

The Waterdown Review

THE BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN ONTARIO

VOL. 6.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1923

NO. 26.

HEMINGWAY'S

Dundas Street - - Waterdown

Have Just Received

A new lot of Men's and Boy's
Coat and Pullover Sweaters

Prices ranging from
\$1.98 to \$4.75

Come and inspect our ladies, men's and children's hosiery. We have some good values in all wool hose.

RUBBERS

Just received a shipment of Rubbers of all descriptions. Prices below city prices.

We have a bargain lot of girl's shoes in button and lace at \$1.25 a pair.

Waterdown Poultry Show

December 11, 12 and 13, 1923

Cold Weather Is Here

Keep Warm

Boys' Boots

Boys' Strong Grained Leather Boots. A boot made for winter wear. Good heavy sole, medium toe, all sizes, 1 to 5.

Special Sale Price **\$3.49**

Boys' Sweater Coats

Boy's Heavy Ribbed Sweater Coats, strong and warm

Special Price **\$2.49**

Boy's Wool Sweater Coats, size 30 and 32

A Bargain at **\$3.75**

Boy's All Wool Sweater Coats, sizes 30, 32 and 34

Priced to please—**\$4.25**

Men's all wool heavy knit Sweater Coats, assorted colors and all sizes at **\$5.00**

Men's Heavy Sweater Coats, made with heavy ribbed. All greys, at **\$2.75**

Men's (Stanfields) Heavy Ribbed Underwear one of the best wearing garment made **\$1.50 each**

Men's Wool Socks, the best we have ever had, light, medium and heavy. Special at **50c a pair**

EAGER'S

THE STORE OF QUALITY GOODS

Waterdown

Ontario

(Inserted as Advertisement)

J. J. Maloney Explains

As there seems to be a persistent effort in certain localities to convey wrong impressions regarding myself and my work, it becomes necessary to employ such means and channels possible to enlighten all concerned.

It is said that the Roman Catholic authorities educated me out of the Seminary fund, and now I am going against them and their church. My answer to this statement is a brief history of my early career.

Born and raised in the city of Hamilton, educated in the Separate Schools of Hamilton. I was in time selected as an Altar boy to serve on Sanctuary of St. Mary's Cathedral. In time I was appointed to serve the first six o'clock mass in that church, and in this charge I served without missing a morning, and it was not long until I reached the highest place and was Master of Ceremonies, having to appoint and train all members of this band.

Being selected from a class of 52 it was necessary I go to college and train for the priesthood. St. Jerome's at Kitchener (then Berlin) was the institution I spent my long years at college. While there my father paid my way with the assistance I was able to make possible by working in the summer holidays. At college I was not content with only my studies, but thro' loyalty to my school I found time to manage the college store for four years, also was assistant business manager of the college plays which netted much revenue. The literary society, altar society and sacristy work also received my faithful attention, and for three long years piloted the "Schoolman" St. Jerome's famous magazine, and was able to not only double but triple the number of advs. this paper carried. In a word I may say that I defy St. Jerome's college to name one man, yes in the 58 years of its existence, who ever made as much money for their institution and paid his way besides.

After I left the Seminary at Montreal (of my own free will) I worked on the Catholic Register, of Toronto, in order to keep in touch with church work. Here too I served my church in the same slavish fashion, going into over 4000 homes thro' cold and wet. Now, dear reader, note what I done—In a little over a year I secured 400 bad debts on this paper, wrote news for this paper, collected several donations for the Extension Society in amounts ranging from \$1 to \$500.00 for which I never was allowed one cent, also secured 2500 subscriptions for this paper, and all I received for all my work was \$800 and nothing for expenses, altho I travelled from Windsor to Montreal. In the others I received no pay for all my work.

But I was well paid in another way. Shortly after I complained to the good Scotch Archbishop McNeil about the anti-British seditious language of Father O'Donnell. I was dismissed, denied my money, branded as a thief, notice posted in Catholic Register for 25 consecutive weeks, stories circulated about me, postcards broadcasted. Finally I sued Father O'Donnell for my wages and libel. Then they threatened if I wouldn't drop my writs I'd be arrested on the charge of stealing a few dollars. They could not scare me, so they sent me a summons, I fought them, and you all know the result. My enemies were at last beaten by that higher hand which has guided me since. They were humiliated, I was honorably acquitted altho they had a half a hundred witnesses against me, and shortly afterwards when a writ for malicious prosecution was issued Father O'Donnell could not be found as he had left the country for parts unknown. The newspapers of Hamilton contained these comments:

"A certain religion noted for its heavenly aspirations has quite recently demonstrated that it possesses an inordinate degree of earthly greed."

—Hamilton Spectator

"J. J. Maloney's numerous friends did not need the verdict of his honorable acquittal to convince them that he is incapable of wilful dishonesty."

—Hamilton Herald

The above information on this case is taken from the records of the court and is sworn evidence. Now may I say to you, put up or shut up, and may I advise all concerned that it is not only libel but criminal libel to insinuate or discuss a case the courts have decided on. Know that I will swear out a warrant for the next individual who discusses in any way that case, which if I were in your place I would be ashamed to mention.

No, I am a Protestant and I hope to die one. I have spoken to over 200,000 people in the last year, helped several churches in many ways and will continue to do such. Some say I was put out of the Roman Catholic church. You who say that are mistaken. Also may I remind you if I wanted to be mean I could tell the incident of the two women coming to my father's home the day I went to Cook's church for the first time.

I will go more into detail when I address the interested citizens of Waterdown in the Memorial Hall next January, or if I see fit sooner.

Some may say, "Maloney, your actions are spiteful." No, they are not, but actuated by the soul of a man who has red blood running into his veins and knows what justice and honor mean.

Sincerely,

J. J. Maloney.

Born February 13th, 1896.

Millgrove

Quite a number of our people attended the Anniversary Services and Entertainment of the Glenwood Methodist church last Sunday and Monday, and were highly pleased with the program provided.

Miss Eileen Pepper is visiting in Hamilton.

Master David Cummins is attending school in Toronto.

Mr. Albert Crooker is on the sick list.

John Walker, our enterprising gardener, has purchased a new truck.

Our local nimrods will hit the trail for the Nipissing district in a few days.

Olde Tyme Social

On Wednesday, November 7th, at 8 o'clock, an Olde Tyme Social will be held in the Community Hall under the auspices of the Waterdown Women's Institute. There will be a good time and games. Refreshments. Come and enjoy an evening's fun. Admission 25c.

The Institute members are requested to bring baskets well filled with provisions.

A. A. Forbes, Secretary.

There are at present a large number of tools and other articles which were loaned by the late John Mitchell and have not been returned. Parties having any of these articles should return them to the family at once. Among the list is an extension ladder which is greatly needed by the owners.

The Small Town

It is not necessary for the small town to take a back seat in the matter of intellect, and for this one reason, if for no other, the man who looks down on the small town is a chump. Examinations and various other tasks give the little places the lead easily over the metropolis, in so far as the great minds are concerned. Probably the fact that the young people have nothing to disarrange their plans is what does it all, for the movies, etc., in the cities certainly do constitute a tremendous disadvantage.

The richest man in the United States doesn't live in New York and neither does he have his interests there. The three most important radio improvements made last year were worked out by a small town man. President Elliott has said that except in specialized scientific courses the small city colleges are the leading in the educational world. A college at Yellow Springs, Ohio, is now setting the pace for larger institutions in becoming self supporting by establishing private industries in which students may work in spare time. The best editorial written during the year, according to the Pulitzer award, was by a small town editor and for a small town paper.

The small town does not have to take a back seat for the big cities. The man who has the goods is not held down by the size of his community.

Locals

The first snowfall of the season visited the village Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bechthold have moved into their fine new residence on Dundas street.

William R. Pearson left on Wednesday with the Dundas Hunting Club for Pickering Landing, Northern Ontario.

The Waterdown Orange Lodge will hold a Grand Masquerade Ball in the Memorial Hall on Friday evening, November 9th.

Hallowe'en was observed in the village this year with a large number of evening parties. There was also the usual vandalism by the uneducated.

In the Methodist church beginning Sunday, November 11th, a series of special services will be conducted by Evangelist Brown, who has been holding services in First Methodist Church, Hamilton, and is now at Burlington. The local church is very fortunate in securing Mr. Brown who comes to us highly recommended both as a speaker and as a man. Everybody will be welcome at these services.

A Fowl Supper and Entertainment in connection with the anniversary of Knox church will be held in the church on Thanksgiving evening, Monday, November 12th. The entertainment will be provided by Mr. Thomas McGillicuddy, of Toronto, assisted by local talent. Mr. McGillicuddy is Canada's foremost humorous lecturer, and will be heard in his leading number, "A Bagful of Folks." Supper 6 to 8.

Particular People

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TEA

The most delicious blend procurable.

Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel.

Only One Supervisor at a Time, Please!

By Helen Gregg Green

Aunt Becky and I were calling at the home of a new neighbor recently. Aunt Becky is neighborhood-aunt and family counsellor to all of us. She had known the new-comer for years, while "Patsy" as she called her, had been living in a suburb of the city.

Patsy has four children, the oldest ten and the youngest three. Patsy's elderly cousin Edith lived with them. We happened to see the children all together, as our little visit was made on a day when they were not in school. I soon noticed that neither Patsy nor cousin Edith had any control over the children.

I wondered at this, as they seemed to be conscientiously striving for discipline.

While I was inwardly studying the situation I found the trouble.

Patsy, Jr., was plainly straying from the way of right. "Patsy, Jr., Patsy, Jr., stop!" came excitedly from cousin Edith, and "Patsy, dear, don't," implored Patsy, Sr.

"I was just telling Sister that she shouldn't do that," drawled ten-year-old Maybelle.

And then I knew! The trouble was too many supervisors.

No doubt every time a child committed a misdemeanor, Aunt Edith, Mother Patsy, Daddy, if he were present, and the other children, took a hand in the disciplining.

While I was thinking, Aunt Becky was talking.

"My dear," she was saying, "don't you know that a child should be disciplined by only one person at a time. Too many supervisors giving instructions is confusing to the young mind. In this way your discipline becomes weakened. I should think you would know better, Edith Sykes, having taught school fifteen years."

"Why—er—er, I never thought of applying my pedagogy to my nieces and nephews," frowned Aunt Edith.

"Why not? You taught school successfully. Now help Patsy to raise her children successfully."

"Why, Aunt Becky, how do you, a spinster, happen to know so much about children?" Patsy smiled.

"Oh, Aunt Becky knows more than all the rest of us put together," I offered.

The next time I called on the interesting little family, I noticed a decided change. The children were all better behaved and happier.

"Yes, Aunt Becky knows what she's talking about, all right," Aunt Edith admitted.

"Indeed she does!" And Patsy Sr. turned adoring eyes toward four happy children playing in the corner of the long room. "We hope she will come often."

"And give us lessons!" added Cousin Edith, her eyes twinkling.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, With his rosy cheeks and merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a bump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has rage and strings, Bags and buttons and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care—not much, I mean, If a fellow's face is not quite clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch you'd never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorry if you are bad; And I'll tell you this, if you are only true, She'll always forgive you, whatever you do."

"A fellow's mean who would never try To keep the tears from her loving eye; And the fellow's worse who sees it not That his mother's the truest friend he's got!"

—Margaret Sangster.

HIS FIRST AND LAST SPARROW.

It happened in a small country town one bright spring day. Jim, the widow's boy, had arisen early to go out into the woods that morning. He carried with him the shotgun which he had earned for himself during the long winter months. He felt proud of himself as he hurried into the open air with his gun thrown carelessly over his shoulder.

He was whistling—and thinking. He thought of his chances of earning extra money for himself and possibly for the family. He would buy clothes for his mother and baby sister. Perhaps he would be able to earn enough with the skins to support them all.

He had heard and read about men who had done such great things. Many were the hopes of nine-year-old Jim, as he approached the woods of Rocky Hill that spring morning.

It was some three hours later when I saw the lad again. I caught a glimpse of him returning home and, anxious to know of his success, I went out to meet him. He still carried his gun over his shoulder, but I noticed that he held something in his right hand. Yes! It was a tiny, bleeding sparrow. As Jim came nearer to me, I could also see that he was crying, crying as if his heart would break. I immediately went up to him and asked him what the trouble was.

"I've gone and killed him," was his sobbing reply.

And in spite of my many questions concerning his shooting and how he happened to kill the sparrow, he would merely say, "Oh, Aunt Edie, I've shot him dead. I've gone and killed the little sparrow."

That afternoon a tiny burial was held up in the back lot. Jimmy was the minister, the pall-bearer, and the grave-digger. That night a shotgun was placed up in the attic far out of reach.—Evelyn Irene Banning.

The Clever Man.

The newly-married couple were gazing into the window of the jeweller's shop.

"John," said the young bride, suddenly clutching his arm, "I'd love to have that bracelet hanging up at the back of the window."

"I can't afford to buy it for you, dear," replied the husband.

"But if you could you would, wouldn't you?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid not," he retorted.

"Oh, John, Why?" she asked in a tone that showed both surprise and pain.

"It isn't good enough for you, dear," he said tenderly.

"Oh, you darling!" she answered.



Bad Advice.

Flossie—"It's my birthday, chickie, an' mama won't let me see what she's makin' for me! What shall I do?"
Chick—"Peep! Peep!"

Measuring Bridge Strains.

Measuring the strains of bridges, skyscrapers, airships and structural material accurately and quickly is being done by a little machine just perfected by the Bureau of standards in Washington. The gauge can be placed anywhere on the structure being tested and is almost uncanny in its findings. It measures only ten inches long and about five inches wide, and is so sensitive that its recorder returns to normal in one one-thousandth of a second.

The principle involved is the varying electrical resistance of many closely adjacent thin carbon plates. It has been known long, but never applied with success commercially until the Bureau of Standards' engineers built the present machine. A special voltmeter gives the readings of the strains developed. A practical test is now going on in Iowa, where impact strains of highway bridges are being found. Prof. Almon Fuller of the Iowa State Agricultural College and O. S. Peters, one of the inventors, are in charge of the tests.

Lake That Sharpens Razors.

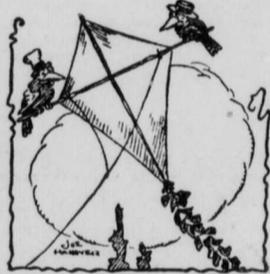
One of the most curious lakes in the world is to be found in Ireland.

This lake has the power of petrifying any substance that may fall into it. Of course, the petrification is not absolute, but the substance is coated with a layer of stone, which is found dissolved in the lake, and the stone then hardens and forms a shell over the substance.

A well-known cutlery firm in England heard of this, and sent a man over to inspect it. He selected several pieces of hard wood, which he sank with weights and then marked the place with small buoys.

A fortnight later he returned and took up two pieces of the wood, which he found to be partly petrified. Two weeks after he drew up the other pieces, and found each piece to be as hard as flint.

The firm then made several experiments with the wood, and found that at a certain stage of petrification an excellent razor hone could be manufactured from it.



A Great Invitation.

Bird—"My, but these aerial rest stations are convenient!"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Bedtime Stories.

It is an accepted fact supported by psychologists that one of the most effective methods of instilling right thoughts and habits into a child's consciousness is by stories told at bedtime, when the child's body is quiet and the conscious mind drowsy with sleep. The subconscious self, which is then in control, may be molded, by suggestion, into what we desire it to be. The mistake is often made of relating at this hour tales of thrilling adventure and exciting wonder. By such stories, the child is wrought up to a nervous pitch that often persists throughout the night. The bedtime story should be one of Mother Nature, or one illustrating a certain trait of character desired in the child, and should be told with a calm voice such as induces a quiet, restful sleep.

Cause for Doubt.

There was an all-around good-for-nothing man who died, and at his funeral the minister delivered a most beautiful address, eulogizing the departed in the most glowing manner, praising his splendid qualities as a fine type of man, a good husband and a kind parent.

About this time the widow, who was seated well up in front, spoke to her little daughter by her side, and said: "My dear, go look in the coffin and see if it is your father."

There are 40,000 lakes in Newfoundland.

Difficulties disappear before persistence. If you have the will to succeed you will get there all right.

Extensive port improvements are being made at Melbourne and Sydney, Australia.

Radio Price List

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Need of a Universal Language.

Every so often scientists and others deplore the lack of a universal or international language. Dr. Max Talmey of New York discusses this need at length in the current number of The Scientific Monthly, and makes out a strong case for Ido, the most modern attempt toward this end. He tells why Volapuk and Esperanto have failed, stressing the point, for instance, that Esperanto has only 2,629 root words, a number totally inadequate.

In urging the perfection and more extensive use of Ido Dr. Talmey says that when first established it had only 3,000 root words, but now, after seven years, has more than 11,000. He also points out that it is as musical as Italian, uses the Anglo-Latin letters, and has just a single rule of grammar.

The need of an auxiliary language for scientific papers is especially pressing, it being shown that Einstein's theory was misunderstood by all except those with a full command of German. In diplomacy, too, the need of a universal tongue is apparent, and the Portsmouth conference ending the Russo-Japanese war, and more recently the negotiations at Versailles, being cited as ample proof of its lack. In business, however, the need is greatest of all, not only to prevent misunderstanding of contracts, but to do away with the special clerks and interpreters to handle foreign correspondence.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

A Study in Heredity.

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog.

"Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. "P'what kind is it?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," the man replied.

"Shure an it's related to both of us," the Irishman rejoined.

Which Way?

Teacher (opening second object-lesson on the cat)—"Can you tell me to what family the cat belongs, Jones?"
Jones (after a little hesitation)—"I think it belongs to the family next door."

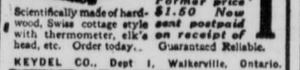
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Turkey 'n Fixin's

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

The Lodge it was to be then. It was a relief to this fair young Decider of Things that that was settled. She went to find Ned.

"We're going out to the Lodge for Thanksgiving, Neddle. My mind is made up."

"Then we're going out to the Lodge for Thanksgiving," nodded the husband of the Decider. He was rather relieved to have it settled, himself. Nell might easily have hatched up a good deal crazier scheme—she and the girls.

"Girls know yet?" he inquired, for Nell might be sole hatcher.

"They will before the clock strikes ten tonight," laughed she. "You and I will tell 'em, Neddle. We'll make the rounds."

The Lodge was, true to name, a lodging-place for the gay little coterie of the Big Four. The Big Four was Ned Winters' pet name for the four young couples who had jointly built and now jointly owned it. Only a matter of twenty odd miles away, it could be reached whenever the fancy of the Big Four demanded a woody retreat and all the fresh trout the Big Four husbands could inveigle out of the cool depths of the best trout stream (yes, sir!) anywhere in reach or out. But so far, in its five years of existence, the Lodge had never been put to use as a winter resort.

At dinner Nell waxed eloquent over what she considered her inspiration.

"Huge fire every minute, in the stone fireplace—snapping, roaring! Hear it roar?"

"I do—I hear it!" Small Peter's eyes glistened in their clear blue depths. Peter and Cicily had been allowed as a remarkable concession to come down to dessert because it was ice-cream. "Don't you hear the fire a-roarin' like ever-thing, Cecie? This way—r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

"That is enough! You children run up to bed now. You weren't going to talk, you know, if I let Nurse bring you down—"

"That wasn't talkin'. That was roar—" His eager little voice pelted on, getting fainter and fainter as Nurse got him farther and farther away.

"Aren't they little nuisances? Well, maybe not nuisances—Of course the children won't go out with us. Not if we want a good time! Ned, we will have a good time, you see! A regular old-fashioned dinner."

"What's that? Say it again! You aren't referring to sage stuffing and the heart and giblets chopped up in the gravy and cranberry sauce and mashed turnip and creamed onions and pumpkin pie and—'fixin's'?"

"Yes, all those grandmotherly things and 'fixin's'—any other fixin's you can think of. To match the big open fire and out-in-the-countriness of it. We'll send the cook out two or three days ahead—" but no further did the Decider of Things progress.

"If you dare to send our cook! She'd put mayonnaise in the stuffing and some thing crazy and Frenchy in every other last thing—my aunt! Shades of my aunt! That was where I had real Thanksgiving dinner last, at beloved old Aunt Nancy's. My mouth has watered ten years, Nell—Nell, don't you love me?"

She laughed across the beautiful Frenchy table and nodded her head.

"Enough to give you an Aunt Nancy dinner this time. Watch me!"

"You mean—cook it yourself?" His voice, if she had noted, was a wistful voice. Of course she didn't mean exactly that, but to see Nell in a blue-checked apron basting a turkey—no, no, it wasn't done.

It wasn't.

"Ned Winters!" which sufficiently answered the wistful voice.

The plan of the Decider of Things went through with a snap, as of course. Did her plans ever fail? The "girls" who were to be parts and dainty parcels of it all, cheered her on. It was a perfectly lovely plan—good for Nell! The husbands of the girls added their plaudits and offered their services, their cars' services, their servants—plunged eager hands into full pockets to "dig up" their shares of expenses. For four Thanksgivings these friends of the Big Four had had Thanksgiving together, with more—or less—success in the way of a grand good time. But last year—well, last year—

Ellen Winters expressed the Big Four's mind as to last year.

"I must say I don't want another restaurant Thanksgiving! Ugh! The cold things we ate that ought to have been hot, and the side dishes. Think of a Thanksgiving dinner in side dishes! The one year before last, at the Club House, was twenty degrees hotter, anyway! Neddle, wait till you get a taste of this year's!"

"How can I wait?" sighed Neddle. But it was not hotness his mouth watered for, not even sage turkey and cranberry sauce, a la Aunt Nancy of beloved memory. It was the blue gingham apron—on Nell. And all

that would have meant. What was the use, anyway! He sighed and let the vision slip. He ordered the two big turkeys and the "fixin's" that were down on Nell's list. He saw to it that plenty of generous logs for the great fireplace were hauled out to the Lodge; that he lights were in order, the place swept, flowers engaged, his full part of the arrangements attended to. But there was something he could not understand—why in thunder wasn't he tickled at the pleasant prospect? Nothing as pleasant in Thanksgiving had come his way since he watched Aunt Nancy baste her turkey and smelled the old kitchen full of Thanksgiving smells.

"Is it going to be at noon?" he suddenly inquired over the top of his newspaper. It was three days now to "it." He had a queer sensation of holding his breath for Nell's reply. Of course, though, it would not be at noon, not at noon like Aunt Nancy's. "—er—two o'clock." Along about two o'clock? That's a good Thanksgiving dinner time—"His voice coaxed like a boy's."

"It is going to be at half-past six o'clock—naturally. You don't feel as if you were going to break down, or anything, do you, Neddle? In your mind?" She was regarding him with amused eyes. But they were loving eyes, too, although the love in them had the effect of being a little out of practice. As if so many other immensely important things occupied the spacious blue fields of vision that Love had been crowded into the background. Gowns to be looked at with sharp appraisal, dust to be ferreted out in the wake of careless maids, little Peter's socks to match exactly the gold-brown of his soft hair—for Peter's mother looked to the perfect outer perfection of his small round body, although the little perfect soul of Peter was almost a stranger to her.

"I've got everything going at last. For the dinner, I mean. I had no idea it would be such an undertaking to get up a dinner twenty miles from a lemon! I've hired a woman who lives right on the edge of the woods to do all the cooking—an Aunt Nancy woman, Neddle."

"Blue-checked apron?"

"Blue-checked or pink or some-checked. She had the liveliest bunch of kiddies. They're like a flight of steps, from the lowest up! I mean to tell her to keep them out of the kitchen."

"Oh, no!—er—I mean—" slipped past Neddle's still boyish lips, but she did not wait for what he meant. It had not occurred to the mother of little Peter and Cecie as it had to their father what joys they themselves were missing in being kept out of the kitchen. So many other things occurred to Ellen Winters.

"I wish we had somewhere to send the babies for Thanksgiving—a grandmother or Aunt Nancy," Ned Winters mused aloud wistfully. "It is tough on 'em to be shunted off up into the nursery alone. They should have a Thanksgiving to remember when—"

"I don't believe you have heard a word I've been saying, Ned Winters! But I shan't begin over—you'll have to find out by the context. Canned plum pudding will have to do because she hasn't time to make everything. Four kinds of pie, I told her, but I forgot pumpkin and that will make five. I told her to strain the cranberries and make jelly. She was going to roast her turkeys before hand and get her vegetables all started. I shall motor out Saturday and see she doesn't, though—I ought to have insisted. They must taste right, even if she does have to work harder," and on and on ran the soft voice that could with so small exertion, put on hardness, when necessary.

On Saturday, Nell motored out to see how the cook was faring, but too late to keep the turkeys out of the oven. The warm, savory smell of them met her on the threshold. As also did the "flight of steps from the lowest up." She was too late to keep the "steps" out of the kitchen, too! One "step" sprang shyly at her.

"She's just basted 'em an' all of us smelled three smells. She let us, Essie began 'cause Essie's tallest. But—but—they sort of didn't smell good's own smells. Once we had own smells—my! Didn't we have, Essie? It was 'fore the war, when Fardie had both his legs in Canada."

"In—Canada?" Ellen Winters, mother of a man child, shivered.

"Yes, before he left one in France. You have to have both your legs in the same country to earn Thanksgiving dinners, Fardie says, an' he says that's a joke, so we all laugh. But Mardie doesn't. Mardie goes right up to Fardie an' kisses the France leg—" "Genie Ross!" The tall Essie found her voice in rebuke.

"She does too! An' then Fardie doesn't laugh either—"

"Genie Ro—" urged Essie all in

vain. The soft little torrent swept on straight from the heart.

"We are goin' to laugh all tomorrow to keep Fardie an' Mardie from thinkin' we mind—'cause—'cause the smells aren't own smells! But—"

enable Genie's lips to reach Ellen Winters' ear. "But we do care ev'ry time the oven opens—sh! It's very difficult to laugh when those puffed-up splendid smells come out. I can, though—watch me laugh; Mardie's goin' to open it again!" And Ellen watched that valiant little roar of mirth for Mardie's sake and Fardie's whom Ellen could discern in another room.

"One, two, three! Now it's my turn to smell, Genie!"

Ellen Winters, muffled in her rugs and furs, rode home smoothly and swiftly. She stopped at the flat of one of the "girls," Esther Sherman. No mob of little children met her there. Esther was alone and eager to hear the details of the Lodge dinner. Nell was such a dear dear to do all the work, besides having all the inspirations. What was she going to do with Peter and Cicily? The other girls, Meg and Carolyn, were going to send theirs—David and Meggie two—off to grandmothers.

"No grandmothers here," sighed Nell. "Nurse will have to play by one. We're away so much, anyway, Cecie won't know the difference, and if Peter does, he won't let on. He keeps things to himself, nurse says. I'm not awfully well acquainted with Peter myself."

"They couldn't—you don't think they could go too, Nell?" This Esther without a Peter or a Cecie was a bit troubled for those of her friend.

"Certainly not," Nell returned firmly. "Not if we want a good quiet time. Much you know about children?"

"I'm acquainted with Peter, anyway!" retorted Esther. "He tells me things. I run in to the nursery often. And Cecie kisses me."

"That's more than she does to me," laughed Nell. And suddenly she heard her own laugh as if someone else had laughed it in her ears. It sounded forced. Why should Cecie be kissing people who were not even mothers? A sudden question leaped up in her mind as if it had been some one else's mind and demanded an answer.

"Are you—a—mother?" it asked distinctly, sternly.

Ned was not downstairs when she reached home and she wanted him downstairs to talk to, to get the taste of that question out of her soul.

"Where have you been?" demanded she, as he at length appeared. "What's the use of having a husband if you can't have him when you want him?"

"What's the use of having babies if you can't see 'em when they are asleep?" countered he. He had been taken a little unawares.

"Neddle! You mean to tell me—"

"Didn't mean to," he muttered.

"—that you—"

"That I—I," he confessed, a flushed, found-out Ned. "Well! A bit explosively. 'It isn't a crime to look at your own babies in their sleep, is it? 'Tis, I'm guilty all right. Say, Nell—' sweeping about toward her suddenly. "Did you know there are dimples in their knees? There are. I—I undressed the little buggers one night. Cost me two dollars—bribed the nurse to beat it. That was one. Cecie's are the deepest—Cecie is a little witch! What do you suppose she said? That I could drop a kiss in the deepest dimple—that made two—for a dollar. Most I ever got out of two dollars!" He made a little chuckling noise in his throat but, curiously, it was not really a laugh. Nell, leaning forward on her chair, was not laughing either.

"Go on—and what did you do?"

"I dropped it in."

It was a beautiful room they were sitting in—too beautiful. Too perfect. It needed this—little things, on the floor, over a chair, over a little chair. It needed beautiful sounds, like soft father-mother laughter over a Peter's funny performance that day or how a Cecie had got round the cook for tiny doll-cookies for her party. It was a beautiful, cleared-up room and very silent. A pity, since this was a rare at-home-together evening for Ned and Ellen Winters—when before had they been alone and together here, at nine o'clock? Ned there in his stuffed lounging chair—Nell here on the couch that was so becoming in its pastel shades to the faint pinkness of her cheeks.

"Hark! That's the fire siren again—how I hate it! Why must they have such a shriek, moany thing that sends the creeps up and down your spine? It makes me think of lost souls wailing in the dark. I suppose somebody's house is afire."

"Poor somebody! It must be the most awful death to be burned—"

"Ned—for thy's sake! Is that the cheerfulest thing you can think of to say after being still most an hour? Why, Nurse! What is the matter? The children—" Nell was on her feet, in alarm. The usually calm, phleg-

matic face of the children's nurse was startled and pale.

"They're gone—I can't find them! It's the siren; it's been ringing the longest while. Their clothes are gone! Peter is perfectly possessed about fires. He always wants to follow the siren. He must have waked up and heard the alarm and seen—have you looked out? The sky is ablaze."

Together they tore the heavy draperies aside—dropped them—sprang for the long motor coats that hung ready.

"Stay here, Nurse! Have hot bottles and things ready. They'll be chilled. Hurry, Nell! Did you count the times it rang?"

"We don't need any directions. The crowd will tell—it's a big fire. I've got Peter's overcoat—where's Cecie's?"

"I've got it—hurry!"

A tenement, huge and tall, was flaming to the sky. There was din of engines and men's voices and a woman shrieking. The crowd was held back but with difficulty. Din and confusion reigned. Ellen Winters, moaning under her breath, clutched at Ned's arm. Suddenly the woman's shrieking ceased.

"She's gone in! She got away from 'em! She's gone after her baby!" A voice close behind Ellen—a mother's voice—was lifted high in terrible excitement. "Well, I'd a-gone—they couldn't a-held me back neither."

Another excited, lifted voice. A mother voice—Ellen seemed to know. "But it's too late, Ida! They aren't letting the firemen in now—don't you see the walls are just ready to fall in! Ida, the baby! Oh, the poor mother! Poor, poor things!"

An awful death Ned had said so short a time ago, back there in the beautiful safe room. The voices, other added voices, went on saying terrible things.

"They say the baby's burned to ashes by this time!"

"So's she by this time! Oh-oooo—" a shudder ran through the crowd. For the walls were caving. A crash and spouting sparks and flames—they had fallen in.

"Ned! Ned!" shrieked Ellen Winters. She could bear no more. She too was a mother. He caught her to him and hid her face in his arms.

"Don't look, dear. Don't think! It's all right—we're all right. We'll find the babies and go home—" but it was not of her own babies Ellen Winters was thinking at that one shuddering moment. It was of that other mother's baby—ashes to ashes, mother and baby. Oh, she hoped there'd been time to get to it—to snatch it into her arms—

"Yes, I am a mother!" she whispered, at last answering the stern question of her soul. Then dire panic seized Ellen Winters.

"Ned, we can't find them! They're lost!" She hurled herself upon strange little ones in the surging crowd only to be freshly disappointed, freshly frantic. One small creature, almost a Cicily, she clasped to her and refused to give up until Ned gently released the child who wanted its own mother.

"Come dear," he soothed, "I am going to take you home—I can hunt better all by myself. Besides, I've set the police hunting. You must obey, Nell. I'm Decider of This!" He tried to coax a smile but in vain. They went homeward in spite of Ellen's objections, he, talking steadily to keep her mind from dwelling on terrible things, she, dwelling shudderingly.

Peter met them at the front door. A sobered but unrepented Peter.

"Here's us!" he greeted gravely. "Was you lookin' for us? I brang Cecie home—of course I brang her. I made her wear my coat. An' I said 'run!' an' we runned—ranned, I mean. And Nurse toasted us; we're all toasted now. Father, there was a woman all burned up—up! An' her little boy was all burned up. I—I cried, but Cecie didn't. Cecie said if she'd been the mother she'd been glad she'd burned all up, too." Oh, the eternal motherness of Cecie's, little and big!

"Father, are you glad 'twasn't us burned—Mother, would you have run in and bur—"

"Oh, darlings, don't—don't—don't!" And Ellen Winters on her knees before her unharmed darlings felt a great light sweep in on the tide of her child's words, the glaring and awful light of truth. She saw herself in the light once more and heard the question.

Half an hour later the children were still downstairs. Mother'd sent Nurse away! Mother'd held 'em both in her arms to once! An' Father'd held 'em. An'—my! Only girls went to sleep those times. Peter stayed broad awake an' had splendid times!

"Peter, how would you like an old-fashioned Thanksgiving right here in our dining-room—and—and kitchen, Peter? And you and Cecie smelling the good smells every time the oven-door opened? No cooks 'round, no Nurses, and Mother in a blue-checked apron—"

"What's old-fashioned like, Mother? Is a blue-checked apron nice?"

"Nicest apron in all the world, son!" sang Father. "It is the Badge of Home and Joy."

"Father can wear one, too!" laughed Nell unevenly. "Neddle? Just us four together? Us four, alive and safe!"

"Us four! Us four an' Thanksgiving!" sang Cecie to the world at large. It was a kind of a song. She liked it. So did Father.

"And Thanksgiving," repeated Father. "Thanksgiving, Nell!"

The Decider of Things had it all decided. She slipped away to the telephone and explained to the girls. Back she flew, joyous with her news.

"I got them all three. They are all rather relieved, Ned, and I told them about that flight of little steps, on the edge of the woods, and they all want the little steps to have the dinner! The girls are dears! I told them how that boy Genie said it wasn't the same to smell other folks' smells—now he can smell 'own' smells! I'll send word out to them the first thing Monday. Neddle, Peter, Mother's going to baste the turkey!"

Early on Thanksgiving day Esther Sherman appeared but could not be induced to sit down.

"I've only got a minute, while she's asleep. I came over to tell you—we've got a baby, Nell! Hush, let me talk! Richard chose the very homeliest one, I do believe, but I can make her pretty! I can—love her pretty. I've begun new. I told Richard we'd borrow one for today—when you phoned you were going to have a real home Thanksgiving. We had to have a real home one, too. I sent him to the Baby Home for one. Nell, do you think we'd give that baby up after—after it snuggled its little soft head in our necks! And went to sleep—here?" She laid her hand upon her breast. "And—would kissed its little knees—let me go! Don't keep me or I'll cry I am so happy—"

"Neddle," whispered Nell later, when "own smells" like holy incense of Home and Joy floated through the big house, "did you think a Thanksgiving could be so very thankful?"

And Neddle wiped her mother-tender eyes on the corner of the big blue apron.

FARM LIFE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Farming is more than a business. It is also a life, a life which many people who have had opportunity to compare it with urban life greatly prefer. Many of the people with this viewpoint have been able to satisfy it only after they have passed middle life or, perhaps, have not sooner appreciated the advantages of farm life. Some have made their comparisons while young and decided in favor of the farm, regardless of the handicaps involved.

If the experience of the older people, who go back to the farm life from choice after middle life, is worth anything, the young people who make farm life their first choice are on the right track. From the standpoint of a satisfactory and wholesome life, there can be no doubt about it when the possibilities of present farm living conditions are considered. And, from a business standpoint, they are making no mistake in the long run. While farming may not be on a par with some other present business opportunities so far as immediate returns are concerned, it is a stable business in which average successes are probably more numerous than are average successes in most other lines. It is not alone in being subject to periods of depression, and it holds no hazard of unemployment with which industrial and office workers must ever contend.

All of these factors should be well considered by young people who stand at the fork of the road, where they must choose between farm life in God's open country and the possibility of an unsatisfactory existence in the crowded city.

"Give thanks, oh, Heart of mine, with very mirth for need To Him who gave us knowledge of the cunning of the seed, For beauty of the growing and the joy of blossoming And granting of the harvest from the promise of the Spring."

—Theodosia Garrison.

Did you ever try to drive nails into seasoned timber, such as white oak, post oak or hickory? Hard job, wasn't it? I have learned that axle grease or lubricating oil applied freely to the point of the nail will make it drive much easier and the grease also prevents the nail rusting in the timber. Use any grade of oil or grease, just so it is greasy, and be careful! To get none on the nail-head, for your hammer will slip off and bend the nail.

About the House

TENSION MAKES OR MARS STITCH.

The tension of your sewing machine is an all-important consideration of every home dressmaker. It must be regulated according to the weight of material used and a perfect stitch should be alike on both sides. This perfect stitch is obtained when the tension on the upper and under side is alike. The upper tension is usually placed on the face of the machine or else on the arm; the lower tension is adjusted by a screw in the bobbin case. In regulating the delivery of thread both through the upper and lower tension, turn the adjusting screw to the right to tighten, and to the left to loosen.

The length of the stitch is regulated by a screw or a lever on the head at the right of the machine; this stitch is lengthened by turning to the right.

IMPROPER WORKING OF MACHINE.

Does your upper thread break? If so, is this the reason?

Imperfect needle (bent or blunt). Machine improperly threaded. Needle too small for the thread. Needle improperly set.

Dirt or lint in the shuttle cavity which stops the bobbin from turning freely.

WORN.

Does your machine skip stitches? If this is the condition examine it, considering the following points:

Blunt or crooked needle. Needle and thread not corresponding in size.

Needle improperly set. Wrong needle for the machine.

Are you constantly breaking needles? Here are some of the reasons: Failure to release the tension before drawing the work from under the presser foot.

Trying to assist the feed points by pulling the material as the machine is stitching.

Using a coarse thread in a fine needle.

Using the wrong needle or not setting the needle properly.

Presser foot or attachments not securely fastened by thumb screws.

Do you find that your machine is hard to run? This condition may be due to any of the following:

Dull needle points. Loose belt. Dull needle. Lack of oil. Dirt and lint. Gummed with oil.

Go over the machine carefully, adjusting all the conditions that promote disorder and give it a fair chance to do good work for you, before you blame the results of your work to age and make.

A POT OF GOLD—PAINT.

This is the time of year when everything about the house seems to take on a look of shabbiness and misfit, when we housewives wish we might follow the rainbow's lovely path and find the fabled Pot of Gold. But why seek the rainbow's end when a veritable pot of gold may be purchased for a very small sum at the corner drug store or hardware? Small pots of paint and enamel holding as little as one-fourth pint may now be procured in almost every color and tint. A very small outlay of money and time will make dingy rooms take on a bright and cheerful appearance.

We recently moved into a large country house. The dining-room woodwork was painted a muddy green. We repainted the woodwork and papered the walls with a soft tan paper with a touch of rose in it. We went over the furniture with an antique oak varnish, also the floor. The room is very cheerful and pleasant and the whole cost came within five dollars.

We had two deep trays of smooth wood made. These we fastened one above the other to four square posts. To this we fastened the rubber-tired wheels and the well-designed handle of a discarded baby carriage. We enameled this to match the other furnishings and have a practical and really good looking serving table.

We found some old, deep picture frames in the attic. These we enameled in black with touches of gilt and color. We purchased some tray handles and fastened one at each end of frames. We put crocheted dollies under the glass, although cutouts of wall paper or cretonne would be pretty. These substantial trays have been much admired.

Scarcely anything about the house escaped the onslaught of our relentless paint brushes. Vases, bowls, baskets and low flower pots to hold cut flowers, bulbs and ferns.

Many ideas come to mind as one gets interested in the work. Do not bemoan the fact that there is no pot of gold to spend for new furnishings, but get busy with paint and brush. You will be amazed at the charming results of a few hours of pleasant

work, and you will feel more than repaid by the compliments of your home folks and friends.

COMBINATION CAKE.

This is a good recipe for dark cake which my family is very fond of. I use the same recipe with slight variations for layer cake, drop cookies, fruit cake, or gingerbread made in a dripper.

Layer Cake—1-3 cup shortening, 1 cup white sugar, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup boiling water, 2½ cups flour, 2 egg yolks, 2 tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. ginger, salt, 1½ tsp. soda.

Bake in two layers, and ice with boiled white icing made of one cup of sugar and half cup of water boiled together until it hairs. Stir this syrup into the two stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until creamy.

For dark drop cakes I use the same recipe, adding two whole eggs, two teaspoonfuls cloves, one tablespoon cocoa, and bake in gem pans in moderate oven.

For gingerbread, make as for drop cakes, but bake in a dripper.

For fruit cake add one-half package of raisins and one cup flour. Bake in deep pans. This will make two fair-sized loaves.—Mrs. W. G. S.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



4498. Dotted percale in blue and white is here portrayed. It is piped with blue bias binding. This is a good model for suiting, kasha, and jersey, also for linen and crepe. The sleeve may be in wrist-length or short.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for an 8-year size. For vest, and facings of contrasting material, ¼ yard 32 inches wide is required.

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

DRYING DAINTY LINENS.

I have an old dresser with a broad marble top and consider myself in luck. I find it the most convenient thing on which to dry dainty, flat linens, although a porcelain top kitchen table would answer the purpose. After washing the linens, I lay them perfectly flat on the smooth marble, patting the edges down well. When dry they are lifted up and folded, with a great saving of heat and labor.—G. S.

CARE IN PLANNING.

Things to remember when planning meals:

Fried foods should be used sparingly, especially where there are children. The iron requirement of children and women is greater than for men.

Defined.

A servant girl who was employed in a family in which there were several children became very much alarmed when one of them fell ill with scarlet fever. She was for leaving at once.

"You need not be afraid, Mary," said her mistress. "We have isolated the little boy, and you need not go near him. Moreover, adults rarely take the disease."

After an hour or two Mary was overheard saying to a fellow-servant: "Betty, what does 'isolated' mean?"

"I don't know exactly," replied the brilliant Betty, "but I guess it means that they have put him on ice."

"That must be it. And what is an 'adult'?"

"I don't know exactly that, either; but I guess it means a girl who works out."

The sweet pea dates back to 1699, when the plant was first cultivated by a priest in Sicily.

CATTLE SHIPMENTS TO GREAT BRITAIN

REMOVAL OF EMBARGO LIVE ISSUE.

Results Have Fully Justified Ceaseless Efforts of Agitators for Repeal of Act.

Few movements of recent years in Canada held such concentrated agricultural attention, or created such united agitation, as that for the removal of the embargo against the admission of cattle into Great Britain. A market for Canadian store cattle was the one question left by the imposition of the United States tariff unaltered, and the solution apparently lay only in one direction. At the same time there was a wide prevailing scepticism as to the possibility of the removal of the embargo entirely solving Canada's export cattle problem, and the fact of its being removed from the statute books did not dissipate the existent pessimism or immediately raise the Western cattle industry out of its depression.

The short time which has elapsed, however, since the first shipments for unrestricted entry were made, has gone far to prove that the opening of the British market is tending to slowly bring back the Western Canadian cattle industry to its former importance and profitable pursuit. The few brief months have been sufficient to create a brighter and more hopeful outlook, which is slowly dispelling the depressing attitude which has for some time characterized followers of the cattle industry.

Ocean Transportation Taxed.

According to the Hon. Duncan Marshall, Commissioner of Agriculture, who recently returned from a four months' study of the overseas situation, Great Britain offers an unrestricted market for Canadian cattle of the feeder type and the British markets can absorb as great a volume of live cattle as Canada can ship. In spite of the immensely longer journey, Mr. Marshall stated that Canadian cattle compared more favorably on arrival than animals from Ireland. Shipments from Canada came off the boats in excellent condition, showing a shrinkage of only half of one per cent. from Montreal weights. The figures of sale of the shipment of cattle which Mr. Marshall accompanied across the ocean from Lethbridge, Alberta, definitely satisfied him as to the satisfactory profits from the traffic when the right kind of animals are shipped.

Substantial shipments of live Canadian cattle has been an outstanding situation in the first part of the year and there has been considerable co-operative shipping on the part of farmers' organizations. Movement has been steadily taxing ocean transportation to its capabilities. In the brief period cattle shipments were in progress before the opening of navigation on the St. Lawrence, over three thousand head of cattle left for overseas from the Port of St. John. At Montreal over forty vessels are this summer engaging in the cattle traffic. Up to the end of June approximately 14,000 head of Canadian cattle had left from the St. Lawrence ports, and it is believed that before the end of the season fifty thousand will have left this port for Great Britain. Thus Canadian ports and transportation interests directly benefit from the change of markets.

Bring Good Prices.

According to Mr. Marshall, the complete cost of shipping cattle from Lethbridge, with two days' feed in Montreal, and selling them on the Liverpool market, paying all fees, amounted to \$3.93 per 100 lbs. The 25 head killed at Liverpool dressed 57.4 per cent. They looked very well hung up, except that the flanks showed a trifle dark as a result of the journey. The hides and offal of each steer brought \$17.50, and the meat brought a gross average price, after deducting all charges and freight to London, of \$17.57 per 100 lbs.

Ocean freight reduced this to \$14.43, which was the net price in Montreal. This was equal to a live-weight price of \$5.24 at Montreal, which, said Mr. Marshall, clearly indicates the value of a live cattle market in Great Britain when prices are falling.

The live cattle brought an average of \$11.46 per 100 lbs. in Liverpool, which made a net price at Montreal, on Montreal weights, after feeding, of \$9.08 per 100 lbs. The Lethbridge cattle sold alive made a net price at Lethbridge, taking their weights on the farm and allowing a shrinkage of 3½ per cent., of \$7.53 per 100 lbs.

Results Justify Efforts.

In the short space of time which has elapsed since the removal of the British embargo, results have fully justified the ceaseless efforts of agitators who worked strenuously for the repeal of the Act. Gradually the feeling

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

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

Health rules are good for children. Their young minds assimilate knowledge very readily, and good advice given early in life in a sympathetic and attractive way often makes a lasting impression.

The value of good health and the advisability of maintaining good health as a bulwark against the attacks of such diseases as tuberculosis should ever be impressed on children as well as adults. When the constitution is robust, when good health is much in evidence, there is not so much danger of disease germs as in the person who is weak or anaemic or generally below the normal standard of health.

What should the child learn then, that may be of benefit to him in warding off sickness. Here are some things to remember:

Go to bed early, and get plenty of sleep. When tired or ill, rest by lying down—not sitting up.

Live in the open air all you can and keep the windows open night and day

so that the air may always be fresh and clean.

Clean night air with open windows is safer than dirty night air with the windows shut.

Daily exercise in the open air is invaluable.

Admit sunshine and light into the house. Clean the windows. Sunshine and daylight kill the germs and strengthen the body.

Eat plain, clean, nourishing, fresh foods. Oatmeal porridge, bread and milk, butter-milk, lentil or pea soup, all are good.

Let your clothes be few in number, loose in fit, light in weight, woolen in texture.

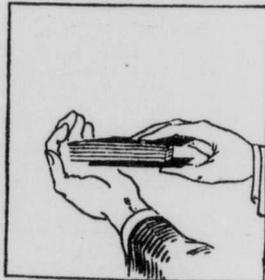
Keep yourself and your home clean. Clean teeth, clean clothes, clean body, clean hair (girls' should be in plaits or tied back in school). Soap and water aided by fresh air currents and sunshine will keep the home clean.

The germ of tuberculosis grows with difficulty in a healthy body. Therefore observe and practice the laws of health.

EASY TRICKS

No. 51

Thought Foretold



Write the name of a card on a borrowed visiting card and ask a friend to put it in his pocket without looking at what you have written.

Take a pack of playing cards in your left hand, backs uppermost. Hold the right hand with the fingers on the cards and the thumb underneath. Draw the cards, a few at a time, into your right hand, asking your friend to tell you when to stop. When he tells you to stop, show the last card you drew back. Then ask him to look at the visiting card he put in his pocket. On it is written the name of the card.

When the spectator told you to stop, you drew the cards under your fingers into your right hand, just as you appeared to do. At the same time, your thumb, pressing on the bottom card of the pack, drew that card back. Before introducing the trick, you observed the bottom card and wrote its name on the calling card.

The illustration shows how the trick is done. In order to expose the movement of the bottom card, the fingers in the drawing cover less of the card surface than you will find they will do when you try the trick. Of course, the greater surface the hands cover the less danger of detection there will be.

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



No Help Needed.

Wife (sarcastically) — "I guess you've been comforting that unfortunate friend of yours all evening—helping him to carry his load!"

Hubby (cheerfully) — "No; must say I never in my life saw a man carry his load better than he did to-night."

The earth is 92,800,000 miles from the sun.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes.

Our Festive Dinner

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Fruit Cup
Roast Turkey with Swedish Dressing
Celery, Rolls, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes
Hot Slaw
Thanksgiving Pudding, Orange Sauce
Nuts, Raisins, Coffee

A mock chicken pie is made by partly filling a pan with left-over roast pork cut into small pieces, moisten well with gravy, cover with a layer of biscuit dough, and bake in the oven.

Orange sauce: Whites of three eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar, juice and grated rind of two oranges, juice of one lemon. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add sugar gradually, and continue beating while adding rind and fruit juices.

Thanksgiving pudding: One-third of a cupful of suet, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half pound of figs, finely chopped, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, two and one-half cupfuls of stale breadcrumbs, one-half cupful of English walnut meats, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of brown sugar, four eggs, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of raisins, seeded and cut. Chop the suet and work with the hand until creamy, then add the figs. Soak the breadcrumbs in milk, add the eggs well beaten, then the sugar, salt, and spices. Combine the mixtures, add the nut meats and raisins (dredged with flour), add the baking-powder and beat thoroughly. Turn into a buttered mold, steam three hours, and serve with orange sauce.

Fruit cup, cut apples, bananas and canned pineapple in small cubes. Peel and cut oranges in small sections, halve and seed white grapes. Mix fruit with granulated sugar and a little lemon-juice, then place in lemonade or sherbet glasses or in glass sauce dishes. Place the glass or dish on a small plate, top each serving with a maraschino cherry and serve cold.

Turkey dressing in Swedish style is recommended; it requires two cupfuls of stale breadcrumbs, two-thirds of a cupful of melted butter, one-half cupful of raisins, seeded and cut in pieces, one-half cupful of English walnut meats, broken in pieces, salt, pepper and sage to taste. Mix the ingredients in the order given.

A rich cranberry sauce is made thus: Use an equal measure of berries and sugar. Wash, drain, and put the berries in an enamel kettle with just enough cold water to show when the berries are pressed down. When the berries boil, add one-fourth of the sugar, sprinkling it over the berries without stirring. Let it boil for a minute, add another fourth of the sugar and repeat until all the sugar is used. Boil up once more, cooking slowly, and do not stir.

If you serve roast pork for Thanksgiving dinner, try this method of

cooking: Place the meat in a large kettle with sufficient water to cover, and boil until tender; then remove the meat, place it in a pan and put into the oven to brown. In this way much of the fat is boiled out, and a delicious gravy can be made from the stock. On the following day put the remaining stock, or gravy, into a baking-dish, thin with milk, add a few bits of the left-over meat and bring to a boil on top of the stove. Then drop in dumplings made from a soft, rich biscuit dough, and finish cooking in the oven.

Hot slaw is made thus: Remove the outer leaves and the heart from a head of cabbage, chop the remainder. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a saucepan, add one cupful of sugar, one dessertspoonful of dry mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Mix, then add one egg, well beaten, and last of all, three-fourths of a cupful of vinegar and one-fourth of a cupful of water. Melt, then let come to a boil, stirring all the time. When it thickens, remove from the fire let it curdle, and add the cabbage, a handful at a time, stirring until it is all moistened with the sauce. Keep warm until served.

Roast turkey: Select a turkey having no scales on the legs, and with a skin that tears easily. A turkey does not begin to be plump until it weighs about eight pounds, so it is not advisable to choose a bird weighing less. Dress the turkey twenty-four hours before it is to be cooked, and put away in a cold place, for this will help to make it tender. Thoroughly wash and dry the bird, cover with a coat of melted butter, dust with salt and pepper, then cover with flour. If the bird is cooked properly and is well basted every fifteen minutes, this treatment will insure juiciness. Place the turkey, breast down, in a dripping pan or roaster that is half-full of boiling water, turning the bird over the last half-hour to insure an even brown. Allow fifteen minutes to a pound for a young bird and twenty minutes to the pound for an old one. As the grease rises in the water skim it off, and use the water that is left for gravy.

Turkey soup: The following method is better than boiling meat, bones and stuffing together, as the stuffing absorbs the oil and gives the soup a strong flavor. Take the bones and scraps left from roast turkey. Scrape the meat from the bones and lay aside any nice pieces, no matter how small. Remove all the stuffing and keep it separate. Break bones and pack them closely in a kettle. Cover with cold water. Add one small onion, sliced, one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Simmer two or three hours until the bones are clean. Strain and remove the fat. Put the liquor on to boil again and add for every quart of liquid one cupful of turkey meat, cut fine, and half a cupful of stuffing. If the stuffing is omitted, thicken the soup with flour. Simmer until the meat is tender and serve at once.



Harvey Makes an Offer

Ambassador Harvey of the United States, renewed the offer of the Hughes' plan for a settlement of the reparations trouble, in his farewell speech in London. The plan provides for a commission of experts to investigate Germany's ability to pay reparations.

\$5.80; strong bakers', \$5.60; winter pats., choice, \$5.75 to \$5.85. Rolled oats—bag of 90 lbs., \$3.05. Bran—\$27.25. Shorts—\$30.25. Middlings—\$36.25. Hay—No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$15 to \$16.

Lightweight bulls, \$2 to \$2.25; heavier bulls, \$2.50 to \$2.75; cutter cows, \$1.50 to \$2.25; canners, \$1; better quality cows, \$2.75 to \$3; good veals, \$10; grassers, \$2.25 to \$3; hogs, thick smooths and shop hogs, \$8.50 to \$8.75; do, select, \$9.25; sows, \$6 to \$6.75.

1,490 Irish Prisoners Cease Their Hunger Strike

Dublin, Oct. 28.—Following the Government's pronouncement that none of the numerous hunger strikers would be released from prison, it was announced officially to-day that 1,490 persons who were refusing food abandoned their strike during the week end.

Richard Mulcahy, Minister of Defence, replying to the Cork Corporation's demand for the release of the prisoners, said in a note: "Surely your corporation may consider it its duty to offer to those charged with the grave responsibility of securing peace and effective assistance toward that end than that of unreasonable telegrams."

The St. John, N.B., dry dock is now an accomplished work, and was opened on October 29th. It is the largest dry dock in North America, and capable of accommodating the largest ship in the British navy.

UNITED STATES WILL AID BRITAIN IN SOLVING EUROPEAN PROBLEMS

A despatch from Washington says:—In response to an official inquiry by the British Government, Secretary of State Hughes has informed Great Britain that the United States is willing to participate in an advisory economic conference for the purpose of considering Germany's capacity to pay reparations and methods of effecting such payments.

This co-operation is guaranteed only on the understanding that France and all other powers directly interested in German reparations concur in the plan and participate in the conference. If France or any other interested power should not approve of the project of a reparations survey by an economic conference, and refuse to participate, the United States would determine whether it would participate, only after mature deliberation.

Britain is revealed as putting forth a desperate effort to halt the dismemberment of Germany and restore the status quo, with Germany and France in agreement on the payment of rep-

arations. To this end Great Britain seeks the aid of the United States.

That there had been a formal exchange of views between London and Washington on the European situation was disclosed by Secretary Hughes on Thursday night, a few hours after former Prime Minister Lloyd George had called on him and lunched with President Coolidge and told the press that only the United States can bring about the solution of Europe's problems.

Mr. Lloyd George declined, however, to comment on the Hughes note.

As a culmination of the subtle drive of the canny Welshman to induce the United States to take a strong hand in European affairs, the American reply to the London sounding falls short of what he had hoped for, though he regards it as a step in the right direction from the British point of view.

Mr. Lloyd George, however, does not despair of the United States, which he foresees eventually setting the European house in order.

A Thanksgiving Grandmother.

By Myrtle Jamison Trachsel.

Janie ran out of her house just as Lula Lee appeared on the porch of the house next door.

"Oh, look, Lula Lee, there is a big snowflake! I do believe tomorrow will be a white Thanksgiving. Wouldn't that be perfect?"

"I don't know," said Lula Lee doubtfully. "I don't think it can be perfect without a Thanksgiving grandmother, and I shan't have one this year."

"What is a Thanksgiving grandmother?" asked Bobby, who came running from across the street.

"A Thanksgiving grandmother is one that cooks the dinner for you herself."

"I haven't any grandmothers at all," sighed Janie.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lula Lee suddenly. "The little old lady that lives at the end of the street looks exactly like a Thanksgiving grandmother. We can ask her to be ours. Oh, I hope she will be."

It was a daring thought, but all three made off down the street, rolling their hoops in front of them.

No sooner had they knocked on the door of the cottage than a little old lady with white hair was smiling down upon them. Through the open door came delicious cookery smells. Bobby sniffed.

"That's her; I can smell it cooking," he whispered cautiously to Janie.

"We wondered whether you were a Thanksgiving grandmother," explained Lula Lee.

"Why, I—" the little old lady hesitated.

"Because if you are," spoke Janie, "we want you to be our grandmother and let us eat Thanksgiving dinner with you."

The little old lady threw the door wide open. "Come right in; I am so glad to have you."

She led the way to the kitchen, saying, "I wonder whether you couldn't have our Thanksgiving dinner today, since you are already here. It is only one day early."

The children were quite willing. "I think," said grandmother as she fluttered about, "we had better have thick slices of country ham instead of turkey. There won't be time to roast a turkey."

"May we help you?" asked Lula Lee and Janie.

Grandmother said they might set the table. "Set five places," she said.

"But there are only four of us," counted Lula Lee. "One, two, three, four."

Grandmother looked mysterious. "There is some one else quite as important as a Thanksgiving grandmother," she said, smiling.

"Who?"

"I can't tell you yet, but be sure you set five places."

What fun it was, and how beautiful the blue-and-white dishes were that they brought so carefully from the pantry. Bobby hopped about first on one foot and then on the other, trying to see what it was grandmother was taking from that jar and this pan.

When everything was steaming on the table grandmother said, "Take your places now and be as still as little mice. I want you to surprise some one."

The three wanted to ask one another who it could be, but they never made a sound while grandmother went out to the shed. Then a man stood in the doorway—a tall man with white hair and surprised blue eyes.

"Our Thanksgiving grandfather!" exclaimed Lula Lee under her breath.

"Well I vow!" said the tall man. "If it isn't the children all back home again just as they used to be. Here's Alice, Mary and little Ben."

He went around the table and hugged each one of them before he took his place, and the children didn't even notice that he had called them by different names.

Grandmother had slipped into her place at the foot of the table. Grandfather looked at her pink cheeks and happy eyes and said softly, "And we thought we should have to have our Thanksgiving dinner alone!"

Then he bowed his head and gave thanks for "all the good things and these children that bring back dear scenes."

"And for Thanksgiving grandmothers and grandfathers," added Lula Lee softly.—Youth's Companion.

Eternal Flame Over French Soldier's Tomb

Paris, Oct. 28.—Eternal flame will rise above the tomb of the unknown soldier beneath Napoleon's arch of triumph at Paris.

The Administration of Fine Arts is making a classic bronze lamp which will be an undying symbolic flame, kept alive perpetually by war veterans voluntarily tending the fire of remembrance.

The flame will be lighted next Armistice Day.

Tortoises are very tenacious of life; one of these animals existed, apparently quite unconcerned, for eight months after its brain was removed,

Weekly Market Report

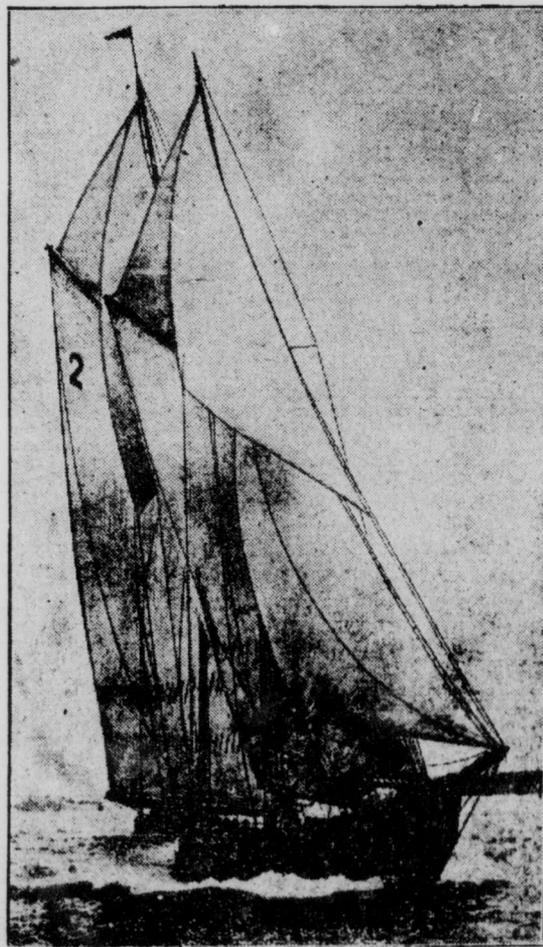
TORONTO.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.06½.
Manitoba oats—No. 2 CW, 51c; No. 8 CW, 47½c; No. 1 feed, 45½c.
Manitoba barley—Nominal.
All the above, track, bay ports.
American corn—Track, Toronto, No. 2 yellow, \$1.26.
Ontario barley—60 to 62c.
Ontario wheat—No. 2, nominal.
Ontario rye—No. 2, 70 to 72c.
Peas—No. 2, nominal.
Milled—Del., Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$27; shorts, per ton, \$30; middlings, \$36; good feed flour, \$2.05.
Ontario wheat—No. 2 white, 95c to \$1, outside.
Ontario No. 2 white oats—40 to 44c.
Ontario corn—Nominal.
Ontario flour—Ninety per cent. pat., in jute bags, Montreal, prompt shipment, \$4.50; Toronto basis, \$4.50; bulk, seaboard, \$4.40.
Manitoba flour—1st pats., in jute sacks, \$6.50 per barrel; 2nd pats., \$6.
Hay—Extra No. 2 timothy, per ton, track, Toronto, \$14.50 to \$16; No. 2, \$14.50; No. 3, \$12.50; mixed, \$12.
Straw—Car lots, per ton, \$9.
Cheese—New, large, 25 to 26c; twins, 26 to 26½c; triplets, 27 to 27½c; Stilltons, 27 to 28c. Old, large, 22c; twins, 23 to 23½c.
Butter—Finest creamery prints, 40 to 42c; ordinary creamery, 37 to 38c; No. 2, 36 to 37c.
Eggs—Extras, in cartons, 44 to 45c; extras, 42 to 43c; firsts, 38 to 39c; seconds, 31 to 32c.
Live poultry—Spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 25c; chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 22c; hens, over 5 lbs., 22c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 16c; do, 3 to 4 lbs., 15c; roosters, 15c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 20c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 18c; turkeys, young, 10 lbs. and up, 25c.
Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 33c; chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 30c; hens, over 5 lbs., 28c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 24c; do, 3 to 4 lbs., 18c; roosters, 18c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 28c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 25c; turkeys, young, 10 lbs. and up, 30c.

Beans—Canadian hand-picked, lb., 7c; primes, 6½c.
Maple products—Syrup, per imp. gal., \$2.50; per 5-gal. tin, \$2.40 per gal.; maple sugar, lb., 25c.
Honey—60-lb. tins, 12 to 13c per lb.; 10-lb. tins, 12 to 13c; 5-lb. tins, 13 to 14c; 2½-lb. tins, 14 to 15c; comb honey, per doz., No. 1, \$3.75 to \$4; No. 2, \$3.25 to \$3.50.
Smoked meats—Hams, med., 27 to 29c; cooked hams, 40 to 42c; smoked rolls, 22 to 24c; cottage rolls, 23 to 27c; breakfast bacon, 30 to 34c; special brand breakfast bacon, 34 to 38c; backs, boneless, 31 to 38c.
Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 50 to 70 lbs., \$18; 70 to 90 lbs., \$17.50; 90 lbs. and up, \$16.50; lightweight rolls, in barrels, \$36; heavyweight rolls, \$33.
Lard—Pure tierces, 17½ to 18c; tubs, 18 to 18½c; pails, 18½ to 19c; prints, 20 to 21c; shortening tierces 15¼ to 15½c; tubs, 15½ to 16c; pails, 16 to 16½c; prints 18¼ to 18½c.
Heavy steers, choice, \$7.25 to \$7.50; do, good, \$5.50 to \$6; do, med., \$4.50 to \$5.50; do, com., \$3 to \$4; butcher heifers, choice, \$6.25 to \$6.50; do, med., \$4.50 to \$5.25; do, com., \$3 to \$3.50; butcher cows, choice, \$4.25 to \$5; do, med., \$3 to \$4; canners and cutters, \$1.50 to \$2.50; butcher bulls, good, \$4 to \$5; do, com., \$2.50 to \$3.50; feeding steers, good, \$5 to \$6; do, fair, \$4.50 to \$5; stockers, good, \$4.50 to \$5; do, fair, \$3.50 to \$4; milkers and springers, \$3.50 to \$110; calves, choice, \$10 to \$11; do, med., \$8 to \$9; do, com., \$4 to \$5; do, grassers, \$3.50 to \$4.50; lambs, choice, \$11.25 to \$11.50; do, bucks, \$9.75 to \$10; do, com., \$8 to \$8.50; sheep, light ewes, good, \$6.50 to \$7; do, fat, heavy, \$4 to \$5; do, culls, \$2 to \$2.50; hogs, thick, smooth, F.W., \$8.50 to \$8.75; do, f.o.b., \$8 to \$8.25; do, country points, \$7.75 to \$8; do, select, \$9.30 to \$9.50.

MONTREAL.

Oats—Can. West, No. 2, 57½ to 58c; do, No. 3, 56½ to 57c; extra No. 1 feed, 55 to 55½c; No. 2 local white, 54 to 54½c. Flour—Man. spring wheat pats., 1sts, \$6.30; do, 2nds,



THE CHAMPION OF THE SEA

The Canadian champion fishing ship, the famous "Bluenose," which is to compete with the "Columbia," the United States contestant for the honors of the International Fishermen's race. The "Bluenose" has held the championship for several years.

For the Boys and Girls

THE ORIOLE'S NEST

A splash of gold in the tree-top tall;
A glint in the white of petaled
sprays;
A bird that answers its mate's far call
Across the garden and over the wall—
The self-same song of a thousand
Mays!

An oriole's nest is swinging low
Where pear blooms whiten a gaunt
gray limb;
Where pear blooms weave a ruff of
snow
And scatter themselves in the depths
below;
Oh, rocking it is to a lulling hymn!

The nest is there in the shadows deep
When crickets chirp at eventide;
The nest is there when the world's
asleep
And stars down through the new
leaves peep,
An airy bark in an ocean wide!

The nest shines out at the dawn's red
beam,
A thing of web and fibre and floss;
A tilting cradle where fledglings
dream
Beneath a warm breast's orange
gleam,
And under the petals that soft
winds toss!

The nest, the nest of the oriole,
Afloat in the aisles of the ancient
pear,
Adrift in a sky with a cloudy shoal;
Ah, it swings with the earth on its
leaning pole;
It swings, it swings in the blossoms
there!

—Leslie Clare Manchester.

IN AFRICA IT IS "LE NJEK"—IN
CHINA, "TA PAN."
Far away in the "Dark Continent"

of Africa the dark boys play a game called "Lenjek" (pronounced "lay-nyack...") Like many of the games of skill, to teach boys to do things they will have to do when they grow to manhood.

In order to play this game it is necessary to have a large round disc of some soft material. The African boys use a cross section of a certain very soft and porous tree. The lad who is "it," armed with this disc, takes his place in front of the rest of the group. The other boys in the game line up a few feet back about two feet apart.

Each boy in the line has a long spear, made of a straight piece of tough wood whittled to a very sharp point at one end.

The leader spins the disc through the air at a height about equal to his shoulder. It is thrown perpendicularly, so that the flat side is towards the line of boys. As it whirls past, each boy flings his spear, endeavoring to pierce it. When one succeeds he takes the place of the leader and throws the disc the next time, the former leader retiring to the foot of the line.

This game trains boys to spear speeding animals. When the missionaries introduced tennis in Africa the natives thought that it resembled this game so they gave tennis the same name, "Le njek."

In some parts of China the boys play a game similar to this except that they use stones. Their leader throws a large stone instead of the disc and the other boys try to strike it with smaller stones as it whirls past them. This game is called "Ta-Pan."

Little short of phenomenal. Manitoba, which in 1917 raised 47,600 bushels of corn, grew 218,000 bushels in 1922, an increase of over 250 per cent. for the period. Saskatchewan in the same time increased her production from 31,800 bushels to 187,000 bushels, or by nearly 500 per cent. Alberta increased her yield from 4,000 bushels in 1917 to 82,000 bushels in 1922, an incredible increase of 1,915 per cent. Manitoba last year achieved an average production of 7.50 tons of fodder corn to the acre, which was worth then \$6.00 per ton, or for the total provincial crop \$1,296,000. Saskatchewan's average was 6.85 tons to the acre with an average value of \$7.00 per ton, or for the entire province \$1,209,000. Alberta had an average of 5.85 tons to the acre, each ton being worth \$6.00, making the total provincial crop worth \$411,000. In all cases the value of an acre of corn was practically double the value of an acre of wheat.

Leads to Much Silo Construction.

The possibility of successfully growing corn in Western Canada has many aspects. Not only does it prove the greater range and diversity of Western agricultural production, but it has a marked effect on other phases of Western farming. The corn patch is rapidly followed by the erection of a silo, and now, where one scarcely saw one of these buildings in a day's drive a few years ago, they are becoming the natural establishment of every mixed farm. This is having a pronounced effect on farm feeding, which is again apparent in the dairy industry, in which the Western Provinces are making such strides.

The Western Provinces are only starting out on their careers as corn-growing areas. The era of experimentation and development is only just past, but past definitely with its conclusions most favorable. This may be taken as the first year of really serious attention to the commercial production of corn, and those to follow will undoubtedly see corn ranking with other crops which have made Western Canada internationally famous.



And Could Have Saved Trouble.

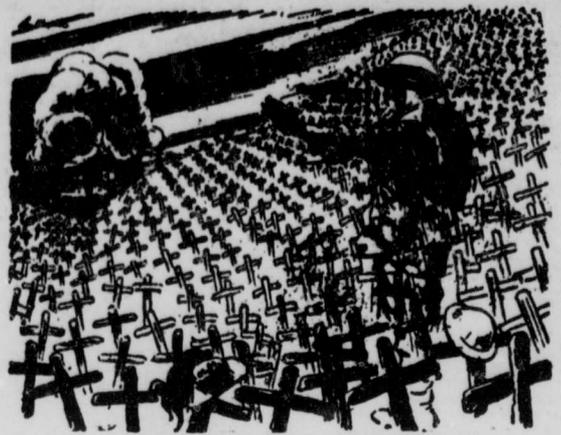
Wife—"Just to think those Americans had to go all the way to China to be held up by bandits!"
Hubby—"Yes, when they could just as well have stayed home for that."

A Smart Witness.

The prosecuting attorney had encountered a somewhat difficult witness. Finally he asked the man if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes, sir," announced the witness, "more than half of them."
"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together," came the emphatic reply.



A LEAGUE THAT MUSSOLINI FORGETS

—From the Pall Mall Gazette, London, Eng.

SALARIES IN SALT

When paid your "salary," how often does it occur to you that the meaning of the term is "salt money?" For the word salary is derived from the salarium, or salt allowance, which every Roman soldier regularly received.

Our connection with salt is, indeed, closer than we may think. Being a component of the human body, salt is essential to life. Men, animals, plants, all require salt. The amount necessary to the health of a man is estimated at half a ounce a day.

There are, so far as is known, only two people who do not use salt in its mineral form. These are the Arabs of the Hadramaut, and the natives of the Nicobar Islands. But the former live on roasted meat and milk, both of which contain a certain proportion of salt.

Carried by Pack-Horse.

It is worth noting that in Holland, in the Middle Ages, the worst punishment provided by a very severe penal code was to feed criminals on bread unmixed with salt. The consequences of this diet were terrible.

Ordinary bread contains half of one per cent. of salt, and fresh beef 0.310 per cent.

The part that salt has played, and is playing, in the history of the world is seldom realized. The oldest road in Italy is the Via Salaria, along which salt was carried, from the salt-pans at Ostia into the Sabine Country, long before the birth of Rome.

London owes its foundation to salt.

In days previous to the Roman Conquest the salt-pans of Cheshire and Worcestershire provided salt not only for the whole of the South of England, but also for Northern Gaul.

The old pack route ran south-east across England and over the Thames—then a very broad but shallow stream—at the ford of Westminster. Sometimes the river was too high to cross, and the pack-trains had to wait.

Naturally, therefore, a village with a fortified stockade grew up at the ford, and this village gradually developed till it became the greatest city the world has ever seen.

Food and Physic tool

The caravan trade of the Sahara is largely in salt, which is scarce in North Central Africa. In Abyssinia, for instance, bars of salt are still in use as currency. Another ancient caravan route is that along which, during countless ages, salt has been carried from Palmyra to the Syrian ports.

The only other source of salt in that part of the world is the Dead Sea, the water of which is a saturated solution of sodium chloride. The Dead Sea was formerly the personal property of the Sultan of Turkey; and its shores were guarded by armed soldiers who prevented the Arabs from drawing so much as a pail of water.

Salt has always provided revenue for rulers and governors. In the days of William III. the duty in England was no less than fifteen shillings a bushel, or thirty times the prime cost. The salt duty was not finally removed in England until 1825.

Apart from its value in food, the uses of salt are almost endless. In medicine, it is used in cholera and other diseases, and as a solution for injection in cases of loss of blood, while the value of salt baths does not need to be emphasized.

Dogs Used for Fishing.

Fishing with dogs is a sport many people have never heard of, yet it is popular in some parts of the British Isles, chiefly on the north coast of Somerset.

During the autumn, conger-eels are very abundant there. They lie off the coast beyond the low-water line, where the ebbing-tides, at this period of the year, leave exposed a vast expanse of mud. The conger-hunters take advantage of this to pursue their sport. Wearing wading-boots, and armed with a thick stick some six feet long, one end of which is sharpened after the fashion of a chisel, they set out, accompanied by a motley collection of dogs.

Boulders and large stones are turned over to lay bare the lair of the eels, the long sticks being used to stir up the mud. The eels then start to wriggle; this excites the dogs, who seize them as firmly as possible. It is no easy matter, however, for an angry eel is a ticklish, slippery customer, with more strength than one might credit.

But the dogs soon become quite expert at their job. Having got a firm hold of an eel, they will stick to it until the hunter helps them to "land" it.

The conger-eel weighs anything from five to nine pounds, and even larger ones are sometimes caught. A lucky hunt will result in some five or six congers, but no matter what the "bag," this method of fishing with dogs will afford exciting sport.

A New Element.

The teacher was piloting a class in general science through one of the early lessons in the text book.

"What were the four elements," she asked, "into which the ancients divided all natural objects? William, you may answer."

"Earth," began William slowly. "Earth—and—and—air—let's see, there was earth and air and—water—and—and—"

"Well, well," said the teacher briskly, "what causes more accidents than anything else?"

"Automobiles," cried William, grateful for the teacher's tip.

Spiders lived on the earth long before man. In the most ancient of the carboniferous rock two hundred and fifty different varieties of fossil spiders have been discovered.

CORN GROWING IN WESTERN PROVINCES

RECORD ACREAGE DEVOTED TO CEREAL AND FODDER.

Era of Experimentation and Development is Over With Favorable Results.

An outstanding feature of Western Canadian agriculture this year is the enormously increased interest exhibited in the planting of corn, and this season sees a record acreage in the West devoted to both cereal and fodder. It is not long since the possibility of growing corn in the Prairie Provinces was regarded with the utmost scepticism, which was followed by the exhaustive experimentation of a few enthusiasts with a more or less desultory following on the part of others. Any doubts of successful growth have now been definitely dispelled. Corn has been firmly established as a Western Canadian crop, and every indication points to a general belief in its assuming a more important place each year in the agriculture of the Western territory.

The first real profession of faith in the future of Western Canada as a corn-growing area was made in Southern Alberta when, last fall, the Alberta Corn Growers' Association was formed. Then, to prove that successful propagation was not limited to the southern area of the prairie, Prince Albert, in Saskatchewan, several hundred miles north, held the first corn show to take place in that province, at which locally grown corn was exhibited said to be the equal of that grown anywhere. Now the Saskatchewan Corn Growers' Association has been organized and the first provincial show will be held in Maple Creek in November next.

Active Results Apparent.

A prominent visitor to the prairies this spring was responsible for the statement: "For every acre of corn sown in Alberta last year, ten is being sown this." The provincial association has indeed been active in encouraging the planting of further acreage in every way. From Calgary it has distributed two carloads of corn seed, this going from the international boundary to Peace River and outside the province as far as Victoria in the West and the eastern Manitoba boundary in the East. The association now has 50 farmers growing corn, who should account for the planting of 27,000 acres of this crop in Alberta this year.

The movement of corn-growing in Western Canada is of very recent date, but has been characterized by startling rapidity, and the development of the last five years has been

The Vogue of Civility

BY ARTHUR W. ROW.

If I were a good fairy and could bestow a single gift on an orphan child I might choose "civility." We live in a world of least resistance and good manners give a being supreme advantage with all peoples. In business there is no one thing so vital. It "sells" like nothing else. Courtesy impresses because it represents control and it is the opposite of ignorance.

A really polite person makes one feel safe, serene and happy. One can get away with almost murder if one is only "nice" about it. People are so sensitive to this that many times they put manners before morals.

There is one special, burning reason why civility should be "stressed" just now. It is this: the lack of civility is supposed by many to be the most glaring fault of American people. Europeans say we know life and have it most abundantly—but of "living" we know practically little. By "living" I mean life's sweetness; its little graces; small amenities, above all—its charm.

An awful fact is that our manners do not compare with those of the past. And we are all dreadfully the loser. What good does all our material prosperity if we miss the finer things in life?

What a charming thing a smile can be—how warming, heart-cheering—memorable. Yet a smile is only a thought. I knew a woman who made a lifelong friend because of the way she smiled and thanked a man just for giving her his seat.

Charm of Childhood.

What is more charming than a child with fine manners? To its natural charm it adds one hundredfold, but do not blame the child if its manners are bad; if its little blunders are laughed at as cute and smart; if it is made the cynosure of all eyes. The tragedy of this is that it mars the whole after-life of the boy or girl, for in after years the world will not take trouble to correct, it will just ignore.

What are called "manners" are but the outward semblance to the inward grace. Bad manners show a terrible barrenness within—like a house with-

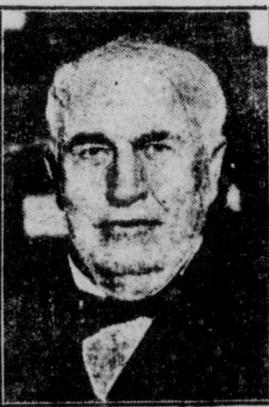
out furniture, like a church without an altar, or a theatre with no stage.

Take the matter of eating. In England and on the continent they make eating a festive thing, a thing of the highest civilization and art. There people dress for dinner, as a custom, and do not wait for some special occasion. They eat leisurely and there is much conversation. They do not "talk" but converse.

The Personal Touch.

The whole thing is we are not machines. The needs of all are ever individual. When one is waited on in a store as a peculiar case—an individual need—what a booster one becomes forever after of that particular store! It is the human, personal touch that has the lasting effect.

Of course, one must never forget that the head of any great business is in a way its parent—its father—mother. Unless all are happy, harmonious



Sees New Era in Fuel.

Thomas A. Edison, who believes that a day will soon come when coal will be converted into electrical energy at the mines, and the power delivered all over the country. He has already been discussing the plan with Nova Scotia mine owners.

and interested, the service in that particular organization will be only mediocre. The courtesy so rare and so needed must first emanate from the employer. Some large stores begin their day's work with the community singing. In this way the workers get their emotions flowing, nerves tingling and faculties keenly alive.

A Treasured Legend.

There is a legend in our family of an encounter a distant relative had with Edward VII. He came to their little English town to lay the cornerstone for some building. In his position as Mayor it devolved upon our kinsman to entertain the Royal guests. The party consisted of the Duchess of Teck, the Princess Mary (now Queen of England) and the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII. They arrived in the morning, laid the cornerstone, had lunch and departed on the afternoon train. All seemed to go off with the utmost precision to the infinite relief of the Mayor, who was rather unaccustomed to such a severe ordeal. All seemed to go well, but the Prince sensed an intense underlying anxiety and uncertainty on the part of his hostess. After the formal adieux had been made at the station and the train was about to move out, the Prince, who was standing on the step of the train, suddenly got off, ran up to this woman, took her by the wrist and whispered—"We did have an awfully good time—no bosh!" This little, intimate touch absolutely reassured her and supplied that personal note that made all well, at the same time supplying a story that became a treasured legend in her family.

Finally, manners are our attitude towards people. They are our gesture to the world and determine our exact status in society and regulate precisely the conduct of people to us and our affairs. Bad manners are vulgar not only because they are thoughtless but especially because they are unkind. As Portia says, "Thus shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Good manners are the most flaming advertisement any one can possibly have.—Success.

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak and Impoverished Blood.

Apart from accident or illness due to infection, almost all ill-health arises from one or two reasons. The mistake that people make is in not realizing that both of these have the same cause at the root, namely poor blood. Either bloodlessness or some other trouble of the nerves will be found to be the reason for almost every ailment. If you are pale, suffering from headaches, or breathlessness, with palpitation of the heart, poor appetite and weak digestion, the cause is almost always poor blood. If you have nervous headaches, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve pains, the cause is exhausted nerves. But run down nerves are also a result of poor blood, so that the two chief causes of illness are one and the same.

If your health is poor; if you are pale, nervous or dyspeptic, you should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills act directly on the blood, and by enriching it give new strength to worn out nerves. Men and women alike greatly benefit through the use of this medicine. If you are weak or ailing, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will be pleased with the beneficial results that will speedily follow.

If your dealer does not keep these pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Music Is.

The English composer and teacher, Sir Walford Davies, has been giving some very successful lectures on music to children in the schools. Recently the somewhat novel experiment of transferring these lectures, together with musical examples, to the phonograph, has been tried out with remarkable success.

A somewhat lengthy review of these records was published recently in the London Times, and in it was embodied some quotations from Sir Walford's lectures, which are well worth remembering.

"Music," Sir Walford says, "is any two or more musical sounds put together for love, that make sense." And again, "Music is a straight and beautiful way of uttering what we feel." "A musician," Sir Walford tells us, "is any one in the whole world who loves music and can put two or more musical sounds together and make musical sense of them."

Artificial Light for Extra Eggs.

By E. W. Knife.

The use of artificial light is simply to induce the hens to eat a greater quantity of feed. This, of course, with proper exercise, results in increased egg production. Therefore it matters little when the lights are turned on. Some people prefer morning, and turn on a couple of hours before sunrise. In this case, scatter the grain ration in the litter after dark the previous evening, and when the hens get off the roost in the morning they will immediately get busy scratching for their feed. Then feed your hot mash at noon, and your grain late in the afternoon again. Others prefer continuing daylight, by artificial means, until 8.30 or 9 p.m., feeding grain about 7 a.m., hot mash at noon, grain again about 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Others, including Professor Graham's farm, believe in supplying an "evening lunch" by turning on the lights for an hour, from 8 to 9 p.m., then feeding the extra feed of grain.

It will pay anyone who keeps a flock of 50 or more hens to have light installed, as the use of same increases egg production from 1/3 to 1/2 more than when lights are not used. This does not necessarily mean a greater egg production throughout the year, but it does mean getting the most eggs when prices are highest.

Electric light is, of course, the most convenient form of lighting, as the lights can be switched on and off by an alarm clock. But if you have not electric light do not despair. A plant with about 2,000 birds a short way from Toronto uses gasoline lanterns, which being the safest lantern made, giving a 300 candle power light, has also a great advantage, for when gasoline is turned off the light does not go out for a few minutes, thereby giving the birds a chance to get back to roosts. With a lantern it is almost necessary to use lights in either of the two evening methods suggested.

Using light is not a new idea, but a long used method, coming back and back to stay this time.

Good Guess.

She was an Irish maid from Tipperary, and when the visitors expected for lunch turned up at 4.30 she explained what had happened.

"Sure," she said, "the master and mistress waited for ye till 3 and then they hoped ye wouldn't come, so they went out."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.



"WE ARE CANADIANS"

Rosa, Roland, and Donald Lorimer, of Leeds, England, obtain their first view of Canada through a life-buoy at Quebec. These three smiling faces are en route to Regina to join "Daddy." The latter preceded them and has everything ready for their reception.

Sanctuary.

There's a tingly sort of feeling
In the atmosphere to-day;
And the wild goose is starting
For the southland away.

The night wind is crooning
Dirges o'er the lonely nest.
For the pilot-bird is trailing
The horizon in the west.

"Honk, honk!" it is the tocsin
Of the dusky cavalcade,
Flying swiftly and unerring
For the southern everglade.

The marshland is lonely.
And lone the empty nest.
But the pilot-bird is veering
For the sanctuary blest.

—Horace Seymour Keller.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND

Mrs. Ernest E. Adkins, Eronton, Sask., writes:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets with great success for four years and always keep a box on hand." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing—once they have used the Tablets for their little ones they will use nothing else. Experience shows them that the Tablets are the ideal medicine. They are a mild laxative, thorough in action and never fail to relieve the minor ailments of little ones. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Eyes for the Blind.

Marvelous strides toward helping the blind were made during the war, but a recent English invention promises to exceed almost all of them. Every one is familiar with the books made especially for the blind by the Braille method, in which the letters are raised or indented by means of a sharp instrument. It is a slow and laborious process at best, and the supply of Braille books is necessarily limited by the expense of the output and because Braille letters wear down into unintelligibility.

But now comes the optophone, a machine which makes available to the blind all kinds of typewritten matter and even newspapers. It depends not upon the sense of touch, as do the Braille books, but upon the sense of hearing, a faculty that is usually keenly developed in all blind persons. Only a few lessons are needed for the blind user of the optophone to learn the system.

The chemical selenium is the important element in the optophone. A selenium bridge is exposed to light pulsations that vary according to the forms of the typewritten or printed letters that are passed through the machine. A sensitive head phone like those used by radio enthusiasts is worn by the blind operator, and it records single notes and chords through the selenium bridge. This sound alphabet is different from our own in common use, but is easily learned, and the optophone can be operated at high speed by the more proficient.

Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, who makes his home in London, is the man who has brought the optophone to perfection, and so taken from thousands of his less fortunate fellows one of the greatest terrors of being blind—lack of contact with the world at large.

MONEY ORDERS.

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

Sympathy without help is like mustard without beef.—Mr. Clarke Hall.

The Suppliant.

I go down on my knees and pray each night
That I shall never see your face again
Nor hear your voice, . . . that you will never write
That none will name your name to me—and then
I pray to lose the curse of memory . . .
That full forgetfulness will make me free!

But I wake—eager for the coming light,
And whisper to my heart: "Another day!
It may be he will come . . . or he may write
Or I may see him in the street . . . he may
Pass by me in the crowd and I may hear
His voice—as in the throng he passes near!"

And I invent small trifles to make
Those who surround me name your name to me—
Only to hear it somehow soothes the ache
Of longing that burns on—unceasingly!
Your name falls on my heart like a caress—
Which they who speak it do not know or guess!

But—all the day is one long ache for you!
Again at night I kneel and make my prayer—
That you may be as one I never knew,
My ears beseech God not to let me care
With supplications they assail His ear—
But my heart prays that He will never hear!

—Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Diplomat.

"Father," said Charles, "what is a diplomat?"
"A diplomat, my son," answered the father, "is a man who remembers a woman's birthday and forgets her age."

Thin Folks

If you are weak, thin and nervous, let your druggist supply you with Bit-ro-Phosphate. It is guaranteed to increase weight and strength and restore energy, vigor and nerve force. Price \$1 per pkg. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies
Book on
DOG DISEASES
and How to Feed
Mailed Free to any Address
by the Author,
H. CLAY BLOVER CO., Inc.
129 West 24th Street
New York, U.S.A.

Relieves Dyspepsia

M.D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation should take after each meal and at bedtime, fifteen to thirty drops of the Extract of Roots known to the Drug Trade as 'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.' Get the Genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles."

Fill your pipe with
Ogden's CUT PLUG
"It Satisfies"

15¢ per packet
80¢ a 1/2 lb. tin



If you roll your own ask for
OGDEN'S FINE CUT
(green label)

Air Magnetizes Steel.

When steel is dipped into liquid air its magnetism is curiously affected. Non-magnetic nickel acquires magnetic properties after being immersed for five minutes in liquid air. Manganese steel is similarly affected. The density of carbon steel is perceptibly decreased after the immersion.

Silver was first coined in Rome in 269 B.C., when Fabius Pictor set up a mint.

An uphill journey early in life strengthens your staying-power. A guinea-pig is usually full grown when six weeks old.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES
Wholesome Cleansing Refreshing

Miss Boissineau Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"About three years ago I was bothered with pimples on my face. The pimples were hard and small and feasted, and my face was disfigured for a while. They oftentimes caused me to lie awake hours at a time as the irritation was so great.

"I tried different remedies but without any relief. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after the first application I could see an improvement. I continued using them and was completely healed after using three boxes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Miss Rose Boissineau, 12 Bellevue Ave., Saulte Ste. Marie, Ont.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Lyman, Limited, 244 St. Paul St., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Talcum 50c. Cuticura Soap shaves without rasor.

HELP FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Mrs. Holmberg Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Viking, Alta.—"From the time I was 15 years old I would get such sick feelings in the lower part of my abdomen, followed by cramps and vomiting. This kept me from my work (I help my parents on the farm) as I usually had to go to bed for the rest of the day. Or at times I would have to walk the floor. I suffered in this way until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had very satisfactory results so far and am recommending the Vegetable Compound to my friends. I surely am glad I tried it for I feel like a different person now that I don't have these troubles."—ODELLA HOLMBERG, Box 93, Viking, Alta.

Letters like this establish the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They tell of the relief from such pains and ailments after taking it.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills in this country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials prove this fact.

If you doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for Mrs. Pinkham's private text-book and learn more about it.

GARGLE

With Minard's in water several times a day for colds in throat. For colds in head inhale.



ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



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

Colds Headache
Toothache Lumbago
Earache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

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

Gordon & Son

**CUSTOM
TAILORS**

PHONE 153
WATERDOWN

**We Will Be Pleased
To Have You Visit**

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

Try our P. M. C. Ice Cream,
Polar Pies and Sundae.

We sell P. M. C. Creamery
Butter and Buttermilk, also soft
drinks, hot tea and coffee, candy,
light refreshments, tobacco, fruit,
choice groceries, stationary and
school supplies. Canada and
Sykes Bread fresh.

Our Halloween Good now on
sale.

W. G. SPENCE

Phone 121
Mill Street Waterdown

You Will Find It Here

FOR RENT—Good 7 room house
and lot on George street. Apply to
Geo. Reid.

FOR SALE—1 Happy Thought
Range cheap. Apply to Nelson Zim-
merman, Main street.

FOR SALE—Fresh Milch Cow.
Apply to Wm. Buttenham, R. R.
No. 1, Millgrove. Phone 32 r 4.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Apply to
Frank Slater, Waterdown.

FOR SALE—Quebec Heater and
pipes. Also Bedroom Suite. Apply
to Mrs. Mary Church, John street.

FOR SALE—1 Library Table and
2 Chairs in fumed oak with leather
seats. Apply to Mrs. H. Slater.

FOR SALE—Upright Mahogany
Piano. Apply at Review Office.

FOR SALE—Cleveland Bicycle.
Apply to Charlie Thomas.

FOR SALE—Iderl Jewel Feeder
with oven, \$15. Apply to C. H.
Brigger. Phone 26 r 2.

FOR SALE—Chicken House 8ft.
x 36ft. Apply to Fred Thomas.

FOR SALE—A good Buck Heater,
medium size, good as new. Apply
at Weaver's store.

Miss Muriel Feilde

Teacher of
Piano and Theory
(Leschetizky Principals)

R. J. VANCE

DENTIST

Phone 105

Mill Street Waterdown

Dr. P. F. METZGER

DENTIST

Phone 177 r 2

Mill Street Waterdown

THE PUBLIC

Will save a large percentage in
purchasing their watches from

N. Zimmerman

And also by having him do re-
pairing for them.

Main Street opposit Weaver's

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION
FOR DIVORCE**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
that Georgina Myrtle Potts, of the
City of Hamilton, in the County of
Wentworth, and Province of Ontario,
Married Woman, will apply to the
Parliament of Canada at the next
session thereof for a Bill of Divorce
from her husband Thomas Duncan
Potts, of the City of Albany, in the
State of New York, Manager, on the
ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Hamilton in the Province
of Ontario, this Third day of October
A. D. 1923.

T. R. SLOAN
16-17 Sun Life Building, Hamilton, Ont.
Solicitors for Applicant.

VOTERS' LIST, 1923

MUNICIPALITY OF THE
Township of East Flamboro

Notice is hereby given that I have
transmitted or delivered to the per-
sons mentioned in Sec. 9 of the On-
tario Voters' List Act, the copies re-
quired by said section to be trans-
mitted or delivered of the list made pur-
suant to said Act of all persons appear-
ing by the last revised Assessment
Roll of the said municipality, to be en-
titled to vote in the said Municipality
at elections for members of the Legis-
lative Assembly and at Municipal
Elections; and that the said list was
first posted up at my office at Water-
down, on the 15th day of October, 1923,
and remains there for inspection.

And I hereby call upon all voters to
take immediate proceedings to have
any errors or omissions corrected ac-
cording to law.

L. J. MULLOCK,
Clerk of Said Municipality.

Carlisle

We regret to have to announce the
death of Mrs. Ed Gastle of Carlisle
who died very suddenly on October
28th. The family have the sympathy
of the whole community.

The Carlisle Methodist choir sang
at the Nelson Methodist Church
Anniversary services last Sunday
and will at Boston church, near
Milton, next Sunday.

The Young Peoples' League last
Tuesday evening was in charge of
the Young Men's class, and they
lived up to their reputation. The
blackboard talk by Mr. McCutchen
on "habit forming" was the best ever
given before the League. The pre-
sentation of the second number of
"The Carlisle Gloomchaser" was a
bit of fun greatly appreciated. Next
week, Mrs. John Bennett's class will
have the meeting in charge and a
record program is looked for from
this live wire bunch.

Mr. Russell Hamilton and Miss
Dorothy Walker were quietly mar-
ried at the Parsonage on Saturday,
October 27th. They were attended
by Mr. Lloyd Zimmerman and Miss
Hazel Hamilton.

A number of ladies of the Womens
Missionary Society attended the con-
vention held at the East Plains
Methodist church on Wednesday
last and report a very enjoyable
time. The delegate from the local
auxiliary was Mrs. Norman Mills.
Miss Hazel Blagden represented the
Mission Circle, while the Mission
Band delegate was Miss Anna Mc
Cartney.

Progress is being made with the
improvements to the home of Mr.
Fraser Shaw, and it is expected that
the work will soon be completed.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Gastle
and the great shock which it brought
to the community, the usual Hallo-
ween celebrations were all with-
drawn and the night was very quiet.

Next Sunday will be Communion
Sunday in the Carlisle church, there
will be no evening service.

Among the sick folks we find, Mrs.
John Alderson is improving slowly.
Mr. W. W. Bates not so well the
last day or so, Mrs. George Eaton a
little better, and Mr. Orville Alger
who has been under the weather for
a long time. Mrs. LeMessurier is as
bright and cherry as ever, and Mr.
Allan Eaton is improving nicely.
We wish good health to them all.

Grace Church

REV. E. A. SLACK, L. Th., Rector
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Matins and Sermon 11 a. m.
Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sun-
days of the month at 11 a. m.
Evensong and Sermon every Sun-
day at 7 p. m., except last Sunday
in the month when the only service
of the day will be at 3 p. m.

St. John's, Nelson

Evensong and Sermon every Sun-
day at 2.30 p. m., except last Sunday
in the month when Holy Communion
will be celebrated at 10.30 a. m.

Knox Church

Anniversary Services Sunday, Nov.
4th. Special Preacher: Rev. E.
A. Earchman, B. A., B. D., of
Toronto.

Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School and Bible classes
at 9.45 a. m.

Methodist Church

REV. C. L. POOLE, B. D., Pastor

11 a. m.—Sacramental Service.
Evening service withdrawn on ac-
count of Presbyterian Anniversary.

10 a. m. Sunday School and Bible
classes.

The Y. P. S. meets on Monday
evening at 8 o'clock.

Prayer Service on Thursday even-
ing at 8 o'clock.

Voters' List Court

NOTICE is hereby given that a
Court will be held pursuant to the
Ontario Voters' Lists Act by his
Honour the Judge of the County
Court of the County of Wentworth,
at the New Community Memorial
Hall on Dundas street in Waterdown
on the 14th day of November at 11
o'clock a. m. to hear and determine
complaints of errors and omissions
in the Voters' List of the Muni-
cipality of Waterdown for the year
1923.

Dated at Waterdown this 1st day
of November, 1923.

J. C. MEDLAR,
Village Clerk.

If you have anything to sell or
exchange, advertise it now in the
Review. If you want to buy, keep
your eye on the Review ads. It
pays to advertise and it pays to read
the ads.—Try it and be convinced.

The Family Herald and Weekly
Star and the Waterdown Review
both papers one year for \$2.25.

**Watch Us Grow
There's a Reason**

The Sawell Greenhouses

Protect Your Car

A metal covered Quickset Garage is
durable and inexpensive. This style may
be seen at A. Featherston's.

Quickset and other styles sold by

W. H. REID

Waterdown

Ontario

**Geo. Dougherty and W. G. Spence
SELL THIS BREAD**



**Bread The
Children Love**

is the kind we bake, because
it's so soft, light, white and
wholesome. Good for the
kiddies, good for grown-ups
too. Fine to eat with soup,
sandwiches, meats, bread pud-
ding, etc. Try our bread and
you will continue.

100 Per Cent Whole Wheat Bread

Sykes Bread Limited

Manufacturers of

"The Loaf Supreme"

Ford

97 ¹⁷/₁₀₀ %

Made-in-Canada

The entire Ford,
with the exception
of very few parts
(2.83 per cent.) is
produced in
Canada.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
FORD, ONTARIO 4323



Thos. E. McKeen, Waterdown
Ontario