

The Mildmay Gazette

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In U.S. \$2.50

MILDMAY, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1925

J. A. JOHNSTON

BE WISE!

Select your Christmas Gifts NOW!

A small deposit reserves any selection

SUPREME—DIAMONDS

THE SPLENDID VALUES IN DIAMOND RINGS. A GOOD SELECTION OF THE DIFFERENT STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM

A GIFT FOR HIM

A WATCH IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE FINEST GIFT YOU CAN GIVE A MAN AT XMAS. SEE OUR COMPLETE LINE. SPECIAL PRICES

DAINTY NEW WRIST WATCHES

Special Display of Wrist Watches in all the new styles. Gold filled 14k cases from \$10.00 to \$25.00.

A GIFT FOR HER

BEAUTIFUL INDESTRUCTIBLE PEARLS IN GIFT BOXES FROM \$1.50 to \$20.00.

Select Now

FRENCH IVORY

Our Holiday Stock of Ivory must be seen to be appreciated. We are showing a very large and handsome line in these goods. The quality and prices are right.

C. E. WENDT, Jeweller, Mildmay

ONLY TWO WEEKS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

New Goods arriving every day. Come and see our assortment. Come early and choose your gift while the assortment is complete. We will hold any gift for you until Christmas.

FRENCH IVORY

BOXED STATIONERY
BOXED PERFUMES
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Phone 28 Mildmay

COMFORT and HEALTH

ONE THIRD OF YOUR LIFE IS SPEND IN BED. WHY NOT PURCHASE A COMFORTABLE BED, SPRING AND SANITARY MATTRESS BEFORE CHRISTMAS—WHILE THE PRICES ARE DOWN—AND SLEEP WITH COMFORT.

A LARGE VARIETY TO SELECT FROM AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES.

J. F. SCHUETT

FURNITURE DEALER — FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Cream 42c & 44c. Sovereign's.

Weiler Bros. loaded two cars of turnips this week.

Salt—45c per 100, Friday and Saturday. Sovereign's.

Nothing to tempt the appetite like those delicious Fillets, at Lambert's.

For Sale—Good Yorkshire brood sow, due Dec. 17th. Wesley Stenler.

For Sale—A circular saw and frame. R. I. Patterson, lot 5, con. 5, Cuthers.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Schweitzer spent the week-end with friends at Toronto.

Alois Gutscher lost a valuable mare last Saturday, after a very short illness.

Salt—Unloading car Friday and Saturday. Bring in Potatoes, \$2.00 a bag. Sovereign's.

Christmas Entertainment will be held in the United Church on Friday evening, Dec. 18th.

Hominy Feed. Getting in a shipment. This is corn feed for hogs and cattle. Weiler Bros.

Forty-six good yearling cattle, good breedy type, arriving on Thursday. Darling & Kaufman.

Mr. C. Schmidt, who has been ill with paralysis since August, is not as well as usual this week.

Edmund Schneider has purchased a high-quality Durham bull, 18 months old, from Thos. H. Jasper.

Wilbur Kalbfleisch is improving nicely now, and may be able to be brought home from the hospital this week.

The overheating of houses, particularly if the air is not kept reasonably humid, is a cause of much winter illness.

Adam J. St. Marie, by contracting a heavy cold in the threshing season this fall, has developed a rather serious attack of asthma.

The North Huron election case was argued at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, on Friday last. Judgement in the matter has not yet been given.

There will be no service in Mildmay Lutheran Church next Sunday, as the pastor will be in Sault Ste. Marie on Sunday, Dec. 20th.

Nelson Harrison came home from Owen Sound last Thursday, having been laid off work on the railroad section. He was called back to the job on Saturday. A new inter-switching system is to be installed at Owen Sound this winter.

A Howick farmer, aged about thirty, who has hitherto borne a very respectable reputation, was last week sentenced at Goderich to two months in jail, and fined \$600 for having illicit relations with a fifteen year old Lakelet girl.

Jan. J. Darling had a splendid auction sale on Wednesday of last week. Sales have been scarce in Howick and Minto this year, and there were scores of eager buyers from these townships. Prices were generally good, with cattle and swine going exceptionally well.

Geo. O'Donoghue, of Toronto, a former manager of the St. Patrick's professional hockey team, passed away last Saturday. When George was a student at school, he spent many of his vacations at Mildmay, and is well remembered by many here.

Reeves Weigel of Carrick and Fedy of Mildmay are attending the County Council Session at Walkerton this week. Reeve Willoughby of Brant has given notice of a motion to amend the present system of equalizing the County Assessment. The object of the motion is to place a heavier proportion of the tax burden on the urban municipalities.

Prof. Katz, the noted eye specialist is coming again to relieve your eye sight trouble at the Commercial Hotel, Mildmay, Thursday, Dec. 17th. Headache, pain in the back of the neck, twitching eye lids, dizziness, inflamed eyes, and defective vision relieved by properly fitted glasses. By our great skill and long experience failed. Remember the date. We will grind two-sighted glasses in one piece for \$10.00, worth \$16.00 and single glasses \$7.50 a pair, worth \$12.00.

BORN

GRUB—In Carrick, on Dec. 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grub, a son.

Fifteen Days till Christmas.

Notice—Did you read Weiler Bros. advt. this week?

Bring in your Poultry for Xmas. Highest possible prices. Sovereign's.

Weiler Bros. got in a carload of O'Canada, Hanover Flour yesterday.

Potatoes, \$1.80 & \$2.00. Expect to load a car Saturday. Sovereign's.

Miss Twiss, a professional nurse from Toronto, is attending Mr. C. Schmidt.

Your Hogs are waiting for that bag of Tankage you were to get at Lambert's.

The kind you will eventually buy—High-Grade Manitoba Prairie Pride Flour. Sovereign's.

A Port Elgin man faces trial on a charge of stealing logs off the beach and selling them for wood.

Mr. B. Ruland, postmaster at Deermerton, has been in very poor health for some months, and is still unable to go about the house without assistance.

The \$30.00 reward offered for the conviction of the parties who ruthlessly cut down two fine shade trees at Deermerton a few weeks ago, has not yet been claimed.

We have a large quantity of Cedar Shiplap, Siding, Boards and Planks, also all kinds of other building material on hand and our prices are right. G. Schwalm & Son.

Mr. W. W. Perschbacher sold a choice young Yorkshire hog last week to the Ontario Department of Agriculture at Toronto. He purchased another outstanding young hog from the Graham pens at Udofo.

Walter Lancaster, who has been farming for some years on the 15th concession of Carrick, has disposed of his property to Mr. Philip Grub, who obtains possession on March 1st. Mr. Lancaster will probably buy another farm in Brant township.

Mr. T. Fells, mayor-elect of Wingham, was attacked by a female voter of that town on Tuesday night, and belabored over the head with a stout stick. Mr. Fells on Monday defeated A. G. Smith, publisher of the Advance-Times, in the Mayoralty contest.

Arthur Sovereign has for some time been getting off a lot of very clever and effective stunts in his window displays. One of the most ingenious and original of his creations was on display this week, featuring Santa Claus. The idea has been sold to a Windsor merchant.

Word comes from Winnipeg that millers on both sides of the line are buying heavily in wheat and some dealers predict \$2 wheat before the next crop is harvested. With \$2 wheat and \$2 potatoes farmers will be happy and prosperous which prosperity will no doubt radiate throughout the country and be reflected in all lines of business.

For Sale.

Good one hundred acre farm for sale in Carrick. In good shape. For particulars apply at this office.

Mildmay Council.

The Mildmay Council will hold its final meeting for 1925 next Tuesday evening, Dec. 15th, at 7.30.

Box Social.

A Christmas Entertainment and Box Social will be held at Union P. S. S. 3 and 15, Carrick and Howick, on Monday, Dec. 21st. Admission 25c. Ladies bringing boxes free.

Had Lucky Escape.

A commercial traveller from Waterloo had an experience on Wednesday morning that he will not soon forget. While motoring down the new road just south of Jacob Beckers, his car got into a deep crooked rut, and the machine made a bee-line for the ditch. Over the six-foot embankment it went, and upset. But the peculiar feature of the story is that neither the driver nor the car were the least bit hurt or damaged. In fact, the car, a light Coupe, was scarcely scratched. Local garage men helped him out of the ditch, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Hockey Club Organized.

At a well attended meeting held at the Commercial Hotel last Thursday evening, the local hockey club was re-organized with the following officers:—President, Fred Arnold; Vice-Pres., A. C. Schultheis; Secretary-Treasurer, Alfred Weiler. It was unanimously decided to enter a team in the Northern Hockey League if satisfactory grouping can be secured. Arrangements were made to form a town league with three teams to be captained by Clarence Kunkel, Chas. E. Wendt and Jos. W. Sauer, and a schedule of games will be drawn up later. A good season's sport is looked for.

Big Specials. Five big specials for One Week Only. Read advt. on inside page.

Good Breeding Ewes, all bred to first-class sire, for sale. All good size and high quality. A. Darling & Son.

Paid Your Taxes?

Taxes are to be paid before next Tuesday, Dec. 15th, in order to avoid a penalty. A. F. Scheffer, collector.

Farm Wanted.

Good farm, well located, in Carrick wanted by buyer, who has the money to purchase. Apply at this office.

Farm Changes Hands.

Mr. Alph. Cronin, who purchased the McPhail farm on the Walkerton road five years ago, has sold out to his neighbor, Mr. Wm. Voigt, who assumes possession next March. Mr. Cronin purposes holding an auction sale of his farm stock and implements in the near future, and will retire from farming for a time. Mr. Voigt, by putting through the deal, now owns three of the best farms in that locality.

Quiet Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at the United Church parsonage at Mildmay on Wednesday morning of this week when Miss Myrtle, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Fortune of Aytton and one of the most popular young ladies of that village, was united in matrimony to Mr. Isidore V. Schenk, son of ex-Reeve and Mrs. Andrew Schenk of Normanby. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Alex. MacGowan. Mr. and Mrs. Schenk will reside in Normanby.

Their Car Upset.

On Monday morning at 3.30, two Walkerton youths met with an unpleasant experience here. They were returning home from Listowel at that hour, when their car, owing to the rutty road, suddenly left the highway and upset in the ditch in front of the new R. C. church shed. With the assistance of a local citizen who chanced to be passing, they were able to get their machine back on its wheels again, and they resumed their journey, little the worse for the spill.

Northern League Meeting.

C. H. Pletsch attended the annual meeting of the Northern Hockey League at Palmerston on Tuesday afternoon, as a delegate from the local club. The Northern has decided to carry on for another year with the following officers:—President—B. L. H. Bamford of Listowel; Vice-Pres.—E. Murphy of Mt. Forest; Secretary—M. C. Bridge of Wingham; Executive—Milton Steinacher of Durham, W. H. Lustig of Chesley and C. H. Pletsch of Mildmay. Many new playing rules were adopted, to conform with those of the O. H. A.

The Municipal Pot.

There have been very few new developments in local municipal affairs since our last issue, but as the nomination day draws near we may expect to hear more. Mr. John Arnold announces that he will not be a candidate for the village council next year, in which case there will be two vacancies to fill. There is some talk of Mr. M. Filsinger taking a seat at the village council next year. There is nothing fresh to report as to the Township Council. An effort is being made to bring out a man for Council in the southwest corner of the Township, but so far nobody has been found who is willing to accept.

FORMOSA.

Mrs. Jos. Fedy left to spend the winter in Kitchener.

Messrs. Alfred and Ralph Fedy spent last Sunday with their mother.

Mrs. Jos. Hauck left last week for Kitchener and Detroit.

Miss Margaret Kraemer went to Kitchener last week to undertake a position there.

Mr. George Weiss moved into the property of the late Jos. Dentinger.

Mrs. Fred Brick and family moved to town last week.

Messrs. Harry and Cyril Oberle are visiting at their home here.

The skating rink is built and we are waiting patiently for the cold weather to start flooding it. There are a few more additions on the east end of it.

Messrs. Ambrose Dentinger and Ralph Oberle of Hanover spent last Sunday with relatives here.

Miss Rose Weiler of Teeswater spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Weiler.

Miss Marie Voisin of Chesley and friend, Mr. Beckberger of Hanover, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Voisin.

Mr. Walter Bildstein of Kitchener visited here over the week-end.

Revs. Father George and Father Godfrey of New Jersey are having a mission here this week.

Notice to Farmers.

In a shipment of Home... (in and get our price on...)

Keelan's Bakery has a supply of Coffee Cakes, Buns, Rolls, Whole Wheat Bread, Etc., baked fresh daily. Cookies, Tarts, etc., for the week-end.

Winter is Coming.

During Tuesday night nearly a foot of snow fell, and there is now splendid sleighing. The cars are loath to leave the road, however, and will keep at it as long as possible.

Chas. Schlegel Sells Farm.

Mr. Chas. Schlegel this week disposed of his 100 acre farm on 8th concession of Carrick, to Louis Koehler, who owns land adjoining. Mr. Schlegel does not intend to quit farming, as he may purchase another place in Carrick in the spring.

MILDMAY SEPARATE SCHOOL

(Report for November)

Form V Sr.—Isabel Weber, Genevieve Scheffer, Florence Schuett, Leonard Weiler, Helen Kunkel.

Form V Jr.—Beatrice Weiler, Beatrice M. Weiler, Wm. Zimmer, Georgine Schmidt, Leo Missere, Helen Schmidt, Lenora Devlin.

Form IV Sr.—Albert Gotsz, Beatrice Herrgott, Evelyn Scheffer, Gertrude Devlin, Alex. Herrgott, Kathleen Lenahan, Godfrey Schuett, Genevieve Sauer, Theodore Hesch, and Fedy, Francis Fedy.

Form IV Jr.—Leo Weber, Helen Weiler, Helen Missere, Hubert Schmidt, Edward Dietrich, Helene Hesch, Bertha Dietrich, Irene Hoffmann, Anna Lobsinger, Mark Diemert, Fred Scheffer, Mathilda Palm.

Form III Sr.—Amelia Dietrich, John Lenahan, Hilda MacDonald, Marcella Berberich, Albert Scheffer, Arthur Sauer, Gerald Beninger, Lorenzo Buhlman, Jerome Bergman, Stephen Missere.

Form III Jr.—Leonard Arnold, Francis Schmaltz, Francis Diemert, Antonette Missere, Norman Herrgott, Leonard Hesch, Anthony Hoffmann, Cyril Fedy.

Form II Sr.—Magdalene Missere, Agnes Bross, Dorothy Weiler, Catharine Diemert, Magdalene Buhlman, Maria Berberich, Rita Beninger, Elden Arnold.

Form II Jr.—Florian Weiler, Mary Weishar, Margaret Weiler, Evelyn Scheffer, Florence Missere, Florence Bergman, Oscar Huber, Patricia Sauer.

Part II—Oscar Arnold, Alphonse Steffler, Bertha Diemert, Anna Diemert, Russel Devlin, Cyril Hesch, Robert Dietrich, Edna Montag, Alice Beninger, Anna Marie Schmaltz, Jerome Durrer, Gilbert Arnold, Clayton Hoffarth, Madeline Parker, Wilfrid Lobsinger, Elden Lobsinger.

Part I—Dorothy Schuett, Helen Lenahan, Helen Scheffer, Clara Missere, Josephine Strauss, Della Missere, Mary Helen Weiler, Loretto Fedy, Elizabeth Schneider, Raymond Montag, May Devlin, Norman Dietrich, Kathleen Martin, Joseph Steffler.

GIVE SANTA CLAUS A HOLIDAY

There is no business that enters more intimately into the lives, business and private, of the Canadian people than the postal service.

The postal service is, in fact, the children's Santa Claus all the year round.

This reference to the postal service as a Santa Claus has a particular significance at the present time. We are at the threshold of another Christmas and in our feverish activity to prepare for this holiday season we are too apt to forget the postal employees who are doing their utmost to see that your Christmas is gladdened by the good wishes and remembrances of absent friends.

Truly the postal workers are acting as your Santa Claus and in doing so their own enjoyment of the holiday is largely lost, in that—instead of spending this "day of days" with their families, they must work harder than usual to deliver the vast load of Christmas mail which has piled into the post office at the last minute.

You can make Christmas day a holiday for the "all year round" Santa Claus by obeying that oft repeated slogan—"Shop Early—Mail Early." A few days earlier in mailing means no Christmas day rush, no tie up of mails, but instead a real "clean-up" by Christmas eve and a regular holiday for the postal service. You, the mailing public, have in your hands the granting of this favour. Let your Christmas spirit manifest itself in a practical way by getting those cards and Christmas presents off earlier than usual. Mark them "Do not open until Christmas" if you wish, but by all means MAIL EARLY and give the postal workers a Christmas at Home.

Fighting Ranger

McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPHER.

XIII.—(Cont'd.)
"I was aware that a car, speeding her own machine, taking the most direct, and defying death in every turn of the road, yet each time she looked back she noted with dismay that the pursuing car was gaining upon her."
"At last. She was near the camp where Bud's men were to be. But she came up to the familiar spot she saw no one was there. Something had gone wrong."
"The pursuing car came on. It had dragged out on the road the shrubbery in which it had hidden after she had leaped from it. The parachute, lay Bud's airplane. She saw it, she resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape. She drove furiously alongside the car and stopped. Abandoning her seat, she feverishly swung the propeller of the plane over. The motor whirred. She leaped into the pilot's seat, and taxied down the road. She got to the ground just as the pursuing car, with Mary, and Jack the ranger, flew up in a cloud of dust."

"She's taken to the air—in that lame plane," cried Bud, looking down from his seat behind Terence in the air, and started to see the other plane arising from the ground.
Terence looked over from the pilot's seat, saw Stella's plane coming up, and started to let his plane drop toward it.
"She'll kill herself sure—that plane, in condition, will get out of her any minute," Bud exclaimed. "I was intensely worried, for in her treacherous, there was still a warm spot in his heart for her, lingering from the memories of so old days."
"We'll get close up and see what we can do," said Terence, veering his machine in the direction of the other.
"If you'll drop close right over her, I'll do one of my old air changing stunts—drop into her plane and take care of her," suggested Bud.
Terence agreed, and circled his plane about for the manoeuvre. Soon they were following close behind Stella's plane, flying at the same height. The plan was to rise just above her as they overtook her, far enough to let Bud swing by his hands above the other plane and drop in. But Stella, seeing she was about to be overhauled, and desperate, almost hysterical, grinned at her teeth and decided upon a bold coup. She shifted her controls, and her plane swept around in a startling side spin, turning completely about into the very face of the pursuing plane.
"She's gone mad," shouted Terence, as the two planes swept crazily on toward each other. He shifted, trying to veer from the other machine's path, but Stella's machine followed his move—they were too close for another shift—it was a matter of only an instant before the crash. Nothing more could be done—the two planes shot toward each other—and crashed.

CHAPTER 34.

REVELATION.

Mary, watching the sky from the speeding automobile, uttered a shriek of horror as she saw the two planes shoot head on for each other, crash, and locked together, start dropping, a mass of shattered, smoking debris. "They'll all be killed," she screamed.
Jack, the ranger, crowded the car to its last inch of speed, and headed for the spot where the planes were falling.
When they reached it and jumped out, they found Terence and Bud bending over the unconscious form of Stella. They had dragged her out of the wreckage and were trying to revive her. Mary ran and threw her arms about Terence.
"What a miraculous escape you boys had," she cried. "Oh, Terence, I'm so glad."
"Her plane broke away as we neared ground, and fell under us," explained Terence. "It saved Bud and I—but she, poor thing, is in a terrible shape."

"They all bent over the injured woman. She was recovering consciousness, but was writhing in great agony from her injuries."
"I guess—the game's up—I guess I'm done for," she quavered.
"Stella Montrose, why have you been aiding the enemies of the Marshalls?" Terence asked.
"The love of adventure—and riches promised as a reward—Taggart!" the suffering woman muttered.
"But the treasure is on the Marshall land—these men are wolves—merciless pirates robbing Mary of her one chance to save her father and his ranch," said Terence.
Mary's arm encircled Stella, and she was trying to assuage her suffering.
"Forgive me—if you can," she murmured. Mustering her strength, she went on with an effort: "It is not too late. The treasure is in a hidden cave near the trail that winds up the face of Sierra Diablo. The secret of its location was written on a tiny slip of paper—concealed in the topaz—the topaz that Buck McLeod stole from Taggart. That was the secret of the topaz."
Terence drew from his pocket the copy of the map he had made.
"Here, can you show us where on this copy of the map?" he asked.
"There, at the letter D—that is the cave," said Stella, pointing. "McLeod is waiting for me there now—for me to bring back his gang."
The woman fell back in a swoon. "She has over-strained herself," said Mary sympathetically. "We must get her to a hospital at once."
Poor Bud had been watching the scene with pain, torn between his loyalty to the Marshalls and Terence, and his love and sympathy for Stella. They carried Stella to the car.
"Rush her to Pico for medical aid," said Terence. "Then bring the sheriff and a posse to Sierra Diablo with all possible speed."
"But aren't you coming with us?" Mary asked.
"I'm going to the cave of the Yaguis," Terence answered. "I have sworn to get Buck McLeod—alone!"
They tried to dissuade him from his solitary, dangerous mission, but their pleas were unavailing. He was determined. Mary made Stella as comfortable as possible in the car, taking her place beside her to care for her, the others boarded the machine, and Terence watched them off on their way. Then he strode off for his lone man hunt.

After a hike of more than two hours, Terence came to the base of Sierra Diablo. He took out his map, studied it.
"At the letter D," he muttered.
He followed the trail indicated by the map, and finally stumbled upon the narrow winding passage between the rocks leading to the cave. On he strode, into the cave.
He found Buck, lifting and dropping handfuls of the treasure, still gloating with miserly joy over the piles of marvelous gems and glistening gold. As Terence appeared, he gave a cry like a trapped animal, then whipped out his gun. Terence made a leap for him and knocked it out of his hand. The men rolled about in the treasure in a mad rough-and-tumble.
"I've licked you before, and I'm going to get you again—with my bare hands," Terence threatened, as they lay, temporarily separated, after a whirlwind of wild blows.
The two men jumped at each other, and the combat was on in earnest. Buck, realizing that he was no match for Terence, and in fear, was manoeuvring for a break to the entrance and escape. But Terence blocked the way. At each attempt Buck made to run for it he was met by a row of hard knuckles which sent him flying back into the cave.
Buck gave up that alley of escape finally, and retreated back into the cave. Terence followed. He was dazed and startled by the untold heaps of glittering treasure that lay about him, so far surpassing even his wildest expectations, but he kept his

mind nevertheless to the business at hand—to get Buck!
Finally, as Buck fell farther and farther back in the cave he noticed a hitherto unseen crevice through which the daylight streamed, leading up and out of the cave. He darted for it and started to climb through, but Terence, close behind, seized him and pulled him back. Seeing he must fight his way out, Buck started for Terence. He was knocked down by a crashing blow to the jaw. Coming to his feet, he picked up a handful of the gold and jewels and flung them at Terence.
"Can't you use your hands, eh?" muttered Terence.
He made a flying leap for Buck, battering him mercilessly as they went down together, Terence on top.
Both men were torn, bleeding, disheveled. Buck struggled, managed to shake Terence off, and both staggered to their feet again. They met head on. Terence delivered a terrible thrashing, and after several minutes of fierce fighting, Buck went down again and lay still—licked—beaten—broken—cowed. Finally he scrambled to his knees, raised his hands supplicatingly. Terence seized him by the throat, his face set sternly, and with grim menace gasped:
"Buck McLeod—if you want to live—answer me—one thing—QUICK!"
(To be concluded.)

The Next Thing.

"I can do but one thing at a time," declared one of the most distinguished members of a recent surgical congress. The unsuccessful headmaster of an unsuccessful school once said in a faculty meeting: "No teacher is good for anything who cannot do several things at once." His own career was that of a scatterbrain, and he failed because he did not define certain objectives and get after them in the spirit of Lord Northcliffe's terse counsel: "Concentrate."
A famous steelmaster, like any one of several noted statesmen, has developed to a high degree the faculty of giving himself to the task before him or the person in front of him as though, for that teeming moment no other occupation, no other individual, existed. Said an Ambassador with a heavy charge to keep: "My desk is clear because I cannot work in any other way. I must take up one matter at a time and finish it. My secretaries have instructions to carry nothing over till the morrow that can possibly be done to-day."
There lies the secret. Procrastination deserves the blame for thievery of our time that the old adage affixes to it. In Hardy's comic drama, "The Dynasts," much is made of the coming of the first flake of a snowstorm that buried alive so many of Napoleon's soldiers. That first flake was a trifle. But when many flakes piled up they made an overwhelming drift. That is the way with letters. We decide we will defer answering our correspondence till a more convenient season. Soon the amount of it becomes a formidable burden. Had we taken hold of the missives as they came they wouldn't have bothered us much and they would not seem a monumental affliction now. It is thus with every claim of personal, industrial, social or civic obligation. We cannot afford to let our various preoccupations, whatever they may be, gain volume and momentum.

Oratorio and Opera.

Oratorio and opera developed side by side for a long time. They both sprang from the one stem in the early part of the seventeenth century and they were both created in Italy, travelling thence to Germany, France and England. The opera progressed as a form of stage drama with action, while the oratorio remained a setting of sacred text illustrated by music without action. The cult of opera has spread enormously. Oratorio is a diminishing attraction.

NURSES

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

"The doll's wardrobe pictured here leaves no doubt about a birthday gift that would bring joy to the heart of any little girl. Such lovable little things—from the wee undergarments to the newest in cape and tam ensembles. Many adorable frocks may be fashioned from the kimono-sleeve dress pattern, and the tiniest of baby dolls could be kept warm in the cape with hood attached. No. 1242 is in sizes 14, 18 and 22 inches high. Size 14 is suitable for dolls 12 and 14 inches high; size 18 for dolls 16 and 18 inches high; and size 22 for dolls 20, 22 and 24 inches high. Size 18 requires 3/4 yard of 32 or 36-inch material for the dress; drawers and petticoat 3/4 yard 32 or 36-inch; and the tam and cape 1/2 yard 32 or 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.



DOLL'S COMPLETE OUTFIT.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.
HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Looking at An Old Book.

What learning and skill entered into its production! With what hopes, or perchance misgivings, its author or its editor entrusted his manuscript to the printer! We who live in an age which seems to have adopted for its slogan, "Do it electrically," that is to say, rapidly; may well pause for a moment and think upon the places and the peoples who three or four hundred years ago, produced those books which all the world today so greatly admires. Paris was indeed a town, but it was only a town in 1539; and that huge agglomeration which now is London was then merely a half dozen villages, connected together by rough roads, impassable in winter, dusty in summer, and always dangerous. What facilities had the printers of those days? From our point of view none. Yet they designed and cast beautiful types which are still a delight to the eye, and set them with taste, and printed from them to ruder presses in jet black ink upon paper which yet remains as sound as when it first came from the mill. Verily those old printers were artists and craftsmen. Such thoughts as these always break in upon me when I look upon a fine old book—A. Edward Newton, in "The Greatest Book in the World."

Anniversary.

I bring you roses—one for every year; The reason for this deed is very clear; So much of love and sweetness I have known Has sprung from your delightfulness alone.

Centenary of Match.

The match recently had its one hundredth birthday, having been introduced in 1825 by John Walker, an Englishman, who conceived the idea of selling his matches in boxes at one shilling four pence a box.
The safety match, called "Swedish," did not appear until the year 1862. This was the first match which could be lit only when struck on the box.
The idea of the match, however, antedated Walker by nearly two centuries. As early as 1688 Godfrey Hawkwitz, using phosphorus to ignite little wooden sticks, dipped in sulphur. Various experiments were made by other scientists of the day, but it was not until 1825 that the match emerged from the laboratory and was placed on the market.

Ancient Fortress in France.

A Roman fortress built about 275 A.D. as a defense against the advance of barbarians has been unearthed at Dijon, France.

Have You Tasted

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Those who have used Japan, Yon Hyson or Gunpowder Tea will appreciate the superiority of this blend, always so pure and rich.

A Prayer.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Not that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end,
Wherein we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Not that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou has revealed,
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruitful treasures of the field,
The hour to sleep.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed.

—John Drinkwater.

Two New Wireless Stations Are Opened.

The opening of the wireless station at Akivik, in the delta of the Mackenzie river, on October 7, was announced by the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior. The opening of this station, which is the most northerly in Canada, together with that at Fort Smith which began operations on September 5, marks the completion of the system designed to bring the Mackenzie valley, the Yukon, and the Western Arctic coast into daily touch with civilization. The order of the stations from north to south is Akivik, Dawson, Mayo, Simpson, Fort Smith, and Edmonton.

The Eskimo town of Akivik is about fifty miles from the Arctic ocean and 150 miles from Herschel Island. In the past it has taken many months to receive a reply to a letter written to far northern points, whereas since the opening of the Akivik station return messages have been received in Ottawa within a few hours. The extension of the system to include the stations of Akivik and Fort Smith will be a great convenience to the people of the country and of immense assistance in administration and development. It is the intention to establish a substation at Herschel Island to operate during the period of open navigation. Herschel is a port of entry for ships coming by way of Bering Strait and Alaska, and wireless communication will be of great assistance to the officials in the collection of customs duties and in other administrative work.

First Air Restaurant.

The largest air express in the world is to be fitted as the first air restaurant car, and will be put into service between London and the Continent. The saloon has luxurious armchair seats for fifty passengers.

What's in Your Hands?

We have a happy way of shaking hands when we meet. It is a nice, healthy, stronger than rubbing hands together.

Perhaps for some of us, handshakes are more than bygone. All sorts of things can be conveyed by a handshake—understanding, appreciation, sympathy, cordiality, affection, love, sincerity. But in a handshake, too, can be conveyed a feeling of distrust, indifference, carelessness. It is often possible to judge a person's character by his or her handshake. Nobody likes the limp handshake, either, when, if you happen to be wearing a ring, it cuts into your fingers, and the bones of your hand feel as though they're crushed.

The long handshake can be very embarrassing. Then there is the apology for a handshake which is a mere brushing of fingers, so light, so delicate, that you are scarcely aware of it. The most irritating handshake, surely, is when, merely from habit, someone takes your hand, but is gazing all the time at somebody or something else.

The best handshake of all is the one that expresses sincerity. Immediately by your hand is grasped in greeting by someone whom you like and who likes you, there speaks direct to your heart a kind of wireless message of understanding. You feel understood—appreciated; and the best in you wells to the surface. Human nature never fails to respond to sincerity.

A Kingly Carpet.

The carpet which covers the Waterloo Chamber in Windsor Castle weighs two tons. It measures eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and was woven at Agra in India. The carpet took seven years to make. When it is taken out to be beaten some sixty men are required to carry it downstairs.

When horses use Minard's Liniment.

First Air Restaurant.

Makes bad complexions good and good complexions better.

Campana's Italian Balm

Because Nothing Else So Beautifies the Complexion.
Sold by Druggists and Department Stores.

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Please

Be sure this trade mark is on the cheese you buy. Our reputation is behind it.

There is only one Kraft Cheese



Rotted timbers on the banks of the North Saskatchewan river at Prince Albert are all that is left of the old stern-wheeler Marquis, which once plied between Cumberland House, Sask., and Edmonton, Alta.

BOVRIL puts BEEF INTO YOU

SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY

Little Clockmaker's Adventure

BY OTTO FEIRMANN.

ermans were marching on. Already there were rumors in that French cannon had been at Beauvais and Gisors, to the city, and gossip has those very guns would be pre- undering before the very the city. It was a time of and despair of the French, er terror for we Germans

my countrymen had left war became a certainty, ere had emigrated at the e two governments, but to go at the time, being al of St. Michel. When my illness it was too lines of the milit- road communication tically cut off.

though I was born in Ber- I had lived in Paris since I was 14 years old, and I had built up a generous trade as a clockmaker. I was widely known to persons of wealth and standing, who would gladly vouch for my character, and I had nothing to fear from the authorities. Although in my heart I was in sym- pathy with the Fatherland, I was physically not fit for service in the field, and I am sure that I could have fought only half-heartedly against the people from whom I had been making a comfortable living.

But as the German lines converged and began to contract around the French capital like a giant rubber band, the people of the city grew to hate the Germans in their midst more and more. As I passed through the streets, bent on business, I saw surly glances cast at me, and flushed, excited Frenchmen jostled me, then started after me, trying to pick a quarrel. At the corners and on the boulevards groups of men and women gathered, and as I passed them I could hear them denouncing the Prussians and all the brood of Bismarck. Insults would be hurled at me and I must stand for them, for a man could not live a span of seconds against the mob that would have fallen on him.

Here and there about the city riots broke out, and several Germans were badly mauled, but the gendarmes broke up these fights before they resulted fatally. Gendarmes and sol- diery were vigilant, always prevent- ing bloodshed, and protecting us who had harmed the French in no manner save by the fact that we were Ger- mans. But the rage of the rabble smoldered, although it dared not break forth into flames, and as bul- letin after bulletin of discouraging news came from the front the mutter- ings grew louder, the attacks more bold and the police and soldiers more sorely put to it to preserve order. Shops throughout the city were being closed, the windows board- ed up and the Germans were barrica- ding their stores and homes and keeping off the streets.

I lived in the rear of my little shop in the Rue de la Chêrche, and, like others, I gave over trying to conduct my business, and boarded up the win- dows of the store. I cooked my own meals in those days, and so I laid in a big store of provisions to be ready for the time when I could not venture on the streets at all. I had lived thus for a day and a half when an old Frenchman for whom I had done a great deal of work called on me and advised me to go to the house of some of my friends, where I should not be all alone.

I decided to take his advice, and that night, after boxing up and pack- ing away much of my valuable stock, I started on my way to the home of a friend who lived in the neighborhood of St. George's Church. In the streets I encountered many groups of ill- looking men and women, who regard- ed me with no friendliness. I paid no attention to them and hurried on my way, keeping close to the walls of the houses. When I reached the Consell de Guerre I found a small mob col- lected, and a wicked-looking fellow was addressing them.

I tried to slip round the corner of the tomb-like building without attract- ing any attention, but just as I

thought I was safe the orator spied me. An accusing, skinny finger was lev- elled at me. "There is one of the skulking Ger- mans!" cried the man in French. "He is spying on us now. It is such as he and his breed who will turn our city over to the brutal Prussians."

More, he said, but I did not hear it. A woman who was near me had aimed a knife blow at my chest, but I dodged it and managed to wrench the weapon from her. "See!" shrieked half a dozen voices. "He fights women and children!" "Down with the murderer! He has a knife!"

The air was filled with such cries and threats, and a score of hands reached out for me. Into the Rue de Four I rushed, halless and my coat torn half from my body. The mob was howling at my heels. I ran as I had never run before, and for a space I drew away from them, but the clamor in my rear struck cold terror to my heart. The screams of the women thirsting for blood sounded shrill above the shouts of the men, and with each scream my speed in- creased.

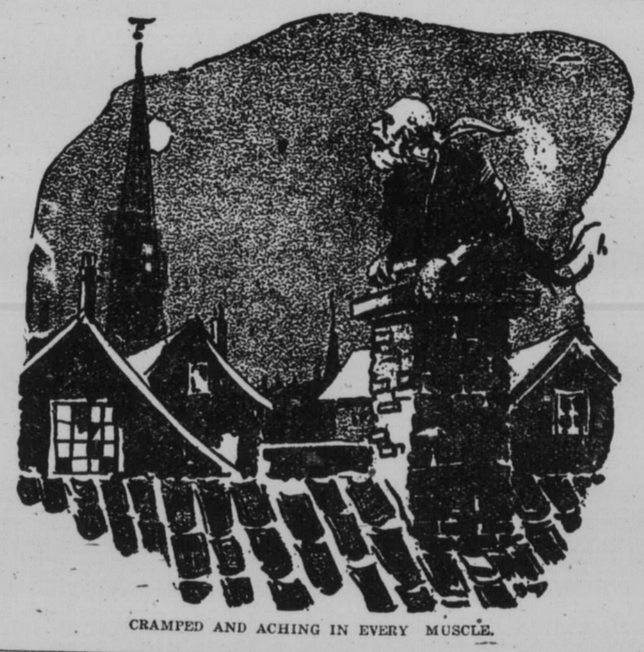
I dared not show myself on the Boulevard St. Germain, so I doubled from the Rue de Four into the Rue Bonaparte, skirted the St. Sulpice and tore through. Running a garden into the Rue de Tournon. Running toward the river, I encountered another crowd at the corner of the Boulevard St. Ger- main, but it was too far from me to interfere with me. A single burly fellow stood in my path and aimed a blow at my face, but I caught him be- neath the chin with the hilt of my knife and sent him sprawling.

The fresh mob followed me into the Rue de Seine and, with the whole pack at my heels, I dashed toward the Bridge of Art, but at the farther end I saw a band of rowdies moving to- ward me. The cries of the rabble were heard by them and they rushed in my direction.

Now because of the wall along the quay I did not believe the mob on the bridge had seen me as yet, for it was near the opposite end of the bridge. I knew I was out of sight of my pur- sursers for the moment, for they had not yet rounded the corner of the In- stitute of Art. It was a cold night, but it was life against discomfort, and I leaped the wall along the water front. Not a boat in sight.

Another second and the crying of my angry pursursers drove me to des- peration. I plunged into the icy waters and struck out downstream. The shouts of my baffled pursursers rang in my ears, and although I could see that they were searching every- where for me, they had lost the trail. In my heavy clothes and shoes I found it hard to swim, and the chill water almost numbed me. I could not last long in the river and I knew it. At that time of night the Pont Royal was likely to be deserted, and I struck in near the shore as I neared that bridge. As nearly as I could make out, there was not a soul on the bridge. Half exhausted, I dragged myself up the bank and managed to scramble on to the broad quay be- tween the river and the gardens of the Tuilleries. The Rue des Tuilleries was dark and vacant and I hur- ried through it to the Rue de Rivoli, where I tried to mingle with the crowds, but my dripping clothes at- tracted attention and persons who looked at me recognized me as a Ger- man, which was just what I did not want. Finally I reached the Rue de Lafayette into safety, and was hurrying toward the Rue Bolivar, which would take me to my friend's house. All seemed to be going well with me, but suddenly, at the corner of the Rue d'Hauteville, I was caught in a swirl- ing mass of humanity which seethed out of a narrow alley just off the main street.

A fight of some kind was in pro- gress, and in a moment I was carried by the freakish eddies of human units into the very midst of the group. There a tiny band of Germans were protecting themselves against the crowd, and my arrival with a weapon



CRAMPED AND ACHING IN EVERY MUSCLE.

ped log-like, nearly wrenching the weapon from my hand, and I made ready for the next scoundrel.

It was the first serious wound dealt by either side, and for what seemed a fraction of a second it stunned our opponents. It was as though they paused to gasp in astonishment at the fate of their comrade, then with a howl of anger, they fell on us anew.

A big, clumsy fellow made for me, but I was ahead of him and cracked his skull with a blow from the hilt of the knife. We fought like demons there in the flickering light from the street lamps, and the rabble, who had hitherto encountered only defensive opposition, was soon swept from its feet.

I am not a fighting man, but by sheer mad fighting, guided only by instinct, I slashed my way to the gen- darme, who was all but overpowered. It surprised me, the very strength in my arms, and I found time to wonder at the joy I found in giving and tak- ing blows. Three of us fought clear and dragged the gendarme to his feet, and he stood tottering, but fighting bravely against the heavy odds.

We were too few to attempt to rout the enemy, so, once free from them, we fled into the Rue de Hauteville, but another crowd was marching to us, singing and flaunting banners. In the excitement we scattered, and I found myself alone, fleeing through the Rue de Paradis. The street was lined with houses set in gardens, and there were low walls about the grounds. I did not know when I might encounter another rabble, so I leaped at the wall, just under the branches of a tree which grew the other side of it.

My fingers barely clutched the top of the coping, but I managed to scramble up, and swinging from the branches of the tree, dropped to the ground below. I found myself in a spacious garden surrounding a large house three storeys high. There were lights shining from the window, and at first I thought to rouse the tenants and ask for protection, but I could not know whether even a respectable fam- ily would care to harbor a fugitive German, and besides, I feared to risk my terrible appearance. My clothes were all but torn from my back. I still clutched the bloody knife which had served me so well, and I could not hazard throwing it aside. My face was covered with dirt and blood- ing, and my clothes were drenched from the bath in the Seine.

I reached here more dead than

All this flashed across my mind as I stood for perhaps a fraction of a minute beneath the tree and pondered on what next to do. Then there came to my ears the murmur of the mob, part of it turning into the Rue de Parana. Another moment and they were scal- ing the walls of the gardens along the street and I could hear them thrash- ing about in the bushes and shrub- bery.

There was no more time for reflec- tion. Windows were thrown open noisily and the neighborhood was being aroused by the racket of the chase. The house near which I was crouch- ing had a piazza which was covered by a roof on a level with the second- storey windows. This was my only chance, and I ran to one of the pillars and, with my knife in my teeth, climbed to the top of the piazza. All the time I was wondering what would be the thought of any person who might throw open a window just as my battered face, knife and all, should jut above the covering.

I had hardly dragged my aching body onto the piazza roof before I heard my pursursers clambering over the wall. There was a light in the window before me, but the curtains were drawn, and stealthily I crept to the water main and shinned up to the roof. It was not much of a climb, but there was danger of the pipe pulling loose or the enemy discovering me from the clatter.

By the time I had gained my place of vantage the master of the house was demanding of the crowd what they wanted in his garden. With scant ceremony they told him and con- tinued the search. For a long time the night was filled with the cries of the searchers, and lanterns moved to and fro below me.

I was beginning to feel safe when I learned from the messages shouted about that the roofs were to be search-

ed, but food and medical care re- vived me, and although it was some days before the Germans ventured into the streets, the city fell again under the authority of the police and the military, and there was little further rioting.

To Save Money on Farm Buildings.

You can save a lot in the cost of building stone foundations and stone walls for the first story of barns and other farm buildings if you have stones on your farm. You can build the walls at less than one-third of the ordinary cost, if you do the work at odd times and with ordinary farm labor.

Forms of two-inch planks are put up to the height of about two feet and far enough apart to make the wall of the desired thickness. Common stone, either flat or round, is used. Fill in the larger ones against the planks on each side, and throw in smaller ones to fill up the interstices. After the stones are put into the depth of about a foot, the wall is slushed on top with concrete or cement, sand and gravel.

Skilled labor is not required to lay the stone, as the planks keep the sides straight. The stone occupies more than half of the space, so that less than half the usual amount of con- crete is required for the wall. When the walls set, the planks can be shoved up; thus, two feet more of wall can be built without going to the expense of buying plank for the entire height of the wall. The wall can be smooth- ed up by pointing up the holes, if any are left after the planks are removed.



THE BOUFFANT MODE.

Blue taffeta makes this can- dly bouffant frock for 1924. Its huge medallions composed of ribbon, tiny flowers and placed slightly to the left- raised waist-line. Silver lines the round neck and sleeves, and helps to accent the of fullness at the lower edge of short skirt. The flower adorning the right shoulder, and the medallions may be purchased at any shop, and make it possible for the home sew- to fashion one of the smartest frocks of the season from this pattern. The diagram pictures the simple design, and No. 1112 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years (34, 36 and 38 inches bust only). Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 2 1/2 yards 36 or 40 inch material. Price 20 cents.

Rabbits in Winter.

Are the winter quarters cozy? Rab- bits, like any other kind of stock, must be comfortable to do well. Their hutches must be stormproof. It is best to house rabbits indoors during cold weather, not only because the animals are better protected, but it is more comfortable to get about and look out for the stock.

With plenty of food on hand—such as hay and roots, which are the prin- cipal foods during winter—as many rabbits can be quartered as can easily be handled. In estimating the num- ber that can safely be quartered, one should count upon the spring being backward. Some rabbit keepers do not breed for several months during the winter in order to be able to keep more breeding stock for spring work.

The matter of bedding is also worth considering. The wise man gathers all the leaves he can find in the fall and stores them away. Leaves make a very satisfactory and cheap litter, but they must be stored where they do not become damp, for leaves take up moisture very quickly.

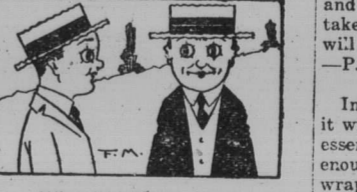
In selling carcasses, it is best to move the skins before delivering to the customer. The customer not only prefers it, but the skins are worth taking care of nowadays. These should be carefully dried, stored and sold in bulk to some firm paying good prices.

Field Husbandry.

The report of the Dominion Field Husbandman (Mr. E. S. Hopkins, B. S.A., M.S.) for 1924 just published at Ottawa is replete with interest. It supplies meteorological records for the past thirty-five years and goes largely into the cost of producing oats, hay, silage, corn, mangels, pota- toes and other crops. It then fur- nishes particulars of crop yields at the Central Experimental Farm, the methods of cultivation followed, how weeds are controlled, improvement of silage from legume crops, respective yields of sunflowers and corn on dif- ferent soils, rotation of crops, farm manure and commercial fertilizers and the work generally of the field hus- bandry division. An account of soil moisture investigations in the Prairie Provinces is of special interest to that immense section of the country. Graphs are also given showing at a glance the average yield of various crops at the Central Experimental Farm compared with Ontario gener- ally and of the relative yields of corn and sunflowers on heavy clay and fer- tile sandy loam, indicating at the same time the respective quantities of water, dry matter and green weight in tons.

Save Trees From Mice.

Remove grass from around the young fruit trees. It is now time for the mice to build their nests, and the grass about the trees provides an ideal pace for them. Shield the trees from these pests by using galvanized screen- ing, wood veneer protectors, or ordi- nary newspapers. The last named protection should be removed in the spring but the wire may be left on all year.



What 'Ud Bè-the Use? "If only we could see ourselves as others see us." "Well, we wouldn't believe what we saw."

A bridge made entirely of porcelain stands near Pekin, in China.

To Get Good Photos Expose Film Uniformly.

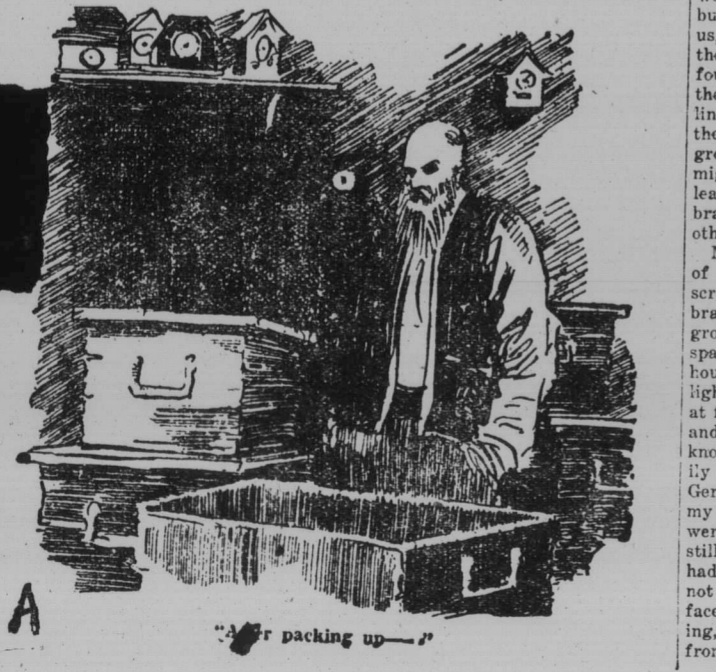
To get good pictures with your camera, all exposures on a single roll of film should be uniform. If each picture is made under different condi- tions of light, length of exposure and shutter opening, poor pictures are almost sure to be the result.

The photographer develops a roll of film as a unit. The length of time it takes to develop pictures depends a great deal on the length of time they were exposed or the amount of light reaching the sensitive film surface. If a roll of film is so exposed that a different amount of light has reached each exposure on the film, one or two are likely to be developed just right, while the others will be either unde- veloped or overdeveloped.

If you are developing your own films, and there are pictures of dif- ferent exposure on the same film, cut the film apart and develop each pic- ture separately. This is too much trouble for the commercial photo- grapher, however, in view of the ex- tremely low prices charged for film development and picture printing.

It is usually best, therefore, to set the time of exposure and lens opening and not change these adjustments until a whole roll of film is exposed, making all pictures, of course, under the same conditions of light. In this case, the only adjustment necessary for individual pictures is for distance, or focus. If you have a fixed-focus camera, even this is unnecessary. This arrangement will not do when you are "hunting" with a camera, for some shots will require different time and shutter opening. In that case, take your films to a shop where they will be developed with special care. —P. T. H.

In tying and wrapping a parcel so it will stay wrapped there are several essentials to keep in mind: Use enough paper and wrap well. Pull the wrapping string tightly at each turn, wrapping up all slack and not letting it slip. Then make a loop or half-hitch every time the string crosses. Finally, tie securely with a knot that will stay tied. If this is done, there will be no complaints, nor will the packages be- come undone before they can be de- livered.



For packing up.

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Farms of all sizes for sale or exchange. Apply to J. C. Thackeray, Harriston, Ont., or direct to the Willoughby Farm Agency, Guelph, Ont.

Too Much Hockey Ruined Donald's Health
It is often said that tears are just a step removed from joy. Poor Donald knows that. At the age of 16 he was attending high school, playing on a hockey team, going to parties and doing all the things that a red-blooded youth will do. When joy was at its height gloom made its appearance in the shape of consumption.
There was nothing to do, the doctor said, but drop everything and go to the Muskoka Hospital for a thorough rest and skilful, constant treatment. Donald has now forgotten his resentment at fate in his happiness over home-better!
Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 233 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

The value of a kiss depends upon the law of supply and demand.
Character is made by things you stand for; reputation is made by the things you fall for.

Wit and Humor

It is easy to figure what you should have said after it is too late to say it.

The Man at the Door—I would like to show you this beautiful book, madam. It tells about the habits of savage animals.
The Severe Lady—I don't want it. I have been married twice.

Izzy—What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?
Dizzy—Search me.
Izzy—Why ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests.

"Waiter!" called a diner at a local club. "Come here at once! Here's a hook-and-eye in this salad!"
"Yessseh, yessseh," said the waiter, grinning. "Dat's a part of de dressing, sah!"

Methusalem ate no apples, never brushed his teeth, had no iron every day, ate and slept when he pleased, chewed no Wrigley's after every meal, refrained from Lydia Pinkham Remedy for the Home and he lived to the ripe old age of 900 years.

She—Why do authors always speak of a smile creeping over the heroine's face?
He—Perhaps they're afraid that if it went any faster it might kick up a dust.

A famous woman novelist was once asked why she had not married. "I have three things about the house," she said, "which represent so closely the characteristics of the average man that I don't want any more of him. I've got a dog that growls all the morning, a parrot that swears all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night."

Bobbie—I saw you kissing sister again last night.
Beau—Well, I'm not going to pay you a quarter this time. Ten cents is enough.

Bobbie—That's the tendency these days, to cut out the middleman and let the goods go straight from producer to the consumer without charge.

Styles In The Hereafter
A revival was raging in a Virginia colored church. The fruits had been considerable. One obdurate soul, however, resisted the efforts of the elder. Called to account for his reluctance, he replied: "Yo' see how it is, Elder, I've got a problem. I don't see how I've gwine git mah shirt ovah my wings when I gits to glory." "Dat ain't yo' problem," retorted the exhorter, promptly. "Yo' problem is how is yo' gwin git yo' hat on ovah yo' horns."

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.
"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer.

"You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increase of wealth, the growth of trusts, and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?" Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water, then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied, in a voice that made the building quiver: "Advertise for it, you ignoramus!"

The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.

A Silver Lining.
Mrs. Knowall took a great interest in the doings of all the neighbors. It was a great day for her when a new arrival came to the house on the opposite side of the street, and she watched with interest as the furniture was removed from the van and carried into the house.

"Well," said the husband, when he returned from business in the evening, "have you found out anything about the social standing of the new folks across the street?"
"Not yet," was the reply. "They have no car."
"No?"

"Yes, and they have no pom, no phonograph, no radio, and not even a grand piano. I can't imagine what they have got."
"Humph!" remarked friend husband, sardonically. "Perhaps they have a bank account."

STORE BURGLARS CAPTURED

Walter Brown and Wm. Blundell of Southampton Arrested Tuesday
(Port Elgin Times)

One of the most diabolical burglaries yet brought to the attention of the authorities in this county was perpetrated here early Sunday evening last when Mr. A. F. George's general store was entered, goods stolen or wantonly destroyed and the store left littered with merchandise and looking as though a cyclone had swept through it.

Entrance to the store was made at the rear of the building by removing the hinges and lifting off the shed door. A panel was then cut out of the inner door to allow for sliding the bolt. Then it seems for none other than a pure devilish motive the intruders pulled down tins of fancy biscuits, packages of salt and oatmeal, etc., and strewed the lot over the floor, to which was added malaga grapes, candies, soap, picture post cards, stockings and other articles. Caps, clothing and shoes were also knocked off tables onto the floor. Shoe boxes were removed from the shelves and at least two pairs of shoes stolen, drawers were pulled out and the contents jumbled up. Oatmeal was mixed with sugar and considerable of these commodities spilled on the floor. Two jars of chewing gum were emptied of their contents and the gum stolen, as was also a caddy of Stag chewing tobacco and a caddy of Big Ben smoking tobacco. Clothing, candies and chocolates were also carried off. Not being content with the havoc already wrought the intruders further displayed destructive frenzy by tearing the pockets off four sweater coats that were hanging up.

It was in this condition that Mr. George found his store after church Sunday evening where he went to write a letter. On investigation footprints leading up to the rear door evinced that two parties were responsible for the deed, but these footprints could be traced only to the lane at the back of the store.

On being apprised of the burglary Reeve McLaren got in touch with Provincial Officers Bone and Widmeyer at Walkerton, who arrived here Monday noon and instituted a systematic investigation.

It was learned that two local youths returning from a walk on Sunday evening noticed two strangers with sacks over their shoulders near the railway track and when they hollered at them they dodged into Cottrill's lumber yard and hid behind some lumber. Here their tracks were discovered and trailed by officers along the railway track towards Southampton, when they turned off into a bush. Enroute pieces of chocolate and wrappers of chewing gum were found which told the sleuths they were on the right track.

Their suspicion being later brought to bear on one, Walter Brown, who lives on the back road entering Southampton, the officers returned to Port Elgin and had Mr. J. J. George J.P., issue a search warrant to allow them to search the Brown home, and on Monday night in company with Mr. George they made the search. While nothing was found, information was later elicited from an Indian lad, a playmate of one of the younger Brown boys, that he had been given gum, tobacco and matches by Walter Brown from a sack in a bus across the road from the Brown home. The lad who stated he was told that the stuff had been stolen from a store in Port Elgin, was persuaded by the officers to lead them to the spot, where a sack of loot was found. Walter Brown, who was not at home when the officers called, but who had apparently returned after they left and learned that he was wanted, is supposed to have rounded up his accomplice and secured the other sack and started through the bush, for on coming across fresh tracks the officers gave chase and had not gone far when they found the second sack of loot where it had apparently been dropped on the run. Continuing the chase the officers followed Brown and his pal, who it was previously learned was Wm. Blundell, also of Southampton, to the home of Mrs. Steadman where the boys had endeavored to gain admittance through an upstairs window. It happened that the ladder which they were raising for the climb fell and went through a lower window almost striking Mrs. Steadman on the head. From here the fugitives struck toward the Indian village, the officers following

JOLLY OLD ST. NICK



O. L. SOVEREIGN & SON



THE OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS

Old-timers caught in the holiday rush and gazing at the wonderfully alluring panorama of the shop windows often fall into a reminiscent mood and re-live the Christmas of the long ago. Who does not fondly recall the magic of Christmas in his childhood?

Most of the presents were homemade. Perhaps grandma darned mittens, knitted by oil lamp after you had been tucked in bed—thick warm mittens with a long cord that extended up through coat sleeves and around the neck to prevent loss. Aunt Saphronia gave you a basket of Christmas cookies, shaped like animals and stars and covered with delicious colored sugar. Uncle Tom gave you a watch, and his generosity appalled you even if it was the old turnip that he had discarded. You can imagine the reaction you would get if you tried giving a 1925 boy a second-hand time piece.

Most of the presents were useful, in the old days, including a reefer overcoat and a new pair of shoes. As for "boughten" presents, they were limited to "The Erie Train Boy" by Alger, Henty's "With Clive" by Clive, a New Testament, a pair of skates and that most useful of all old-time toys, a top that climbed a string.

At that, Christmas of represented proportionately an outlay as now, compared with the two periods.
But the gift itself was second to the spirit of the giver. Somehow every grown-up can't help believing the Christmas dinners of those days were superior. The Christmas eve entertainment at the church was as enjoyable as the modern movie. And the ride in a cutter over the deep snow beat the auto-trip of 1925.
Christmas is always changing and (to adults) never for the better.
Another way to make your wife suffer is to grouch and not say what about.

CANADA'S AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

During the 21 years in which automobile manufacturing has been carried on in the Dominion, its factories are reported to have produced more than a million motor vehicles, a large percentage of which have been exported to all corners of the globe. The industry today employs in the neighborhood of 100,000 Canadians, and it is stated that \$200,000 or about six per cent. of the total population of the Dominion is recorded in the

Year	No. of vehicles registered
1903	220
1908	3,033
1913	50,558
1918	275,446
1922	514,092
1923	586,850
1924	652,121

Of 132,460 motor vehicles manufactured in the Dominion in 1924, 42.5 per cent., or 56,655 were exported, the value of such exports together with parts and tires being about \$38,000,000. New Zealand was our principal foreign market for cars, Australia for trucks, and Great Britain for parts and tires. During the same year the number of cars imported into Canada was 8,344 and of trucks 957. The number of persons employed in this industry last year was 109,825; wages and salaries paid amounted to \$14,219,137, as against \$6,855,380 in 1918, and the invested capital was computed to be \$60,766,886, compared with \$31,550,353 in 1918. Federal taxes collected in respect of motor vehicles in 1924 amounted to \$15,207,886 and provincial taxes \$12,681,721. For the first eight months of the current year 11,615 motor vehicles were manufactured in the Dominion, 98,794 passenger cars and 13,827 trucks being produced, compared with 51,658 and 12,089 respectively in the corresponding period of the previous year. It is estimated that the annual cost of maintenance of motor vehicles in Canada approximates \$150,000,000.

census of 1921, are dependent for their livelihood on the manufacture and use of motor vehicles. In total value of production the industry occupies seventh place among industrial enterprises of the Dominion, and fourth in the value of exports, being surpassed only by grain and grain products, pulp and paper and wood and wood products. In Great Britain the ratio of motor vehicles to population is estimated to be one in 57, in the United States one in 6, and in Canada one in 14. The remarkable increase in the use of automobiles in Canada is indicated by the following figures:

LE'S STORE

Produce Prices

GS—Extras	43c
Firsts	39c
Seconds	30c
CREAM PRICES	
	42 cts.
	44 cts.
NET ONIONS	
	1/2 cts. a lb.

Bring in your Produce

THE STORE OF REAL ECONOMY

A Few Money-Saving Bargains

- Clothespins 11 doz. for 25c
- Cups and Saucers \$1.49 doz.
- Laundry Starch 3 for 25c
- Vanilla, big 8 oz. bottle, reg. 15c for 19c
- Congoleum Rugs, 9'x12' Clearing \$12.95

Terms: Cash or Produce

Weiler Bros.

Terms: Cash or Produce

PEOPLE

Produce

LARGE TABLE ONIONS	2 1/2 cts. a lb.
CHOICE LARD	Will pay 20 cts. lb.
DRIED APPLES	Well dried, 9 cts. lb.
TURNIPS	Purple Tops, 20 cts. bus.
POTATOES	We pay the highest market price

BUY YOUR FLOUR NOW
AS PRICES ARE ADVANCING EACH WEEK

Better put in a stock for the winter. We have Whole Wheat Flour, Graham Flour, Rye Flour, Potato Flour and the best Bread Flour—The Famous Five Roses Flour and Three Grades of Milverton Flour. Cereals and Meals of all kinds. Try our Pie Crust for Pastry. A fresh supply of best things for Christmas baking. Seeing is believing.

Our Fillets are of the choicest quality. Also Spanish Onions and Grape Fruit.

Laundry Soap at 5 bars for 25 cents.

We have the choicest of Dates, Figs and other Fruit. Bring in a few bags of Grain and exchange for Flour or Groceries.

WANTED—Good Dried Apples, Good Dairy Butter, Lard, Tallow, New Laid Eggs.

GEO. LAMBERT.
FLOUR FEED & GROCERIES

MEAFORD'S POLICE DOG

Meaford has a real high-bred Belgian police dog, and the council is considering letting the dog do a policeman's duty. He would certainly have a dog's life. Many public signs in Meaford, as in Ancient Rome will bear the inscription: "Beware the dog!" The services would be free excepting for feed and care, of course. And a valuable police dog should be fed on only the best raw meat with plenty of blood left in it so that he would have a good taste in his mouth for burglars and others with felonious intentions. Could a Belgian dog be trained to try doors on business streets to see if they have been left unlocked by their owners? We have become deeply interested in this big watch-dog question and will be anxious to see how the new Meaford Chief of Police gets on. In the meantime interests in the Townships' sheep accounts in the financial statements for worrying by nutton hounds will be secondary to the protection work of police dogs.—Exchange.

CROSSING THE GRADE CROSSING
(By Erwin Greer)

"Passing the buck" is a great American institution. That is why the motorist curses the railroads for maintaining death traps. Likewise do traffic managers of railroads condemn the motorist for "criminal carelessness." This "buck passing" by motorist and railroad is very unfair. Both blame and yet both are doing almost to avoid accidents. There are about 256,362 grade crossings in the United States and twenty million motor cars. To date these grade crossings cost around fifteen billion dollars—a total impossibility, and yet the railroads are trying to do that very thing—commencing with two classes of crossing—those with unusually dangerous locations and those situated on heavy traffic.

The Illinois Commerce Commission has enacted these excellent rules. "All crossings must be constructed so that the road space is flush with the tops of the rails, and sixteen inches outside the rails. Eighteen feet is to be the minimum width or the full width of road if such width is greater. No grade is to exceed 1 per

cent. for the first twenty-five feet on each side of the outer rails, or to exceed 3 per cent within the right of way. Railways must clear all brush five hundred feet on each side of crossings and highway commissioners three hundred feet beyond."

Be fair, motorist—do your part too. It's your life that you are saving anyhow, so by heeding these few simple rules you can help reduce the death toll at the grade crossing.

Should the crossing happen to be unprotected and the view on either side obstructed, stop if you can't see ahead or to the sides. Don't take a chance.

And if the watchman doesn't happen to be on the job why don't push ahead on the thought that no train is approaching. He is fallible like yourself—something might have occurred to keep him away.

When travelling at night don't mistake the red lantern on lowered gates for tail lights of vehicles ahead. Stop, Look and Listen.

Don't race a locomotive. Should the road force you to pass ahead of that train you would be—out of luck. Besides the engineer cannot control his ponderous steed as you can yours with four-wheel brakes.

Never start across double tracks behind the rear car of a train. Such practice eventually ends in death—by being crushed by a train coming the other way.

When you do cross, don't crawl, but step on it and prevent stalling. Never change gears on a railroad track.

And above all—watch yourself—all the time.

THE COAL SUPPLY

With very little coal coming into the province since the strike of the Pennsylvania miners, the local supply has been greatly diminished, and prices have advanced considerably. The Toronto Globe says:—Anthracite is now selling at \$16 per ton, where it is on hand at all, while egg and chestnut sizes are obtainable at \$16 and \$13.

Two or three of the larger dealers have a few tons of Welsh coal, which they are selling at \$17 per ton. This, they claim, is the lowest price they can possibly give, and in spite of the shortage it has not been changed.

In view of the situation, there is a heavy demand for substitutes. Briquettes have a good market, and Pocchontas is being used to a con-

siderable extent. Its price at present is \$14. Coke, which has gone up from \$12.50 to \$14 per ton within the last month, is also in heavy demand.

The City of Toronto has on hand 350 tons of coke, for emergency supplies. Applications have already been received for ton lots, but, acting under instructions from the Mayor, Commissioner Chisholm is refusing to sell more than a box of 46 pounds. The Mayor's purpose is to keep the stock for the use of families who may be in strained circumstances. The coke is stored in yards in various parts of the city.

The Commissioner will report to the Board of Control on Wednesday the results of his investigations into the situation. In the meantime the Mayor states that he is looking into the possibility of securing a supply of anthracite for sale to citizens who cannot secure it from dealers.

DECEMBER COURT SESSIONS

The only criminal case to come before Judge Klein at the December Court Sessions here next Tuesday is an appeal by Andrew Ackiwenzie, a Cape Croker Indian, from a two months' sentence for assault. The civil list is featured with two damage actions for auto mishaps. The first, Durst vs. Jermyn, is an action brought by Wesley G. Durst of Chesley against Sheriff Jermyn to recover \$500 for damages to his car as the result of the Sheriff's big McLaughlin colliding with Durst's gas wagon on a narrow bridge on the highway in Amabel on August 15th. O. E. Klein or plaintiff and David Robertson K.C. for defendant. The second case, Halter vs. Hoffman, is an action for \$500 damages resulting from an accident on the road between Carlsruhe and Hanover on June 25th 1924, when Henry H. Halter of Carlsruhe, aged 20 years, was overtaken and knocked off his wheel by a car owned and driven by Walter Hoffmann, upholsterer of Hanover, and in which mishap Halter sustained a broken leg. O. E. Klein for plaintiff and C. J. Mickle of Chesley for defendant.—Herald & Times.

Think of the money we save every winter on fly-swatters!

A Ready Witted Patriarch
"The old man was a glutton for work," Deacon Thomas told the new minister. They were speaking of old Moses Rovers, who had lately died after an active life of ninety-two years. "Folks used to work in my young days," Moses would always tell ye.

"He was a little might cocky in former years, and one day he challenged John and Jim Broadman, thirty years younger than himself, to pitch up a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

"All right," they says.

"The hay wagon was driven round ter the medder, an' they begun. Moses held his own awful well for sometime, an' if the boys stopped to breathe a minute, he'd call out: "Hurry up there."

"But after a while, he had to struggle around to keep on top of the hay, all disordered and half trod down as it was, and it started to rock and then to slide. Finally a lot of it fell off, and Moses with it.

"Hellow!" sang out the boys.

"What are you doing down here?" "I came down after more hay," the old man says, beginning to pitch as cool as ye please."

WALKERTON.

Mr. Russell Kidd of Southampton, a recent graduate of Normal, has been appointed teacher of the school at Otter Creek, S. S. 2, Carrick.

Julius Kupferschmidt, of Culross, Township, charged with offence against a minor, on Wednesday elected to be tried by a judge, without a jury. His Honour Judge Klein set January 19th as the date of the trial in the County Judge's Criminal Court.

Mrs. Jacklin, wife of Aaron Jacklin, farmer, of the 14th con. Brant township, died suddenly at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon from heart failure, aged 65 years. She had been ill for some time past with heart disease and other complaints, but her health had somewhat improved of late, and she was able to be up and about. The end came suddenly. As the mother of a large family of sons and daughters, the deceased lady was well known and highly respected in the community. Her death came as a severe shock to her family. Besides her husband, survivors are four daughters and four sons.

About 11 o'clock on Friday morning Mr. John A. McGill, Assessor and Tax Collector of the town, and clerk of the Division Court, was stricken with illness while sitting in his office. The sudden seizure was observed by Mr. L. C. Benton, the Clerk and Treasurer, who summoned medical assistance. Mr. McGill was removed to his home, where he is being cared for by Mrs. McGill and their daughter, Miss Maude McGill, R.N., of Toronto. He is suffering from the effects of internal hemorrhage. It is thought that, although past 75 years of age, he will be around again in a few weeks' time.

The Parliament buildings at Ottawa covers many thousands of square feet and no telling how many square heads.

Everybody has got the "What'll I Get" these days. It's a sort of Christmas epidemic, that comes around every year. Our live merchants are handing you the dope to cure the delirium through the columns of The Gazette. Read their ads and be cured.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to section 56 of the Trustees Act that all Creditors and others having claims or demands against the estate of Joseph Schickler, contractor, deceased, who died on or about the 17th day of September A.D. 1925, are required on or before the 12th day of December A.D. 1925, to send by post prepaid, or to deliver to Mrs. Amelia Schickler or to Edward Schickler, Mildmay P.O., Ontario, the executors of the last will and testament of the deceased, their names, addresses and descriptions with full particulars in writing of their claims, a statement of the accounts and the nature of the security they hold, if any, duly verified.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice; and the said Executors will not be liable for any claims, notice of which shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated this 17th day of November, 1925.

Mrs. Amelia Schickler, Edward Schickler, Executors

Salt in whitewash makes it stick. Salt on fresh ink stains will help to remove them.

Salt as a gargle will cure a sore throat.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keep out the moths and makes it bright.

The electrician was puzzled. "Hi!" he called to his assistant, "put your hand on one of those wires." The assistant did as he was told. "Feel anything?" "No." "Good!" said the electrician, "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other or you'll drop dead."

Durst, of Chesley, is suing Sheriff Jermyn for \$500 damages, repairs to a car and of being deprived the use of same, caused by a collision between his car and Sheriff Jermyn's car on the county line in August, 1924. The case is to be tried at Walkerton this week.

Automobile license plates for the year 1926 will be issued earlier this year than last, and will be ready on Dec. 15th instead of February as in previous years. This will speed up the distribution of the plates and motorists will have their licenses before the first of the year.

It is estimated that it cost each voter in Canada fifty cents to cast his vote on Oct. 29th. Was it worth the money? It might have been if anything had been settled, but it looks as if we'd have to spend another half dollar almost any day to see who is going to run the country.

A Scot at a National League meeting at Glasgow declared that Scotsmen were not stingy, when an Englishman irrelevantly burst in with: "We can endorse this statement. We have always noticed that when a man faints in Scotland they think nothing of standing back to give him air."

Funny things are found sometimes in a newspaper office. A young man came in to this office one day and asked "Was there anything in the papers about my marriage?" The office person asked in return, "Were you married?" He replied, "I was, a fortnight ago, and I want to know if mention was made of it in the town papers?" "Have you not seen for yourself whether there was or not?" was the office person's next query. "No," he replied, "I never read the newspapers!" "Never buy a newspaper?" further queried the office person. "No," was the reply. "I do not. They are not worth buying and I don't spend any money foolishly." And yet the newly married chap wanted a poor newspaper man to write a notice of his wedding and publish it at a cost of a couple of dollars while he would not waste five cents to buy a copy. God help his wife!—Ex.

TOO MUCH SPEED

Although many people appear to be of the contrary opinion, it is quite generally agreed that "you can't make human being good by statut." Is it not come to conclude that neither can people be made careful by law and to attempt to reduce the perils of street traffic by means different from those that have been relied upon in the past? Just what will prove effective will have to be decided after thorough study of the conditions that have grown up. It sees obvious, though, that measures of prevention rather than of punishment will yield the greater benefits.

We are now in the season when

the streets are quite commonly and very slippery. Common sense tells us that an automobile can be safely driven as swiftly on wet on dry streets. Yet too many drivers are deaf to the voice of common sense. This type changes its habits not at all when conditions favor skidding. If it avoids collisions it can be accounted for only on the ground that there is such a thing as "luck."

Of course, it is impossible to legislate sound sense into the type that type commonly call "saps." If we are to have the minimum safety in the "saps" must be legislated to the driver's seat. This perhaps to the category of things "more easily said than done." The "saps" must be proved before he can be deprived of his citizen's right. The real question is what proof shall be required?

As the laws usually are administered there is no interference with habitual menaces to life and property until they have an "accident." Hundreds of "saps" could be identified when the streets are wet by the sliding of their cars at points where they should be under perfect control. Too much speed on wet pavements is as dangerous as driving while intoxicated. Something can be done about it.

1925 Christmas Seals

The 1925 Christmas Seals, in aid of the Muskoka and Toronto Hospitals for Consumptives, have just been issued. These handsome seals are of ten different designs, put up in assorted packets of 10, 25, 50 and 100.

The National Sanitarium Association is in need of funds to carry on the work of its hospitals in Muskoka and at Weston. Every dollar received through the sale of Christmas Seals is used for maintenance of patients there.

Why not buy these seals in lieu of others? Not only will you get good value in return, but your money will be made to serve a greater end, it will go to help someone in distress. Look for the double-barred Red Cross on every packet. None others are genuine.

For sale by school children and banks, or direct from James Seal Department, Gage Institute, Toronto 1, Ontario.

Farms for Sale

THE JOHN D. FEICK FARM—Lots 14 & part 15, Con. 11, Normanby, 167 acres, bank barn, brick house, good orchard, 1 1/2 miles from Aytou. Rural/mail, telephone, etc. This is one of the best farms in Normanby. Good reason for selling.

THE JAMES J. FINNEGAN FARM—Lots 1 of 8 & 3 of 9, Con. 1, Normanby. 100 acres, bank barn, stone house. 5 miles from Durham Provincial highway. This is a good farm and will be sold cheap.

THE CHARLES HUEHN FARM—Lots North 11, Con. 16, Normanby. 100 acres. Bank barn, frame house, good land. This farm will be sold.

THE ELIZABETH FIZELL FARM—Lot 16, Con. 18, Normanby. 125 acres. Bank barn, frame house, good land. Will be sold cheap.

THE GEORGE HOPF FARM—Lot 4 Con. 7, Normanby. 115 acres. Bank barn, brick house, good land. Will be sold cheap with good terms.

THE MAYCOCK FARM—Lots 12 & 11, Con. 3, Bentinck, N.D.R. Bank barn, brick house, good land, will be sold cheap and good terms of payment.

FOR TERMS, ETC., APPLY TO—
R. H. Fortune
AYTON, ONT.
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR COUNTIES OF GREY & BRUCE
MONEY TO LOAN

BEETS IN MANITOBA

...ing and beet sugar... successfully inaugurated in... of Alberta, other sections... Canadian prairie are turning... to this industry, and... appears to be every likelihood... wide extension to both the agri... and industrial phases in... eastern Canada. Events in Manitoba... in particular would seem to augur the... early establishment of an industry... there.

Experiments of various natures... carried on over a number of years... long established the fact that a sugar... beet of unsurpassed quality can be... produced in Manitoba, the soil of the... Red River valley especially, which is... similar to that about Grand Forks in... North Dakota, where the culture has... been successfully established, being... particularly well adapted to beet pro... duction.

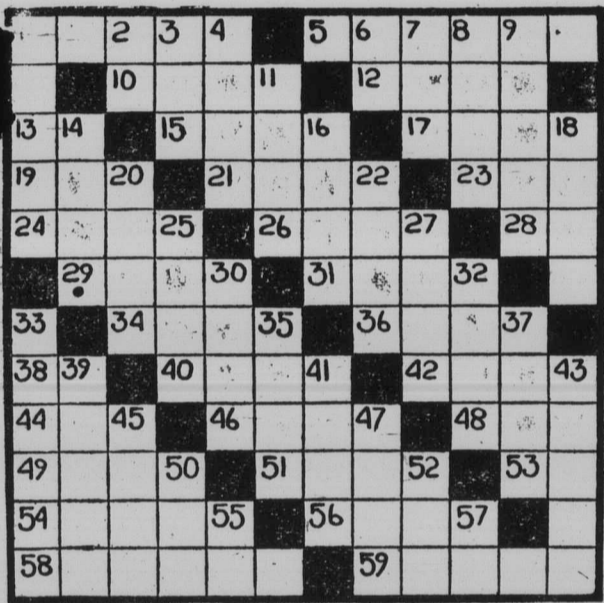
In 1924, very thorough investiga... tions were carried on in this area by... representatives of an United States... concern looking to the possible future... establishment of a plant for the manu... facture of beet sugar at some Mani... toba centre, probably Winnipeg. Plans... were concluded in that year to line... up farmers to produce a sufficient... number of beets to make a practical... commercial investigation into the... feasibility of such a project. At the... same time endeavors were made to... interest local capital in the establish... ment of a plant and out of this sprang... the Manitoba Sugar Company.

In 1925 beets grown on a purely ex... perimental basis were produced on a... total of 260 plots throughout the east...

ern and southern portions of the Pro... vince of Manitoba, chiefly in the Red... River and Assiniboine valleys. Early... wet weather was a handicap to the... best crop as it delayed maturity, and... the cutworms were bad in places, but... in spite of these factors eighty per... cent of the crop is stated to be quite... satisfactory. One specimen taken as... a sample measured sixteen inches in... length, and almost the same in great... est girth, being of excellent shape.

The analysis of the sugar beets... which is under way at the present... time points definitely to a sufficient... sugar content and purity, according to... report. A few cars are to be shipped... to Chaska, Minnesota, for commercial... trial at the factory there, and ar... rangements are already being made to... increase the acreage considerably for... next year, when it is hoped to ship the... crop to the factory now under con... struction at Grand Forks.

There now seems every possibility... of the development of a sugar beet in... dustry in Manitoba, which, taken in... conjunction with that which has got... away to such a fine start in Alberta... points to a wide introduction over the... Prairie Provinces. All authorities are... agreed that this will be attended with... considerable benefit to the agricultur... lists of Western Canada. In addition... to the additional profit springing di... rectly from the marketing of the beets... and their manufacture is to be expect... ed the indirect development from fac... tory by-products of a thriving live... stock industry such as is to be found... in the beet districts of the United... States.



- Horizontal.
1. A holy or godly person
 5. Takos unlawfully
 10. A kind of fat
 12. A plant used in soups, stews, etc.
 13. To proceed
 15. Sharp to the taste
 17. To produce, as pictures, on metal or glass, by means of lines eaten in by chemical agents
 19. The first woman
 21. To come together
 23. To behold
 24. Coarse hominy (U.S.)
 26. Organs of hearing
 28. One who practices medicine (title)
 29. One who tells falsehoods
 31. A part of the face (plural)
 34. Actual
 36. The skin of a beast
 38. You and me
 40. Implements to be inserted in locks
 42. Without light
 44. A young flower
 46. To gather a harvest
 48. To deface
 49. A child (slang)
 51. A thick plate or slice of anything
 53. Missouri (abbr.)
 54. A plume of certain herons
 56. To catch, to ensnare
 58. To keep
 59. To try the flavor of anything

- Vertical.
1. Wise man
 2. Exists
 3. A hard-shelled fruit
 4. A group of horses yoked to a wagon
 6. A reposition
 7. To piece out laboriously
 8. Branches of learning
 9. Intertwined
 11. A woody perennial plant
 14. Having the shape of an egg
 16. A kind of duck
 18. A person distinguished by an act of valor
 20. To send forth
 22. An excursion
 25. A piece of land in a city kept for ornament or public amusement
 27. Went quickly
 30. One who rues
 32. To shut noisily, as a door
 33. A material used in automobile tires
 35. Part of a needle (plural)
 37. An English trolley-car
 39. A large wave or billow
 41. A food seasoning
 43. A German gold coin
 45. To start and run with velocity
 47. A division in the hair
 50. A beverage
 52. The noise made by a sheep
 55. A note in the diatonic scale
 57. An addition to a letter

Manifestly impossible.
"I knew an artist once who painted a cobweb on the ceiling so realistically that the maid spent hours trying to get it down."
"Sorry, dear, I just don't believe it."
"Why not? Artists have been known to do such things."
"Yes, but not maids."

Look to Wheel Chains.
With the approach of winter the autoist should be sure the wheel chains are in order.
The Invention Eloquent.
Of all the modern miracles of science, radio has had the most articulate infancy.



BRITISH CROWN NEVER WORN BY MORE COMELY QUEEN

Queen Alexandra was ever beloved by the British nation for her beauty of character, no less than for the personal beauty and charm which she retained to the very end. As a queen she shared with King Edward the honor of being a real leader in European royal circles and during her long widowhood devoted her life in a quiet way to the many philanthropies in which she had always been interested. A rare photograph showing Queen Alexandra and King Edward (then Prince of Wales) in their wedding robes.

Horse Saves English Girl From Drowning in Lake

Miss V. Musselwhite, daughter of a Blackfield farmer, was saved from drowning in Mopley Lake, Fawley, near Southampton, recently, by the horse which she had been driving to a trap, says "The Cardiff Times." She had stopped at the edge of the lake to give the horse a drink of water when the animal missed its footing, fell in about eight feet of water and drew the trap after it. Miss Musselwhite was pitched head first into the lake. She could not swim, but managed to struggle clear of the horse and the tangled reins. The horse also kicked itself clear, saw that Miss Musselwhite was fighting in the water a few yards away and swam toward her.

Miss Musselwhite was near the end of her resources, but managed to clutch the reins and the mane of the horse, which immediately felt the pull at its head, turned around and swam to the shore. She then clambered on its back and rode to her father's home, two miles away.

"The Oxford Voice" Put on English Radio

"The Oxford voice" is to be broadcast throughout England. It has been the subject of much unfavorable comment in England and is supposed to be something which should be avoided by every self-respecting man who will not wear Oxford bags. But England must hear "the Oxford voice" whether it wants to or not. A radio broadcasting station is to be opened at Oxford which will reach every part of the British Isles with talks on every phase of university life. In many sections of England the public insists the average Oxford man speaks in a manner entirely unintelligible to ordinary human beings, but the British Broadcasting Company has decided to take a chance at it.

Purcell's Music.

The influence of poetic imagination and a love of poetry upon the work of a composer of music, is well illustrated by the case of Henry Purcell, greatest of English composers. His



Private P. Milligan (left), representing Canada and overseas, and Private W. Haugh, representing the British expeditionary force, with the Armistice wreath they laid on the London Cenotaph on behalf of St. Dunstan's.

The Automobile

ENGINE OF CAR MUST BE KEPT COOL TO

Every motorist should understand at least a little about the principles of engine cooling and why it is necessary for a cooling system to be functioning properly in every automobile. He should know that the automobile engine derives its power from heat. A charge of gasoline, mixed with air, is taken into the cylinder of the engine in a comparatively cool state. In the cylinder it is compressed and ignited. As it burns the temperature is greatly increased and the pressure in the cylinder increases in proportion to the increase in the temperature.

HOW POWER IS DERIVED.

That's how it comes about that power is derived for driving the machine. However, the excessive temperature, which reaches 2,000 to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, heats the working parts of the engine, that is, the pistons and cylinders, to such an extent that unless some of the heat is dissipated it would be impossible to maintain a film of oil between these working parts. Deprived of lubrication they would stick fast and the engine would cease to function.

Furthermore, the metal parts forming the combustion chamber would also get so hot that the incoming charge of fuel would be ignited as soon as it came in contact with them. And that would mean more trouble.

That is why it's necessary to carry off enough heat to keep the working parts cool enough so they will permit both proper lubrication and insure control of the ignition. To accomplish these desirable results, every

automobile is provided with a system.

In the water cooled system on most cars, the heat from the cylinders by water jackets surrounding the cylinders. Hot water then flows to where the cool air extracts from it.

A pump generally maintains a circulation that takes the heated water from the cylinder where it travels through passages surrounding the cylinders. This provides a large area for the air to cool the water, and the water is then circulated in a lively circulation. Heat is extracted from the water so that it is possible to get it to get hot again. In brief, is the cooling process.

EFFICIENCY IN OPERATION.

The engine, to operate at its greatest efficiency, should be rather warm when running, because whatever heat is carried off is not turned into power. Overcool the engine and its power is decreased. A car may be provided with a visible thermometer in its radiator to give the driver a checkup on this situation, and the amount of air circulating through the radiator may be controlled with shutters.

The operator of a motor vehicle will do well to study whatever cooling system his car may have. Some automobiles are entirely air cooled. No water is used. He should know what he has and how to get the best results in all kinds of weather.

The Persian Dyer.

The old master dyer emerges from his flat-roofed home. He stands at the door, his heart pulsating with joy. Another day with his art. His swarthy face beams with happiness.

The sun is beginning to peep over the distant hills where sheep are already browsing. He sees that

"The day unfolds like a lotus bloom, Pink at the tip and gold at the core, Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom That lave night's shore."

He gazes ecstatically toward the fast-brightening east. His black eyes sparkle with the intense delight he has for colors. A dreamy, far-away look comes into them, for he is thinking how he could combine shades to produce the varying hues of the sunrise.

Turning from the door, he lingers beside a rose, the petals of which are of the richest cream veined with pink. "Wonderful—marvelous," he murmurs.

Large copper vats stand at the side of the house. The cold ashes beneath them are soon covered by chips. Presently a fire crackles, and the water in each begins to steam.

Dyes are shaken painstakingly into them. Enraptured, his swarthy face glowing with inspiration, the old dyer tests the hues, then releases. He stirs and lifts; now in fancy he is sweeping colors from the sunrise into the mixture; from the rainbow he borrows radiance, the hues of autumn he uses, then he tones all with shades from night.

Hanks of the softest whitest wool are immersed. Eagerly, tenderly, he stirs them; as they boil and bubble the beloved fumes are the sweetest incense to him. The stick with which he occasionally lifts them is a magic wand.

At last the wool is taken from the dye, rinsed carefully, they hung upon lines to dry. The dyer, his hands and face now spotted with many stains, views his work with satisfaction, murmuring incoherently about marvels, about rugs and sheep and roses.

Small wonder that he is the master dyer!

Bible in Esperanto.
The Old Testament is shortly to be published in Esperanto.

Will Not Burn Ash Wood.
Islanders will not use ash for fuel, believing those sitting around such a fire will become enemies.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



Mutt's Pride Takes An Awful Flop.

THERE'S AN OLD GENTLEMAN STRUGGLING ALONG WITH A SUITCASE AS LARGE AS HE IS. POOR FELLOW!

PARDON THIS SEEMING FAMILIARITY, SIR, BUT LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT! I RESPECT OLD AGE!

THANKS, YOUNG MAN! I'M ABOUT ALL IN!

WHERE YOU HEADING FOR, OLD MAN?

I'M GOING TO THE SAP STUDIOS! NOT SO FAST, YOUNG MAN—I AIN'T VERY SPRY!

THANKS, MUTT, FOR THE LIFT! I POSE TODAY AS GRANDPA IN GRANDPA'S FLIRTATION!

YOUR MAKEUP IS TERRIBLE!

PEOPLE HOW FIND RELIEF

ing the Poisonous Acid from the System.

attacks people when thin and watery or with impurities, thus setting the muscles to work in cold, wet weather or when they start the pains, but they are not in the blood, and must be treated.

As a blood builder, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and for that to give relief to those who have been given a fair amount of rheumatic sufferings. The great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown in the following case:—

"My trouble was a bad cold, the result of a heavy rain storm. It developed into rheumatism, which badly crippled me and confined me to bed for upwards of six months. The doctor who treated me did not help me, and every friend who called to see me had something different to advise. Some of these remedies I tried, but with no better results: My legs were stiff from the hips down, and every move I made caused intense pain, and constantly I was growing weaker. Then a friend from Falmouth, who came to see me, asked if I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had taken so much medicine without benefit that I was skeptical and said so. My friend, however, had so much faith in the pills that he got me a supply and to please him I began taking them. I had not been taking them long when I began to feel a change for the better, and I gladly got a further supply. Soon I was able to get out of bed and walk around on crutches. Still taking the pills I used in all seventeen boxes, by which time I was a well man and at work every day. Now I always keep a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house and if I feel an ache or pain I take them, and always with good results. I believe I would still be a bed-ridden cripple but for these pills, and I shall always praise and recommend them."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Can You Judge Distances?

If you devote your Saturdays to golfing, shooting, or taking photographs, you have, in all probability, met the problem of judging distances. Bear in mind these few simple rules, and your difficulty will be lessened. With the naked eye, if you have average sight, you can see the whites of people's eyes at thirty yards; at eighty yards you can just see their eyes. When all parts of their body are distinguishable, they are 100 yards away; when the outlines of their faces are just visible, the distance is 200 yards; and when a face appears as a separate dot, you should be 400 yards away. Six hundred yards away a group of people can be distinguished singly; but at a further distance than this no detail of the human form can be determined. Yet at 1,200 yards you should be able to tell a man on horseback from a man on foot; at 2,000 yards he should dot on the landscape. Groups of people, too, are undistinguishable at a distance of 2,000 yards.

The Son of a Fisherman.

"Are we going to keep him?" asked Bobby, looking at his new baby brother.

"Of course. Why not?" asked the mother.

"Well, he's so small I thought maybe we'd have to put him back."

Origin of "toasts"

The custom of drinking "toasts" is derived from the ancient religious ceremony of pouring libations to the heathen gods.

Gypsies in the Central States of the U.S.

are abundant in their caravans and motor cars, although they dress much in the latest fashions.

CREAM

men and pay express pay daily by express, which can be cashed without any charge.

To obtain the top price, Cream must be free from had flavors and contain not less than 30 per cent. of fat.

Howes Company Limited, Toronto

Head Office, Toronto, Montreal, or your local banker. Established for over thirty years.



London in its drive to tone up fog-smothered kiddies is adopting the Fresh Air movement, instigated with such success here. The photograph shows a group at Barham House, St. Leonard's.

THE LETTER

Her Own Dead Youth Rose to Plead for Those Others Who Were Still Young.

At thirty Katharine looked what she was—the finished product of machine-made modernism! She had an excellent job. In the business world she was a success, but she had hardened in the process.

Katharine was the sole guardian of her young sister Millie—a brown-haired, dreamy-eyed creature, and withal the only crack in Katharine's hard, bright armor. The child returned the older woman's love naturally enough, but, naturally enough, not in full measure. It had not been Millie's choice that certain sacrifices had been made for her.

Millie was lovable, normal, very romantic, and beautiful. She was essentially the marrying type. Besides, she had always been looked after, and now John wanted to look after her instead of Katharine.

They Must Wait.

But when John broached the subject of marriage, Katharine would not hear of it.

"I shall consent to nothing until after Millie is twenty-one," she said.

Millie was tearful.

"But he's got to go to India for five years, and we wanted to marry before he left!"

Katharine was adamant. She said, to, in a moment of anger, that she did not know how Millie could so easily contemplate leaving her after all she'd done for her. Poor Millie! Poor Katharine! It was a stormy scene. But Katharine stood to her guns.

She remembered suddenly, with a shade of annoyance, that it was only through herself that Millie had known John. He was the brother of someone she had known in the old days.

John was an orphan, too. It had been that partly, perhaps, which had drawn him to Millie. With his brother Jim, he had always lived with an aunt and uncle. Jim had been killed at the age of twenty-three during the war. And now John was twenty-three himself.

He was due to sail at the end of

November. Well, he would leave with a heavy heart.

Out of the Past.

Katharine was not surprised to see a letter from John on her plate on the morning of November 11th. He had already made many appeals to her.

It was a short note, but something—another letter—fell from the envelope as she read:

"Dear Katharine,—I was turning out last night and came across the enclosed. It was amongst the last of Jim's things which came home from France. Auntie gave them to me to look over. Somehow I had not cared to do this before, but it is necessary that everything should be cleared up before I go away. I send this as I think you may care to keep it.—John."

She turned to look at the letter. It must have been nearly ten years old. It was written in the round, girlish writing which had been here long ago. The sight of it made her heart grow cold. She opened it with tentative fingers, and read.

The Wisdom of Youth.

It would be cruel to give that letter here in its entirety—let it suffice to say that there were many crosses at the end of it and it was signed "Kitty." Yet one sentence jumped out at her: "Yes; I've thought hard Jimmy, as I promised you, and we will be married during your next leave. I know we are young, but let us take what the gods give while we may."

Katharine sat for a long time thinking. She had forgotten that she had ever been foolish enough to scribble kisses at the end of a letter.

And she had often wondered whether he had received her letter. It had not been returned unopened with some of the others. She saw now from the postmark that he must have received it the day before he died.

Ah, well, for them it had been too late! The gods hadn't given them their chance of being young and foolish—or was it just being divinely wise? But these other two?

She turned to the telephone and asked for John's number.

CHILDREN LIKE BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Because They Are Tasteless and Are Easy to Take.

One of the strongest points in favor of any medicine for children is that it is so agreeable that the mother does not have to force it down the little one's throat.

Baby's Own Tablets have no drug taste, may be crushed to a powder if desired, and babies like them. They are perfectly safe for they contain no opiate or narcotic. They sweeten the stomach and remove the cause of fretfulness.

Mrs. Arthur Charlebois, Pawtucket, R.I., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets to be a gentle laxative and a safe remedy for stomach disorders in children. Our little boy had been given harsh cathartics but these tablets worked more effectively without the severe griping. I can recommend them to all mothers of little children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Grounds of Divorce.

"On what grounds did she get her divorce?"

"Chicago, I believe."

Upset stomach, sluggish liver, and acid condition cause bad breath. Seigel's Syrup gets at the cause. Try it and have a wholesome breath. Any drug store.

Duke of Marmalade.

Among the whimsical titles which appear on the pages of national history, few are more apparently frivolous than the Duke of Marmalade, the Count of Lemonade, and the Earl of Brandy. They are, or were, however, real titles bestowed by a genuine monarch on three favorites during the last century.

In 1811 revolution occurred in Hayti, and Christophe, a Negro, declared himself emperor. Through conspiracy and plot he retained power until 1820, preserving to the last the appearance of a Royal Court, and creating numerous nobility.

Among them were the three mentioned; and far from being instances of the frivolity of the African character, they were names of places, the first two being originally plantations, but latterly towns of some importance.

God With Us.

God so determined even his defeats That they became his greatest victories.

God made his enemies as a wind to fill His homeward-rushing sails. Wherever he went The Lord was with him, and the Lord upheld him.

—Alfred Noyes.

Ghosts!

This is a story of a diver who saw two ghosts. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer and was crossing the main saloon, when two gray shapes of enormous size came ambulating towards him. He did not wait to make notes, but gave the danger signal and was pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story, so another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Toward him also came the ghostly gray shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment and then, going boldly forward, struck his hatchet through a mirror! The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

It Stopped Her Cough and Brought Peace, Comfort and a Restful Night.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

The name "Red Rose" has been a guarantee of quality for 30 years.

RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"

The ORANGE PEKOE is extra good. Try it!

Hospital for Sick Children.
67 College St., Toronto, 2, Ont.
Christmas, 1935.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

This is the fiftieth year—the semi-centennial of the Hospital for Sick Children. It is the Golden Anniversary of an institution which started out in 1875 with a six-bed equipment to cure children medically of their illnesses and to rid them surgically of their disabilities. Fifty years have passed and the tiny hospital has grown into one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the whole world.

The people of this province demanded this service—and they have made it possible by their Christmas Time gifts. They are rewarded by the knowledge that thousands of Ontario children will grow up into manhood or womanhood blessing the "little blue coats" wherein they were restored and strengthened to play a full part in the battle of life.

To win back health for six thousand boys and girls was the measure of the Hospital's ward-service alone this year. Besides that there were over half a hundred thousand attendances in the Out-Patient Department, where the less serious cases are treated. All this cost a great deal of money, even though the doctors give freely of their skill and the nurses of their care. There is board and lodging and laundry to be provided, besides the best that can be procured in the way of all the medical and surgical supplies required to treat the myriad ailments and accidents to which children are subject.

In order to maintain its high standard of efficiency and also to widen the scope of its service through clinics conducted all over Ontario, the Hospital is compelled to borrow heavily during the year. On the occasion of its fiftieth Christmas an appeal is made to the public for the funds which will allow the Hospital for Sick Children to enter upon its second half-century of service with its courage renewed by a credit balance in the bank. It is indeed a noble cause which I feel sure you will cordially commend to your readers.

Faithfully yours,
IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Appeal Committee.

Note—This Hospital does not receive an appropriation from the Federation for Community Service Drive.

CHILBLAINS!
Wash the feet with warm water and rub with Minard's. Quickly stops the pain.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

SHIP US YOUR
**POULTRY, GAME, EGGS,
BUTTER AND FEATHERS.**
We Buy ALL YEAR ROUND—
Write today for prices—we guarantee them for a week ahead.
P. POULIN & CO. LIMITED
Established over 50 years.
36-38 Bonaventure Market—Montreal.

Masks.

We go about behind our masks of modern thoughts and modern tasks. And finally, when all are done, We wear a very ancient one.

—Precott Hooper.

Young Grandmothers.

A "youngest grandmother" record was set up years ago by a Lady Child of England, who was only 27 when she nursed her first grandchild. She herself was a mother at thirteen.

Stamp Trade Highly Organized.

Paris has long been a cosmopolitan gathering place of stamp collectors from everywhere in the world. The stamp trade in Paris is so thoroughly organized that it even has a curb market.

Eel That's Not An Eel.

The electric eel, the most powerful of electric fishes, is not an eel but a close relative of the sucker or carp.

The meaning of "Iconoclast" is "a breaker of images"—that is, one opposed to idol worship.

Either Kind Stops Coughs

Buckley's Mixture "Strong" or "Modified" will stop your cough or cold. Buckley's "Strong" is the same efficient remedy you have used before. Buckley's "Modified" differs in taste only. Made for those who find medicines distasteful, particularly the children.

Both Mixtures act like a flash on coughs, bronchitis or any affection of throat, chest and lungs.

75c—40 doses

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
"STRONG" OR "MODIFIED"

W. K. Buckley, Limited
142 Mutual St., Toronto 2

GENUINE ASPIRIN
PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package

Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

Colds	Headache
Neuritis	Lumbago
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Why Suffer With Itching Rashes

When a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment will afford immediate relief and point to permanent skin health in most cases when all else fails.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Depot: "Bathhouse," 142, Montreal, Pique, Soap, Ointment in and the Tablets, 25c.

Cuticura Shaving Stick, 25c.



Only For Those Who Know

It is folly to give Chocolats des Aristocrates to one who cannot discriminate between "just chocolates" and these most exquisite of all confections.

On the other hand, one cannot pay a finer compliment to a lady who is a connoisseur than to make her a gift of Chocolats des Aristocrates.

The smooth, rich coatings, the delicate flavorings and the luscious variety of fillings, are unexcelled.

J. N. SCHEFTER



Santa's Headquarters

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>ROGER'S SILVERWARE
(May Fair Pattern)</p> <p>Half doz. Spoons \$2.00
Half doz. Dessert Spoons \$3.60
Berry Spoon \$2.15
Cold Meat Fork \$1.35</p> <p>ALSO OLD COLONY AND ADAM DESIGNS</p> | <p>ALUMINUM WARE</p> <p>Tea & Coffee Pots \$1 to \$2.50
Potato Pots \$1.25
Set Sauce Pans (3).... \$1.00
Roasters \$1.50 to \$3.50</p> |
| <p>NICKLE PLATED WARE</p> <p>Bread Trays \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.75
Trays 50c, 75c
Tea & Coffee Pots \$1.25 to \$4
Tea Kettles \$2.00, \$2.75</p> | <p>CUTLERY</p> <p>Table Knives (stainless) \$5.50 per set
Scissors, all sizes \$2.5c to \$1.50</p> |
| <p>AUTO SKATES</p> <p>All sizes and styles \$1.50 to \$6.00 a pair.
Hockey Sticks, Ankle Support</p> | <p>MITTS AND GLOVES</p> <p>RIFLES
CHILDREN'S SETS
BREAD MIXERS
NUT CRACKERS
FLASH LIGHTS, ETC., ETC</p> |

COLEMAN LAMPS
THE IDEAL GIFT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

White Sawsing Machines

Liesemer & Kalbfleisch

CARLSRUHE
The funeral of the late Mrs. Joseph Brohman of Buffalo took place in Hanover on Wednesday in the family plot. She was laid beside her husband who predeceased her some years ago. In early married life Mr. and Mrs. Brohman lived in Carlsruhe and many of her friends here attended the funeral. Surviving her are four sons and two daughters, also one sister, Mrs. George Bruder, of Hanover. Rev. Father Hoffarth attended the funeral of the late Father Dantzer at Kitchener last week.

On Dec. 3rd the feast of St. Francis Xavier was celebrated here. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Hoffarth, assisted by Rev. Father Haller of Hanover as Deacon and Rev. Father Dehler of Deemerton as Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Father Montag of Midway as Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Paul Hoffarth of St. Clemens was here a few days last week on a business trip. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Halter were

MOLTKE.

The good sleighing of last week is a thing of the past. It seems a pity it did not remain so for a while, as it was really fine for cars, buggy or sleighs.

We regret very much to report that Mr. Hy. Fischer sr., has gone to London to undergo treatment for cancer. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

On Friday night a number of friends of Mrs. Adam Reidt (nee Miss Melinda Hopf) gathered at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ed. Goll, and presented her with a half dozen 1847 silver knives and forks. The evening was spent in a social way.

Mr. Irvin Bieman has been one of the first around here to install a radio. Here's hoping it provides enjoyment for the winter evenings.

Rev. Brackebush returns from his mission trip this week. Our teacher, Miss Bender, was off duty for several days on account of illness.

Mr. Albert Klein is the last on the threshing roll this season. Miss Norma Laidlaw of Hanover spent the week-end at her home.

Butchering is in full swing these days. Mr. and Mrs. A. Seegmiller and family of Otter Creek spent a day at Chas. Holm's last week.

Mr. Robt. Hopf has sold his farm to his brother, Chris, who has already taken possession, moving in last week. We welcome him to our neighborhood.

Mr. Wm. Fischer goes on the jury at Walkerton this week.

BELMORE

The person who took the pail of honey out of Wm. Mundell's car in the Community shed on Saturday afternoon will be given three short days to bring it back and make an apology or take the penalty of the law.

James Stokes had a Radio installed last week. A lot of people at Belmore would like to know how the markets are in Tokio, Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewster of Clifford were visiting with James and Ellen Fleming.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hyndman of Gorrie visited friends at the store.

Peter Milligan of Wroxeter was around here trying hard to buy some horses, but his prices were not high enough.

A lot of women are feeding their hens hot feed this week. That is pleasing. We should have told them long ago.

Quite a number of people from this section, representing the congregations of the United Church and Continuing Presbyterians, attended the sitting of the Church Property Commission at Clinton last Friday when the petition of the local "antis" was presented and considered. The Commission could not grant the request of the continuing Presbyterians to have the Belmore Church Property transferred to them, and the latter declined the offer of the United congregation to allow them the use of the Church each Sunday morning and Wednesday evening, at a rental of \$2 per week.

RURAL RHYMES

When Sunday come, Mirandy Jane says "You don't need to think of stayin' hum pertendin' you are sore 'cause they won't have you sing no more. You'll just put on your Sunday clothes, your fancy vest and silken hose and march along to church with me and when the bell rings there we'll be. You ain't no call to sit and pout because that choir throwed you out, that ain't no cause for gettin' mad, the facts are that you sing so bad. I'm s'prized they kept you there so long a-borin' all through the song."

Before Mirandy's speech war through I see there want a thing to do but to tag along with her and listen to the minister. A feller that has got a wife can't lead an independent life, he has to do what he is told, and anyway, I'm most too 'or fight'n' with my better half, so I just gave a little laugh and told her I wanted to go with her to the 'ams old new. I'd rather sit down near the fire than sit up yonder in the choir. They can't expect a man like me to waste his talents there y'g'ee, next time they want to hear me sing they'll have to pay me cash, by jing!

W. Krotz of Palmerston won the highest award for cheese at the big Winter Fair at Toronto.

TORONTO STOCK MARKETS

Due to a brisk demand for choice beef for the approaching holiday season better prices were paid for all shipments of well-finished butcher steers and heifers at the Union Stock Yards yesterday. There were numerous loads of choice cattle on the market which had been prepared for the Christmas trade, and it was in these shipments that the buyers displayed most interest. At the present time common and medium

Helwig Bros. Weekly Store News



Our Departments are all in full bloom with Christmas Gifts. Buy now and avoid the rush.

Ladies, Misses & Childrens Coats for Christmas

Final Clearance of every Ladies, Misses, and Childrens Coats. All this season's style. Most are fur-trimmed lined throughout and inter-lined. These make splendid Christmas Gifts, and save you dollars.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| Womens Coats, sizes 36 to 42, priced | \$16.75 19.75 24.75 |
| Misses Coats, sizes 14 to 20, priced at | 11.75 up to 24.75 |
| Girls Coats, sizes 9 to 14, priced at | 6.75 and 9.75 |
| Childrens Coats, sizes to 8, priced at | 5.75 and 6.75 |



China and Glassware For Christmas,

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| Sherbets, cut glass | 25c ea. |
| China Cream Pitchers | 25c up to \$1.00 |
| China Sugar and Cream | 75c and \$1.00 |
| China Salads | 40c up to \$2 |
| Child's China Cups and Saucers | 25c ea. |

HELWIG BROS. GENERAL MERCHANTS

for better reception

ATWATER KENT RADIO

DROP in at any time. We'll show you how it works, let you hear how well it sounds — and tell you for how little it is yours.

Liesemer & Kalbfleisch

also taking heavy... same price... The hog market was somewhat unsettled with salesmen asking \$12 f.o.b. and \$13 off cars. Sales were generally made at \$11.75 f.o.b. and \$12.75 off cars, unchanged from last week, although odd shipments were said to have brought 10c a hundred higher.

Lambs sold... hundred higher. The bulk moved at \$14.50, although about 400 sold from \$14.75 to \$15. Heavy lambs sold from \$12 to \$14 and culls brought from \$11 to \$11.50. The supply of sheep was light, and the best sold from \$6 to \$7. A few culls changed hands at \$3 to \$4.

The market for... with very few choices for sale. A dozen... \$14 a hundred and the... veal calves brought from \$18. Grass calves from \$5 to \$5.50 a hundred.

Kitty Danced — And Now

She is tall and slender with... quetish blue eyes and hair... very definitely Auburn, but... course, for Kitty is nothing... up-to-date. Yet her up-to-date... didn't include the ability to guard her health. Dances and parties, cold and weak spells, then more parties and more sick spells brought on what her mother might have foreseen had she lived.