

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In Canada.....\$2.00 per year
In Foreign Countries.....\$2.50 per year

Volume 52.—No. 51

TEACHER WANTED
Holding second-class certificate; experience preferred; duties commence Jan. 1, 1924. Apply to Geo. Smith, R. R. No. 3, Glencoe, Ont.

DANCE AT DUTTON
The Dutton Amateur Athletic Association are holding their annual formal dance in Memorial Hall, Dutton, Tuesday evening, January 1st. Black's 5-piece orchestra, St. Thomas, dancing from 9 to 12 o'clock. Lunch at 12. Tickets, \$1.50; extra lady, 50c.

NOTICE
To the ratifiers of S. S. No. 5, Ekfrid: The annual meeting of the School Board will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 26, at the hour of ten o'clock a.m. Full attendance requested.—Geo. Smith, Sec. Treas.

FOR SALE
A number of pigs, just weaned.—W. W. Watts, phone 32 r 2.

FOR SALE
Six Scotch collie pups.—J. E. Corbett.

FOR SALE
Eight shoats; weight about 75 lbs. Apply to S. Welch, Willey Bridge, Ekfrid.

FOR SALE
White turkey gobblers and hens for breeding purposes.—R. D. Reath, R. R. No. 2, Appin; phone 619 r 33.

FOR SALE
Sideboard, rug 3x2 1/2 yards, lawn mower, pictures and frames, few cords of beech and maple stove-wood. Chas. E. Giles, C.P.R. Diamond.

FOR SALE
Two ferrets, well trained for hunting, at Wm. Gould's.

FOR SALE
In Appin, new eight-room cottage, lot 75 by 175 feet. Apply to W. R. Stephenson.

TOWNSHIP OF EKFRID
NOMINATION MEETING
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the municipal electors of the Township of Ekfrid will be held in the Town Hall in the Village of Appin at the hour of one o'clock afternoon, Monday, the 31st day of December, 1923, for the nomination of the candidates for the offices of reeve and councillors to serve in the year 1924. All persons interested will take notice. Dated at Ekfrid the 18th day of December, A. P. 1923. A. P. McDougall, Township Clerk.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS
TOWNSHIP OF METCALFE
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the municipal electors of the Township of Metcalfe will be held in the Town Hall, Napier, on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1923, at the hour of one o'clock afternoon, for the purpose of electing fit and proper persons to serve as members of the municipal council for the year 1924. And further notice is hereby given that if required a poll will be opened at 9 o'clock a.m. and kept open until 5 o'clock p.m. on Monday, the 31st day of January, 1924, in the several polling subdivisions within the said municipality. Dated this 18th day of December, 1923. HARRY THOMPSON, Clerk of the Township of Metcalfe.

FARM LOANS
Apply to V. T. POLEY, 83 King Street, West, Chatham. Phone 180.

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

PEARLIE J. GEORGE, L.L.C.M.
PIANO INSTRUCTION
Glencoe Studio—Synes Street, Newbury Studio—Mrs. D. Stalker's, Tuesdays. Phone 69, Glencoe.

EKFRID FARM LOAN ASSOCIATION
will meet at Appin March 20, April 17, May 15, August 31 and October 16. For information, long and short term loans, apply to President R. D. Coad, Vice-president D. F. Eadie, Secretary-treasurer Duncan McAlpine, Directors A. T. Irwin, Dan McDonald, Martin Johnston, James McRae, R. A. Finn.

CHARLES GEORGE
Division Court Clerk,
Clerk of the Village of Glencoe.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office at residence — Synes street

H. J. JAMIESON
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE
PHONE 92 GLENCOE
District Agent
Manufacturers' Life

The Glencoe Transcript.

GLENCOE, ONTARIO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1923

Whole No. 2709

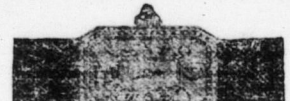
PRINTING THAT PLEASURES
The Transcript Press handles every line of Job Printing and will meet all competitors.

—DAVIDSON'S—

The Christmas Gift Store

Every year there is an increasing demand for "Gifts That Last." Our reputation of over 10 years serving the people of Glencoe and district is your guarantee that goods bought here are dependable and that the price is right. We have hundreds of articles here that make very acceptable gifts for father, mother, brother, sister, baby, grandpa, grandpa, sweetheart or friend. Our list published here only touches the fringe of our vast stock.

WATCHES



\$10—Ladies' Wrist Watch, gold filled case, with ribbon bracelet.
\$12.75—Ladies' Wrist Watch, gold filled case, with expansion bracelet, 15-jewel movement.

\$15 to \$28—Ladies' Wrist Watches and Gold Filled Bracelets and Gold Dial, 15-jewel movement, specially adjusted.

\$20 to \$28—Ladies' White Gold Filled Wrist Watch, rectangular, square and oval, with ribbon bracelet.

\$28—Ladies' Wrist Watch and Gold Filled Bracelet, Waltham.

\$5—Gents' Pocket Watches, gold filled case, guaranteed movement.

\$12.50—Special price, Gents' Watch, gold filled case, guaranteed works.

\$2—Boys' Ingersoll or Pocket Ben.
\$1.65—Special price, while they last—Boys' Watch, strong nickel case.

HAND PAINTED CHINA AT BARGAIN PRICES

Cream & Sugar Sets.....\$5.00 to \$6.50
Cups & Saucers.....\$2.50 to \$3.50
Sals & Peppers.....\$2.50 up
Bon Bon Dishes.....\$3.50 to \$4.50
Nut Bowls.....\$6.00 to \$7.50
Cocoa Sets.....\$3.50 up
Hair & Powder Boxes.....\$1.50 to \$2.50
Sandwich Trays.....\$1.00 up
Cake Plates.....\$1.25 each
Mayonnaise Sets.....\$1.25 each
Berry Sets, 7 pieces.....\$2.50 to \$3.50
Tobacco Jars.....\$1.50 up
These are only a few of the pieces we are showing at greatly reduced prices.

CUT GLASS AT SPECIAL PRICES

Special—Tumbler.....8c each
Water Sets.....\$2.75 to \$3.00
Sherbet Glasses.....half doz. \$3.50
Goblets.....\$4.75 to \$5.50
Lemonade Sets.....\$6.00 up
Butter Dishes.....\$6.00 to \$2.50
Wine Sets.....\$1.00 to \$1.50
Cream and Sugar.....\$1.00 to \$1.50
Vases.....\$2.50 to \$3.50
Bon Bon.....\$5.00 to \$4.50
Comports.....\$7.50 to \$8.50
Knife Rests.....\$1.50 pair
Flower Baskets.....\$5.00 to \$5.50
Bowls.....\$1.75 up
Tumblers.....doz. \$7.50

COMMUNITY PLATE SILVER

Marquis and Baronet Patterns
Tea Spoons.....\$1.75 half doz.
Coffee Spoons.....\$1.75 half doz.
Dessert Spoons.....\$1.75 half doz.
Knives and Forks.....\$7.75 doz.
Sugar Shells.....65c
Cream Ladles.....\$1.25
Baby Spoon.....65c
Cold Meat Fork.....\$1.25
Pickle Fork.....\$1.00
Butter Knife.....75c
Berry Spoon.....\$2.00

CUPS AND SAUCERS

Special price.....\$5.00 to \$2.50

EARRINGS

Earrings in all designs.....75c up

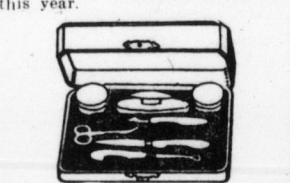
LADIES' HAND BAGS

All the new styles.....\$1 to \$10

FRENCH IVORY

Manicure pieces.....25c to 50c
Combs.....35c to \$2.50
Mirrors.....\$3.50 up
Hair Brushes.....\$2.50 to \$10.50
Jewel Cases.....\$1.50 to \$6.50
Powder Boxes.....\$1 to \$3.50
Hair Receivers.....\$1.25 to \$3.75
Boudoir Lamps.....\$4.75 to \$15
Bud Vases.....75c to \$3
Manicure Cases.....\$2 to \$15
Manicure Cases.....\$1.75 to \$30
Trays.....50c to \$5
Tooth Brush Holders.....50c to \$1.25

Buying our French Ivory direct from the factory enables us to sell these goods at a greater reduction than any other.



SILVERWARE

Tea Sets.....\$15 to \$45
Broad Trays.....\$4.50 to \$8.50
Butter Dishes.....\$1.75 to \$5.50
Flower Baskets.....\$7.75 to \$18
Cream & Sugar.....\$5.50 to \$15
Cake Dishes.....\$4.50 to \$14
Casserole.....\$5.90 to \$12.50
Crumb Trays and Scrapers.....\$4.75

OTHER GIFTS FOR BOYS AND MEN

Ring, Cuff Links, Tie Pin, Waldemar Chain, Ebony Hair Brush, Gillette or Auto-Stop Razor, Cigarette Case, Pipe, Ash Tray, Umbrella, Clock, Leather Belt, Playing Cards, Eversharp Pencil, Fountain Pen, Shaving Set, Ivory Tie Holder.

OTHER GIFTS FOR LADIES

Candlesticks, Earrings, Serving Tray, Bar Pin, Onyx or Pearl Ring, Ivory Clock, String of Pearls, Gold and Pearl Necklace, China Teapot, Silverware, Ivory Lamp, Brooch, Fountain Pen or Pencil, Thimble, Umbrella, Ivory Manicure Pieces, Old Dutch Silver Mats, Eyeglasses, Bracelet Watch, Ring.

GIFTS FOR BABY

Feeding Spoon, Napkin Ring, Silver Mug, Gold Ring, set of Pins, Bib Holder, Locket and Chain, Ivory Brush and Comb, Ivory Whistle and Teething Ring, Bracelet, Knife, Fork and Spoon.

Christmas Cards and Stickers

5c each

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

For Christmas
Waterman Ideal Fountain Pens and Pencils—\$1 up
Eversharp Pencils—Ladies' and gents' styles, \$1.50 up.

OLD DUTCH SILVER PLATED WARE

Old Dutch Silver Candlesticks.....\$5.50 to \$13.50
Old Dutch Silver Vases.....\$1.50 to \$3.75
Old Dutch Silver Mats.....65c to 1.85
Old Dutch Silver Salt and Pepperers.....\$2 to \$4.50

DIAMONDS

Our Guarantee—We will exchange Diamonds purchased here for full value at any time.
\$12.50—Single diamond set in onyx.
\$25—Special value, diamond in basket setting.
\$35 to \$150—Diamonds set in all the new settings.

OTHER GIFTS FOR BOYS AND MEN

Ring, Cuff Links, Tie Pin, Waldemar Chain, Ebony Hair Brush, Gillette or Auto-Stop Razor, Cigarette Case, Pipe, Ash Tray, Umbrella, Clock, Leather Belt, Playing Cards, Eversharp Pencil, Fountain Pen, Shaving Set, Ivory Tie Holder.

OTHER GIFTS FOR LADIES

Candlesticks, Earrings, Serving Tray, Bar Pin, Onyx or Pearl Ring, Ivory Clock, String of Pearls, Gold and Pearl Necklace, China Teapot, Silverware, Ivory Lamp, Brooch, Fountain Pen or Pencil, Thimble, Umbrella, Ivory Manicure Pieces, Old Dutch Silver Mats, Eyeglasses, Bracelet Watch, Ring.

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Christmas Cards and Stickers

5c each

DISTRICT AND GENERAL

Six hundred and forty-five rural schools in Ontario have an average attendance of less than ten. It cost the town of Wallaceburg \$1,500 for a government audit of its books for a period of five years.

Middlesex House of Refuge has at present 74 inmates, who are kept at an average cost of 62 cents per day. An effort will be made at the coming session of Parliament in Canada to secure a return to penny postage in Canada. The Government is considering the matter.

Advertising on postage stamps has been permitted by the Italian Government. The advertisers agree to turn over 50 per cent. of their receipts to the Government.

Dr. Alexander McKillop, of Dutton, was found dead in his office Monday evening by Mr. Campbell, a patient from West Lorne, who went for medical service. Death was due to heart disease.

The London Chamber of Commerce has requested Hon. J. S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture, to appoint John Farrell permanent immigration inspector for the Middlesex district. Mr. Farrell has had this position during the summer for some time. This year the period was extended to November 16th.

The barns of George Wilson, a farmer living in the first range north of the Longwoods Road, about two miles from Newbury, were burned to the ground, with their contents, early Thursday. Mr. Wilson, for some time an invalid, was away with Mrs. Wilson at the time of the fire, for treatment in a London hospital.

J. Bowie, a farmer residing near Alvinston, slipped through an open trap door while working on the second floor of his barn Saturday afternoon, and fell over fifteen feet to the cement floor. He was taken to Victoria Hospital where he was found to have sustained a fracture of the right thigh and severe bruises of the right leg.

More than one hundred and seventy million dollars came to Canada through tourist traffic last year, according to an estimate by Canadian National Railway officials. In addition to the great number of tourists brought into Canada by the railways during the regular tourist season, which this year was the heaviest the Canadian National system has ever known, it is estimated that over a million automobiles entered the nine provinces of Canada on business or pleasure during the season. During last year, according to Government estimates, tourist traffic, as a revenue producer, took fourth place in Canada's industries.

SHODDY CLOTHES RILE WOMEN

The Women's Institutes of Western Ontario have begun a campaign to compel the manufacturers of clothing in Canada to stamp their products so that the purchaser may be able to know at a glance whether the article is all wool or contains a portion of cotton or other adulterant. The matter came up at the annual meeting of the Institutes in Hamilton, and some harsh things were said of present-day manufacturing.

The women who compose the Institutes are, for the most part, the wives and daughters of farmers, and they unhesitatingly claimed that while the barns of Western Ontario are crammed with unsaleable wool, the manufacturers continue to make cloths and underwear of shoddy, which are sold to the public for all wool.

The resolution calling for stamped goods has been sent to Ottawa, and the matter is to be brought up at every meeting of women until such time as the Government sees fit to act. It is promised by those active in the movement that there shall be no rest so long as the present conditions prevail.

The farmers are clamoring to sell their wool, and the people are fighting to have wool underwear and clothing, and yet the manufacturers will neither buy wool nor manufacture all wool garments.

Women's organizations all over the Dominion are being circulated and the Dominion Trades Congress is also to be invited to use its influence to have the Government pass legislation compelling the manufacturers to stamp their goods with the percentage of wool contained.

SERMON

The shades of night were falling fast when through a crowded village passed A motorist, ablaze with wine, Who did not heed the warning sign: "STOP!"

The young man left this earthly state And skidded 'ward the golden gate. But good St. Peter met him there: And flagged him with a chilly stare: "STOP!"

"The proper place for you, young man, Is down among the wild-eyed clan Where weird, asthmatic motors roar On brimstone roads forever more." "DETROIT."

Save money by renewing your subscription to daily newspapers at The Transcript office.

GLENCOE COUNCIL

The final meeting of the Glencoe council for 1923 was held according to statute on the 15th of December. Members present — Reeve McPherson, Councillors Munroe, McAlpine, McCracken and Parrott. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

Moved by Mr. McAlpine, seconded by Mr. McCracken, that J. A. McLachlan be granted refund of \$9.60 on account of error in business assessment, 1922, and Mr. Traver be given refund of \$10.50 for same for 1923. Carried.

Moved by Mr. McCracken, seconded by Mr. McAlpine, that the year of Dr. McIntyre, M.O.H., for the year be accepted. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Munroe, seconded by Mr. McAlpine, that the usual grant of \$50 be made to the Mosa & Ekfrid Agricultural Society. Carried.

On motion of Messrs. Parrott and Munroe the clerk was instructed to issue an order on the treasurer in favor of collector for \$609.53, unpaid taxes for 1922.

Moved by Mr. Munroe, seconded by Mr. McCracken, that the following accounts be paid:—A. J. Traver, soda for 1922, \$44; M. L. Farrell, bars for sewer, \$15.45; S. Irwin, electric light bulbs, \$1.40; P. Siddall, gravel, \$2; Russell Eddie, streets \$10, hauling gravel \$2.50, hauling tile \$17.50; J. B. Henry, salary for December, \$100; W. G. Thompson, 49 seats for town hall, \$85.75; E. T. Huston, 12 nights' sale tax tickets \$12, postage and tax stamps \$5.95, fourth quarter's salary \$30; McPherson & Clarke, catch-basin \$2.50, repair for hose reels \$1, tax 12c; James Poole, insurance on piano \$4, legal grant to bridge \$24; C. George, fourth quarter's salary \$56.25, outlet drain by-law \$40, by-law Main street sidewalk \$5, legal grant to division court clerk \$24, postage 75c; Archie Graham, gravel, \$17.05; C. E. Davidson, 5 electric light bulbs, \$1.75; M. J. McAlpine, 2 sets chains for fire engine, \$17.75; Alvinston Brick & Tile Co., tile, \$40.77.

BAZAAR AT APPIN

On Wednesday of last week the members of the Fraser Mission Band held a bazaar in the town hall, Appin. The doors were opened at 2.30. The booths which were decorated in red, white and blue, added to the appearance of the splendid work of the young women of the Band. Those in charge of booths were: Mrs. Den Laughton and Mrs. James McDonald, fancy aprons; Mrs. A. McIntyre and Mrs. D. Thorneicroft and Jean Allan, candy; Mrs. G. Howe and Miss Gladys Johnston, grab counter; Mrs. E. McIntyre, cashier.

Two guessing contests were held. A box of chocolates, won by Mrs. E. Cushman, was given for guessing the number of beans in an olive bottle, and a box of homemade candy was won by Mrs. Harry Galbraith for guessing the correct number of apple seeds in a bottle.

Afternoon tea was served and was in charge of Mrs. John McAlpine and Misses Campbell, Thorneicroft and Teepie.

In the evening a program was given, consisting of solos by Sid Hickey, Dr. McDonald and Mrs. Cavalier, readings by Miss Marion Campbell, a duet by Clara Bairdwell and Dr. McDonald and a piano duet by Beth and Dora Stephenson. Two quilts were auctioned off at night.

Much amusement was caused by the mysterious man in the person of Mrs. Doug. McIntyre, who with her tiny parasol escorted the people to seats. The proceeds of the day amounted to about \$145.

DEMAND FOR FARM HELP

R. A. Finn, Middlesex county representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, in the annual report of the activities of his department, declares that the demand for help during 1923 broke all records since he took charge of the local office in 1915. Mr. Finn states that about 500 immigrants from the British Isles, Holland, Sweden and Denmark were placed on farms in this district.

METCALFE COUNCIL

At the council meeting held on December 15th the usual orders were paid.

Returning officers were appointed as follows:—Polling division No. 1, Charles Johnson; No. 2, W. Smith; No. 3, A. E. Field; No. 4, James Patterson; No. 5, George Moore; No. 6, Carl Stirling; No. 7, Winston Pearson; No. 8, John Callaghan.

HOW FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Two farmers met after church and had this conversation: "I hear you've sold your pig." "Yes, sold him last Saturday." "What did you get?" "Eight dollars." "What did it cost you to raise it?" "Paid three dollars for the shoot, and five more for the feed."

"Didn't make much, did you?" "No, but I had the company of the pig all summer."

Some men never do a charitable act unless there is some one around to applaud. Another advantage in being common is that you can eat in the kitchen where it's warm.

FORMER GLENCOE BOY DIES

Relatives and friends of Randolph Currie were much saddened to hear last week of his sudden death at Beltingham, Washington. Mr. Currie, who was aged fifty-six, was one of the younger sons of the late Nathaniel Currie and was born and grew to manhood in Glencoe.

After having spent considerable time in the general store of W. A. Currie, he took a position in a wholesale house in Toronto, but soon went to the West, where he had since made his home, never having returned to visit his home town. As a young man he was genial and warm-hearted and was quite a favorite among relatives and companions. He was one of a family of eight, four of whom survive. (Dr.) W. G. Lumley, Mrs. Middlemiss and George H. of Detroit, and Charlie, of Roundhill, Alberta. He also leaves a widow and one daughter to mourn his loss. Friends here extend sincerest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

NOVEMBER SCHOOL REPORTS

S. S. No. 4, Metcalfe
Sr. IV.—Mary McRae 72, Janet McCallum 65.
Sr. IV.—Neil W. Walker 65, Anna McDougall 64, Campbell Walker 58, III.—Meryl Munro 82, Lorne McDougall 73, Stewart Walker 62, Chas. Giles 61.
Sr. I.—Douglas Campbell 74, Herbert Giles 73.
Sr. I.—Margaret Galbraith 67.
Primer—Audrey Leitch.
Adelle Walker, Teacher.

S. S. No. 17, Moss

Average marks from September to December:
Sr. IV.—(Possible marks, 1,000)—Mary McLachlan 732, Zeida Munroe 727, Lloyd Little 673.
Sr. IV.—(Possible marks, 1,000)—Kenneth McKellar 671, Viola Munroe 571, Hughie Leitch 564.
Sr. III.—(Possible marks, 900)—Prudence Moore 827, Duncan Leitch 503, Harley Lease 478.
I.—Archie McKellar, Innes Graham.
Primer—Donald Seale.
Corinne Howe, Teacher.

S. S. No. 13, Ekfrid

Report of senior room for November and December:
*Absent for whole or part of examination:
Sr. IV.—Cameron McTaggart 555, Kenneth Peckham 538, Barbara Sinclair 525, Earle Edwards 511, Dora Stevenson 469, Harold Cushman 467, Hazel Perry 438, Evelyn Stephenson 413, Ivan Cushman 406, Mabel Black 393.
Sr. IV.—Jessie Jeffrey 447, *John Jeffrey 438, *Howard McIntyre 316, *Therbert Nevin 253, *Norris Cushman 328.

Sr. III.—Eva Bardwell 466, Alice Bardwell 448, Eleanor McCall 395, Edwison Hughes 393, Dorothy Hughes 392, Harley McDonald 377, Marie Huston 358, Duncan McTaggart 337, Kenneth Johnson 331, Alice Galbraith 324, Howard Pole 311, Howard Cushman 310, Gladys McIntyre 296, *Mortie Payne 272, Hughie Rankin 254, *Kathleen McKell 188, *J. D. McGill, *Alice Black.

Jr. III.—Newport Pole 394, Alex. McTaggart 385, Leo Cushman 380, Lorne Galt 364, Olive Hughes 332, Alfred Rankin 330, Ardell Gough 330, Thelma Leith 316, *Luke Jeffrey 230, *Kathleen Nevin, *Hazel Congdon.

Lewis H. Payne, Teacher.

Report of Junior room:

II.—Beryl Payne 450, Annabel Macle 446, Douglas Sim 416, Claire Perry 408, Edith Philpot 398, Jack Howe 336, Emma Gough 314, Harold Howe 246, James Black 209, Eveline Cushman 198.

I.—Ruby Stephenson 240, Dorothy McDonald 216, Esther Webster 207, Marjorie Galbraith 199, John Hughes 184, Stuart Bardwell 181, Helen Rankin 172, *Katie Gough 134, George Webster 92, *John Watson.

Primer.—Margaret McDonald 185, Lloyd Pole 165, Donald McIntyre 130, Tommy Howe 90, *Ada Black 75.

Anna Farrell, Teacher.

SMALL TOWN LETHARGY

Newbury, Dec. 18.—Municipal matters here apparently are "in extremis," excepting the lively interest manifested by a majority of the taxpayers over the H.C.O.L. However, even though he must dig down a little deeper to help meet increasing municipal expenses, the digging should be not in vain if it helped to awaken in his quiet breast some spark of interest in the future of his home and friends. We are of the candid opinion today that the reason for the larger towns and cities absorbing the vitality of our villages is because of no special effort of their own, but rather the indifference of the village voter to see to it that the office seek the man and not the man the office. We have no "pick" on any individual but believe frankly that if dozens and dozens of our air villages want to stay on the map they must in some way arouse more interest in municipal elections, dispense with the "was-in-the-beginning and end-ever-shall-be" system and install men who glory not in the past but desire to awaken the interest not only of their fellow citizens but the interest of those at large who are looking for something worth while.

Say it with printing.

For years Mortimer Graves' Worm Extremator has ranked as a reliable worm preparation, and it always maintains its reputation.

The C. E. Nourse Co.

Dealers in

Flour and Feed

COAL, WOOD AND CEMENT

Highest Market Prices paid for all kind of Grain.

Terms Strictly Cash.

Store and Elevator, Main St., Glencoe

J. D. McKellar, Manager

J. A. RAEBURN

Contractor for

OIL, WATER AND GAS DRILLING

All kinds of Pumps and Pipe Supplies. Up-to-date Drilling Rig at your service.

GORE CONCESSION, EKFRID.

POULTRY WANTED

ALL KINDS

We Pay

Highest Prices

and one to two cents per pound extra if delivered in Glencoe on

THURSDAYS AND FRIDAYS

If you want us to call with our truck on other days, write

SAM BOOM - Glencoe P. O.

Or leave name and phone number at McKellar House or McAlpine Garage.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Remover is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails. Say it in The Transcript.

Christmas Flowers.
(A Star Legend.)
Now from the planet Venus,
Called the star of cheer—
An immortal gazed on Christmas Eve,
Upon the earthland drear.

She sighed to see the barren trees,
King Winter robbed of clothes;
And the bushes so unsightly,
That lately held the rose.

And sitting to the Ruler
Of the star-inspiring mirth;
She begged to deck with Christmas
flowers
The desolated earth.

And the King said, "Christmas morn-
ing
You may journey to and fro
And scatter cheer confetti,
Christmas flowers of snow."

And all the bush and trees forlorn
King winter killed with blight,
She loaded down with blossoms
From the brightest star of night.
—Anna Graves Henry.

A Little Song of Santa Claus.

This is told of Santa Claus:
When he was just a boy
His home was Happy Hollyland
The mountain top of Joy;
And frosty, snowy, sparkly
Was the flurried little peak
Where Santa Claus when he was
young
First learned to walk and speak.

His mother, Lady Mistletoe,
The fairies loved her well;
His father was the chieftain
Of the Tribe of Jinglebell;
They were the kindest people!
And once a year, they say,
They gave a winter party
For the fairies out their way.

They chose a tiny spruce tree,
And trimmed it all themselves
With fluff and glint and star dust
Lent by the forest elves.
They hung bright presents on it,
Wee bits of gems and gold
And tiny scraps of rabbit fur
For fairies who were cold.

Then little fellow Santa Claus
Would climb upon a stump
And call, "The party's ready,"
And hop down with a jump;
And all the wood would flutter
With a little eager rabbit fur
The fairies coming running
By the light of wintry moon.

But after it was over
And all the sprites had flown,
And as he went to bed at night
All cozy and alone,
Little Santa Claus would whisper,
Looking down to valleys blue,
"O children, wait till I grow up,
I'll do great things for you!"
—Miriam Clark Potter, in Youth's
Companion.

To the Young Folk

Christmas is not a real Christmas
unless we make some one happy on
that day of days.

Is there a lonely old man or woman
in your community? Fix up a basket
of goodies (mother will help you) and
take it to him or her, bright and early
on Christmas morning. There must
be some one in your neighborhood
whom you can make happy by a little
gift, given with a lot of love. Do not
forget the birds and Shep, Dobbin and
Bossy. Have a Christmas feed for
the birds; see that Shep has an extra
bone, Dobbin a big hot mash and some
rosy apples, and Bossy some appetizing
roots.

See that everyone at home is remem-
bered by a gift. Decorate the house
with Christmas greens and remember
that it is always "more blessed to give
than to receive."

The Birds' Christmas Tree.

This may be an evergreen or any
kind of a tree that has evergreen
branches tied on it. Warm suet and
stick it full of seeds and nuts. Hang
this suet from the branches. String
peanuts and festoon them around the
tree. Have little boxes on the tree,
and in these boxes place nut meats,
seeds, meat, celery, cabbage, lettuce
and apples. Tie pieces of bread and
crackers to the trunk of the tree.
Wherever you have this tree see that
the cats can not get to it. Many a
bird's Christmas tree has been un-
occupied because of strutting cats.
Cats and birds never mix—in an
agreeable way. There is no better
way to get acquainted with the winter
birds than by feeding them.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS



How Molly Cottontail Saw Santa Claus

BY THE NYCES.

It was the funniest thing! Though
the little Molly Cottontail didn't think so;
indeed, she was pretty high scared out
of a year's growth. But there, we'd
better commence at the very begin-
ning.

It was the night before Christmas
and of course you know what that
means; mysterious whisperings and
hiding of knobby bundles—and every-
thing. And Molly Cottontail and all
her folks, and Auntie and Uncle Hop-
over and all the little Hopovers—

fine supper and plenty of it when the
entertainment was over.

That touched Flattail's heart, for
next to taking his ease he loved no-
thing better than a good meal; so he
lost no time in getting the Hopovers
and the Cottontails to the schoolhouse.

It was such a cunning little place, all
alight, and just buzzing with the
voices of bunny folks. And there was
a tree, festooned with strings of red
and white pop-corn and hung with
gingerbread men and candy canes.

grown-ups; then Daddy Tarfoot was
called on to dance a hoe-down; next
came games. Let's see—they played
"Blind Man's Buff" and "Puss in the
Corner," almost running down the
ladies who were placing the most de-
licious supper on the table. But no
one minded; the grown folks said they
couldn't scold the children on Christ-
mas Eve.

Flattail Beaver said he really en-
joyed the supper more than anything
else. And after everything had been
cleared away Eben Cornstassel disap-
peared—and Santa Claus appeared on
the platform, and distributed presents,
and stockings made of white tarleton,
filled with candy. Flattail Beaver re-

"I didn't know it was that late—if we
want to get home ahead of Santa
we'd better hurry."

Then the Hopover bunnies and the
Cottontail bunnies were bundled into
the sleigh; Flattail called, "Are you
ready?" and away he pelted.

Molly was in the back part and she
soon fell asleep and dreamed she was
playing blind man's buff. All at once
the sleigh lurched round a fence cor-
ner, and Molly gave a leap right into
a huge Jimson weed, and there she
hung, by her warm woolly coat, to a
great prickly bur.

Poor little Molly! She wriggled and
she twisted and she squeaked. But no
one heard her and she couldn't lose

The Christ Child.

The snow was falling fast,
And the lights were dim and low,
When a small child wandered up and
down
And had nowhere to go.

He saw a house illumined
And children merry and gay,
But when He knocked and waited
He was told to go away.

To-night was Christmas Eve,
And most every one was gay.
People were hurrying to and fro
With gifts for Christmas Day.

So He wandered on,
A small and lonely child.

Then He looked in a window and saw
A mother and children, sweet and
mild.

He knocked at the door and waited
Until He heard the mother say:
"Children, some one is knocking;
Go see who it is, I pray."

The children came to the door
To let the poor child in.
He was very cold and chilly,
For his clothing was torn and thin.

This mother was reading her Bible
To her children bright and fair,
When she went to look for the boy,
Behold, He was not there.

The mother said: "My dears,
That boy so sweet and mild
Is not a little wanderer;
But the Little Christ Child."

So if you are good and kind,
Live a good and noble life,
You will receive a grand reward
From our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

So when you pass from this world of
ours,
If you have been good and true,
You will find in the Golden City
The gate standing open for you.

—Annie Wilson Podger.

"That sounds like some one in trou-
ble!" exclaimed Santa Claus; and he
pulled up close to the fence.

"If it isn't Molly Cottontail! and
fastened to a big bur—why you poor
little thing; little more'n you'd be
frozen to death."

Molly was so thankful—and she
wasn't one bit afraid of Santa. No,
indeed; she told him exactly how it
happened. And Santa said: "Never
mind—I'll have you home in a jiffy;
but first I must stop at Sammy Slow's
house—it's right on my way."

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, "we know
Slow and we love him dearly."

"Do you?" exclaimed Santa with a
twinkle. "Then you know a dear lit-
tle boy"—and the words were scarce
out of his mouth when they were on
the roof of Sammy's house and in a
moment down, down the chimney they
slid—Molly in the pocket of Santa's
big warm coat.

Of course Sammy Slow was in bed
—but Tabitha Tabbycat was not and
she was well acquainted with Molly
Cottontail, and brought her a cup of
nice warm milk to take off the chill.

When they reached the home of the
Cottontails, they found everything
in confusion. Granny Wobblenose was
sure Molly had fallen asleep in the
schoolhouse and been left behind. Ma
Cottontail was almost indignant at
dear Granny, and she said: "Indeed
Molly was not left at the schoolhouse
—I counted all my bunnies before I
left the building."

Anyway Granny tucked all the bun-
nies into their little beds, and Pa and
Ma had donned their warm wraps and
rubber boots, and were just about to
start in search of Molly when Santa
Claus pulled up at the door. They
could hardly believe their eyes when
he took her out of his pocket and set
her down beside them.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ma. "Here's
Santa, and Molly not in bed."

And she rushed her inside and Pa ran to
the woodpile for a few sticks to warm
things up a bit. And when they re-
turned to thank Santa, they found him
gone—quite out of sight; but he had
tucked candies and all kinds of coun-
ting little presents inside their door.
Then they heard his voice—way off
in the distance: "Merry Christmas to
all, and to all a good night!"

"MEN OF GOOD WILL"

Glory to God in the highest, and
on earth peace, to men of good
will.

There is no message which the
world needs so utterly to hear and
heed as that which speaks of peace
and a better understanding in a world
distracted and troubled about many
things. It would seem as though we
had tried everything within the
bounds of human reason to restore
the world's poise and equilibrium; but
even our high-minded endeavors have
seemed, in part, at least, to fail. We
are beginning to reach the conclusion
that a mere rearrangement of external
conditions or the improving cir-
cumstances of life are not sufficient.
It was Mrs. Browning who declared
that you cannot improve humanity by
moving it to a "cleaner sty."

One of the basic weaknesses of our
present situation is to be found in a
lost or impaired confidence. This
malady seems to be universal, and it
discloses itself in every sphere of our
being. It is a mental rather than a
physical condition that has brought
about our present situation. All the
conferences and treaties we may effect
will prove ultimately to be of little
worth unless we can restore again a
reasonable confidence, based upon a
better understanding and a more gen-
erous appraisal of human nature. We
have been dissociating our so-called
Christian ideals from our practical
life; in fine, we have been unwilling
to mix religion with business, regard-
ing the two things as distinct and sepa-
rate. We are just beginning to learn
(and the lesson has been a costly one)
that the fundamental teachings of
Jesus Christ have a practical bearing
upon human affairs. Jesus was es-
sentially an optimist. To Him there
were no such things as "no-hope"
cases in the world. The only thing
He ever treated with scorn and stern
condemnation was hypocrisy, a super-
ficial and unreal profession of religion.
His whole attitude toward life was
hopeful and expectant. Robert Louis
Stevenson caught his vision of life
from the Master when he declared: "I
believe in an ultimate decency of
things, and if I awake in hell I should
still believe in it."

THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST.

If this recurring Christmas season
is to be something more than a pagan-
ized annual festival, disclosing its in-
terests and excesses largely in ex-
ternal things it must again reaffirm
the message that ushered in the birth
of Christ. This message, on the one
hand, expressed man's attitude God-
ward and, on the other hand, his at-
titude man-ward. Good-will is the
thing we sorely need in this old world
of ours; but good-will can only come
to those who look hopefully and ex-
pectantly for the best in human na-
ture. To go about the world after the
manner of Diogenes, seeking for hon-
est men with the dim light of a lan-
tern, does not appeal to us. Let us
be clear about it. This old world is
not tobogganing down to perdition. It
has survived many crises but its sur-
vivals have been marked by such an
attitude of mind as that which Jesus
Christ disclosed.

Our cynics and critics make no con-
tribution to the healing of the world's
open sores. Our statesmen and diplo-
mats who play the game of interna-
tional politics, distrustful of the aims
of those whose co-operation they seek,
must signify fail. The contending
elements in our great industrial work-
room that manifest a suspicion of the
motives and purposes of each other
produce little else than an armed
truce. If one has the clearness of vi-
sion to see it and the mental breadth
to comprehend it, there are to be
found the indisputable evidences of
our forward movement and advance
over periods that have gone before.
The levels of business morality are
higher to-day than they were a gen-
eration ago. There are more good
men than had engaged in the great
game of politics. There is more vir-
tue than vice in society; and a re-
affirmation and belief in these saving
elements will do more to bring us back
to normal and sane conditions than all
our criticisms and suspicions.

NEED OF THE AGE.

This age is calling for men who be-
lieve in God and who believe in their
fellows. The demand is for those who
have good-will in their hearts and
who practice it in their everyday con-
duct in the world through which they
move.

If this spirit of Christmas Day can
be made regnant throughout the year,
that lies ahead, we shall enter upon
an era of happiness and prosperity
such as the world has never known.

It's not the rare and costly gift
That gives complete content.
The things that cheer and most uplift,
Are sometimes never sent;
The soul's desire to aid and bless—
It's this that gives us happiness.

The chief charm of Christmas is its
simplicity. It is a festival that ap-
peals to every one because every one
can understand it. A genuine fellow-
ship pervades our common life—a
fellowship whose source is our com-
mon share in the gift of the world's
greatest life which was given to the
whole world.—Arthur Wood Kimball.



The Man of the Hour

dressed in their best—were going to
the Christmas entertainment, to be
held in the tiny red schoolhouse at
the extreme end of Bunny Hollow.

It was the snappiest kind of a cold
night and the snow was just right for
sleighing. So Uncle Hopover bundled
them into his sleigh—and a good big
one it was. The old-fashioned kind—
with bells that tinkled beautifully. It
held all the Hopover folks and all the
Cottontail folks; also dear old Granny
Wobblenose.

Uncle Hopover hired Flattail Bea-
ver to pull the sleigh, but he had an
awful time doing it, for Flattail was
very lazy. And he would make no
promise until Auntie Hopover and Ma
Cottontail told him he should have a

After they had all greeted one an-
other with "Merry Christmas," and
"Same to you," and said how beau-
tiful everything looked and what a
smart man teacher was to plan it all,
they sat on the tiny benches until the
schoolmaster (his name was Eben
Cornstassel) stepped to the platform
and announced that Molly Cottontail
and Johnny Hopover would give a
dialogue.

Johnny was very shy and scarce
talked above a whisper, while Molly
thought more of her new dress than
she did of her dialogue. The dress
was bright red and Granny Wobble-
nose had made it her very own self.

One after another the bunnies re-
cited their pieces to the pride of the

ceived two stockings—one for his wife
and one for himself. "I'm mighty glad
I came," he said.

"Well," exclaimed Ma Cottontail,
"I'll be glad to leave. Not that I
didn't enjoy it; the entertainment was
lovely and a great credit to the teach-
er; but I've lots of things to do before
Santa comes to our house. Luckily
the bunnies hung their stockings be-
fore we left home," she laughed.

So she hunted up Uncle Hopover
and Pa Cottontail to tell them it was
time to make tracks for home. They
were sitting close to the fire talking
to Daddy Tarfoot and Daddy Long-
ears, about who raised the biggest
crops.

"Goodness me!" Uncle Hopover said,

herself. And Ma and Pa and Auntie
Hopover and the sleigh—all disap-
peared and left her quite alone.

She wasn't left alone many minutes
though, for to her great joy another
sleigh came flying swiftly along, much
more swiftly than Flattail pulled them
all to the schoolhouse. It was drawn
by eight reindeer and driven by
whom do you think? Why, no other
than Santa himself. And he lurched
round the very same fence corner!

Dancer and Prancer were in the
lead and in their haste they pretty
nearly stumbled. So Santa had them
rest for a moment. "Squeak, squeak,
SQUEAK!" came from the Jimson
weed. Meaning: "Oh, Santa, please
help me!"

IN RABBITBORO



I SUPPOSE CHILDREN YOU
STUDIED THE INSECTS
YOU SAW THIS SUMMER.

EVERY LITTLE INSECT
IS MADE FOR SOME
WISE PURPOSE.

WHAT LESSON DO WE
LEARN FROM THE
MOSQUITO, DICK?

WELL, I GUESS WE LEARN
FROM THE MOSQUITO—HOW
EASY IT IS TO GET STUNG!!

—Randall.

MAN'S FAITHFUL SERVANT

By James Maurice Tarry

When the last dray-horse shall have disappeared from the face of the earth, I wonder whether man will even express a word of thank to the faithful animal that has so greatly helped to establish him in the now comfortable position which he occupies.

Great men who have done great things surely have been honored with monuments of stone and of immortality. But when the day of the horse shall be a closed chapter in the Book of Service, who shall have the right to claim a greater honor for service rendered humanity?

The horse has toiled for man, slaved for him—laid down its life that he might live—in the reeking heat of commerce, on the bloody field of battle, in the zero days of snow and sleet. And for what? Just a bit of hay!

And when the heavy day of work was done, man retired to his comfortable home, with the peace of his family and his restful bed, while the horse retired to its stall to wait alone for the dreary hours to pass, while the rain merrily trickled in and the wind unceremoniously flew from a hundred scolding slits and crannies in the walls.

Who shall remember the horse and pay tribute to it? Who shall erect a monument to the faithful beast?

Man surely has suffered, but many times because of his own cruel selfishness and unscrupulous interests. But the horse has toiled most unselfishly—and with a beating heart in the bargain!

No man is big enough to estimate the terrific amount of suffering this grand beast must have experienced as it pulled at its heavy load and strained the best within it—just for the sake of another.

And when the final day of work was done, when it became old and lean and spent, was it given a grassy slope where it could graze to its heart content with other horses that had grown old enriching man?

No!
No!
But what became of it?
It was sold to be shot for glue.

Paths.

For good adventures I endorse
The little paths you come across;

But not the prisoned ones that we
Keep straight and clean and orderly
In yards and gardens. There they stay
And never roam nor serve nor stray;
Sedate and staid in brick and gravel,
Whose dull business is to meet
The burden of domestic feet.

For, oh, the kind of path I mean
Is dim and shadowy and green;
A narrow, winding one that strayed
Wayward and daring; undimmed
By ditches, hills or woods that cramp,
Ragged and restless as a tramp.
An idle vagabond, cajoling
Gypsy feet like mine to strutting.
That dreams at midday in the shade
Of vibrant, singing walls of jade
In whose cool shadows can be heard
The music of a brook or bird.

A path whose curves and bordering
trees
May hide a thousand mysteries;
With grass grown high enough to
screen
A pyramid or a fairy queen;
And forests dense whose gloom may
hold
Wild, fierce brigands or hidden gold
A dryad may be there to free
From some strong, ancient ogre tree,
Or something weird and strange,
almost

As queer and lonely as a ghost.
Oh, they belong—these roving trails—
To us who believe in fairy tales,
And miles and miles I would spend
To find what may be at the end.

—Annie Blackwell Payne.

Hymns and Health.

Whatever may be the secret of long life, writers of hymns would appear to have discovered it, for they have been notably long-lived.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, for example, the author of "Onward Christian Soldiers" and other well-known and popular hymns, is still hale and hearty at the age of 89. And the Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, who wrote "The Sower Went Forth Sowing," recently celebrated his golden wedding.

Here is a hint from the Japanese. If you need some almost transparent white glue to mend a torn picture, mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, gradually add boiling water and stir constantly until a paste is formed, then boil for one minute in a clean saucepan and you will have a strong colorless cement.

The wearing of earrings originated in the most interesting manner. First, it is said, ears were pierced whenever women had been indiscreet in hearing secrets not intended for them. Later, costly earrings were fashioned to console the poor ears for the suffering caused them.

A rather awkward looking individual went into an ice cream parlor the other day and bought an ice cream cone. He went out on the sidewalk to eat it. Presently he reappeared with the cone mangled of the cream, and, handing it to the astonished clerk, said: "Thank you for the vase."

CANCER

The REAL CAUSE of this terrible disease: how to treat it and how to avoid it, is fully explained by the book on

The Cantassium Treatment

which does away with the danger and suffering caused by surgical operation, radium and X-ray.

In this book are a number of case reports, at home and abroad, which prove the great value of Cantassium Treatment to internal and to external cases of irregular cell-growth and Cancer.

Why wait to be stricken by this rapidly increasing devastating scourge when you can learn how to avoid it by sending for this FREE BOOK, which will be promptly mailed to YOU, without cost, by CHARLES WALTER, 51 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Note

To meet the requirements of a limited number of Cancer sufferers who desire complete rest while taking the Cantassium Treatment, arrangements have now been completed for their comfortable accommodation in suitable premises in Toronto, where, if they wish, they can be attended by experienced physicians.

Ants With or Without Wings.

Mr. Vincent, seated on the verandah of his summer home peeling willow wands to make a towel rack noticed a sturdy black ant running straight across the verandah. He tried to turn it back with the toe of his boot, but the little creature quickly made its way round. Then Mr. Vincent, using the wand in his hand, turned the ant round several times, but he could neither confuse it nor deter it. In a moment it was climbing over parts of the boys' radio outfit, which must have been as confusing to it as a mountain range and a forest combined is to a man. Mr. Vincent stamped his foot in front of the creature, but he could not scare it.

When he was ready to give up trying to turn the ant back he saw Allen came along and took up the task. Falling in every way that, Allen placed a piece of board in the ant's path. When the ant mounted the board to walk over it the boy carried it back to the starting place. But immediately the ant began its journey again.

When it was halfway across the verandah the boy brought it back a second time, but the determined little creature took up its journey anew and pressed on over every obstacle and in spite of all opposition. Finally the boy sat down, and the ant reached the other side of the verandah and vanished over the edge.

"Well, Allen," said Mr. Vincent, "if we men had such perseverance, there would be few things we could not achieve! The Bible sends the lazy man to the ant to learn industry; this morning we may learn perseverance from the ant."

"But it's not true of all ants," Allen replied. "I tried the same game on a winged ant, and I turned it aside easily."

"And what a parable that is!" exclaimed Mr. Vincent. "Just think of it, an ant with wings so that it could soar right over your head and go on its way gives up, whereas this little fellow who has only his legs to depend on, goes on over everything, knowing easily."

ARE YOU GOOD AT PUZZLES?

THE FARMER'S GUIDE, Canada's Finest Farm Paper, is offering you over \$2,000.00 in cash prizes, in a most unusual and attractive undertaking.

WHAT IS THE AGE OF THE LION?

This is the big question.



Send to Puzzle Editor, The Farmer's Guide, Gardenville, Que., for full size copies of the big LION and full details, enclosing a postage stamp. Lack of space prevents giving the details here.

Here is a fascinating pastime for the winter evenings. Do not fail to take advantage of this attractive offer of Canada's Finest Farm Paper.

WRITE NOW!
You will enjoy it.

When it's really cold
there's nothing like
Hot Bovril

no defeat! So it is, I fear, with men and women, boys and girls. Some with many advantages are turned aside from pressing on to the prize of their high calling, and some who are not so equipped but who have will and determination reach the goal. It's a great thing to have determination!

He Forgot the Combination.

A colored man was driving along the road in a ramshackle buggy drawn by a bony, apavined old horse, when a stranger hailed him:

"Hello! uncle! Can you get me to the station in time for the next train?"

"No, suh; I don't believe I kin, suh. This is a broken-down ol' cavalry horse. You can't git him over a walk now."

"Huh! You say he's an old cavalry horse? Let me drive him."

The man clambered upon the seat and took the reins. "Make ready!" he called out sharply. "Charge!"

The old horse pricked up his ears and broke into a gallop. As they reached the station the man shouted, "Halt!" The horse obeyed. The man slipped old John a quarter.

The next day two young men stopped John and asked him to take them to the station as quickly as possible.

"Suttinly, gen'men," said John, "Git right in." He gathered up the reins and shouted: "Make ready! Charge!" The horse broke into a gallop and soon reached the station.

"Git ready to jump, gen'men," John looking frightened, shouted to his fares. "I've done forgot de word what stops him."

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 from 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 Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Good Queen Bess Watched Pennies in Her Household.

Housekeeping accounts have been a fine art, practiced by royal personages in the sixteenth century, according to a big book auctioned off in London this week. The imperial folio account book was once kept by Queen Elizabeth when she was still a princess, eighteen years old, and shows the household expenses of her residence at Hatfield for the year 1551-1552.

The volume has twenty-six vellum pages and the covers are decorated with illuminated lettering and scroll work, with five pen and ink emblematic drawings among the entries. Each account is signed "Elizabeth," the signature being graceful, one with fine flourishes around it and countersigned by Sir Walter Buckler, then her chamberlain.

It is shown that Elizabeth spent nearly £4,000 that year, quite a respectable amount, when it is considered that a pound in those days was worth at least four times as much as it is today. Although "the good Queen Bess" is supposed to have had a great love for literature and a passion for dress, these "accounts" do not give much indication of it.

In the period covered by the ledger she seems to have made only two purchases of books and items of £18 for "certain stuff for her grace's person" and 12 pence "for making paper up per bodices for her grace," which does not seem very extravagant. She gave nearly £8 in "almes to dyverse poor men and women at sondrie times," and was careful to record all tips, one of the entries reading, "13s. 4d. for my lady of Arrundell's servant."

Elizabeth seems to have spent quite a lot on music, one entry reading "30 shillings to a farmer that played on flue," and another, "for More, the harper, 30 shillings"—such entries being of frequent occurrence. There is a long list of moneys paid for "sauces, herbs,

Surnames and Their Origin

MACALASTER.

Variations—Alexander, Sanders, Sanderson, Saunders, Sanderson.
Racial Origin—Scottish and English.
Source—A given name.

The family name of MacAlaster probably would remain much of a mystery were it not that this clan name of Scotland is traceable directly back through the centuries to a son of Angus Mor, who was Lord of the Isles in the year 1284, which son, it is a matter of record, bore the name of Alaster as a variation of Alexander.

Yet, taken in this connection, in view of the variations of the Christian name Alexander, which existed about this period in England and the Scottish lowlands, the variation became more understandable.

The name, of course, is Greek in origin, but it was taken by the medieval residents of England and Scotland from the Bible, and they spelled it as they pronounced it rather than as it was spelled in the Latin. They spelled it "Alsaunde," or "Allessaunde."

If you just slide over the third syllable or drop it out, you'll shorten the name into something like "Alisder," which is far from "Alaster."

The abbreviation of this name into "Alce" is not found in any of the medieval records. Instead, at that time, the tendency was to shorten it into "Saunde" or "Sander." Indeed we have the Scottish form of "Sandy" today.

MacAlaster, of course, means "Alaster's descendants," and Sanders and Saunders are simply shortened forms of "Sander's-son" and "Saunders-son." It is not likely that such a name as "Alexander's-son" could have lasted in uncorrupted form long enough to reach the present day. The "son" finally was dropped. It probably is a change back to original spelling at a still later period.

mutations, veals, hogs-heddes of bere, and Raynshe wine."

Thirty dozen "candelles" cost the princess 45 shillings, and she paid to John Brydges for seafish 15 shillings; to a poor woman that brought six chickens and two capons, 5 shillings; to him that made her grace a table of walnut tree, 44 shillings; for Bible, 20 shillings.

A Watch for Time Study.

Modern efficiency methods as applied in factories and shops often make it necessary to study the time required for different operations in the manufacture of certain products. For this work it is absolutely necessary to have a stop watch. The conventional stop watch, however, leaves much to be desired, for the reason that, while it gives the time elapsed for a certain operation, it is necessary to indulge in a considerable calculation for determining the output per hour or day.

Now a time study watch has been evolved for the purpose of eliminating all computation and making it possible for an observer to read from the dial the quantity desired. The circumference of the watch is divided into 100 parts, as in the well known decimal dial, but instead of these divisions being numbered in the ordinary manner they are marked with figures which indicate the number of operations per hour, when the time of a single operation is represented by the elapsed time. In the instance of very short operations ten operations instead of one can be timed.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Constipated children can find prompt relief through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach, thus driving out constipation and indigestion; colds and simple fevers.

Concerning them Mrs. Caspard Dabbs, Demalu, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great benefit to my little boy, who was suffering from constipation and indigestion. They quickly relieved him and now he is in the best of health." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

For a Long Visit.

Little Madge was in high excitement; a baby brother had arrived on the scene. She spread the good news, and among others told the gardener, a bit of a wag. "The question is," said the old man, "is the new baby going to stay?" "Oh, yes, he means to stay," said Madge, "he's got his things off."

MONEY ORDERS.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

The Grammar of Health.
Teacher—"Compare 'cold.'"
Student—"Could, cough, coffin."

England's only State newspaper, the "London Gazette," is 258 years old. When published first for Charles II, it was known as the "Oxford Gazette," the Court having fled to that city on account of the plague.

Careless polishing will cause the lenses in spectacles and eyeglasses to revolve in their frames sufficiently to affect the sight of the user.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

NELSON

Variations—Nelson, Neal, Nells, Noll, Nollis, Nollis.
Racial Origin—Middle English.
Source—A woman's name.

It would seem that women, after all, did amount to something in the middle ages; and though, perhaps, they did not have the privilege of the vote, hundreds upon hundreds of them were prominent enough in their own communities to do what not even the suffragists of to-day are claiming as a privilege. They bequeathed their own names to their descendants.

Perhaps it would be more accurate, however, to say that the communities in which they lived did so, for family names were a growth of custom through many generations rather than the definitely adopted appellations of families.

There are literally dozens of family names common in America to-day which trace back to the given names of women in those days following the Norman conquest, when wars on the continent wrested from the Norman-English monarchs and their nobility their holdings in Normandy and left them no alternative but to call themselves Englishmen.

Elsevier, or, as it was more commonly spelled, Altavara, was a popular name for girls among the Normans. In the course of the centuries succeeding the conquest it became variously Anora, Annot, Alnot (Norman diminutives), Ellen, Leonora, Lina, Linot and Nel (diminutive resulting from the Anglo-Saxon influence).

Nelson simply means "the son of Nel." The earliest records of the name occur in this fashion as Fitz-Nel and "fi, Nel." "Fitz" was the Norman method of expressing "son of," and "fi" was the abbreviation of the Latin "filius," meaning son, commonly used by the clerks of that day. Nel and Nelson are variations, as is Nells, which has no connection with the Celtic names of O'Neill and MacNeill.

Town Lot Poultry Keeping.

By S. W. Knife.

Only a small space is required to keep a few hens in which would supply table eggs all the year.

But, someone says, "I have no one to look after them and I am not able myself." This obstacle has been overcome in many families where there are no boys or girls. I was much interested in the poultry displays at the school fair this Fall, and I had the pleasure of visiting quite a number. One small town in particular (of one thousand inhabitants) had an exhibit of close on two hundred fowl, all colors and stages of growth. The prizes were well deserved where they were awarded and were in the form of a setting of eggs in Spring, from purebred stock, thus encouraging the youthful fancier. We are all aware of the vim a youth will put into anything interested in; and boys and girls in many cases have made a decided success in the poultry, taken in as partners with their parents.

The following interesting items, by courtesy of The Reliable Poultry Journal, will show what two juniors did, both under 14 years of age. At the time of writing, these children had finished their 3rd year in the business.

Paul and Aileen Warner started poultry-keeping on a three-quarter-acre town lot, with 20 White Leghorns, 120 Barred Rocks and 20 Rhode Island Reds. All were good standard breeding, as shown by the fact that they took 31 first and 13 second prizes at various shows. A great many adults would be proud of such a record, both in prizes won and net profits made by these young poultry keepers.

Their first year they sold from 36 hens:

Eggs at local market	\$129.12
Eggs for hatching	102.90
Chickens sold for breeding	31.50
Chickens sold for eating	38.51
Feed and supplies cost	302.03
Profit	109.90

Second year with 75 hens:

Eggs sold on market	\$280.07
Eggs sold for hatching	125.50
Chickens sold for breeding	44.00
Chickens sold for eating	80.37
Premiums from shows	65.50
Feed and supplies cost	593.74
Profit	297.22

Profit

Profit	296.52
Increase in flock	78.00
Third year flock contains 110 hens.	
Eggs sold on market	\$481.38
Eggs sold for hatching	152.00
Chickens sold for breeding	52.00
Chickens sold for eating	140.25
Premiums from 58 prizes	72.50
Feed and supplies cost	848.13
Profit	366.23

Profit

Profit	\$481.90
Increase in flock	70.00
Total Profit—\$553.32.	
Also an inventory value of \$148 increased flock.	
Another instance I came across was	

Feed and supplies cost

Feed and supplies cost	848.13
Profit	366.23
Profit	\$481.90
Increase in flock	70.00
Total Profit—\$553.32.	
Also an inventory value of \$148 increased flock.	
Another instance I came across was	

MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes But you can Promote a New Eye. The Murine Eye Remedy "Night and Morning." Keep your Eyes Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago.

SEVERAL CARS DRY MILL slab wood, stave length. Held Bros., Bothwell, Ontario.

SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality
1/2 LB. TINS
and in packages

Manufactured by Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited

a boy of 13 years, who had the caring for 26 pullets of real good stock. They got finest care and attention possible, with the result that their average production for the year was 216 eggs each in a pen 10 ft. by 14 ft.

Get your boy or girl interested in poultry and thereby instill into their young minds a fundamental knowledge of business, also their ability to assume responsibility. It will benefit them mentally as well as financially.



And That's Heavy Enough.
Dealer—"I assure you, sir, this is strong coal."
Customer—"Must be—always seems able to hold up its price."

Mocking the Doctor.
A doctor and his Irish coachman were driving past a duck pond, when the coachman said: "Oi hate thim birds, sorr."

"Why should you hate the poor creatures, Pat?" asked the doctor. "I'm sure they never do you any harm."

"Sure, sorr, don't you hear thim mocking you? You never pass thim but they call 'quack, quack, quack!'"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Mild But Suggestive.
The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had got under the professor's skin.

"Class is dismissed," he said, exasperatedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."

Training schoolboys to "lend a hand" with the housework is a novel educational suggestion which has much to recommend it.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago, Earache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Pain.

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

Why Doctors Go Mad.
Insurance Doctor—"Were you ever in the hospital?"
"Yes, once."
"What for?"
"To see my aunt."

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more nourishing and more easily digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil for three and a half minutes.

Mother! Give Sick Baby "California Fig Syrup"
Harmless Laxative to Clean Liver and Bowels of Baby or Child.

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

THE CHILDREN'S COUGH REMEDY MINTINE

In efficacy proven by over 100 years.

Sole Agents: Harold F. Rickle & Co., Limited, Toronto

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

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Clear Your Skin Restore Your Hair With Cuticura

Daily use of the Soap keeps the skin fresh and clear, while touches of the Ointment now and then as needed soothe and heal the first pimples, redness, roughness or scalp irritation. Cuticura Talcum is excellent for the skin.

Box 25, Cuticura 15 and 25c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Toronto, Limited, 240 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shares without peer.

ISSUE No. 51-23.

Yuletide Greetings

A Sincere Wish that True Happiness and Prosperity be yours during the Christmas Season and throughout the Year.

J. H. Currie & Co. and Staff

STOP! LOOK!! LISTEN!!!

PHONE 17 r-2

for immediate delivery of anything you may wish at last minute. Our staff will give best attention to mail orders and mail everything as instructed.

Store Open Every Night Until After Christmas to Serve the People Better and Avoid the Afternoon Rush.

This Store Saves You Worrying What to Give

We have been doing the worrying for the last year getting the best of everything for the money and keeping clear of all deceptive, worthless goods that are dear at any price.

This Store's Wonderful Selection of Gifts is drawing the crowds of exacting buyers and creating Big Sales.

With extra help and open evenings we are trying to give best possible service in helping to solve the difficult problems of Gift Giving.

J. N. CURRIE & CO.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

THE DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

between
MONTREAL
TORONTO
DETROIT
and
CHICAGO

Unexcelled Dining-car Service. Sleeping Cars on night trains and Parlor Cars on principal day trains. Full information from any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent or C. E. Howling, District Passenger Agent, Toronto. C. O. Smith, Station Agent, Glencoe; telephone No. 5. P. E. Lumley, Town Agent, Glencoe.

WANTED
WHITE ASH LOGS
Write for prices—stating quantity
The Maple Leaf Harvest
Tool Co., Limited
Tillsonburg, Ont.

GOOD SHOES

Deserve Special Care when being REPAIRED
Let us do them for you. Your Shoes as comfortable and smart after repair as before.

Soles Sewn On
Best Leather Used
Finished Like New
Charges Reasonable
Electric Sheshine, 10c
J. PARKE - Glencoe

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Funeral Directors
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Phone day 23, night 100

J. A. ROBINSON & SON
Funeral Directors
HANDSOME MOTOR AND HORSE SERVICE
Hand-made Walnut, Oak and Chestnut Finished Caskets
We also keep the best Factory Caskets and Vaults in stock
Phone 155 - Newbury, Ont.

DON'T YOU GO WRONG

What if some men oppress the weak
And some are churlish when they speak
What if some lie and cheat and steal
And profit by some shady deal,
What if some false man fools the throng—
Don't you go wrong!

What if dissonance seems to pay,
If some embezzler gets away,
Or if by favor some men climb
While patient merit bides his time;
Nothing that's false can live for long—
Don't you go wrong!

What if you fancy now and then
Life is unfair to earnest men,
That cheat's grow rich and sham grows great,
Let love of right not turn to hate,
Against false whisperings be you strong—
Don't you go wrong!

You merely see the outward show
And not the suffering below,
You see the profit false men gain
But not the torment and the pain;
For cheats there is no merry song
Don't you go wrong!

Let them grow rich as oft they will,
Liar and cheat are liars still;
Still, false is false, falsely gained,
Still shameful that by shame attained;
Nothing that's base can live for long—
Don't you go wrong!

—By Edgar A. Guest.

AXIOMS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Business neglected is often lost.
Above all, that I be not a coward.
The bull dog wins because he hangs on.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.
High interest generally means low security.

Let yourself and not your words speak for you.
There is nothing in the world worth doing wrong for.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world.
When speed sacrifices safety, 'twere better to go slow.

To be of use in the world is the only way to be happy.
Impossibilities are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters.

Happiness is neither a vested right nor a self-sustaining state.
A customer owes it is harder to be won than a strong city.

The biggest room in the world is the room for improvement.
Being over-estimating on the job beats carrying a rabbit's foot for luck.

If you see good in everybody nearly everybody will see good in you.
No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.

The man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.
They that forsake the law praise the wicked. But such as keep the law contend with them.

WHY COUNTRY BOYS ARE MORE LIKELY TO SUCCEED

(From the Ottawa Journal)

The New York Times points out that only two of the American presidents were born in cities—Roosevelt in New York and Taft in Cincinnati. All the others came from towns and villages. In fact, Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland, Harding and Coolidge were really country boys. It might with equal accuracy be said that the cities of Canada have produced but few of our Prime Ministers. Our strong men have been for the most part bred amid rural surroundings, and in that fact there is an encouraging significance. Opportunity is not always a matter of environment. It grows rather out of the ambition and the calibre of the individual. In a very large sense it proceeds from discontent, which is the negative side of high purpose. It is, of course, not true that all men are born free and equal, nor that all men have equal chances on the road to success; but it is true that humble birth and unpromising surroundings are not handicaps to progress. On the contrary they may readily beget the fibre of courage and serve as impelling forces in the right kind of a young man.

We always point with pride to "self-made men," although it is not always clear what we mean by that classification. Obviously, a man can get very far without some extraneous aid. Yet the term has a fairly definite meaning, and applies to those who did not have those varied aids which are found in the homes and circumstances of the well-to-do. As a matter of fact, all men who have ever amounted to anything have been self-made, and necessarily so, regardless of their opportunities. Education itself is the product of will, and demonstration of capacity is even more so. Which brings us around to the postulate that neither city nor country has as much to do with the long climb to eminence as has determination. And that comes not from the outside but the inside.

It is not a mere platitude to say that opportunities are more numerous today than ever before. It is an obvious truth. And in reaching for what may be had, the country boy is more likely to succeed than his urban rival, for the simple and adequate reason that he is more likely to have the stronger incentive. Still more important is the probability that he will have less to distract him from high aim, for city life is enervating and opposed to concentration. That is why so many of the big prizes have gone to those sturdy and persistent fellows from the farms. A "Special Notice" will sell it.

PLANTING AND PRUNING

The Two Great Essentials in Handling Fruit Trees.

Distances Recommended for Planting.
—Do Not Prune Young Trees too Heavily—It Delays Growth and Fruiting—Practical Suggestions.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

In conjunction with our recommendations on pruning given below we wish also to make certain recommendations as to distances of planting to those growers who contemplate setting out new orchards. In peaches, for example, we are of the opinion that, taking one variety with another, eighteen feet apart each way, or the equivalent should be the absolute minimum distance. Twenty feet would be a better distance. Considerably fewer trees to the acre can be set, but it is probable, though not proven, that just as much fruit to the acre will be harvested as if the orchard were more closely planted. Then, too, fewer trees means less capital outlay for nursery stock, less pruning, greater ease in orchard operations such as pruning, spraying, cultivation, harvesting, etc., less susceptibility to disease, and therefore longer life for the trees. Inter-crops also can be grown for a greater length of time and with less injury to the orchard trees.

Distances Recommended for Planting.
We would recommend the following general distances:

Apples, 36 to 40 feet for standards, with dillets at 19 to 20 feet.
Cherries, Sweet, 25 to 30 feet;
Sour, 18 to 20 feet.
Peaches, 18 to 20 feet.
Pears, 16 to 18 feet.
Plums, 18 to 20 feet.

Smaller growing varieties possibly closer.

Consideration must of course be given to the variety being planted. Smaller growing varieties can be given the absolute minimum distances with larger growing varieties relatively farther apart; also, if the grower prefers, trees may be planted 16 x 20 instead of 18 x 18, giving practically the same number of trees to the acre.

Do Not Prune Young Tree Heavily.

The practice usually advocated in Ontario for young trees, (whether apple, pear, peach or other fruit) until they come into bearing, has been to give regular, fairly heavy annual dormant pruning on the theory that such pruning induces vigorous growth and makes for a larger, stronger tree.

Experimental work in England, in the United States and at this Station has shown conclusively, however, that the less pruning the young non-bearing tree is given, the larger, stronger tree it makes and the sooner it comes into bearing. Growth is only apparently induced by pruning. The long, thick, sappy growth in the young tree resulting from heavy pruning does not total as much, however, as the normal growth and extension of large and small branches in the unpruned tree. Careful measurements demonstrate this.

Pruning Delays Growth and Fruiting.
The reason for the unpruned or lightly pruned tree making a larger tree receiving more severe treatment is in reality very simple and logical. The soil may contain an abundance of plant food, but this "raw" food must first go to the leaves and be there turned into "manufactured" food before the tree can make use of it for further growth and fruiting. Pruning by removing part of the possible leaf area of the tree, reduces by just that much the ability of the tree to manufacture plant food, and hence inhibits growth.

With reference to pruning delaying fruiting, it has lately been shown that before there can be fruitfulness there must be a period of storing up of manufactured food in the branches, twigs and fruit spurs. This storing up of surplus food naturally takes place first in the unpruned tree with its greater leaf surface and the unpruned tree is therefore the first to come into bearing.

Pruning Recommendations.

Head back the young tree at planting time as is the present practice to counterbalance the root pruning incident to transplanting. Limit subsequent pruning of the non-bearing tree to the removal of undesirable branches and even then thin out too little rather than too much. Head back a branch only when necessary to shape the tree and then head back preferably to a side branch. Prune lightly, recognizing that light pruning for the peach would be moderate pruning for the apple. As the tree reaches maturity and bears heavily, heavier pruning will have to be given to maintain a proper supply of new growth.—E. F. Palmer, Hort. Exp. Station, Vineland Station.

Horticultural Hints.

Banding the trunks and larger limbs of apple trees with strips of cloth has been practiced extensively for the control of the codling moth. This method consists of fastening a band of cloth around the trunk, from which the loose bark has been removed. Usually a band made from burlap, folded to three thicknesses 4 to 8 inches wide, is used. The codling moth larvae or worms, crawl beneath the band to form their cocoons and should be destroyed by hand at intervals of ten days.

Cut out old wood and thin the new growth of currants and gooseberries when the snow goes off. Too much brush and no cultivation make small berries.

Count On Us If Fashion Serves



Order a Dress to Your Measurement
Ready-to-wear in 24 hours

Come and see our Line of Hosiery before buying your Christmas Gift.

Beautiful Silk Hosiery in Nice Gift Boxes.

Silk and Wool Hosiery, 2 Boxes \$1.50.

Handkerchiefs in Pretty Boxes suitable for Christmas Gifts for all the family.

Silk Lingerie in all the Dainty Shades—a Gift that every woman will appreciate.

MRS. W. A. CURRIE'S
READY-TO-WEAR STORE

Vacuette Sweepers
AT \$35 CASH

This week and next week only. Reg. price \$39 cash

JAS. ANDERSON
Tinsmithing GLENCOE Plumbing



Ford and Christmas

Your wife—your children—your mother—your sister—some of them need a car—a Ford Car.

Some day soon you intend to get one for them.

It would come as a matter of course next spring or summer. But—imagine the shining eyes if a signed delivery order for that Ford model you intend to buy were placed beside someone's plate at the breakfast table Christmas morning.

The special Christmas Delivery Form is reproduced above. Delivery may be specified now—or later—at your convenience.

The new Ford models have appeared at a particularly fortunate time—to give you a wide range for selection in open and closed models—the highest quality Fords ever produced—at the lowest of low Ford prices.

Payment may be arranged on the deferred payment plan.

Ford Weekly Purchase Plan
Inquire about an enrollment on the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan as a Christmas gift.

Ford

CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

The railroads now have two million employees, three of whom fail to look offended when you ask them a question.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Littleton*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of Joseph Siddall, Late of the Township of Elmdale, in the County of Middlesex, Farmer, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to "The Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914," chapter 121, section 56, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Joseph Siddall, who died on or about the tenth day of November, A.D. 1923, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to the undersigned, solicitors for George Savil Simpson and William Samuel Burchell, executors of the will of the said Joseph Siddall, deceased, their names and addresses and full particulars in writing of their claims and statements of the accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the fifteenth day of January, A.D. 1924, the said George Savil Simpson and William Samuel Burchell will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and that the said George Savil Simpson and William Samuel Burchell will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim they shall not then have received notice.

ELLIOTT & MOSS,
Glencoe, Ont.
Solicitors for the said Executors.
Dated at Glencoe, Ont., this 18th day of December, A.D. 1923.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

NOTICE is hereby given that David McFarlane, of the City of Windsor, in the County of Essex, and Province of Ontario, Mechanic, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from his wife, Eliza McFarlane, late of the Town of Glencoe, in the County of Middlesex, presently of address unknown, on the ground of adultery and desertion. DATED at the City of Windsor, in the County of Essex, in the Province of Ontario, this 21st day of November, A.D. 1923.
J. E. TAYLOR, Windsor, Ont., Solicitor for the Petitioner.



Christmas 1923

THE President, Directors and Officers extend to the Customers and Friends of the Bank their Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

The Royal Bank of Canada

ALUMINUM SALE

See our window display of Aluminum Kettles, Saucepans, Tea Pots, Percolators, Dish Pans, etc. Your choice \$1.65 each.

Wm. Cumming & Son - Hardware
Phone 33

McALPINE'S GROCERY

Let us help you select your Christmas Presents.

For Gentlemen—we have Overshoes, Hockey Shoes, Spats, House Slippers.

For Ladies—we have Boudoir and Juliet Slippers, Gossamer, Hockey Shoes, Box of Cakes or Candy.

For Boys—we have Hockey Shoes, House Slippers.

For Girls—we have Gossamer, Hockey Shoes, Boudoir Slippers, Candy.

This is the store for Candy, Nuts and Oranges. A large fresh stock and the best you can buy.

BRUCE McALPINE
Phone 109
Next Door to Bank of Montreal

MEAT OF QUALITY

(Fresh, Cured, and Salt)

At Reasonable Prices

We Invite Your Patronage
Phone orders promptly delivered.

W. J. CORNFOT
Successor to J. D. Smith
Phone 73

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

YES... Walk in.
WE... give satisfaction, and
HAVE... up-to-date machinery
NO... poor material used
BANANAS... not sold here, but
TODAY... is the time to visit.

Modern Shoe Store
Phone 103 Glencoe

As usual the up-to-the-minute Coat Dresses that Smartwomen everywhere are wearing can be secured only with
PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS
December fashions now ready 45 cents

IRWIN'S

FOR
Fancy Goods Stationery Hosiery China Corsets Books Smallwares School Supplies CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Agency for Parker's Dye Works

Renew your daily newspaper subscriptions at The Transcript office.

The annual meeting for the election of officers in connection with the Ladies' Guild of St. John's church was held at the home of Mrs. Blackburn on Tuesday afternoon, December 11th. The following were elected:—President, Mrs. Mayhew; vice-president, Mrs. Westcott; secretary, Mrs. Ford; treasurer, Miss Blackburn. Chance Guild:—President, Miss Florence Westcott; vice-president, Miss Catherine McMillan. Miss Florence Hills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hills, has received a certificate of honor for having obtained the greatest number of points of any pupil in Mr. Macdonald's room of the Glencoe public school at the rural school fair held here on September 27th. This is the third year in succession that Florence has obtained a similar certificate.

At the annual meeting of the Willing Workers of the Presbyterian church, held on Monday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mrs. Allan McPherson; vice-presidents—Miss M. Hurley, Mrs. William James, Mrs. Charles Sutherland, George Munroe; secretary, Mrs. George Innes; treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Cumming.

The annual meeting of the W. A. of St. John's church was held at the rectory on December 13th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Honorary president, Miss Young; president, Mrs. Williams; 1st vice-president, Mrs. J. McAlpine; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. F. Simpson; secretary, Mrs. R. Siddall; treasurer, Mrs. Wright; Dorcas secretary, Mrs. A. Bouchie. At the regular weekly meeting of the Presbyterian Guild on Monday evening the program was in charge of the devotional committee. Rev. Mr. Paton's discussions on religious questions submitted to him during the week were very interesting. Appreciative musical numbers were a selection by the ladies' quartette and a violin duet by Eleanor Sutherland and George Grant. Officers were elected for the year 1924 as follows:—Honorary president, Rev. Mr. Paton; president, Joe Grant; vice-president, Martin Abbott; secretary-treasurer, Eleanor McIntyre; pianist, Miriam Oxley; assistant pianist, Eleanor Sutherland.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

—Mrs. Charles, of London, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) McIntyre.

—Earl McDonald is home from Toronto University for the Christmas holidays.

—Miss Lita Gould is spending the week at London with her aunt, Mrs. George Fisher.

—Mrs. McTaggart, of Detroit, is spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. R. Hicks.

—Mrs. Small is leaving this week to spend the winter with her son, George Small, in St. Thomas.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Craig, of Detroit, are spending a couple of weeks with his mother, Mrs. W. G. Craig.

—Mrs. G. H. Singleton and daughter Helen, of Allisa Craig, are visiting the former's father, J. A. McLachlan.

—Mrs. N. W. McCallum and little daughter Beryl, of Toronto, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hicks.

—Isaac Watterworth, of Moose, is attending the Lieutenant Governor's banquet to municipal representatives at Toronto this week.

—Ben. Saxton, of Plenty, Sask., who has been on a visit to his mother, is returning to his home in West the latter part of this week.

—Mrs. Kehrig, with her two children, from Lyons, France, has arrived on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Mary McAlpine, Detroit, and brother, M. J. McAlpine, Glencoe.

—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Mallory, Miss Florence and Robert Mallory and Mr. Abrahams motored from Detroit and spent the weekend with J. D. Brown. Hugh Currie returned to Detroit with the party.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sutton announce the engagement of their elder daughter, Charlotte Cies, to Robert Casselman, of Windsor, the wedding to take place on the twenty-fifth of December.

—Mr. and Mrs. VanAlstyne, of Windsor, who recently visited her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Watterworth, in Glencoe, have gone to spend three months with Mrs. VanAlstyne's sister, Mrs. Robert Rice, in Central City, Nebraska.

EVER NOTICE THIS?

Did you ever pause in a post office long enough to take a square of cream and eggs? If you have you were probably struck by the number of circular and form letters and hand bills that littered it up. In fact, you doubtless were struck with the fact that many of them had been thrown in the basket as soon as they were removed from the envelope, the recipient never even taking the trouble to give them a second glance. But did you also notice that you don't see anyone throwing the newspapers and especially the home town newspapers in the waste basket or on the floor? Did you notice that newspapers are always carried away instead of tossed away? Well, right there is a mighty good argument in favor of advertising in the newspaper. The circular letter—a costly form of advertising—goes into the waste basket. The home town paper goes into the home. Remember this and spend your advertising money accordingly.

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

Wedding cake boxes at The Transcript office.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Fresh white fish at Jelly's. Knapdale concert, Dec. 24. Come! Hay for sale, also potatoes and apples.—N. Currie.

Shop early this week and avoid the rush at W. A. Currie's. Buy your Christmas fowl from Jelly. Fresh meats of every kind. Lost—in Glencoe, fur garment. Finder please leave at Transcript office.

Turkeys dressed and delivered for Christmas.—W. A. Coulthard, phone 609, r 11.

Call at Scott's Shoe Store before buying elsewhere, and see our prices for cash.

Look over Siddall's Christmas suggestions before you buy. Prices will interest you.

Large size sweet oranges, 2c each, and Christmas candy at 21c per lb., at Mayhew's.

Leave your order for cut flowers at Mrs. W. A. Currie's, sole agent for the House of Flowers.

Pratt's Siding school Christmas entertainment is postponed on account of the measles epidemic.

S. S. No. 1, Mosa, Christmas entertainment Thursday evening, December 20th. Admission, 25c.

We are offering special prices on all goods on Saturday. Come in and look them over.—Roy Siddall.

Thousands of shoppers know the Mayhew store as the great gift store. See their ad.

Never was there such quality of meat, fish and fowl shown in Glencoe as Jelly exhibits.

For sale—a few pure African geese, both sexes; prices reasonable.—Sam. T. McColl, Route 4, Appin.

Big Christmas sale now going on at Mayhew's. Store open every night until Christmas.

The I.O.D.E. will hold a sale of homemade cooking in the Memorial Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 22. Tea will be served.

All roads lead to W. A. Currie's for new raisins, currants, peels, Christmas candies and nuts; offering at moderate low prices.

Upholstering, fine cabinet work, carpenter work, furniture finishing.—J. D. Brown, first door north of Transcript office; phone 63.

No. 17, Mosa, Christmas entertainment will be held on Thursday evening, Dec. 20. Don't miss seeing the play "The Trail Back Home."

A special sale of first quality granite ware at Wright's Hardware, Dec. 15 to Dec. 24. Look for granite ware in our north window. Special 75c sale.

Some bargains for Christmas week. Case pipes, \$2, \$3 and \$5; cigars—10s, 60c, 75c, \$1; cigarettes—50s, 70c; 100s, \$1.40. Watch our window.—Roy Siddall.

See Jelly for fowl.

Agent for Exide batteries. Good stock of parts on hand. Work and storage on all makes. Work guaranteed. at Gairbairn Bros.' garage.—J. H. Welch, Appin; phone 48-20.

Anyone having invitations to the Friday social evenings in the Memorial Hall please take notice that they will be withdrawn this week (21st) owing to the Christmas entertainments in two of the local churches, but will be held on the following Friday, 25th.

The Women's Hospital, Detroit, Michigan, offers a two and one-half years' course of training in general nursing, including surgery and care of men and children. Tenth grade education required. Maintenance and remuneration. A post-graduate course of three months in obstetrics is also offered.

Jelly's for fresh and cured fish.

AUCTION SALES

At Appin stock yards, on Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 o'clock:—6 fresh milch cows with calves by side; 10 forward springers; 1 Durham bull; 18 yearlings and two-year-old steers and yearlings. The above stock are all of first-class quality. Cows all sound. Terms:—Eight months' credit on meeting approved joint notes. A discount at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be allowed for cash. C. H. Grover, proprietor; L. L. McTaggart, auctioneer.

Fowl Wanted

Wednesdays only
Cream and Eggs Wanted
Our wagon will be on the road all season. We pay cash for cream and eggs.

G. W. SUTTON
Agent for Ontario Creamery, Limited
NORTH MAIN ST., GLENCOE
Phone 89

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Make This
Electrical Christmas

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CHRISTMAS TRADE SUGGESTIONS

Knives and Forks, Table Spoons, Dessert Spoons, Tea Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Tomato Servers, Sugar Shells, Berry Spoons, Pie Knives, Butter Knives, Coffee Spoons, Carpet Sweepers, Pocket Knives, Safety Razors, etc.

Carvers in Cases.
Community Silver Plate, Adam design. See our stock of well assorted pieces.

Pyrex Ovenware, Pie Plates, Baking Dishes, Casseroles (round and oval).

Kiddie Cars, Coaster Wagons, Skates and Sleighs.

JAS. WRIGHT & SON

QUALITY

SERVICE

Gifts That Are Acceptable By Reason of Their Charm and Utility

Why not a useful wearable gift this Christmas? She will surely like it! Useful, practical gifts are here in abundant measure for matrons down to tiny tots of no years old. And they all partake of that style, exclusiveness and unusualness that is associated with garments from this store.

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The Store of Christmas Cheer

If you are looking for practical and useful as well as dainty and up-to-date Christmas gifts, it will pay you to come and see our great stock of Christmas gifts. Our store is full of beautiful and useful things at popular prices which make charming gifts for everyone.

Let us make a few suggestions:

Beautiful boxes of Fine Stationery, both in linen and kid finish, ranging in price from 25c to \$5.

French Ivory Toilet and Manicure Pieces in different designs.

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H461



Woman's Interests

[illegible]

BY OWEN OLIVER.

PART II.

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THE HELPING HAND

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

It was cold, and stormy, and dark. Mary Mathiesen, moving quietly about the kitchen, preparing supper, paused for a moment to be sure that the loquacious slapping against the windows, did not frighten her baby, whom she had just tucked in for the night. As no sound came from above, she sought the dining room, switching on the lights as a welcome to Jim, her husband, who was tramping the half mile from the station in the rain. When she returned to the kitchen, the kettle was singing merrily. It seemed very cozy, she thought, with the rain beating against the windows. If only Jim were here—

Her thoughts were interrupted by an unexpected knock. It was a strange hour for a visitor. Opening the door, she saw a boy in shabby raiment standing upon the little porch.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, as he did not speak.

For a moment the boy was silent, peering into the room beyond, as if in search of something. He didn't meet Mary's friendly glance as he said hoarsely, "I want a home."

"A home!" echoed Mary in surprise.

She stood back, motioning the boy to enter. He obeyed sullenly, as if doing her a favor.

"You're hungry, aren't you?" said Mary quietly. "Sit here by the table and I'll get you supper. Then you can tell me why you want a home."

He slumped into a chair, resting his elbows on the table and staring nervously into every corner. He ate hungrily the bread and milk which Mary set before him, watching her covertly as she moved about preparing her own supper. Mary was perfectly aware of his alert glances. He reminded her of a squirrel devouring a nut while in deadly fear of some alien interruption. When he had finished, she turned to him and smiled encouragingly.

"So you want a home?"

"Yes," answered the boy. He spoke slowly, as if reciting something. "I run away from Saint Luke's Orphanage. I never had no other home. No one would take me when I was little, because I had red hair. Then, one day, a farmer from out this way came for a boy. He picked me out of the whole bunch—me—the biggest. I thought sure I was going to have a home, but all he wanted was a work horse. Look! He stripped his shirt off one shoulder and showed a mark, ugly and new. 'He done that this way come for a orphanage, but they liked me. I've done with 'em! I want a home like other boys. I—'

He stopped confused, and Mary looked down on him compassionately. "You poor boy!" she said, gently. "I can't promise you home; but I'll give you a night's lodging and try to help."

"You here alone?" asked the boy, suddenly; something cunning creeping into his eyes that repelled Mary.

"No. I have my husband and baby girl. There's Jim now!" she added, joyfully; glad of Mary's guiding hand in this problem.

Mathiesen, who had entered by the front door, met her half way across the dining room and hugged her ardently.

"Some storm!" he exclaimed, boyishly. "and some one to come in out of the wet! I'm hungry, Mary, and—"

Mary's finger on her lips caused him to stop abruptly. She closed the door, and in a few quick words told him of their self-invited guest.

He stepped into the kitchen quietly, out of his hand in welcome, but the boy did not, or would not, understand. He looked up suspiciously, as the man's hand dropped to his shoulder.

"How old are you?" questioned Mathiesen kindly.

"Sixteen," answered the boy, and flushed.

"M-m-m," murmured Mathiesen. He looked down at the boy with eyes that couldn't be anything but kind, yet seemed to demand the truth. "You're tired, aren't you?" he asked. "And wet, and cold. Mrs. Mathiesen has seen to your supper, of course. Suppose you have a bath and go to bed. To-morrow we'll have a talk. Is the guest room ready, Mary?"

She nodded, and the boy, still sullen, followed Mathiesen upstairs. Mary heard her husband moving about, evidently showing the boy where he would sleep and giving him clean clothes. The water was running into the tub when Jim returned. In silence he helped Mary put supper on the table, and sighed with relief as he sat down.

"I hope you gave that boy enough to eat, dear. He's starved. His shoulder blades are almost through the skin, and he has a bruise—"

"I saw it," said Mary quickly. "The farmer who took him from the orphanage did it."

"M-m-m," said Mathiesen again; then, quietly, "Sixteen years old and an orphan. Somehow—that doesn't sound quite credible."

"You think he lied?" whispered Mary, one ear on sounds above.

Jim smiled. "Oh, we'll give him the benefit of the doubt. He needs attention revery. To-morrow's Saturday and I'll come out early. You keep him busy through the morning and I'll talk with him when I get home."

"It's—it's terrible for a boy to want a home, Jim," said Mary, gently. "I know," answered Mathiesen. He leaned across the little table to give Mary's hand a squeeze. "Sometimes I feel like a sinner to have so much; but—I can't just see us adopting a sixteen-year-old son!"

Mary laughed. Then her face sobered. "But we must do something, Jim."

"Why, of course," responded Mathiesen, quickly. "We'll begin with a suit of clothes. I'll bring one out to-morrow. He'll be friendly with me in my wardrobe till afternoon. He's small for sixteen; but, then, he looks as if he'd never had enough to eat."

"Good morning," she said, cheerfully. "I hope you like griddle cakes and maple syrup?"

It was a question, but the boy made no answer as he seated himself before the oatmeal. It struck Mary that he might be embarrassed, so she did not look at him. When, at length, she glanced his way, she had to suppress an astonished exclamation. He hardly looked like the same boy. He was smiling—it was the first smile Mary had seen—but he was smiling neither at her nor at the prospect of griddle cakes and maple syrup. His smile went straight to the corner where Baby Mathiesen reigned supreme; a fenced-in spot, from which she was grinning a friendly welcome.

"I like kids," said the boy, suddenly. It seemed to Mary that it was the first natural speech that he had made. But he flushed at the words and looked stonily away from the baby's coquetish gaze. Mary lifted a golden cake from the spider.

"That's good," he answered, calmly. "I'm going to ask you to look out for her till nap time, I have so much to do. Mr. Mathiesen will be home early. He's going to bring you a suit of clothes. Yours look pretty well used up."

"Clothes for me!" gasped the boy. "New ones?"

"Yes, new ones! Ready for your cakes?"

"Da, da," answered the boy, and the boy laughed.

"Can't she have one, ma'am?"

"Oh, she had her breakfast long ago," said Mary. "Will you keep an eye on her while I make the beds? I'm late because I didn't want to wake you."

Mary knew tactfully, that the boy would enjoy his breakfast more if he ate alone. When she returned he was on the floor beside the baby's fence, making faces which Miss Mathiesen evidently considered a great accomplishment. She wept when her mother took her up, and stretched out imploring hands to her new friend.

"She'd rather play than go by-by, any day," laughed Mary. "Perhaps you'll cry her upstairs while I get her bottle. Then she'll go to sleep in the sun-room and you can do what you want till lunch time. Do you like to read? There are lots of books and magazines in the living room."

"Well, Jim," said Mary, after their guest had gone to bed the second night, "what do you think?"

"I'm puzzled," replied Mathiesen, slowly. "I don't get at him, Mary. He looks like the clothes, oh! tremendously; but he watched me while he was dressing as if he thought I had an axe to grind or was going to spring some thing unpleasant on him. He told the same story, though, that he told last night; and when he's alone for any length of time, he looks sullen. The only time he acts like a real boy is when he's with the baby; and that's queer, too, for most boys would take pains to hide the fact that they liked to amuse a baby. We'll keep him here a day or two, dear, if you don't mind. Perhaps, when he gets used to us, he'll talk more freely."

The day or two grew into a fortnight, at the end of which Mathiesen, who was accustomed to receiving everybody's confidences confessed himself baffled. The boy had a confusing way of vading questions or answering them in a way that revealed nothing.

"He reminds me of a shrewd lawyer," Mathiesen complained, one morning. "He has brains—that boy; but we can't keep him here indefinitely, Mary. It's too much for you. I've got a scheme—"

Mary didn't hear the scheme just then, because the baby demanded her mother's presence, and when she returned Jim was ready for his train. Later, the boy—he had told him his name was Joe—brought in an armful of kindlings and, dropping them into the box, got down on his knees for a romp with Mary's baby. It was a noisy romp, but Mary only smiled at the joyous youth of it. She turned in surprise, when the door opened to admit a man whose knock she had not heard.

"Want any beets or carrots, ma'am?" he asked.

His words were temptingly displayed and Mary decided that she would have beets. "Joe, will you bring dish from the pantry?" she called over her shoulder, as she made her selection. There was no response. Suddenly, Mary realized that the joyful shouts

were still. Only the baby's voice, raised in a hurt whimper, was audible. Turning, she saw that the boy had vanished, though on the floor lay a huddled shape under an old shawl. Without a word, Mary brought the dish herself, paid the man and watched him depart before she crossed the room and lifted the shawl to disclose the boy. His face was white, though he forced an unnatural smile.

"Peek-a-bo!" he laughed at the baby.

The baby crowded delightedly, but Mary laid a hand on the boy's arm. "Joe—was that the farmer who abused you?"

"Nope," said the boy, not meeting her eyes. "I never see that man before. I was just playin' with the baby. She likes for me to hide and then jump out at her."

"All right," said Mary, but the boy's white face and trembling hands did not escape her, nor the fact that he did not return to the carefree romp. He kept close to the house all day, sometimes reading, sometimes staring into space, his brows knit in thought; and, as the hours passed, the bitter lines about his mouth which had been slowly vanishing, returned. At times Mary caught him watching her furtively, as if he were trying to read her thoughts. In the afternoon she manufactured an errand to the village in order to leave the baby in his care. If she showed that she trusted him with her dearest treasure, perhaps, in time, he would trust her. But night found him still sullen. Not even Mathiesen's kindly smile brought a response. He went to bed early, but they could hear him tossing restlessly until they slept.

"Poor boy," said Mathiesen, gently. "If only he'd say what's on his mind! He doesn't confide in you tomorrow, I'll tackle him at night. I can't divulge my plans for him until I feel he's to be trusted. He's not sixteen, Mary. I'm sure of that."

It was late that night, when Mary was soundly sleeping, that something awoke with a start, something wrong. He sat up in bed and listened. All was quiet for a while—then, from the dining room below, sounded a stealthy footstep. Mathiesen slipped out of bed, reached with unerring instinct for his blanket wrapper, and crept down the stairs. Through a crack in the closed door of the dining room, a faint light was visible. It didn't occur to Mathiesen that he might need a weapon. His hand closed firmly on the door knob which yielded quietly, so quietly that the boy, standing before the spider, didn't know he was there. Then he turned, stifling a frightened cry.

Mathiesen's keen eyes, at a glance, took in the scene before him. Dressed once more in his old clothes, his cap pulled low over his eyes, stood Joe, grinning at the sight of Mathiesen. A pillow case, the contents of which clinked queerly as he moved. The sideboard was swept bare of Mary's silver candlesticks and dishes. Only the baby's porringer remained, telling its own story.

Mathiesen drew a quick breath. Then he came nearer, took the boy's burden from him, and said, quietly: "Suppose we sit down, Joe, and talk it over."

The boy obeyed, trembling.

"Take off your cap," said Mathiesen kindly, as the boy removed it. "I was quietly removing the silver from the pillow case, laying it out on the dining table, and talking, giving the boy a chance to pull himself together."

"These candlesticks were a wedding gift from Mr. Carey for whom I work," he explained, calmly. "Mrs. Mathiesen is very fond of them. They're worth a good deal of money, I am sure. And this dish came from a stenographer in my office. I suppose it took her a whole week to earn it, maybe more. These salts and peppers are hardly worth the trouble of carrying away. They wouldn't bring much; but we love them because a little sick girl, in the house where I used to board, spent all her savings to give them to us. The forks and spoons we'll miss, of course. I suppose I've been careless about burglar insurance. Somehow I never thought that anyone would steal from us; because, really we haven't very much."

A smothered protest came down suddenly before him. "Now—" he began, but Joe interrupted hoarsely: "I know your game! You'll just keep me talkin' till the cop you've sent for gets here."

"No," answered Mathiesen, quietly. "I haven't sent for any cop. In fact, I don't know where to find one out here in the country. I'll make a bargain with you, if you like. If you'll answer my questions truthfully, I'll promise not to send for an officer in any case—even if you walk off with Mrs. Mathiesen's treasures. Isn't that fair?"

Joe didn't answer, and Mathiesen chose to take silence for consent. "Let's begin at the beginning," he said, kindly. "How old are you, Joe?"

The boy hesitated—then blurted out defiantly: "I'm going on fifteen, anyway!"

"And why did you tell us you were older?"

"I thought," began the boy, then raised his head, and for the first time met Mathiesen's eyes. They were stern

eyes now, but something compassionate in their depths stirred things long dormant in the boy's heart.

"I didn't come from no orphanage," he confessed, suddenly.

"I knew that," answered Mathiesen. "I inquired at Saint Luke's the day after you came."

"You knew I lied!" cried Joe, "and—and kept me!"

"Yes," told Mrs. Mathiesen that you wanted and angry. We were sorry you didn't trust us; but if a boy wants a home there's something good in him, so we decided to trust you anyway."

A shamed red crept into the boy's cheek. He started to speak, but the words came as if they hurt.

"It was a lie, sir. I didn't want no home—not then."

"Then why—" began Mathiesen, in genuine surprise, when Joe interrupted: "I didn't know nothin' about homes—then. I read that all in the paper, how a guy went to a house and guests, and he was to be a house, and how he come from an institution. Then when they took him in and he got the run 'o' things, he lit out with all the jewelry and money."

"And got caught," supplemented Mathiesen, and chose to prison. I read that story, too. And you thought it paid?"

The boy's voice shook. "I guessed I could put it through," he confessed, miserably. "I was goin' to bury the stuff—till the police stopped lookin', but—"

"Yes!" encouraged Mathiesen.

"But—I liked the baby. I sort o' hated to be mean. I'd most give up thinkin' about that scheme; but when I see that man again I—I wanted to get even with—somebody."

His face hardened, and his brows were knit in a frown. "You mean the farmer who came this morning?" asked Mathiesen quickly.

"Yes; him that give me this cut." He pointed to his shoulder. "I was workin' for him—honest. I thought I'd try the country for a spell; and one day he give his little girl a smack that knocked her flat. I see red, sir, and I lammed him one on the jaw. He had a whip in his hand and—"

The boy shuddered, and Mathiesen said compassionately, "I understand. You needn't tell me. And—and you thought I'd send you back to him?"

"I thought, maybe, you'd think he had a right to me. I ain't but fourteen year old. But I'd go to hell, mister, before I'd go back to him. I run off that night. I'd have burned his barns for him if I hadn't been crept down the stairs."

"I didn't have nothin' to eat all next day. It was then I remembered that boy what asked for a home, and I looked in these windows and see all this silver shinin'—I—I thought it was some rich guy's summer place. I—didn't hardly know what a home was—then. I never got any more knock on my life. Oh, you don't know, sir! You don't understand. You got so much. Don't—don't the world owe me somethin', mister?"

"No," answered Mathiesen, sternly, "not one thing." He paused, letting the boy's words sink in. "Everything that we want, Joe, we have to earn—everything—even love. But," his voice softened, "I do understand, boy. When I was your age I was as alone as you. But if I hadn't lived straight, and kept my soul and body clean, do you think I'd be where I am now?"

He waited, but as the boy was silent he went on slowly. "We reap what we sow, son. There is nothing truer; if you live honestly, and play fair, and hold out a helping hand to the man below, sometime, sooner or later, the reward comes—if it's only the satisfying knowledge of days well lived."

The boy looked up. His eyes were bright, because back of his eyelids there were tears. "That—that'll I do," he said, humbly.

"I hope you know," went on Mathiesen, as if he had not heard the question, "that if I could, I'd give you the home you asked for. But I'm not rich, Joe—far from it—and I have a wife and baby, as well as an old mother, whom I have to come to; but—I've another plan for you."

The boy was leaning forward, scarcely breathing, as Mathiesen went on quietly: "I've got you a job as elevator boy in our office building. It's easy work that will leave you time to read and study, which is what you need. You'll earn enough for your needs at present; but I don't want you in a cheap boarding-house. You need a home, and I think I've found you one."

"Where?" questioned the boy, breathlessly.

"I have a friend who's worked in our office for twenty years. She had a snug little home with her mother, who died a year ago. This seemed to take away all her courage. She wasn't well, and the firm decided that she deserved a rest. So, last January, they retired her on a liberal pension, and told her to take life easily."

"But that didn't do the trick. The truth was, she was lonely, and she missed her mother. So, last January, Mrs. Mathiesen had an inspiration. 'Miss Garnet,' she said, 'why don't you adopt a child?'"

"Well—she did. She'd always wanted to, but thought her friends would disapprove. She's very happy now, but she needs someone she can trust to bring up wood, and tend to the furnace, and be a big brother to her baby. Now you've got to try."

The boy looked up, still shaken. "Is—is she like your missis?" he hesitated.

Ancient New Year's Customs and Their Origin

Probably after Halloween and Christmas there is no festival of the year so glib about with long-established customs as New Year's Day. Among the best known of these are the auguries drawn from what was called the "Candelmas Bull." In Scotland and other northern countries the term Candelmas, given to this season of the year, is supposed to have had its origin in religious ceremonies performed by candle light. The candles used were very large and highly ornamented, and were brought in at the midnight hour to the assembled guests, who were forced to battle against the elements of nature for life and sustenance, the eves of great feasts were considered occasions when the spirits of good and evil were in deadly conflict. The moment of midnight on New Year's eve was always considered a time of special activity for the spirits of evil. In order to overcome them holier and more powerful influences had to be invoked. The evil spirits, or genii, as can be gathered from the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon folklore, and even from words in their dialect, could be overcome by an appeal to the good genii, the *högmen*, or hillmen.

Probably imported from Italy was the superstition that on New Year's eve the "evil eye" was all the more malignant. Then, too, there was a widespread practice of the "setting of the table" or "dressing of the table" by the giving of gifts was also very common in England among the people. On Christmas Day, and often on St. Stephen's Day, employers, parents and masters presented Christmas boxes to their dependents. It was a form of Christmas charity. On New Year's Day, however, gifts were exchanged between friends and acquaintances as a sign of good will. This custom, perhaps, had its origin in the box which was taken aboard every vessel that sailed out of port during the octave of Christmas and which was not to be opened until the return of the vessel. New Year's day was not celebrated as a special feast day, but was looked upon as merely the octave of Christmas. Therefore the Christmas cheer was continued throughout the entire octave without abatement. It flickered up for the last time on New Year's Day, as is clear from the 19th sermon of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.

Mathiesen smiled. "She's not so young, nor perhaps so pretty, but she's awfully nice. And the baby—"

"I bet it's not as good as our baby!" said the boy suddenly.

Had Mathiesen's over-burdened heart needed warming, that tribute to his wife daughter would have done it. But before he could reply, the boy's eyes crept to the silver on the table and he gasped, as if suddenly reminded of some dreadful thing he had forgotten, while Mathiesen, watching him closely, said quietly:

"It's in your hands now, Joe. I gave you my word; and if you still want to carry away our silver, I shan't stop you. But if you wish, you can be a son to Miss Garnet, and earn the friendship we want to give you. It's for you to choose; and I think, you're man enough to choose the right."

Then the boy, still staring at the silver, voiced the thought born of his new-found sense of shame: "But—but what'll she think, sir?"

His eyes crept from Mary's treasures to the room above, and Mathiesen smiled. It was a smile that had healed many a hurt before, and now it fell like balm on a tortured soul.

"I have no secrets from my wife, Joe," he said quietly, "but this is your secret, and if you want me to keep it—"

"Oh, would you?" cried the boy breathlessly.

His head went down amid the silver on the table, while the storm that had been gathering shook his slender form. Mathiesen arose, and a feeling of helplessness crept over him. He knew that the boy needed the comfort one would give a child, yet he had appealed to him as a man, and that thought he must leave intact. If Mary were only here—

Then, to his joy, he saw her in the doorway. Her eyes held his for a brief moment—sweet past him to the silver on the table—"You boy's head bowed amid his plunder—to the baby's lonely porridge—mute witness for the defence, and Mary, being Mary, understood. She crossed the room and put her arms about the boy.

"You hadn't any mother, had you?" she said, tenderly. "You didn't understand. There. There."

She might have been comforting her own baby, thought her husband. He paused a moment, looking down adoringly at her bowed head. Then, turn-

In England on New Year's Eve the young women went about carrying the "wassail bowl" and singing from door to door certain verses—a custom which had much in common with the *hogmany* practice in Scotland. *Her pint*, the strange brew which in that country was carried about in the streets at midnight, was composed of ale, spirits, sugar, nutmeg or cinnamon. It was a powerful potion, the effects of which were almost immediately evident. Ritson in a collection of ancient songs gives us a few sung to the quaffings of this "prince of liquors, old or new." One such is:

"A jolly wassail bowl,
A wassail of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly wassail!"

Notwithstanding the opposition which it has met since the year 1811, when many abuses were discovered in the practice, the custom of hurrying first across the threshold of his sweet heart has been practiced by many a young lad in Anglo-Saxon countries. The young lady listened attentively from the time the midnight bells ceased to ring to catch the first footfall on the floor.

The welfare of the family, particularly the fairer portion of it, was supposed to depend upon the character of the first comer after the midnight hour had sounded. Great care was taken to exclude all improper persons, especially as the midnight intruder enjoyed the privilege of imprinting a "hearty kiss" on the lips of the expectant lassie.

The custom of bestowing gifts has become so inextricably linked with the New Year's celebrations in Paris that New Year's Day is still called the *Jour d'Extremes*. This custom seems to have had its rise in the conduct of the nobles of the late Middle Ages, who were in the habit of bestowing gifts upon their sovereigns.

The giving of gifts was also very common in England among the people. On Christmas Day, and often on St. Stephen's Day, employers, parents and masters presented Christmas boxes to their dependents. It was a form of Christmas charity. On New Year's Day, however, gifts were exchanged between friends and acquaintances as a sign of good will. This custom, perhaps, had its origin in the box which was taken aboard every vessel that sailed out of port during the octave of Christmas and which was not to be opened until the return of the vessel. New Year's day was not celebrated as a special feast day, but was looked upon as merely the octave of Christmas. Therefore the Christmas cheer was continued throughout the entire octave without abatement. It flickered up for the last time on New Year's Day, as is clear from the 19th sermon of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.

Mathiesen smiled. "She's not so young, nor perhaps so pretty, but she's awfully nice. And the baby—"

"I bet it's not as good as our baby!" said the boy suddenly.

Had Mathiesen's over-burdened heart needed warming, that tribute to his wife daughter would have done it. But before he could reply, the boy's eyes crept to the silver on the table and he gasped, as if suddenly reminded of some dreadful thing he had forgotten, while Mathiesen, watching him closely, said quietly:

"It's in your hands now, Joe. I gave you my word; and if you still want to carry away our silver, I shan't stop you. But if you wish, you can be a son to Miss Garnet, and earn the friendship we want to give you. It's for you to choose; and I think, you're man enough to choose the right."

Then the boy, still staring at the silver, voiced the thought born of his new-found sense of shame: "But—but what'll she think, sir?"

His eyes crept from Mary's treasures to the room above, and Mathiesen smiled. It was a smile that had healed many a hurt before, and now it fell like balm on a tortured soul.

"I have no secrets from my wife, Joe," he said quietly, "but this is your secret, and if you want me to keep it—"

"Oh, would you?" cried the boy breathlessly.

His head went down amid the silver on the table, while the storm that had been gathering shook his slender form. Mathiesen arose, and a feeling of helplessness crept over him. He knew that the boy needed the comfort one would give a child, yet he had appealed to him as a man, and that thought he must leave intact. If Mary were only here—

Then, to his joy, he saw her in the doorway. Her eyes held his for a brief moment—sweet past him to the silver on the table—"You boy's head bowed amid his plunder—to the baby's lonely porridge—mute witness for the defence, and Mary, being Mary, understood. She crossed the room and put her arms about the boy.

"You hadn't any mother, had you?" she said, tenderly. "You didn't understand. There. There."

She might have been comforting her own baby, thought her husband. He paused a moment, looking down adoringly at her bowed head. Then, turn-

ing quietly, he went out and closed the door. He knew how the boy would choose. Mary would finish the task he had begun—New Success.

The Year's End.

Full happy is the man who comes at last

Into the safe completion of his year;

Weathered the perils of his spring,

that blast

How many blossoms promising and dear!

And of his summer, with dread passions fraught

That oft, like fire, through the ripening corn,

Blight all with mocking death and leave distraught

Loved ones to mourn the ruined waste forlorn.

But now, though autumn gave but harvest slight,

Oh, grateful is he to the powers above

For winter's sunshine, and the lengthened night

By hearthside genial with the warmth of love.

Through silvered days of vistas gold and green

Contentedly he glides away, serene.

A Prayer.

Oh, young New Year, take not these things from me—

The olden faiths; the shining loyalty Of friends the bitter, searching years have proved—

The glowing hearth fires, and the books I loved;

All wonted kindnesses and welcoming—

All safe, hard-trodden paths to which I cling.

Oh, gay New Year, glad with the thrill of spring—

Leave me the ways that were my comfort!

—Laura Simmona.

To every reader, young and old, we extend our heartiest New Year greetings and best wishes for a most prosperous and happy 1924.

This is the best season of the year for the farmer to turn over a leaf in his account book.

Let us fully resolve to keep our good resolutions.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

"I'm not going to bed!" said Princess Twinkletoes, and she said it very firmly, too.

"Gracious!" said the Royal High Nurse, "What are you going to do, then?"

"I'm going to watch the New Year come in!" replied the princess, sitting on a chair and hugging her knees, and staring very hard at nothing. So the Royal High Nurse shrugged her shoulders and went away. She knew there was nothing to be done after that.

"What ideas that child gets!" she remarked to Smiles, the page-boy, who held up the princess's train when she wore one.



We Are Fully Prepared Now For All Your Christmas Needs

E. A. Mayhew & Co.—Glencoe's Favorite Shopping Place

The Christmas Store For Everybody

It is with a feeling of great satisfaction that this store is able to offer NOW, gift merchandise at prices that make Christmas giving the old-fashioned joy it once was. All your problems of "what to give" will find quick solution here and at prices that will astonish you for their lowness.

Beautiful and Practical Gifts May Be Selected in This Section

Gift Undies Entered as one of the choicest gifts possible for her intimates New Satinette Bloomers, all shades, \$1.59 Satinette Slips, \$2.00 and \$2.50.	The Handkerchief Imported, Domestic and all kinds of Handkerchiefs here for you. Boxed Free in Beautiful Christmas Boxes. Brushed Wool Sweater Coats (Tuxedo Style) make Useful Gifts for Women, \$3.95 to \$5.50.	Warm Blankets and Bed Comforters are very useful gifts. "Ibex" Flannellette, \$2.95 and \$4.10. Pure Wool Blankets, \$8.95 and \$10.50. Comforters (nice patterns), \$3.75 and \$4.50.
Gift Hosiery No Gift is More Acceptable, 35c to \$3.50. A Silk Scarf Would Be Most Acceptable Beautiful ones here to choose from, \$1.69 to \$3.50.	Beautiful Camisoles, Boudoir Caps, Up-to-date Collar and Cuff Sets. Any one of these make Ideal Gifts. The Men's Department Presents Special Gift Suggestions. Here are Gifts a Man would Choose for Himself.	Gift Blouses Acceptable Christmas Gifts, \$1.79 to \$6.50. Gloves Always please her, from Chamisette to Fine French Kid, 50c up to \$3.50.

Men's Handkerchiefs Pure Irish Linen, 1-4 inch. Hemstitched, Hand Embroidered Initial, each 35c. Other Handkerchiefs, 15c to 75c. Fancy Borders, 18c to 75c.	Men's Mufflers Brushed Wool in Brown, Grey, Fawn and Heathers. Fringed Ends, 85c, \$1.75 and \$2.25. Pure Silk Knit Mufflers, \$2.00 to \$3.50.	Silk Ties, Knitted Ties Handsome Patterns, and Colorings, 50c to \$1.50. Young Men's New Silk and Wool Crepe Ties.
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Toyland. Bring the Kiddies to see Santa Claus. Hundreds of Toys and Games from which you can choose—Teddy Bears, Monkeys, Lions, Dogs, Target Games, Drums, Horses, Dolls, Pianos, Etc.

Socks Pure Wool, Silk and Wool, Pure Silk or Silk Lisle, 35c to \$1.00.	Belts, in Pretty Christmas Boxes, 50c to \$2.50. Garters, Armbands and Brace Combination Sets (nicely boxed), \$1 to \$1.75. Garters, Armbands and Braces (boxed singly), 35c to 50c.	Pajamas, Nightshirts, \$1.75 to \$3.00. Sweater Coats and Pull-overs, many colors, \$2.95 to \$5.50.
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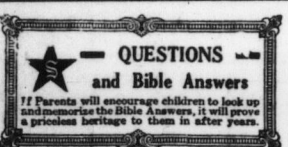
Some More Gifts that a Fellow Really Would Appreciate
 Spats, \$1.25 and \$1.50; Silk Handkerchiefs, 75c to \$1.00; Shirts, \$1.45 to \$3.50; Cuff Links, 35c, 50c to \$1.00; Gloves (all kinds), \$1.00 to \$3.50.
Parcels Tied Ready for Mailing
 For Men, Women and Children. Comfort goes with every Gift of House Slippers. All kinds and styles to choose from, 75c to \$2.50.
 33 1/2% off all Men's, Women's, Boys' and Girls' Shoes and Rubbers from now up to Christmas.
 Special Low Prices on all Wall Papers from now until Christmas.
 One Big Genuine Overcoat and Suit Sale until Christmas.

Useful and Practical Gifts are Here for the Boys and Girls and for Baby too Make Him Happy with Some of These Sweater, \$1 to \$2.50; Mitts, 35c to 65c; Suspenders, 25c to 50c; Caps, 35c to \$1.00; Nifty Suits, \$5.00 to \$10.00; Bloomer Pants, \$1.00 to \$1.50; Fur Sets, \$1.25 to \$2.25; Belts, 25c to 50c; Stockings, 25c to 75c.	What Girls Really Like Ribbons, 7c to 50c yard; Handkerchiefs, 35c to 50c; Hockey Shoes, \$2.50 to \$4; Dress Shoes, \$1.75 to \$3; Skating Sweaters, \$1.75 to \$4.50; Fur Sets, \$1.25 to \$2.25; Gloves, 50c to \$1.00; Hosiery, 50c to \$2.00.	Please the Parents by giving Baby Crib Blankets, \$1.75 to \$2.50; Wool Mitts (all colors), 35c to 50c; Wool Booties (all colors), 35c to 50c; Bibs, 25c to 50c; Kid Shoes (many colors), 50c to 75c; Little Darling Stockings, 50c to 75c.
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Specials for Christmas at Mayhew's Grocery and Fancy Dish Department—Pecans, Raisins, Currants, Nuts, Candies and Oranges, and a general line of Fresh Groceries. You will save on every article mentioned here.

E. A. MAYHEW & CO.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS STORE



How do all things work together for those that love God?—Romans 8: 28.

NEWBURY

The Women's Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Moore on Thursday last, with Miss Telfer presiding. Mrs. Bolingbroke was elected president in place of Mrs. Farquharson, and the other officers were re-elected. The study books will be "The Island Beautiful" and "The Messenger." The meeting closed with prayer by Mrs. Bolingbroke. The hostess served a dainty lunch, and a social half-hour was spent.

From what we have learned of the preparation for the school concert to be held Friday evening, a real treat is in store for those who attend. Mrs. Fred Biddle and children, of Windsor, are visiting her mother, Mrs. N. O. Campbell.

Mrs. O. Prangley and daughter Myrtle spent Saturday in London.

Mrs. Wallace's friends will be pleased to learn of her improvement after an operation she underwent in Hamilton recently.

Miss Gertrude Burr, of Victoria Hospital, London, has been home recuperating after having her tonsils removed.

Mrs. Fred Burdon, of Cairo, is spending some time at L. B. Burdon's.

Mrs. B. F. Jeffery was in Detroit for a few days last week.

Newbury, too, has had a robbery. Saturday or Sunday night some person unlocked the door of Ed. Leech's barber shop and stole a quantity of cigars and tobacco, and left after relocking the door.

With so thorough a preparation at hand as Miller's Worm Powders her mother who allows her children to suffer from the ravages of worms is unwise and culpably careless. A child subjected to the attacks of worms is always unhealthy, and will be stunted in its growth. It is a merciful act to rid it of these destructive parasites, especially when it can be done without difficulty.

MELBOURNE

The annual Christmas concert held at the school here on Friday was one of the best ever given by the Melbourne pupils. Mac. McGougan, one of the trustees, occupied the chair. One of the special features of the evening was the oratorical contest. Miss M. Campbell spoke on "Russia," Miss Marjorie Walker on "History of the British Navy," and Gilbert Stevenson on "Great Inventions and Inven-

ors," and John Coombs on "Lloyd George." The judges, Mr. Finley, principal of the Mount Brydges school, and his assistant, Miss Davidson, decided in favor of Miss Campbell for the girls and John Coombs for the boys. The addresses were all good and well given, showing much study and preparation. Rev. G. W. Oliver, pastor of the Presbyterian church, gave a suitable address. The proceeds amounted to \$35 and will go towards the literary society fund. Much credit is due to the principal, Miss Brunkard, and Miss Waters and Miss McNab for the splendid success of the concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown have arrived from the West and will spend Christmas with the former's parents here, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Brown.

Mrs. Corneille and daughter have gone to London to spend the winter. Nelson Kelly, who has been confined to his bed for some time, is improving.

Ben. Saxton, of Saskatchewan, was visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. Bees and daughter Florence have left for England. They are expected home in February.

Mrs. Oscar Brown has returned to her home in Edmonton, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Crawford.

(Rev.) W. W. Shoup, Herman, Dorothy and Beatrice Shoup left on Wednesday for London. They will go from there to Coco Island, Florida, for the winter. They are expected to return in April.

Ernest Stevenson and Harold Parr are home from Victoria College for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Claude Stafford and son, of Detroit, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Curran and sister, Mrs. Mulgrouve, spent Monday with Mrs. Alex. Munroe.

Mrs. L. Smith, of Aberfeldy, and Mrs. Jim Kennedy spent Tuesday with Mrs. Agnes Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Burr spent Sunday with his brother, Richard Burr. Sorry to report that Mrs. John Rillet is in poor health.

Mrs. Roy Hands returned home on Friday after spending two weeks in Bothwell.

The Good Cheer euchre club met Friday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burr, and all report a good time.

PARKDALE

The Moss-Newbury W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Ed. Haggitt on Thursday. Owing to the inclement weather the attendance was small.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thompson gave a progressive euchre party to a few friends on Thursday evening last. A delightful time was spent by all.

Mrs. Thos. Haggitt and mother, Mrs. J. A. Robinson, spent Tuesday of last week in London.

Advertising stimulates trade.

WARDSVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sheppard left Monday for Detroit, where they are to spend the winter.

Miss Anthistie spent the week-end at her home in London.

The students of the high school are busy this week writing Christmas examinations.

Joe Guest is spending some time in Detroit.

Miss Ethel Moore left on Monday for Detroit, where she has taken a position for the winter months.

Don't forget the Methodist concert December 25th.

During the winter months Rev. R. J. Murphy will hold church Sunday afternoons, instead of evenings as formerly.

CASHMERE

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. John McIntyre, of Rodney, formerly of this place, is quite ill. Her daughter Minnie, a nurse, of Detroit, is attending her.

On Wednesday last Geo. Wilson's barn was burned to the ground. An auction sale will be held today (Wednesday).

Mr. Wilson is in Chatham taking treatment. We are very sorry for his loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Willkie and three daughters, of Bothwell, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wed. Darke.

On Sunday there was a baptismal service in the church here. Those being baptized were Leonard Jasper Tunks, Marion Irene Willkie, John Alvin McIntyre and Marjorie Elsie Willkie.

Wm. Moore spent Saturday in London.

There will be a Christmas entertainment in the school house on Friday, December 21, consisting of dialogues, songs, recitations, etc.

Ladies' extra high grade visiting cards, plain or printed, at the Transcript office. Price for plain, 30c per package of 50; printed, \$1.25 per package of 50.

STRATHBURN

Wm. Siddall, who was here visiting his parents last week, has returned to his shop at Shetland.

A large number of teams are hauling gravel on the highway.

Mr. Wallace, of Thamesville, has purchased all the timber on the Merritt farm and now has a large gang cutting logs.

Motor traffic on the highway has never been so heavy in December before.

The good weather has given the farmers a great chance to do their fall work and a lot of plowing has been done. An open winter is predicted by Eli Putnam.

John H. McEneaney and Alex. McKee, of Niagara Falls, are on a visit to friends here.

Misses Blanche and Jean Coulthard are ill with the measles.

NORTH EKFRID

A Christmas tree will be held in the Presbyterian church at North Ekfrid on Friday evening, December 21st. Everybody come and enjoy a good time. Special music will be furnished by the choir the following Sunday, the 23rd.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Geo. Pierce is able to be around again.

Mrs. Jack Wallace has returned home.

Mrs. Charles Roemmele was called to the bedside of her father, Wm. Nicholls, sr., Windsor.

We are glad to see Emerson Ramey again.

The young folks of North Ekfrid are busy practising for the Christmas tree.

Miss Lila Roemmele is home again.

CRINAN

Rev. Mr. McLaren and Mr. McIntyre, of the Social Service department of the Presbyterian Church, closed a very successful series of meetings in the Presbyterian church here Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. A. Matheson this week received word from relatives in Wales of the death of her uncle, Richard Baisdon, of Swansea, Wales.

He was in his 85th year and was one of a family of seven, being survived by one brother, George Baisdon, also of Swansea, who is in his 85th year.

Samuel Baisdon, formerly of Walscott, and Mrs. Edward Evans, formerly of West Lorne, were a brother and sister of deceased.

Many of our roads are in very poor condition.

S. S. No. 9 Christmas tree has been postponed until December 24.

KNAPDALE

Roy Barnes is spending a few days at Thomas Fletcher's.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Blackhall spent the week-end at Neil Campbell's.

Will Brown has returned from London.

WOODGREEN

School closes on Friday for the Christmas vacation.

On Wednesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. H. Coyne entertained the Swastika Club. Although the evening was disagreeable a goodly number attended. The evening was spent in a contest, games and music.

Lunch was served at midnight.

Charles Grover is on the sick-list.

Be sure to come to the entertainment at S. S. No. 3 on Friday evening.

A good program will be given and Santa Claus will come at the close of the concert. Admission, 25c and 15c.

APPIN

Appin town hall was a busy spot on Wednesday afternoon, the occasion being the bazaar held by the Presbyterian Young Women's Auxiliary.

Despite unfavorable weather in the evening there was a good crowd out to hear a splendid program by local talent.

Altogether the young ladies took in about \$140 and are much pleased with their success.

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. Strode on Thursday afternoon of last week.

After reports were given by the different officers, the following were elected for the coming year:—President, Mrs. Johnston; vice-president, Mrs. (Rev.) Stevenson; secretary, Mrs. Hugh McTaggart; treasurer, Mrs. Jas. Allan.

Frank Nicholls spent last week in Windsor at the bedside of his father, who is very ill.

The subject for the fifth sermon in the series of "forward step" services in the Methodist church here next Sunday evening is "Stewardship of Life." Special Christmas music is being arranged for.

A few cases of measles that have been in this vicinity are now reported to be almost all well again.

Miss Margaret Macfie, of Alma College, is holidaying at her home here.

The young people of the Methodist church are busy practising for their cantata, "Santa's Mix-up," to be given in the town hall here next Friday evening.

One of the best Christmas entertainments ever held in Appin was that of the Presbyterian Sunday School which was held in the church on Tuesday evening.

After an excellent program of dialogues, recitations and musical numbers, Santa Claus distributed many beautiful gifts to the children. Great credit is due Dr. McDonald, who so well trained the young girls in the evergreen drill. Proceeds amounted to about \$50.

KILMARTIN

Word has been received here by Mrs. Joseph Moore of the death in Regina Hospital on December 5th of Lottie Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, Heward, Sask.

SOUTH EKFRID

Dan K. McEneaney and family spent a day in Strathroy recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Spackman, of London, spent Sunday at D. A. Dobie's.

Frank McIntyre spent the week-end in London.

Mrs. W. G. Poole has returned from Windsor where she was called to the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. Montgomery, who was seriously ill but we are glad to say is much improved.

Mrs. W. C. Dobie is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cyster spent Sunday at Iona.

Duncan Hyndman and Mrs. G. Duncan are attending the funeral of

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established over 100 years

Summary of Assets and Liabilities

31st October, 1923

ASSETS

Gold, Dominion Notes, and Silver Coin	\$ 81,589,681.80
Deposit with Central Gold Reserve	17,000,000.00
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	14,259,744.89
Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	129,984,917.90
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	63,185,030.88
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	2,328,051.22
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	37,601,758.88
Notes and cheques of other Banks	44,911,059.10
United States and other foreign currencies	361,593.00
Loans and Discounts and other Assets	281,888,581.74
Bank Premises	9,800,000.00
Liabilities to customers under letters of credit (as per contra)	9,471,690.01
	\$692,382,109.42

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC

Notes in circulation	\$ 41,602,735.50
Deposits	583,391,196.23
Letters of credit outstanding	9,471,690.01
Other liabilities	1,384,628.14
	\$635,850,249.88

Excess of Assets over Liabilities to public \$56,531,859.54

GOOD HARD COAL

We are unloading STOVE and CHESTNUT Coal. Standard preparation, clean and bright.

McPHERSON & CLARKE

PLANING MILL GLENCOE LUMBER YARD

CHEVROLET AGENCY

After this week we will be prepared to Grind the Cylinders of all makes of cars.

Bring your Batteries in for Winter Storage. All work guaranteed.

GEORGE HANCOCK

CHEVROLET AGENCY
CENTRAL GARAGE GLENCOE

A WOMAN SHOULD HAVE A BANK BOOK

EVERY woman has some little plan of things she would like to buy—if she had the money.

It should be a woman's privilege to handle the housekeeping money. She can then plan for the things she needs, and save for them.

If you are a wise housewife you will save for these things. Loose cash in your purse soon goes—it tempts you to spend. Keep your money where it will be safe, yet available whenever you want it.

Ask for our useful memo book—it shows how rapidly small savings grow.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

GORDON DICKSON
Manager Glencoe Branch

their aunt, Mrs. Wilkinson, in Plympton.

Mattie and Alex. McEneaney spent the week-end in Windsor and Detroit.

An enjoyable time was spent at the home of H. Arnold on Tuesday evening when a joint U.F.O. and U.F.W.O. meeting was held. Splendid reports of the Strathroy convention were given by Mrs. D. Hyndman and W. T. Cyster, also an interesting paper by Mrs. Bert McEachren, and violin selection by W. Coad, accompanied

by Mrs. Arnold. Lunch was served at the close of the meeting.

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil possesses power in concentrated form. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.