuation of a book is slighter, it is a

fact for rejoicing that the benefits of good literature are so widely diffused and that whereas a book of old was a rich man's treasure to-day it may be any poor man's friend.

The world was never so turbulent, so anxious, so busy, getting and spending, we rush about, and trample under, and strive for a place of vantage and a hearing in the crowd of fretful mortals. We need to sit down with a book now and then, in a great calm, and listen to a voice of the spirit that speaks from somewhere outside the immediate business. We cannot get away from our dependence on the comfort and encouragement, and inspiration to be found in the friendly society of a good book.

Much of the world is still at war, and humanity has not yet made an end of inflicting misery upon humanity. The first prayer of stricken and wandering thousands is for the daily bread. But after the satisfaction of the body's needs the spirit has its imperious craving to be fed. As soon as peace comes there is a desire re-awakened for the things of beauty and of truth to which art in every form has given expression, and man must be turned away from guns and powder to good books.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS

Care of Home and Children Often Causes a Breakdown.

The woman at home, deep in household duties and the cares of motherhood, needs occasional help to keep her in good health. The demands upon a mother's health are many and her children's welfare exact heavy tolls, while hurried meals, broken rest and much indoor living tend to weaken her constitution. No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, headaches, back-aches and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many and varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and relief at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill she must make her blood rich to renew her health.

The nursing mother more than any other woman in the world needs rich blood and plenty of it. There is one way to get this good blood so necessary to perfect health, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood and through their use thousands of weak, ailing wives and mothers have been made bright, cheerful and strong. If you are ailing, easily tired or depressed, it is a duty you owe yourself and your family to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. What this medicine has done for others it will surely do for you.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Little-Known Iceland.

The government of Iceland will be in the market for a loan as soon as the project of expenditure is approved by the house of parliament, which is Denmark. It should certainly get it without trouble, for if there is a country on earth to which it is safe to lend money it is Iceland.

Iceland is a country nearly twice the size of Nova Scotia, of which about half is available for tillage or pasture. Its mountains, of which there are an abundance, provide it with a great amount of water power, which its people desire to utilize. The loan will be sought for the purpose of installing hydro-electric power plants. Iceland lies just south of the Arctic circle, in the latitude of Central Alaska, Norway, Sweden and Finland. The people are a sturdy lot or they would not be there. There is possibly no other people who are so uniformly intelligent and well educated. To what purpose they intend to direct the great amount of water power which they say exists in the country we do not know, but our conception of the character of the Icelanders is such that if they agree that they have the power and can make profitable economic use of it we should accept their judgment and lend them the money if we have it.

When ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

Ruth's Way.

Young Smith, who was very much in love with Ruth, had duly made his declaration and had been by the young lady referred to her father. When the youth entered the father's library he was received civilly and listened to with great patience.

"It's all right, so far as I am concerned," said the father finally, as he reflectively stroked his beard. "I am afraid, however, that Ruth will not marry you."

Smith grew pale. "Please don't say that!" he exclaimed. "Has she—has she said anything to you to that effect?"

"No but from my knowledge of Ruth I may say that if she wanted you she would have taken you without referring you to me."

Doing good is the shortest road to becoming good! Try it!

A man cannot be honest alone. He must have courage and brains as well. Honesty, courage, brains—that is the order.—Theodore Roosevelt.

AUTO SPARE PARTS

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Purpose.

An English clergyman arriving late one evening at a railway station in London, jumped into a cab, merely telling the cabman to drive as fast as he could. After some time, impatient at not reaching his destination, he called to the driver and asked what he was doing. "I am obeying orders, sir, driving like fury," was the answer. "But you have not," taken me to my home," remonstrated the clergyman. "You didn't tell me where you lived," said the cabman. "You told me to drive you just as fast as I could, and I am doing it!"

Many of us are like this clergyman. We have neglected to mark out our life course; we have no definite object, no particular destination in view. We are "bound nowhere at full speed."

The title of the song so popular a few years back, "I Don't Know Where I'm Going, But I'm on My Way," would very aptly describe the mental attitude of thousands of young men and young women who are just starting out for themselves, but don't know where they're going. They have vim and courage and ability aplenty, and could make a splendid success of their lives, but they will fail for lack of a definite purpose, one all-absorbing aim into which all the energy of their life should be poured.

A man starting in life without a definite aim is like a ship that should start out on the ocean without chart or compass, or any definite port in view.

The failure army is full of people who drifted through life without any plan, without heading for any goal in particular. Half the human race is adrift, without aim or purpose, living an unplanned, hand-to-mouth existence. There are millions of human beings on the sea of life, sailing aimlessly, without chart or compass, and yet they wonder why they never get anywhere.

With a definite goal in view and an inflexible determination to reach it, you will win out, though the whole world should try to hold you back.

Making Joss Sticks.

The composition of the candles called joss sticks, which are used in all the religious ceremonies of Buddhism, has long remained a mystery, the preparation of the sticks being entrusted to certain persons chosen from a limited class. Not long ago, however, there was learned the manner of making joss-sticks in Indo-China. A stem of bamboo is rolled in a preparation containing fourteen different odoriferous drugs, two of which are significant, as showing a knowledge of chemical and physical properties. These are acetic, which serves to protect the sticks against the attacks of rats and mice, and camphor, which causes them to burn steadily without being periodically extinguished.

One of the best known guides in Nova Scotia gives this testimonial of MINARD'S LINIMENT: "I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my home, hunting and lumber camps for years and consider it the best white liniment on the market. I find that it gives quick relief to minor accidents, such as sprains, bruises and all kinds of wounds. Also it is a great remedy for coughs, colds, etc., which one is liable to catch when log driving and cruising during the winter and spring months. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT and cannot recommend it too highly."

(Signed) Ellison Gray, East Kempton, N.S., Feb. 24, 1920.

What He Thought.

At last little David John was allowed to visit Grandpa all alone. They were great friends and had long waited for the great day. David John had the time of his life. Grandpa saw that he wanted for nothing. The small boy gobbled cake and pie to his heart's content, while his pockets bulged all the time with sweets. But there comes an end to everything and David John went home again, pale yellow of complexion, and languid and feverish. Mother promptly sent for the doctor, who ordered him to bed and sent him some very disagreeable medicine. Grandpa came next day and was permitted to creep upstairs to see how the sufferer was faring. He found the small boy lying wan and pale on his pillow, but received a watery smile of welcome. "Oh, Grandpa," said the weak little voice, "I've been awfully sick, but it was worth it."

Coughs and colds sneezes and sniffles quickly yield to

BAUME BENGUE

The relief is most gratifying and so refreshing.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES \$1.00 a tube. THE LEONARD HILLS CO., LTD. 1157 BAYVIEW AVE. TORONTO, CAN. RELIEVES PAIN

ISSUE No. 52-20.

BITS OF HUMOR

FROM HERE & THERE

Suiting Him.

Official at Herald's College—"You'll want a coat of arms, sir, of course."

New Knight—"Coat! Put me down for the 'ole suit—I can afford it!"

The Most Important!

Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains. The canny Scot replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

Mean Parents.

"Well," remarked Tommy Stubbs, "you can say what you like, but I reckon your father's about the meanest man that ever lived. Fancy him letting you walk about in them old boots, and him a bootmaker, too!"

"Garn!" replied Bobby Roberts, "my father ain't so mean as your father, anyway. Why, fancy him being a dentist and your baby's only got one tooth!"

All Meal Time.

A farmer who went to see the sights of London engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for meals.

"We have breakfast from eight to eleven, lunch from eleven to three, tea from three to seven and dinner from seven to ten."

"When the dickens am I going to get to see the sights?" exclaimed the farmer in surprise.

Only a Dud.

While he was making his way about his platoon one dark night a sergeant heard the roar of a "G. I. Can" overhead and dived into a shell hole. His head knocked the wind out of a private who already occupied the hole. There was a moment of silence, a long, deep breath, and then:

"Is that you, Sarge?"

"That's me."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the private feverishly. "I was just waiting for you to explode."

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies?

Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed Mailed Free to any Address by the Author.

Dr. C. J. Glover, D.V.M., 118 West 41st Street, New York, U.S.A.

SHILOH

30 STOPS COUGHS

Aticura

Is so soothing and cooling for baby's tender skin after a bath with Cuticura Soap.

See 25c. Outset 25c. and 50c. Tubes 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: 144 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without stung.

Talcum

Is so soothing and cooling for baby's tender skin after a bath with Cuticura Soap.

See 25c. Outset 25c. and 50c. Tubes 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: 144 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without stung.

ONLY TABLETS MARKED

"BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"

For Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, and for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, take Aspirin marked with the name "Bayer" or you are not taking Aspirin at all.

Accept only "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken "Bayer" package.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must buy "Bayer" Aspirin.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacturing of Monacopolis, Germany. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacturing, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

package which contains complete directions. Then you are getting real Aspirin—the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over fifteen years. Now made in Canada. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Drugists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

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What Shall I Give?

AND ONLY ONE DAY MORE BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

An hour or two spent in our store will make Christmas giving the pleasure it is meant to be. We have helped you this year to solve your gift problem. We have assembled bountiful stocks of carefully selected things that make appropriate and satisfactory gifts. Everything is arranged for easy selection. Plenty of courteous, attentive, salespeople are here to serve you.

The unusually reduced prices will enable you to remember everyone without exceeding the amount you have set aside for this purpose.

Cut prices on all Peels, Raisins, Currants, Oranges and Christmas Candies.

PRICES REDUCED TO HALF ON ALL COATS

Give her a fine new coat. Probably nothing would please her more. Buy it here now and you'll get an excellent garment at a discount off our already reduced prices.

December 25th is the world's most-sacred holiday—the day of cheer and goodness. More than nineteen hundred years ago was born the Babe that first brought that infinite and cherished goodness, and it is His birth we celebrate.

So on this wonderful day we take opportunity to greet our many friends, wishing them a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year.

E. A. MAYHEW & CO.

The Transcript

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1920

NEWBURY

Mrs. Mary Robinson left on Friday for Ottawa where she will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Parish. Miss Bella Gray of Detroit is home for the holidays.

Miss Mabel Connelly is home from Detroit.

Miss Maggie Ward arrived home from London on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Lamb and daughter, Miss Minnie McLean, left on Thursday for Long where they will remain for the winter with the former's daughter, Mrs. A. B. Dobbins.

Allan Bayne of Toronto Dental College arrived home on Thursday for the holidays.

The bazaar given by the Women's Guild of the Church of England on Saturday was a splendid success. The town hall was tastefully decorated and the different booths offered tempting things for the many who called in. Everything was sold. The hot supper was well patronized and the ice cream truly melted away the frosts.

The basket factory has started up again.

The sad news of the death of Pearl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Robinson, came as a shock on Friday afternoon, very few being aware of her illness. Deceased had been in London for several weeks and the first of the month left for Toronto on a ship with her cousin there. Before reaching her cousin she was taken seriously ill and was taken to the hospital where she lay unconscious until Tuesday, when she passed away. The nurse to telegraph her father. Mr. Robinson left on the first train and was with her till Friday morning when she passed away. Since having an operation two years ago she had been in poor health and her death was a result of this. The late Miss Robinson was born here thirty-three years ago and was a kindly, nice-dispositioned girl who had the happy way of making friends with all who knew her. Her sad death came as a shock to her family and friends. The remains were brought home Saturday, the funeral service being conducted on Monday by Rev. R. J. Murphy. Deceased was a member and communicant in the Church of England. Interment was made at Oakland. Besides the sorrowing parents she leaves one sister, Mrs. John McLachlan, and three brothers, Charlie of Dewey, N. Y., Will of Leamington and Fred here, to mourn the loss of a dear one. The floral tributes were beautiful. Sympathy is extended to the family in the sad bereavement.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of Jane Armstrong, wife of Wm. Gillett, who fell asleep in Jesus, December 21, 1916: "Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

—Husband and Family.

WARDSVILLE

A meeting of the Methodist League was held Friday evening. The topic was taken by Miss Belle Gardiner. Then followed an illustrated lecture by Dr. Houser on "The Age of England." A silver collection was taken.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Weer of Adrian, Mich., are spending the Christmas holidays with Mr. Weer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Weer.

Dr. Glenn, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is improving slightly. Mr. Humphrey is also on the sick-list.

Mrs. T. H. Weer and son, J. C. Weer of Adrian, who is visiting here, left on Monday morning for Teeswater, where Mrs. Weer was called by the serious illness of her mother. Later Mr. Weer received a telegram stating that Mrs. Weer's mother had died on Monday morning.

James McRae of Houghton, Mich., visited at Dan McRae last week. The death occurred Friday morning.

Dec. 10, 1920, at his residence in Bothwell, of John McRae. Mr. McRae was born and raised in Wardsville. For several years he made his home in the place now occupied by Thos. Weer. He was the grandson of the late Talbot St. John Ward, who was the first settler in Wardsville, and was a brother of Dan McRae. The deceased was interred at Wardsville in the family plot on Monday, Dec. 14.

Following is the report of the primary room of Wardsville public school for November and December:

II.—Madeline Fisher 94, Carlisle Huser 90, Katie Ryerson 90, Ben Senior 88, Alice Walker 80, Louise Simpson 80, Audrey Willis 74, Alice Hubbard 50.

Sr. I.—Emerson Faulds 90, Arthur Bennett 88, George Willis 88, Gladys Walker 76, Glen Walker 66, Gerald Bilton 60, Lynn Henderson 58.

Jr. I.—Tom Ryerson 75, Glen Harold 55.

Primer—Jack Harvey, Archie Stinson, Murray Fisher, Harry Walker, Willie Ryerson.

M. McRae, Teacher.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it is excellent for driving worms from the system.

MELBOURNE

The W. M. S. of the Presbyterian church here held an afternoon tea on Wednesday, the 15th inst. After tea was served and a social time spent. Mrs. (Dr.) D. L. McCrae of London called the meeting to order and gave a short address, after which Dr. Isabel McEwen of India addressed the gathering. After giving a splendid description of the habits and customs of the people and the work being done there by the missionaries, she reminded the people that in order to live the life "Ye must be born again," and urged that the people get back to the real worship in our services and worship Him in spirit and in truth, and not in form. Mrs. McCrae appealed to the people present to get a little closer to Christ than they had ever been before. The silver collection amounted to about \$30.

On Sunday evening the Sunday school of the Methodist church held a White Christmas service. The church was filled and many gifts were presented, which will be forwarded to Mrs. Harrison of London to be distributed as she sees fit. The children and choir gave splendid Christmas music, the superintendent, Mr. Beach, presiding. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Brown, and Rev. John Elder, pastor of the Presbyterian church, took part in the service. The service in the Presbyterian church was withdrawn for the occasion, and the Methodists will worship with the Presbyterian people next Sunday evening.

Following is the standing of the pupils of the Melbourne continuation school for the fall term. The number following the name is the percentage obtained:

Form I.—Annie Switzer 75 (hon.), Margaret Murray 72.5, Nancy Wardell 72.5, Jennie Robinson 72, Winifred Wallace 69.7, Sadie Mullins 67.4, Doris Campbell 63, Rena Kapayo 61, Stanley Hyndman 59, Gertrude Howe 54, Edward Bond 53.

Form II.—Hettie Cawthorpe 73, Garnet Long 72, Agnes Alexander 69, James McNabb 66, Arthur Elder 64, Mary Edwards 59.9, Avis McRoberts 59.3, Louise Warren 56.9, Lena McLellan 56.3, Jean Lockwood 54.9, Annie Johnson 54.1, Charlie Kapayo 52.7, Stella Long 52.1, Margaret Campbell 48.8, Sadie Johnson 48.9.

Form III.—Passed Matriculation—Sadie McRoberts 79, Muriel Richards 70, Mae Hardy 69, Ethel Mullins 65, Agnes Dillon 63.4, Gordon Thornicroft 63.3, Annie Dewar 61, Anna McGugan 57.3, Dora Alexander 55.7, Jean McRoberts 55.4, Mildred Richards 54, Evelyn Cawthorpe 53, Robert Brown 50, Sarah Switzer 46, Edward Bates 34.

Normal Entrance—Muriel Richards 78, Ethel Mullins 75, Dorothy McRob-

ert 73, Gordon Thornicroft 71, Anna McGugan 67, Annie Dewar 64, Dora Alexander 63, Jean McRobert 62, Mildred Richards 61, Agnes Dillon 60, Robert Brown 59, Evelyn Cawthorpe 58, Rena McCracken 57, Sarah Switzer 54, Edward Batesman 40.

Following is the report of the recent examinations in Melbourne public school. Names are in order of merit. Those marked with an asterisk missed one examination or more.

Jr. IV.—*Florence Long, *Kenneth Campbell, Blanche Laing, Clarence Long, Argyle McGugan, *Laura Jeffery, *Archie McDougall, *Lizzie Beattie.

Sr. III.—Fay Hansford, Donald Fletcher, Marjorie Acton.

Jr. III.—Clara *Near, Clarence Beattie, *William Gault.

Sr. II.—Blanche Hardy and Margaretite Hansford (equal), Marion Campbell, George Jeffery.

Jr. II.—Laura Collier, Pearl Near, *Dorothy Hiseox, Murray McGugan.

Sr. I.—Phyllis Bees, Margaret Dewar, Lena Hansford, Melvin Gough, *Muriel Meek, *Etoile Williamson, *Eleanor Meek.

Jr. I.—Roy Hardy, Jack Kaine, Gordon Huston, Stanley Gould.

Primer—Jack Hansford, Leonard Long.

WOODGREEN

Harry Clannahan has returned home from London where he was attending on the jury.

Sam Schellenberg and Bert Eckert have returned to their homes near Selkirkville after visiting friends here.

Mrs. A. Daum entertained a few of the young people at a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening last in honor of her brother Sam and cousin Bert. Richard Jackson won the first prize and Harry Francis the consolation prize. After lunch was served the young people danced until an early hour in the morning.

Nelson Henderson has engaged Ted Harold of Wardsville to work for him.

Mrs. George Harvey was given a shower by her many Glencoe friends on Tuesday evening last and received a quantity of silver.

Edwin Weses acted as Superintendent at No. 3 Sunday school in the absence of Will Atkinson.

Bobby Voce has been engaged by Lorenzo Waterworth to cut wood.

A number of farmers around here had a butchering bee at E. Lumley's on Friday.

Wesley Edwards is moving to Glencoe shortly after Christmas where he will set up in Eddie's hardware store. Mr. Eddie will try farming for awhile on the Edwards farm.

The old year is coming to a close, girls. Hurry up! Leap Year won't come again for four years.

NORTH EKFRID

A quiet wedding took place at the Presbyterian manse, Appleton, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 15, when Miss Beulah Roemmele of Ekfrid and Louis Thornton of West Nissouri were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. McCulloch.

Miss Beulah Roemmele has returned home after spending a week in London.

Levi Howe's house was burned on Wednesday, Dec. 15. Nearly everything downstairs was saved; all upstairs was burned. Also one hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes were cooked with the heat. There is a small insurance.

Russell Roemmele has returned home from Toronto. He was a delegate to the U. F. O. convention.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Remover offers a speedy, sure and satisfactory relief.

WARDSVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY DRIVE

It is with great pleasure the Wardsville Library Board make the following report of their recent drive. Through the generosity of past and present residents, our objective of \$300.00 was not only reached but passed, \$385.50 being contributed. It is also gratifying to have a large number of new subscribers.

Miss To you who are non-residents.—We wish to thank one and all of the Old Boys and Girls who not only generously responded to our appeal but made so many kind references in their letters to the old home town. When you visit the village we hope you will call and see the Library that your liberality has helped to keep a live factor in this community.

Mr. To you who are residents.—We wish to thank you who so gladly came to our aid in this emergency, and we hope that you will continue to interest yourselves in the Library and receive some of the benefits you have so generously helped to pay for.

List of Contributors:

Mr. P. Eaton, Wardsville	1.00
Mrs. C. Palmer, Wardsville	1.00
Mrs. Lenten Purdy, Windsor	1.00
Mr. S. Stevely, London	1.00
Mrs. Crutley Thompson, London	1.00
Miss Atchison, Wardsville	1.00
Mrs. M. Elliott, Wardsville	1.00
Mr. Duncan C. Ross, M. P., Strathroy	5.00
Mr. J. G. Lethbridge, M. P., Glencoe	2.00
Mr. Peter McVicar, London	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Sheppard, Detroit	25.00
Dr. H. A. Wilson, Toronto	5.00
Misses Lillian and Pauline Wilson, Toronto	2.00
Mr. H. Cecil Sheppard, Berea, Ohio	10.00
Miss Hilda Blott, New York	1.00
Mr. Fred C. McGregor, Rodney	5.00
Mr. Russell Sheppard, St. Louis	10.00
Mr. Will Atkinson, Wardsville	5.00
Mr. R. S. Piper, Port William	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. Minna, Wardsville	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, Wardsville	5.00
Rev. John Johnston, Hartford, Conn.	5.00
Mr. Geo. Love, Wardsville	10.00
Mr. Ernest Smith, Minneapolis	5.00
Mr. Wm. Jackson, St. Thomas	5.00
Mr. John Stevely, London	2.00
Rev. Henry O'Malley, Denver, Col.	6.00
Mr. Thomas Faulds, Wardsville	5.00
Miss Lillian Sheppard, Windsor	10.00
Mr. James A. Wilson, Glencoe	5.00
Miss Vera Dykes, Wardsville	3.00
Mr. W. R. J. Blott, Wardsville	1.00
Mr. Frank Jackson, St. Thomas	5.00
Mr. Fred A. Ward, Port Colborne	5.00
Mr. Neil McEachern, Buffalo	5.00
Mrs. A. Pack, Toronto	3.00
Miss Jane Rogers, Battleford, Sask.	5.00
Messrs. George and James Ward, Windsor	25.00
Rev. Ames Thomas, Montreal	10.00
Mr. Will Minna, Wardsville	2.00
Miss Eric Heath, Wardsville	2.00
Mrs. Thomas Mulligan, Wardsville	1.00
Miss Farrington, Wardsville	5.00
Miss J. Smith, Wardsville	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Will Atchison, London	5.00
Mr. Ross Archer, Detroit	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bole, Port Arthur	10.00
Misses I. and W. Quigley, Essex	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. Minna, Wardsville	2.00
Misses Mabel and Ella Milner, Walkerville	5.00
Mr. A. G. Linden, Wardsville	6.00
Miss I. M. Blott, Dunnville	5.00
Miss Margaret McVicar, Detroit	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheppard, Wardsville	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Sheppard, Wardsville	10.00
Messrs. W. and L. Purdy, Windsor	2.00
Miss Jessie Purdy, Windsor	1.00
Mr. J. Rathburn, London	1.00
Mrs. J. Murphy, Wardsville	1.00
Dr. David O'Donnell, Detroit	10.00
Mr. Orville Heath, Nelles' Corners	5.00
Dr. John Russell, Toronto	5.00
Misses J. and O. Gordon, Junction City, Oregon	4.00
Mrs. George McElrrie, Edmonton	1.00
Mr. Will Cornelle, Calgary	5.00
Miss Ida Gibb, Detroit	2.00
Miss Nellie Archer, Detroit	2.00
Messrs. J. and O. Gordon, Junction City, Oregon	1.00
Mr. George Faulds, Wardsville	5.00
Mr. Alpheus King, Wardsville	5.00
Mr. Lloyd Simpson, Wardsville	1.00
Miss Nellie Jackson, Wardsville	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. Davis, New York	5.00
Mr. Charles Willis, Wardsville	1.00
Mr. J. V. Faulds, Wardsville	1.00
Mrs. and Miss Randles, Wardsville	1.00
Dr. George Gibb, Blenheim	10.00
Mr. Alex. Lucas, Wardsville	5.00
Miss M. Neil, Detroit	2.00
Mrs. C. Yorke, Ingersoll	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Morrow, Toronto	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Wardsville	2.00
Mrs. C. Howies, Wardsville	1.00
Miss C. Walker, Aymer	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Peter O'Malley, Wardsville	2.00
Mrs. Gifford, Detroit	2.00
Mr. Alex. Waterworth, Wardsville	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tremblay, Tilsonburg	2.00
Mr. Hugh Lamont, Wardsville	2.00
Mr. Frank McGregor, Wardsville	5.00
Mr. J. A. Mulligan	10.00
Total	\$ 385.50

Also Mr. Sylvester King has offered one load wood, Mr. Bert Miller one sack of corn, and Mr. James Hutchison three large volumes—"History of Scotland."

CASHMERE

Miss Mildred Taylor has returned to her home here after spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Gordon Smith, at Walkerville.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Weer, brother Clarence have returned home after visiting for some time in Wallaceburg and Detroit.

Mrs. Chas. Tunks and son Clifford spent Saturday at Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hoxie and children of Detroit and Mrs. B. F. Jeffery of Newbury spent Sunday with the latter's daughter, Mrs. Calvin Sider.

Harley Reade was a Chatham visitor on Saturday.

Don't forget the Christmas concert at this school house on Thursday eve, Dec. 23rd. A good program is being prepared.

The Newbury CASH STORE

Watch the mail next week for particulars

of our

Stock-taking Sale

W. H. PARNALL
NEWBURY

CORN SHOW WEEK

AT CHATHAM

January 25-28, 1921

A bumper Corn Year—Let's make it a bumper Corn Show

First-class Corn and Grain
Excellent Stock and Poultry
Good Speakers

January 26—Shorthorn and Angus sale, Jamieson's Sale Barn, at 1.30 p. m.

January 27—Hog sale: Berkshire, Durocs and Polands at 1 p. m.
8 p. m., sale of Chester Whites and Yorks.

For Catalogue, Prize Lists, etc., apply J. L. Dougherty.

The Electric Shop

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Remember 'tis December and only a few days till Christmas. Say it electrically, and make your present USEFUL as well as ornamental.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS, ALL USEFUL

Irons, Toasters, Coffee Percolators, Grills, Ovenettes, Heaters, Sewing Machine Motors, Table Lamps, Fixtures, Vacuum Sweepers, Heating Pads, Immersion Heaters, Washing Machines, etc.

The only complete line of Electrical Goods in town.

W. B. MULLIGAN

Sugar Down

Cape Cod Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes, Celery and other seasonable goods in stock.

Sugar, Soap, and many lines of Staple Groceries, much lower in price.

Fresh Eggs, good Table Butter and all marketable produce taken at highest price in cash or trade.

W. A. CURRIE

CENTRAL GROCER

TELEPHONE 25

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Hutchison

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Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hoxie and children of Detroit and Mrs. B. F. Jeffery of Newbury spent Sunday with the latter's daughter, Mrs. Calvin Sider.

Harley Reade was a Chatham visitor on Saturday.

Don't forget the Christmas concert at this school house on Thursday eve, Dec. 23rd. A good program is being prepared.

WOMEN'S and MISSES' Quality Coats

at \$49.50

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES

Straight line belted models and dolman-like wraps in street and afternoon styles emphasizing the newest effects revealed in collar arrangement, sleeve and pocket detail. Obtainable in Duvelyn, Veldyne and Velours. Nearly all have deep fur collars. Trimmings include fancy cable silk stitching and unique embroidered effects. Every new modish color.

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